

JACK AND JILL



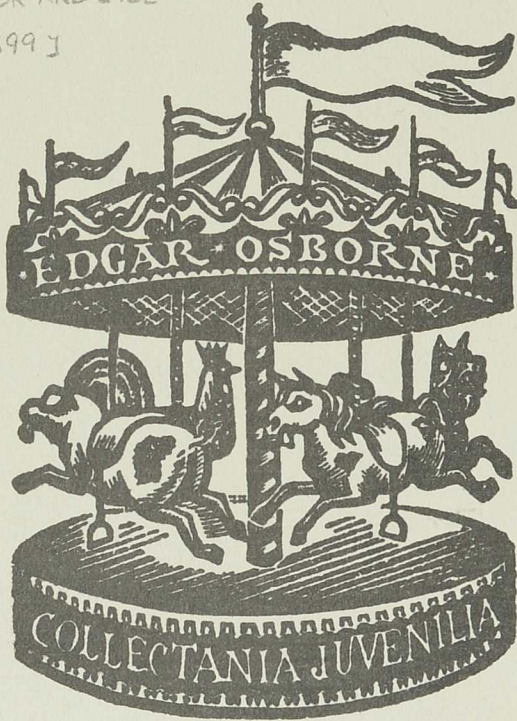
With Pictures to Paint

A
Book of
Nursery Rhymes

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

a + 23-2

(NR)
JACK AND JILL
[1899]



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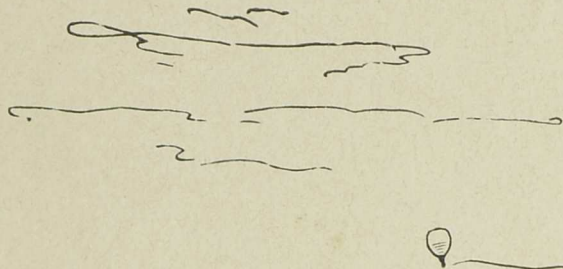
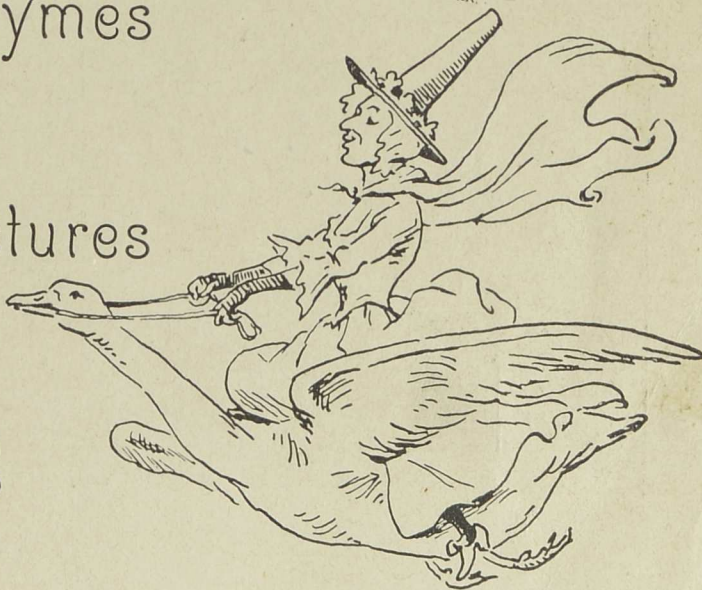
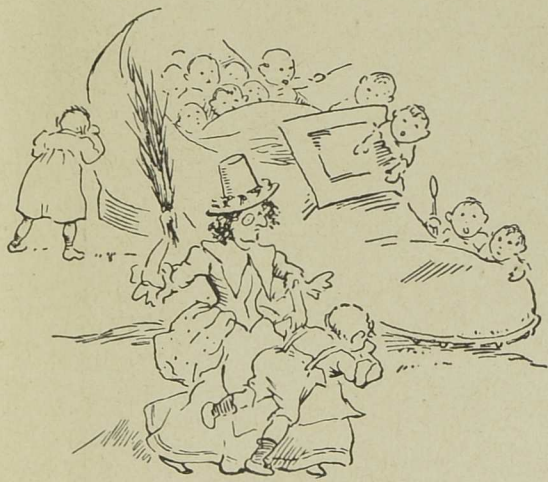


MISCHIEVOUS PUSSIES.



JACK AND JILL

A Book of
Favourite
Nursery Rhymes
with
Outline Pictures
for
Painting





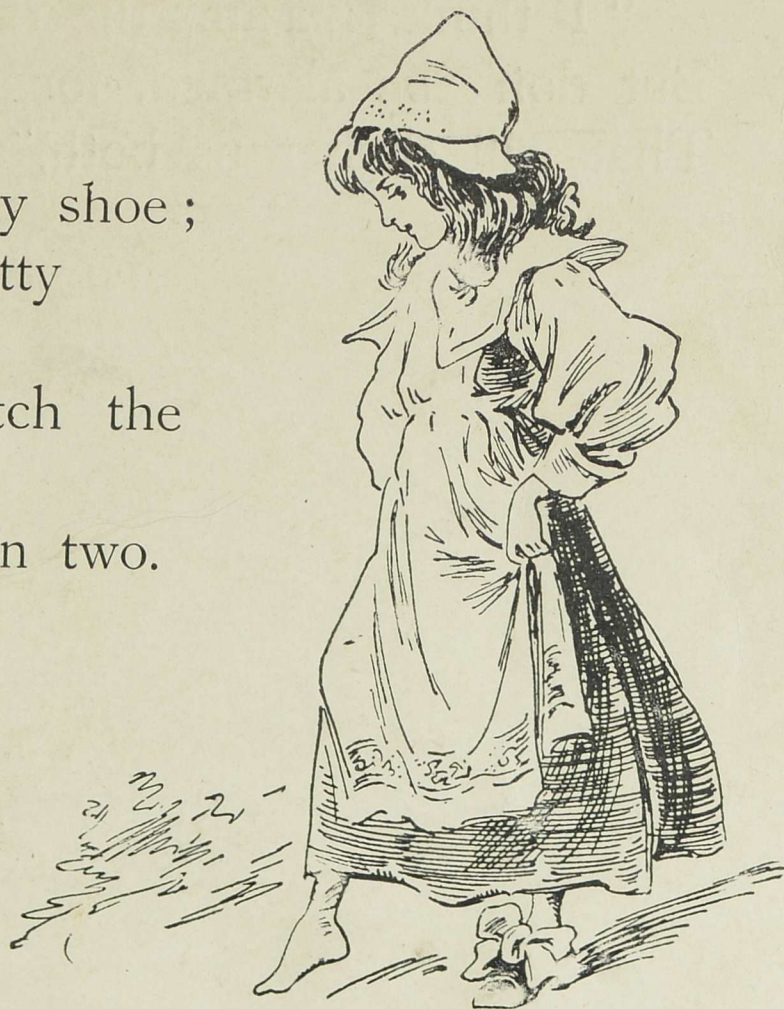
LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said,
“What a good boy am I!”



