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Master Benjie from Book and Grace.

THE ROCKING HORSE.

*W*HO'S for a ride, a ride to-day,
Over the hills and far away?

Tall and tiny, steady and slow,
All of us for a ride will go.

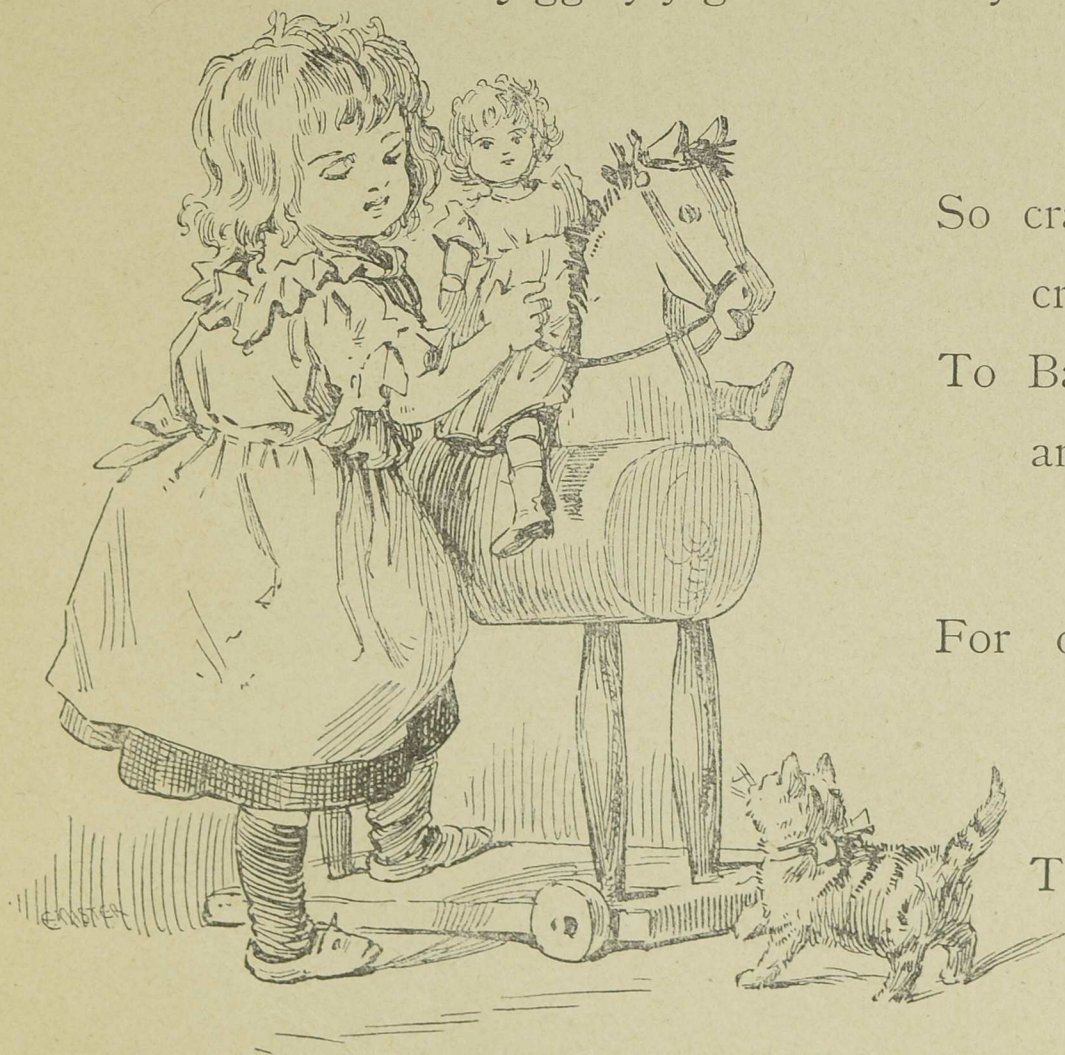
Dolly shall go on a horse of wood,
Who's always steady, safe, and good.

Baby's too tiny to ride, and so
In the new mail-cart she must go.

While you and I on a rocking-horse
Will ride as far as Banbury Cross!



C1900 £10.50
Over the hill, across the down,
Jiggety-jog to Banbury town.



