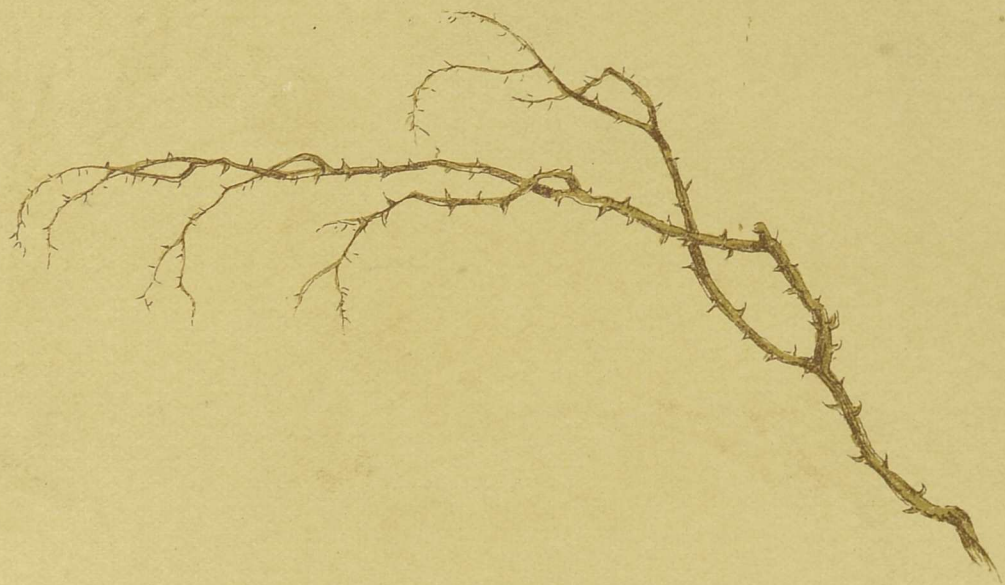


• RING-AROUND-A-ROSY •



• A DOZEN LITTLE GIRLS •



"Ring a-round a-rosy,"
A dozen little girls,
Round and round and down the hill
The merry circle whirls.
"Ring a-round a-rosy,"
A pocket full of—Oh!
Kittie's caught in a bramble bush
And tumbles down below!





"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
The little girls are ten;
Round and round the top o' the hill
They whirl and whirl again.
A naughty wind comes out of a cloud,
And sends then all a-flying,
And Bertha, both her slippers lost,
Goes down the lane a-crying.







"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
The little girls are nine,
All the clouds are blown away
And all the daisies shine.
Down the hill and over the wall,
Tumble, scramble over;
Bess, who pouted at the bars,
Is left among the clover.







"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
The girls are two times four,
And round and round the alder tree
They dance in a ring once more.
And "O, the barberry bush," they sing,
The barberry bush they play,
Till a bumble-bee comes out of the tree
And Prissy runs away.







"Ring a-round a-rosy,"
Seven little girls;
O, the tired little feet,
And O, the tangled curls!
Brooks can run as well as feet,
Through all the summer weather,
And Pussy's slippers and the brook
Have run away together!



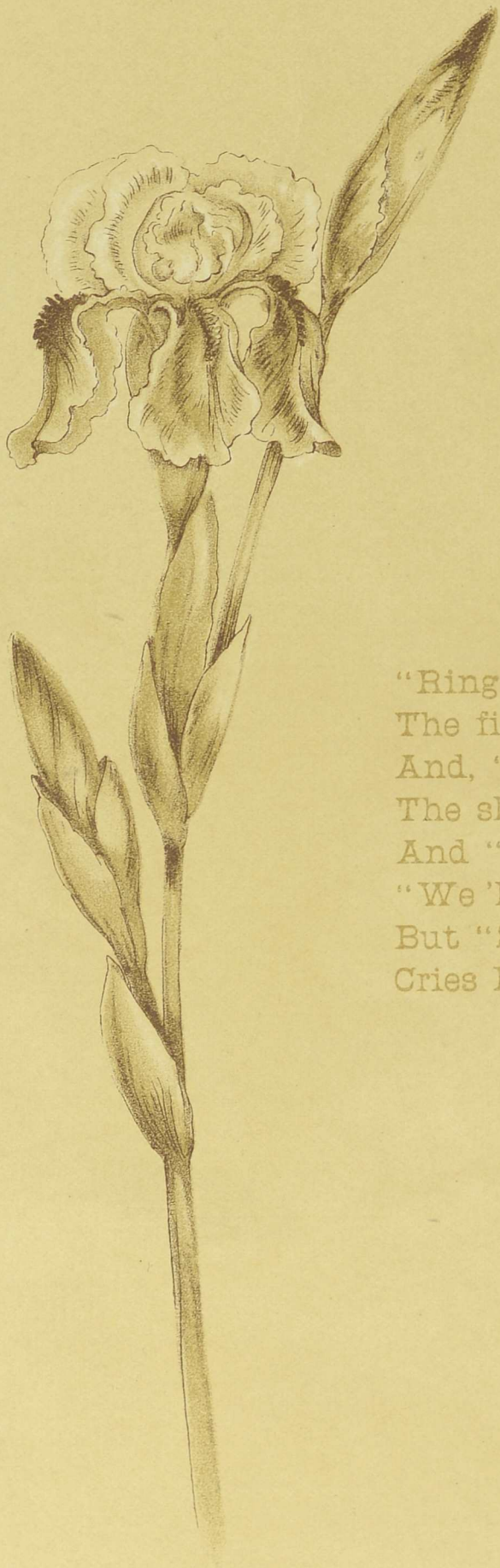




"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
The little girls are six;
Five have fallen fast asleep,
But one is full of tricks.
O, Polly, put the slippers back
Beside the barefoot lasses!
But heel and toe, and all in a row
She leaves them in the grasses.







"Ring a-round a-rosy,"
The five are on the wing,
And, "Where, and O where are
The slippers gone?" they sing;
And "Let's go home," say Lou and Sue;
"We'll never, never find them!"
But "See, O, see the fleur-de-lis!"
Cries Fannie, far behind them.

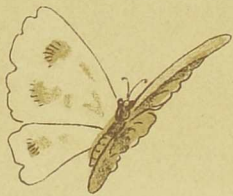




"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
The girls are two times two.
Run on the wall, but if you fall
Whatever will you do?
Lottie's light of foot and head,
But now among the clover
She sits alone, on a fallen stone,
And sadly thinks it over.







"Ring a-round a-rosy,"
Three (and a butterfly),
Lou and Sue and Gypsy Jane
Coming thro' the rye.
How it waves!—a sea of green!
And Lou—O where is she?
Ask of the butterflies that go
A-sailing o'er the sea.







"Ring a-round a-rosey,"
Two tired little girls!
O how slow are the little feet!
How tangled are the curls!
Bread and milk in a china bowl,
And love in a dear voice spoken,
Are sweet at night, but—the china bowl
And Susy's heart are broken!