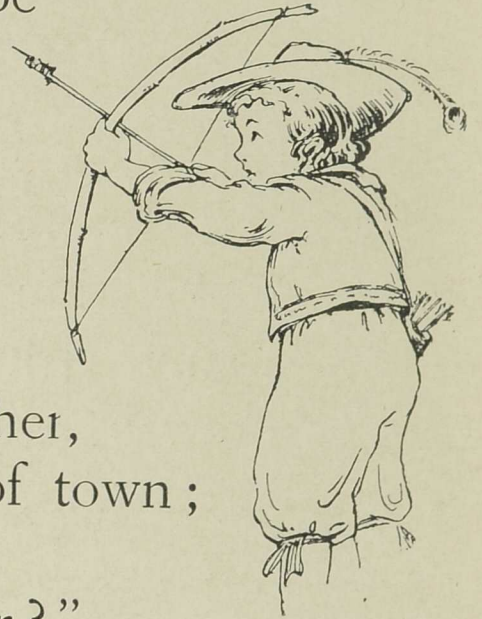
THE man in the
wilderness
asked me
How many strawber-
ries grew in the sea;
I answered him, as I
thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.



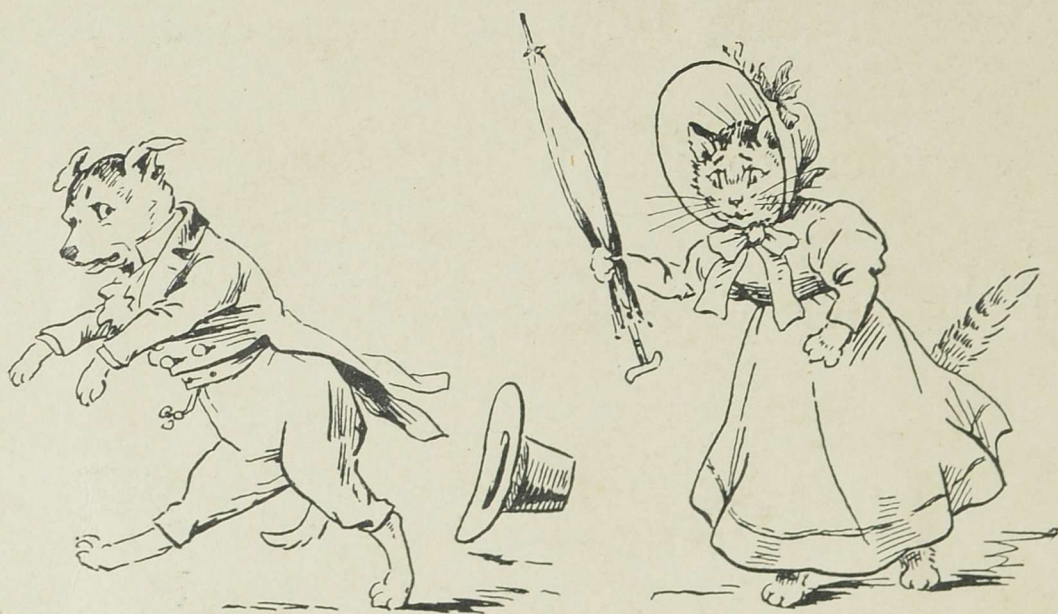
LITTLE Betty Blue
lost her holiday shoe;
What can little Betty
do?
Give her another to match the
other,
And then she may walk in two.



A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow.
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too."
Says the little cock-sparrow, "I'll be
shot if I stay ;"
So he clapped his wings, and flew
away.



A DOG and a cat went out together,
To see some friends just out of town ;
Said the cat to the dog,
"What d'ye think of the weather?"
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down ;
But don't be alarmed, for I've an umbrella
That will shelter us both," said this amiable fellow.





JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



A B, C,
Tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."




CROSSPATCH,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
The only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away,"—
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

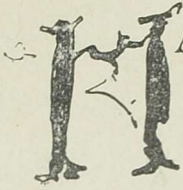
LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.



HE Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts
Called for those tarts,
And beat the knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back those tarts,
And said he'd ne'er steal more.

“COME, let's to bed,” says Sleepy-head;
“Tarry a while,” says Slow;
“Put on the pan,” says greedy Nan,
“Let's sup before we go.”

HAVE you ever heard of Billy Pringle's pig?
It was very little, and not very big:
When it was alive it lived in clover;
But now it's dead, and that's all over.
Billy Pringle he lay down and died,
Betsy Pringle she sat down and cried;
So there's an end of all the three—
Billy Pringle he, Betsy Pringle she, and poor little piggy
wige.



The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory—
And now my story's begun ;
I'll tell you another
About Jack, his brother.
And now my story's done.



THERE was a monkey climbed a tree ;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

I HAD two pigeons bright and gay ;
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go ?
I cannot tell, for I do not know.



GEORGIE Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls began to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.





COCK a doodle doo!

My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo!

My dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.