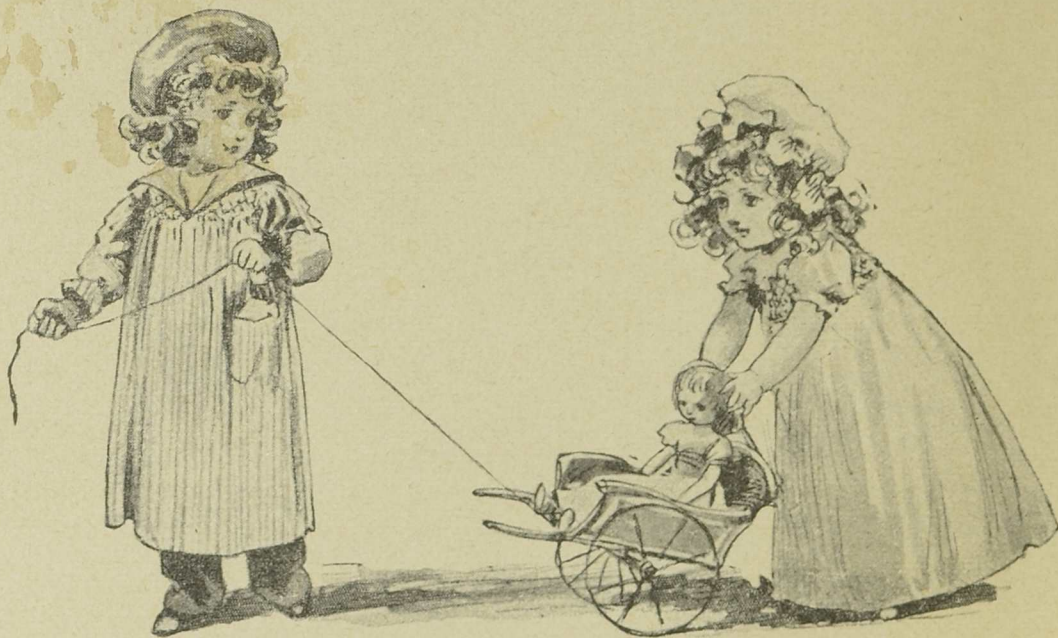
So crack the whip and
cry "Gee whoa,"
To Banbury Cross
and back we'll go.

For of all the steeds
both great
and small,
The rocking-horse
is the best
of all.

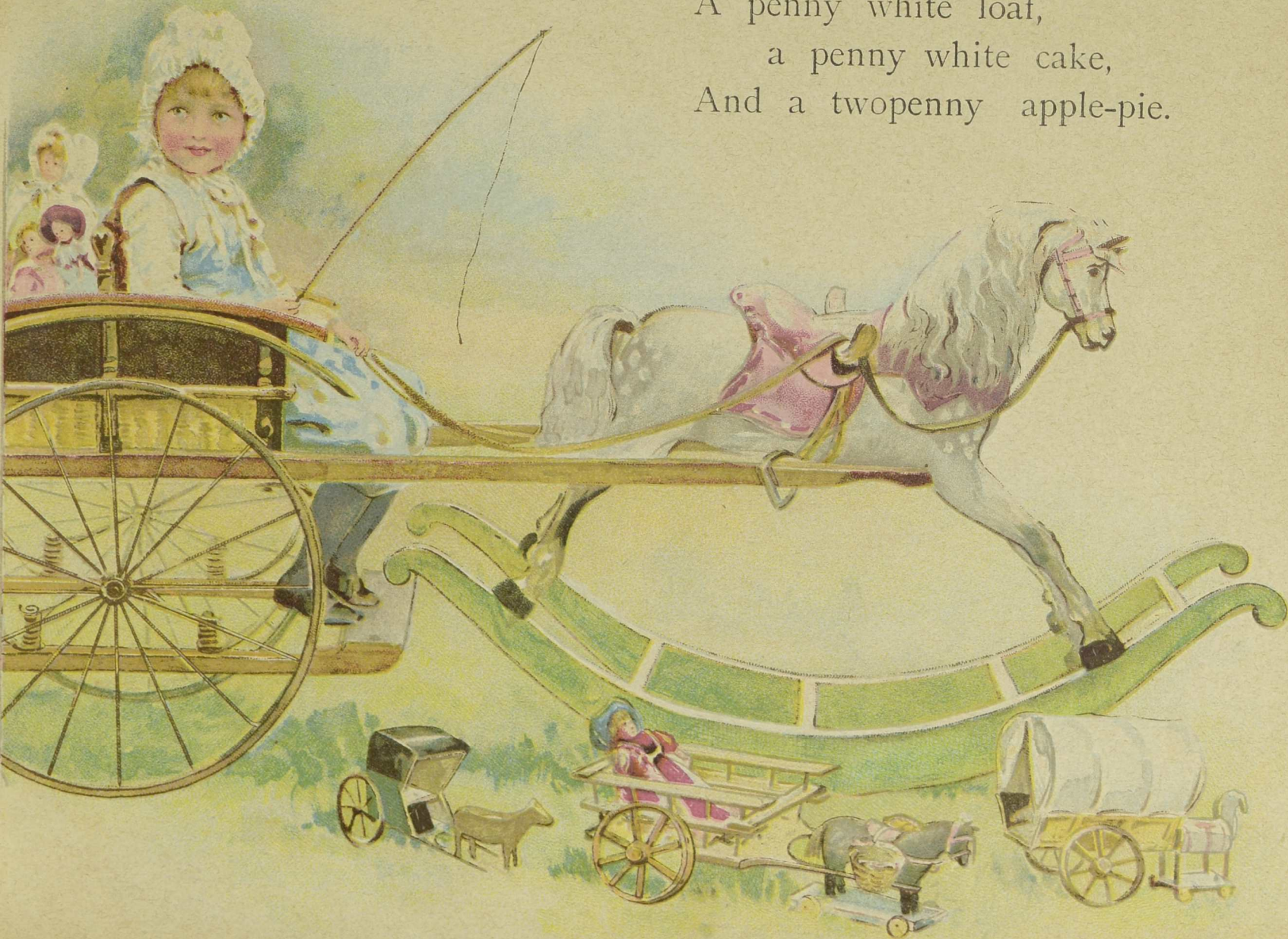
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady on a white horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
It trots behind and
it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride
till he can ride
no more.