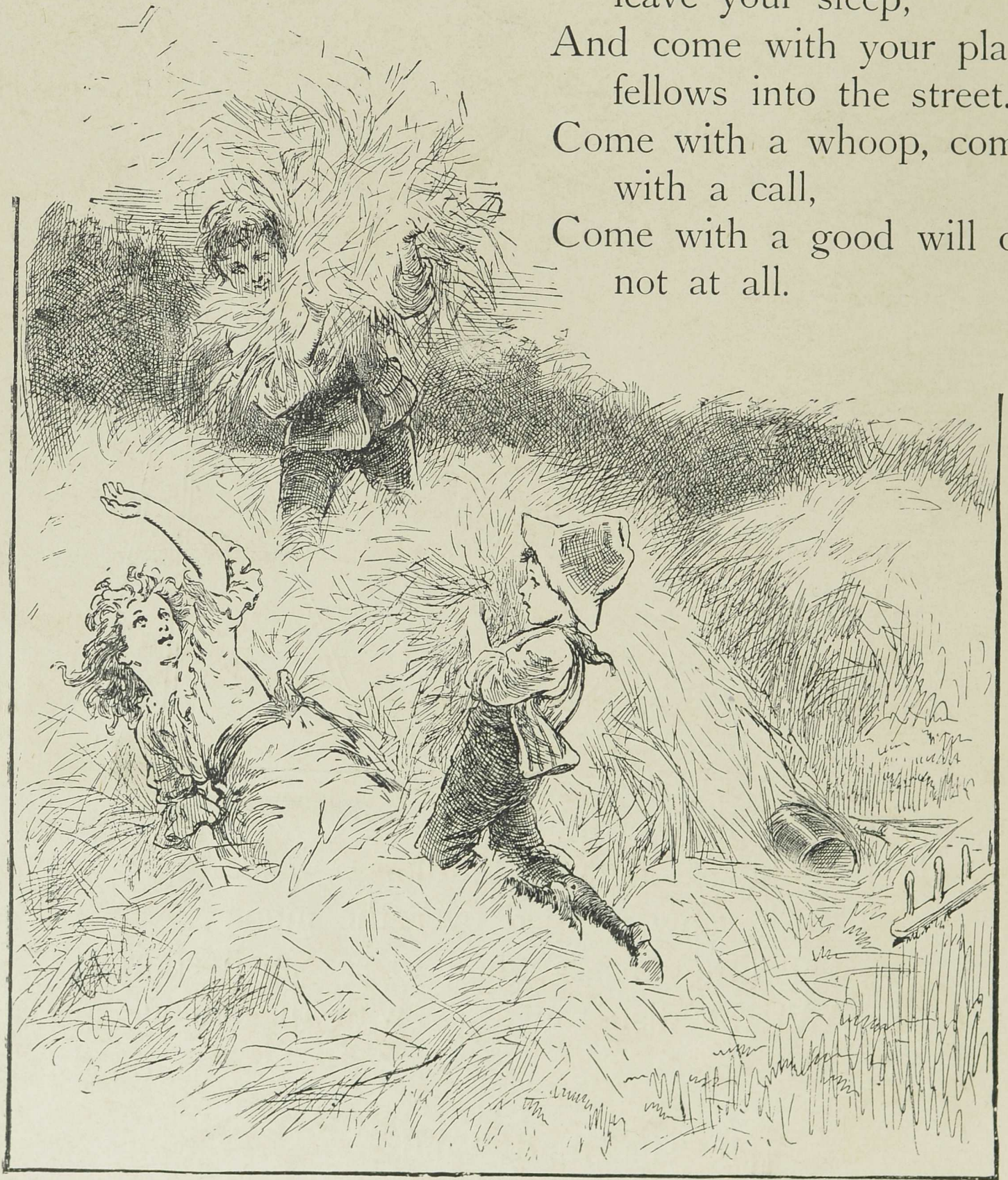


HHEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

IF "ifs" and "ands"
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

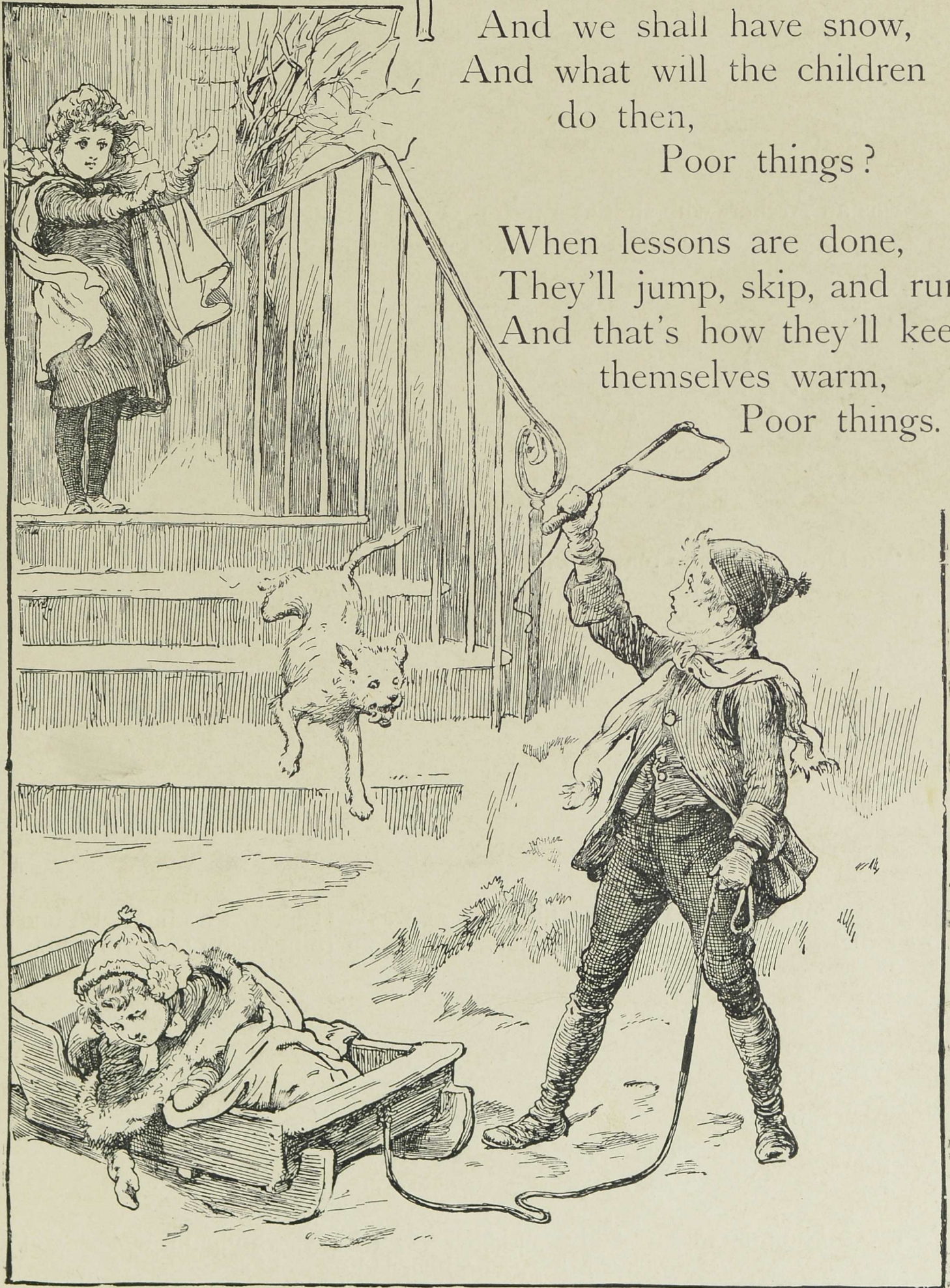
GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;

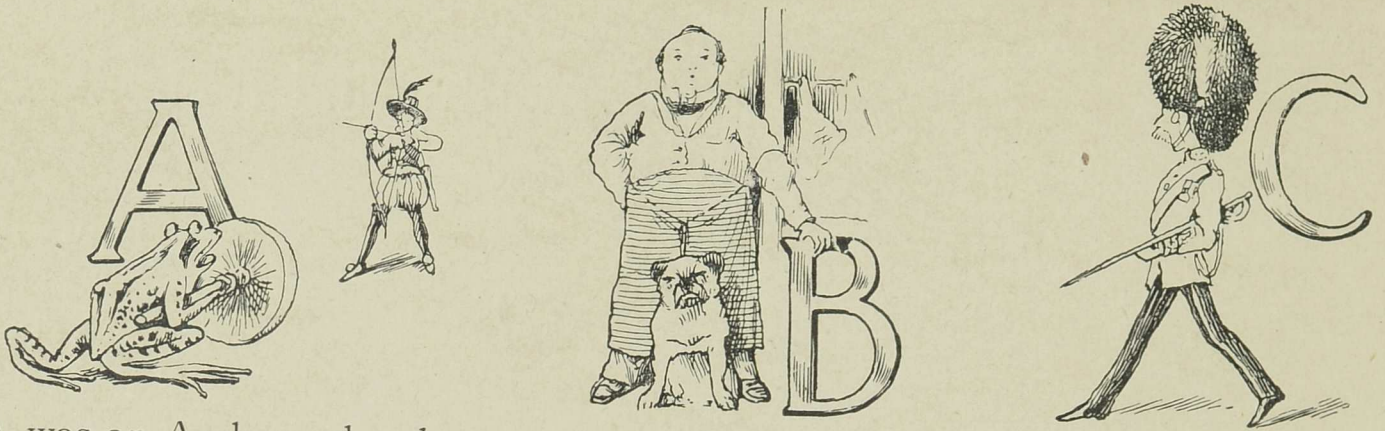
Leave your supper, and
leave your sleep,
And come with your play-
fellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come
with a call,
Come with a good will or
not at all.



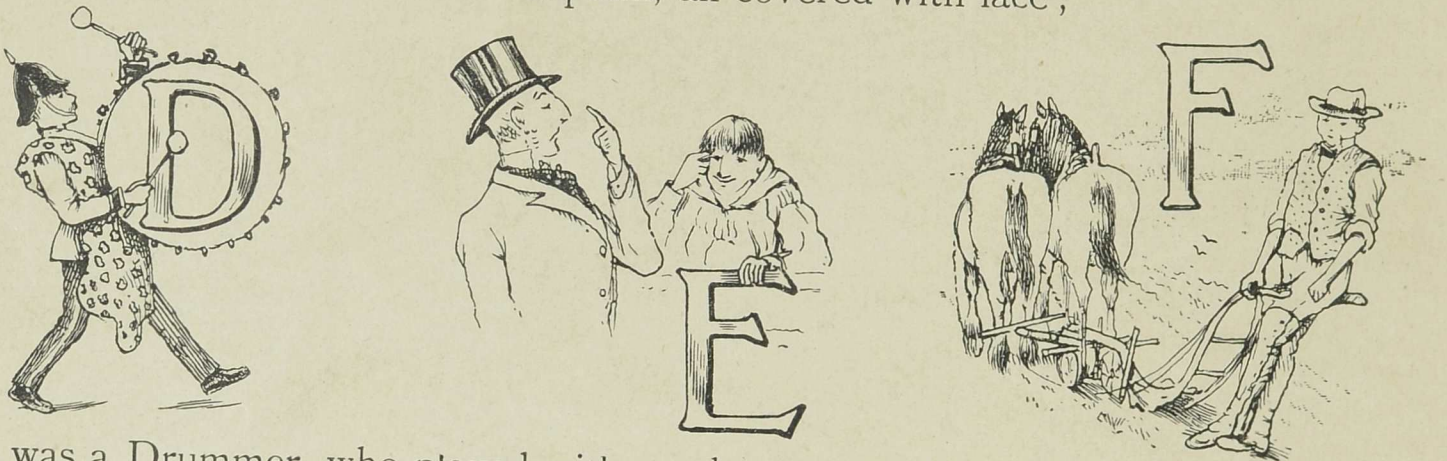
THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children
do then,
Poor things?

When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And that's how they'll keep
themselves warm,
Poor things.





A was an Archer, who shot at a frog ; B was a Butcher, who kept a bull-dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace ;



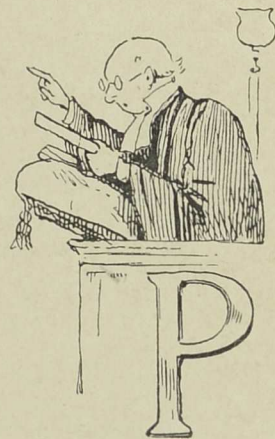
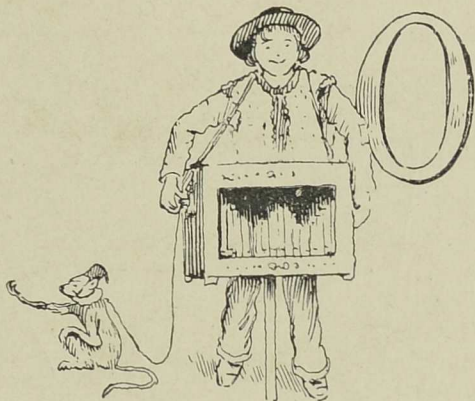
D was a Drummer, who played with much grace. E was an Esquire, with pride
on his brow ; F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.



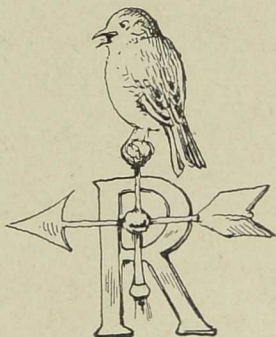
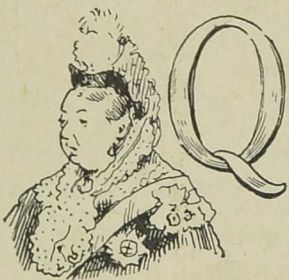
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck ; H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck.
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse ; J was a Joiner, who built up a house.



K was a King, so mighty and grand ; L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up gold ;



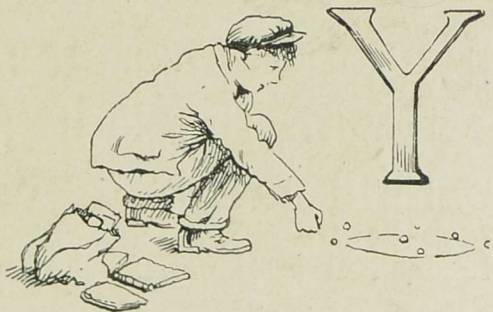
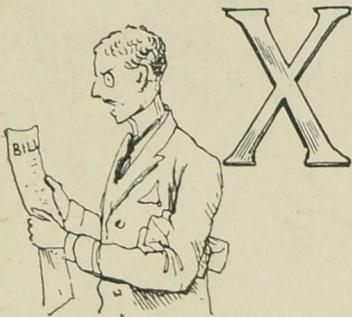
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold. **O** was an Organ boy, who played about town ;
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.



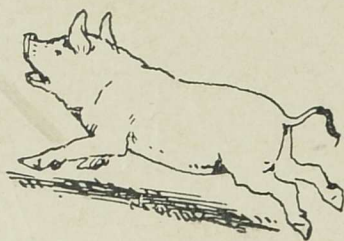
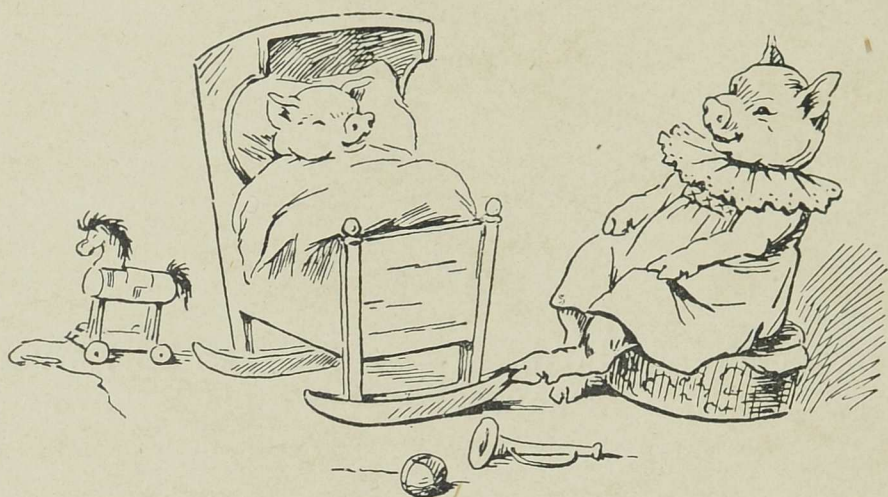
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people ; **R** was a Robin, who perched on a steeple.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got ; **T** was a Tinker, who mended a pot.