Ride a cock-horse to
Banbury Cross,
To see what Johnny
can buy.



A penny white loaf,
a penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple-pie.



SLEEP, Dolly,
sleep,
For the wind
is drifting
the red,
red leaves,
And the birds
are hiding
beneath
the eaves,
And the sun
sinks softly
to rest,
Sleep,
my pretty one,
sleep.

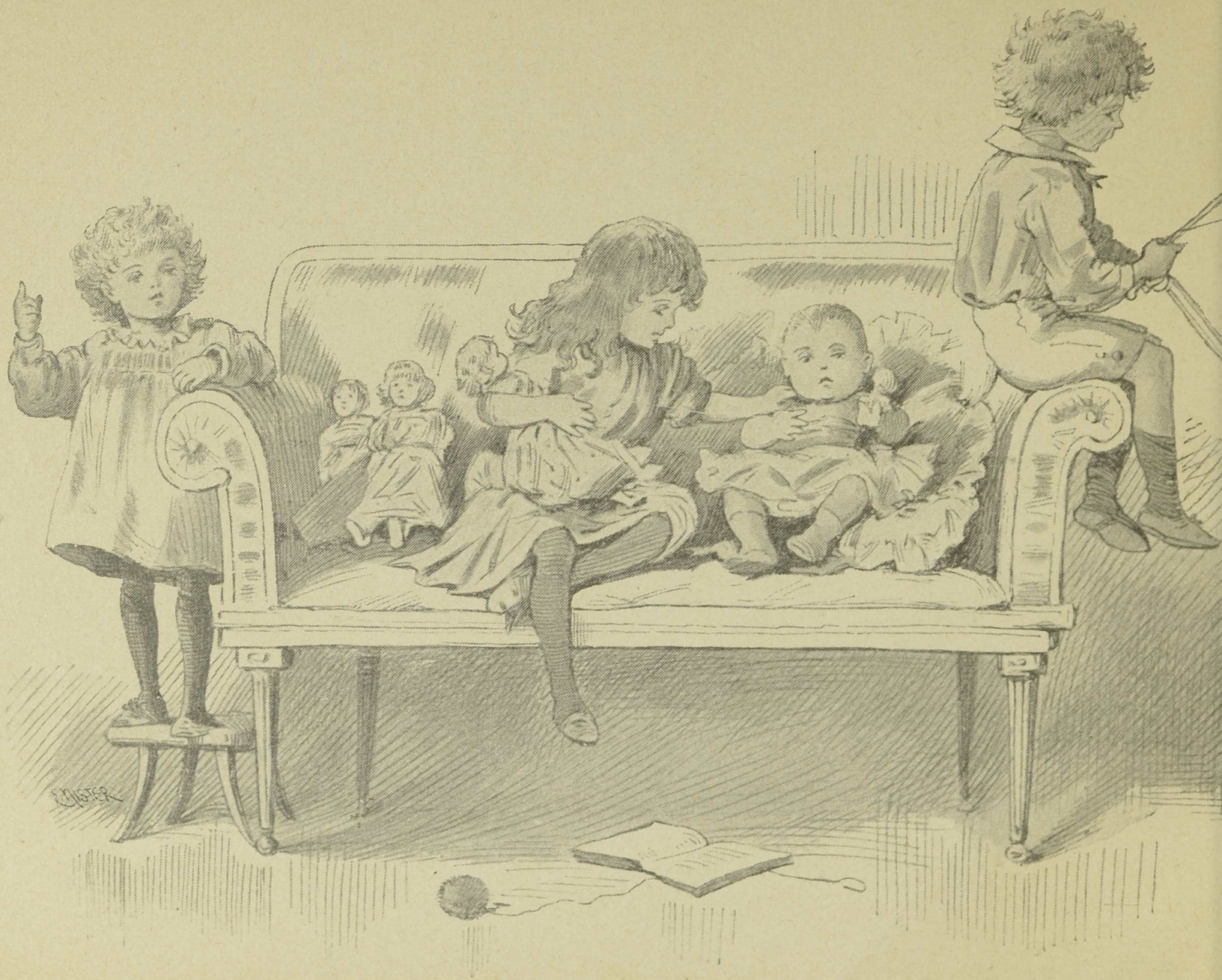


HONER POTS.

HONER pots, honey pots,
Honey pots to sell you.

Here's a pot
of honey,
And it's heavy,
I can tell you.
We've carried
our honey
a long long way,
But we can't really
sell it whatever