U was an Usher, who loved his boys ; **V** was a Veteran, who sold pretty toys.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door ;



X was expensive, and so became poor. **Y** was a Youth, who did not love school ;
Z was a Zany, who looked a great fool.



THIS pig went to market ;
This pig stayed at home ;
This pig had a bit of meat ;
And this pig had none ;
This pig said, " Wee, wee, wee !
I can't find my way home ."

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle ;
The dish jumped over the table,
To see the pot with the ladle ;
The broom behind the butt
Called the dish-clout a nasty slut ;
" Oh, oh !" says the gridiron, " can't you agree ?
I'm the head constable ; come along with me ."

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!

And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!

And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish-splash *that* would be!





SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-
man

Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon to the
pieman,
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
“ Show me first your penny.”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale ;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother’s pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.





LAVENDER blue and rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen ;
Call up my maids at four of the
clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the
rock,
Some to make hay, and some
to thresh corn,
And you and I will keep the
bed warm.

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?—
Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man.
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.





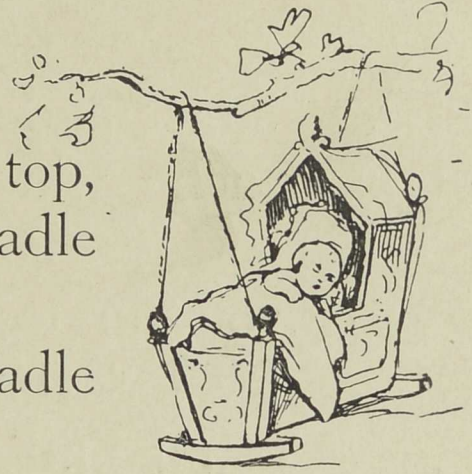
THERE was a girl in our town,
Silk and satin was her gown,
Silk and satin, gold and velvet;
Guess her name, three times I've telled it.



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green ;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the
king.

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle
will rock ;
When the bough bends, the cradle
will fall—

Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.



SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.

UP street and down street
Each window's made of
glass ;
If you go to Tommy Tick-
ler's house,
You'll find a pretty lass.

WHOEVER, my friend,
My friend would be,
Must love my dog,
For my dog loves me.





RING a ring of roses,
A pocket full of posies ;
Hush ! hush ! hush !
We've all tumbled down.

AS Tittymouse sat in the widdy to spin,
Pussy came to her and bid her good-e'en.
"Oh, what are you doing, my little woman?"
"A-spinning a doublet for my gudeman."
"Then shall I come to thee and wind up thy thread?"
"Oh no, Mr. Puss; you will bite off my head."

MY dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed, and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long

They sung them this song:

“Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?”

DING-DONG, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?—
Big Johnny Stout.