you pay!





THE COACH.

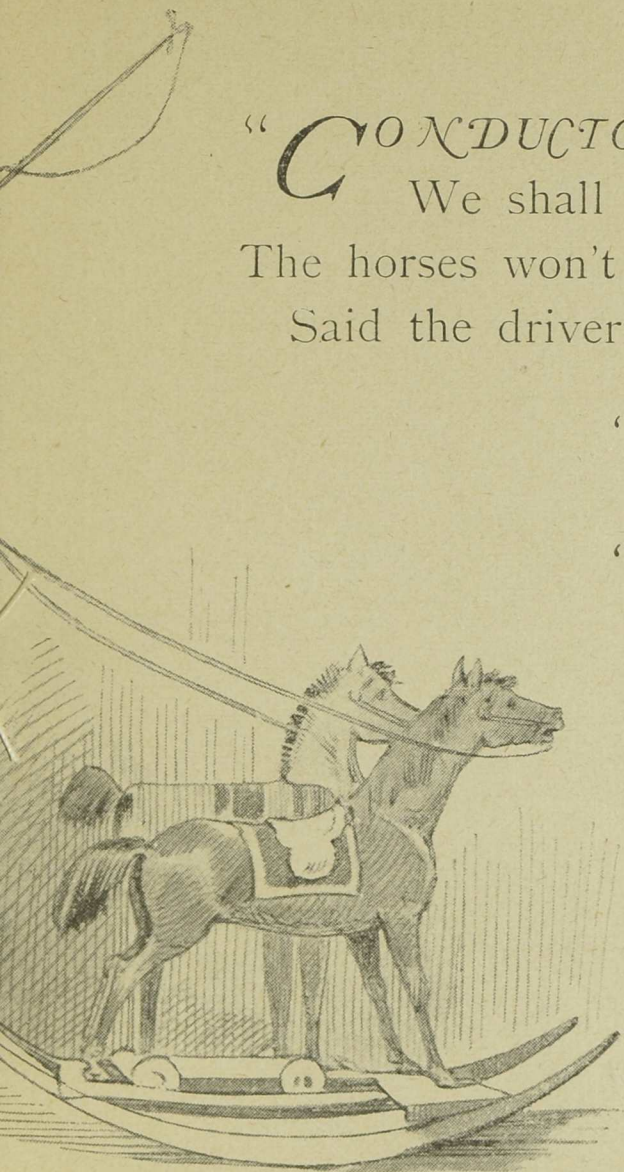
“CONDUCTOR are you ready?

We shall be very late;
The horses won't keep steady,”
Said the driver to his mate.

“Now, just you wait a minute,”
Came the answer from behind.
“I must find a seat for Winnie;
The horses will not mind.”

At last back comes the answer,
“All right, I'm ready, go!”
And off the horses started,
Where to I do not know.

Or whether they ever got there,
And how they fared that day,
You really must not ask me,
For I won't pretend to say.





Ring a Ring of Roses.