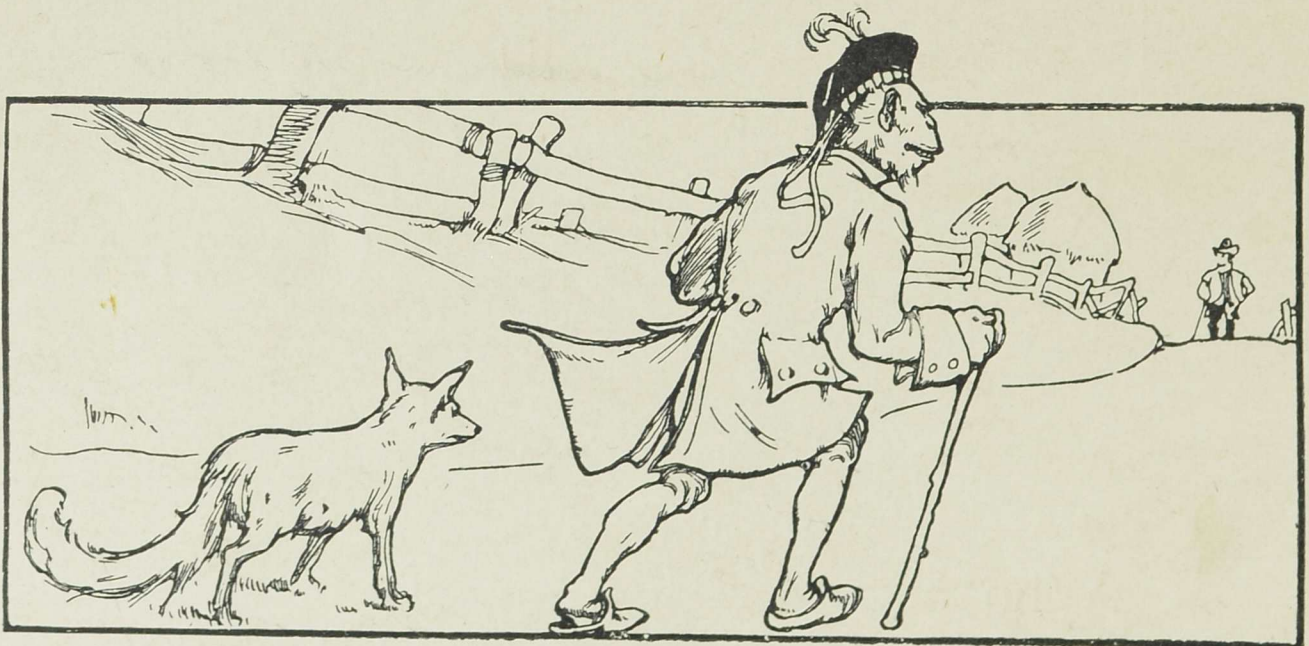


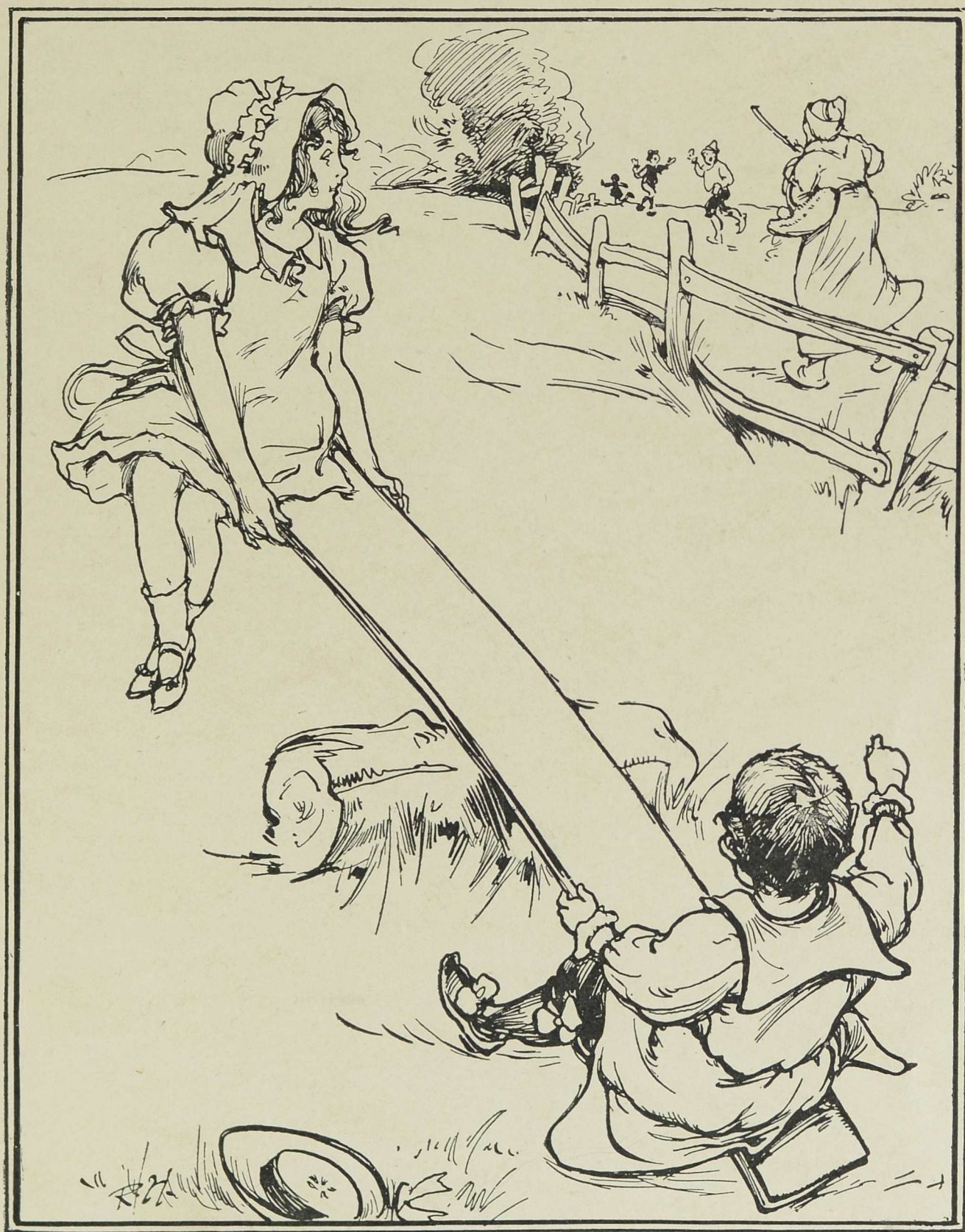
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussycat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!



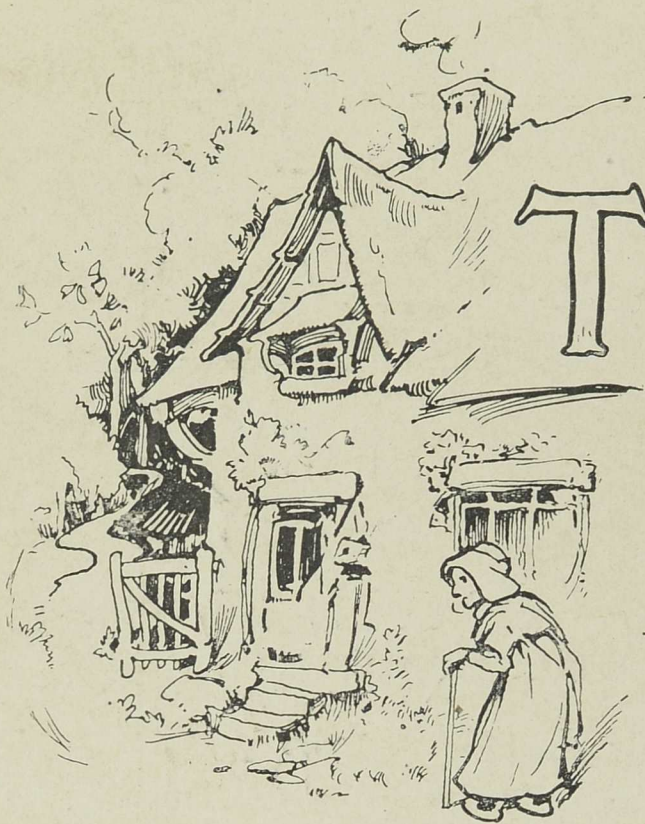
DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I'll lay you a crown
I'll fetch you down ;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

I WENT up one pair of stairs.
Just like me.
I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.





SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master:
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



THERE was a crooked woman,
And she went a crooked mile ;
She found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile ;
She bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a crooked little house.

A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley-cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker ;
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

A LITTLE pig found a fifty-dollar note,
And purchased a hat and a very fine coat,
With trousers, and stockings, and shoes,
Cravat, and shirt-collar, and gold-headed cane ;
Then, proud as could be, did he march up the lane ;
Says he, " I shall hear all the news."



BELL-HORSES,
bell-horses,
What time of
day?
One o'clock,
two o'clock,
Off and away.

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To inquire his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.



SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in:
“Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?”
“Oh no, kind sir; you would snap our heads
off.”

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.



HERE we come gathering nuts and may,
Nuts and may, nuts and may,
Here we come gathering nuts and may,
On a cold and frosty morning.

HARK, hark!
The dogs do bark;
The beggars are coming to town—
Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.





EMMY was a pretty girl,
But Fanny was a better ;
Pemmy looked like any churl,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better ;

Pemmy oft would come
to blows,
But Fanny would not
let her.



Pemmy had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better,
Pemmy chattered like a Poll,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy would sing all
day long,
But Fanny would
not let her.

Pemmy loved a
pretty lad,
And Fanny loved a
better;
And Pemmy wanted for
to wed,
But Fanny would not
let her.





BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.