RING A RING OF ROSES.

*R*ING a Ring of Roses,
Isn't it such fun,
Round and round and round
In a ring to run?
Then among the daisies
And the long green grasses
To fall down a laughing heap
Of wee lads and lasses.

THE RAIN.

*R*AIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
For little Mary wants to play.



POOR NEDDY.

IF I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd whallop him?

No, No, No!

I'd give him some flowers
And cry "Gee whoa,



Come up, Neddy."

THE LAMB.

NOW, stand quite still and let us deck
With these sweet flowers
your soft white neck.

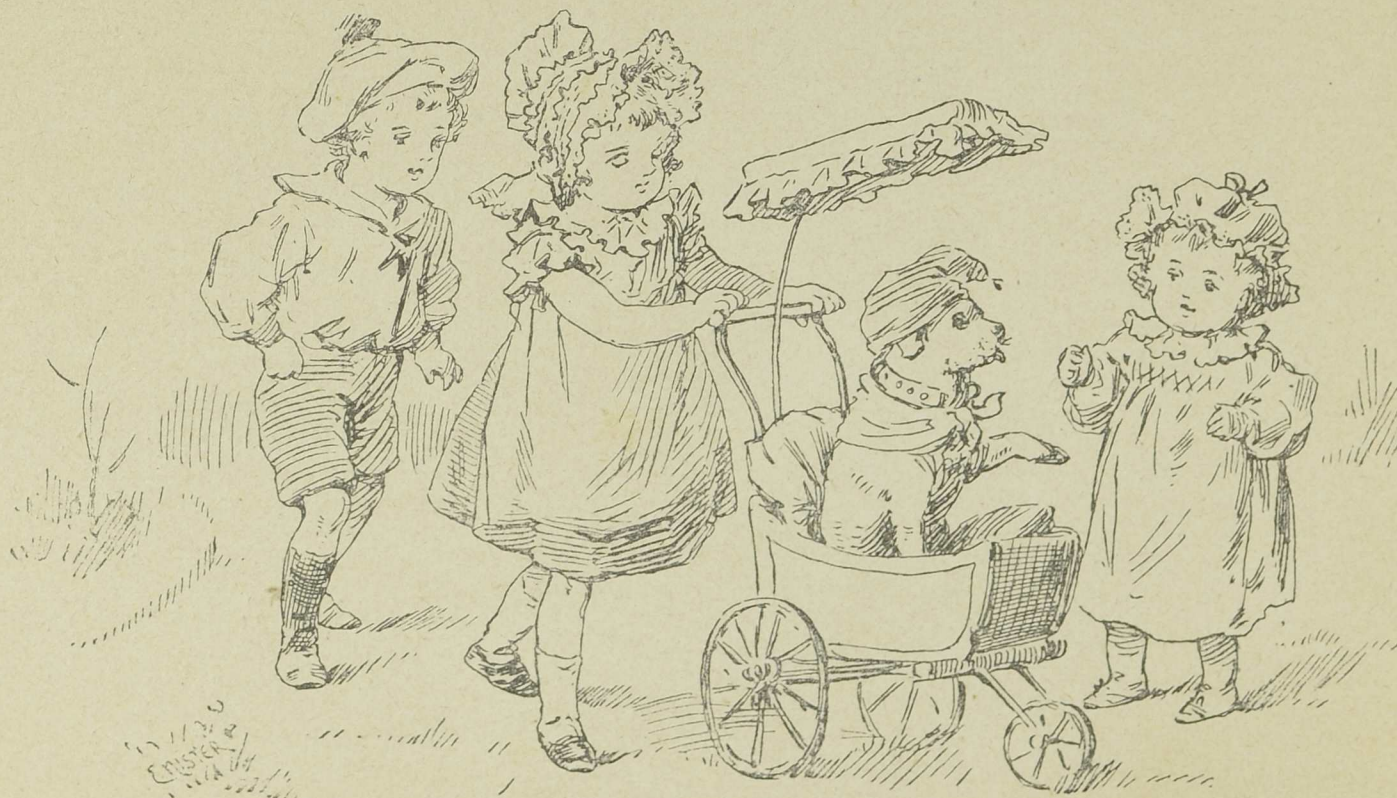
It is not every
sheep, you know,
Who has got
friends to love
it so.

You should be proud,
I do declare,
To have a wreath
like this
to wear.



OUR DOG TRAY.

HERE come we with our dog Tray,
Having a ride on a Summer day.
He looks so proud and good and clever
That all the folks say "Did you ever?"



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