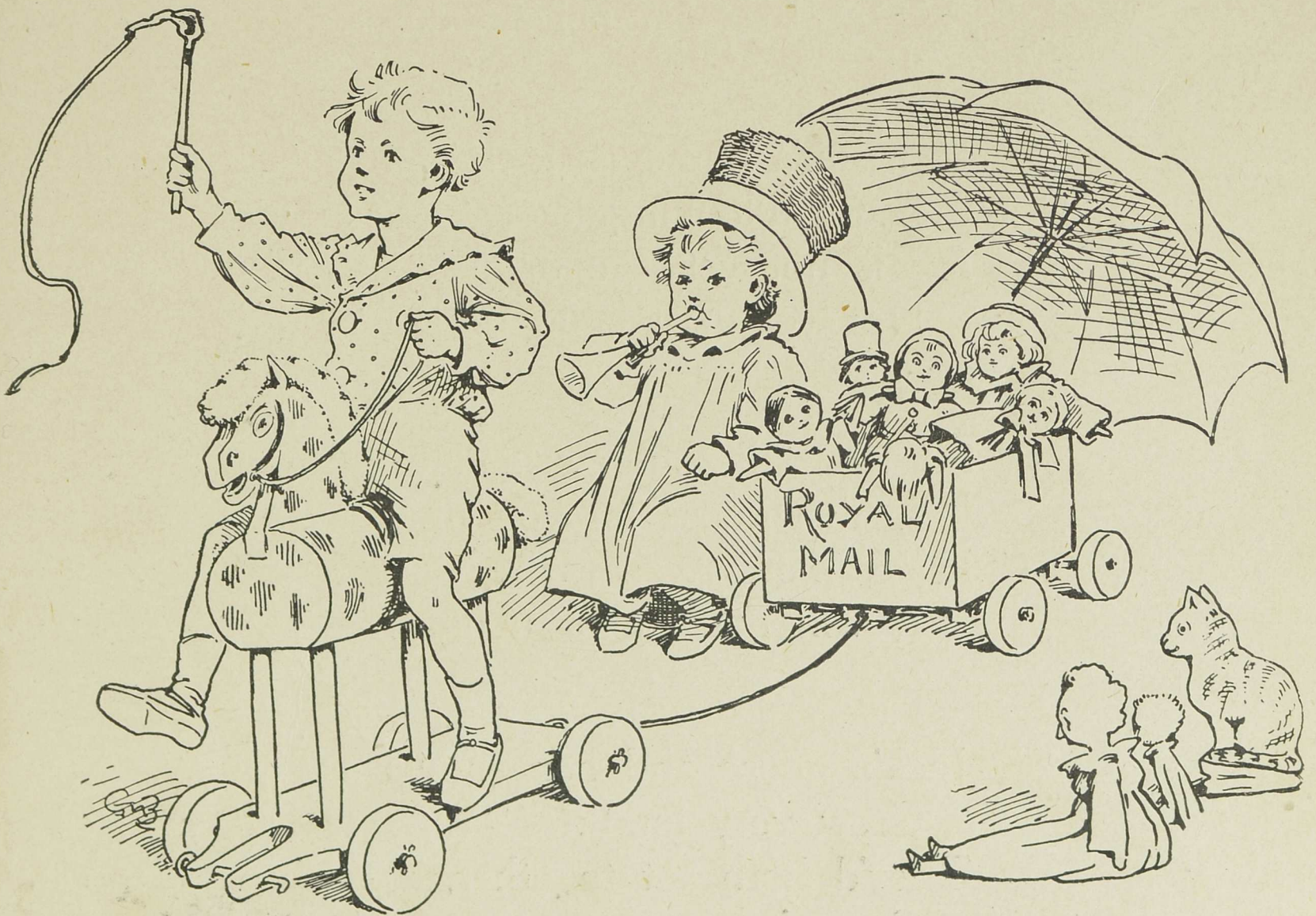
THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.



ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be!
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard ;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

AHORSE and cart
Had Billy Smart,
To play when it pleased him ;
The cart he'd load
By the side of the road,
And be happy if no one teased him.





OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house ;
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

Her son's name is Jack—
A plain-looking lad ;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market ;
A live goose he bought.
“ Here, mother,” says he ;
“ It will not go for nought.”

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond ;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.



OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack found one fine morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

The Jew and the squire,
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Jack ran to his mother,
The news for to tell;
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea,
When Jack jumped in
And got it back presently.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would
Resolving at once [kill,
His pockets to fill.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily
And sweet as the may.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.



HOT-CROSS buns!

Hot-cross buns!

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!

If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.



PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to London to look at the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse under her chair."



SEE, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way
to London town?
One foot up, the other foot
down,
That is the way to London
town.



FOR every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, seek till you find it;
If there be none, never mind it.



I HAD a little dog,
and they called
him Buff;
I sent him to the shop
for a hap'orth of
snuff;
But he lost the bag
and spilled the
snuff,
So take that cuff, and
that's enough.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

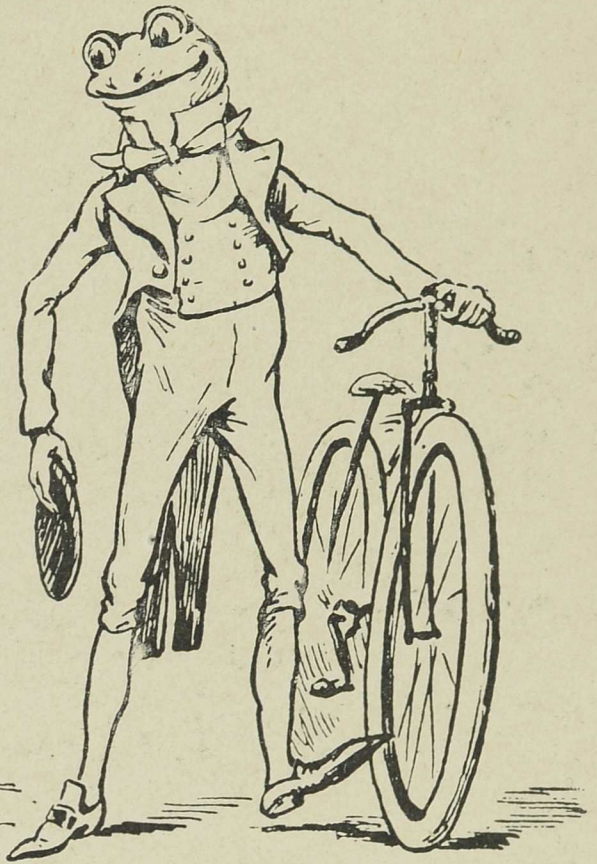
BOW, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow!





IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

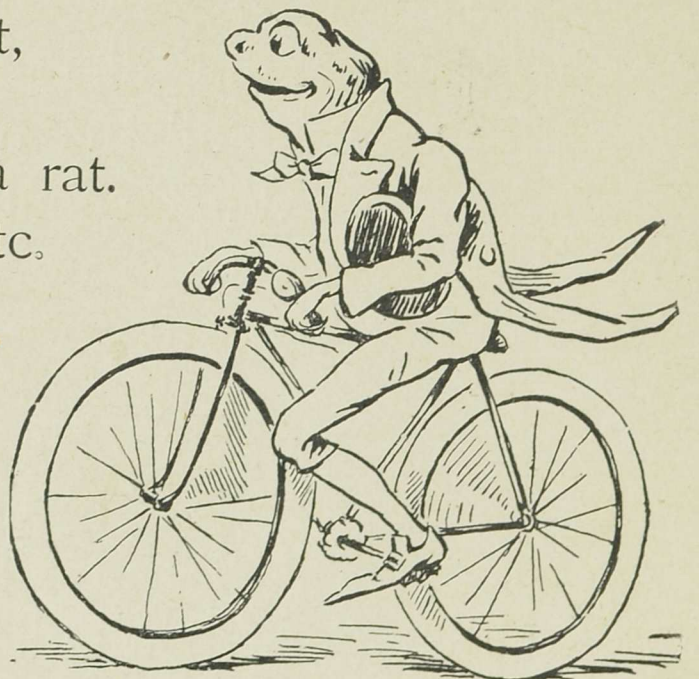
IHAD a little cow—
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf—
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!—and there's my song half.



A FROG he would a-woeing go,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, etc.

“Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go
with me,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?”
With a rowley powley, etc.



FROGGY'S WOOING.

When they came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, etc.

“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”
Heigh-ho, says Rowley.
“Oh yes, kind sirs; I'm sitting to spin.”
With a rowley powley, etc.

“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
Heigh-ho, says Rowley;
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.”
With a rowley powley, etc.



FROGGY'S WOOING.

“ Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?

Heigh-ho, says Rowley;
But let it be something that's not very long.”

With a rowley powley, etc.

“ Indeed, Mrs. Mouse,” replied Mr. Frog,

Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
“ A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog.”

With a rowley powley, etc.

“ Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,” Mousey said,

Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
“ I'll sing you a song that I have just made.”

With a rowley powley, etc.

But while they were all a merry-making,

Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

With a rowley powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,

Heigh-ho, says Rowley;
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.

With a rowley powley, etc.

FROGGY'S WOOING.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley;
He took up his hat, and wished them good-night.
With a rowley powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Frog-gee!
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley!





IF I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell ;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;

Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

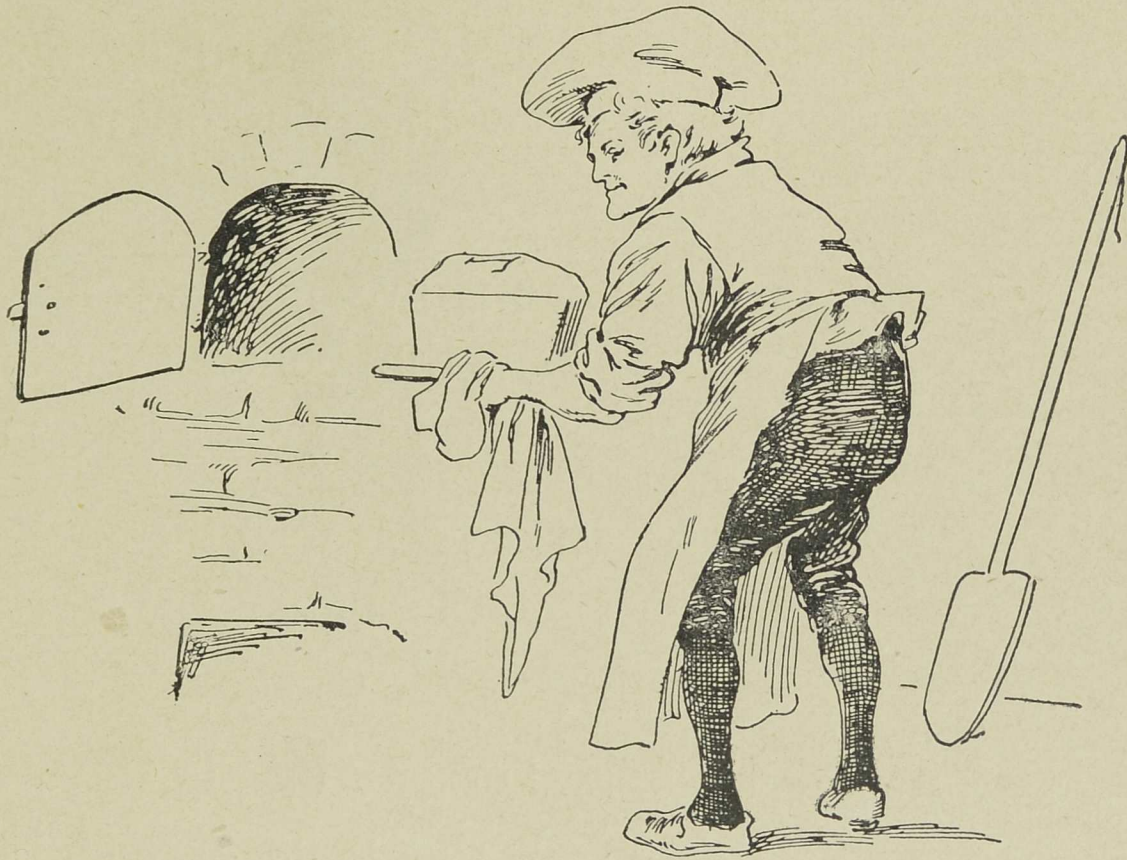


46

THERE was a little girl who wore a little hood,
And a curl down the middle of her forehead:
When she was good, she was very, very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

LITTLE Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended—
And my story's ended.

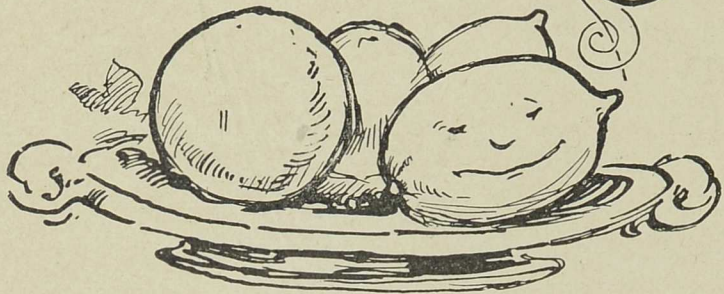




PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



ORANGES and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.



You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.



Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.



Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

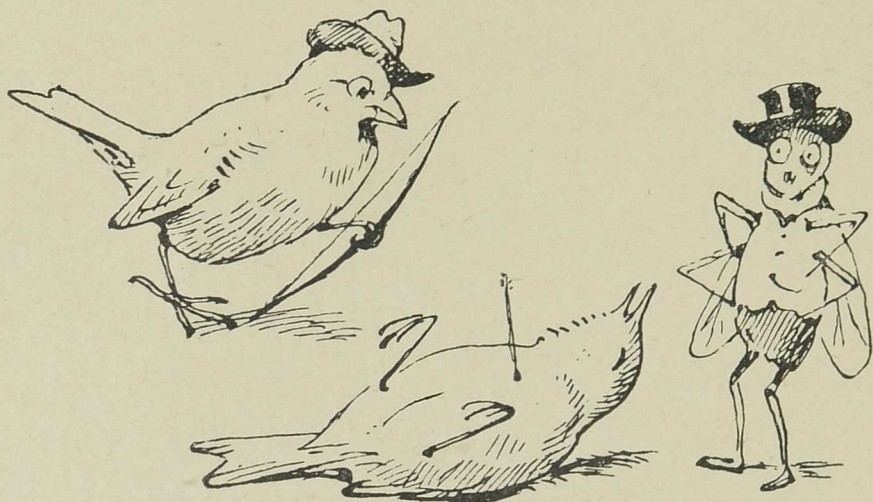
I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do ;

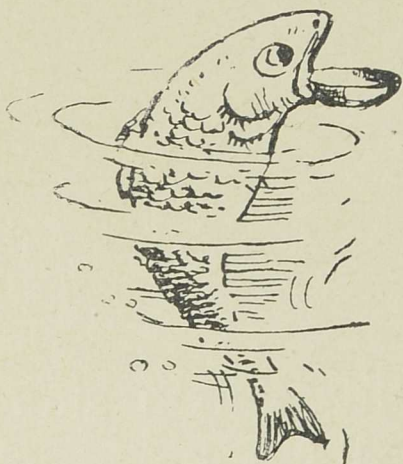
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on ;
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



WHO killed Cock Robin?—
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?—
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye.



Who caught his blood?—
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish.

Who'll make his shroud?—
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle.



Who'll carry him to the grave?—
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night.

Who'll dig his grave?—
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

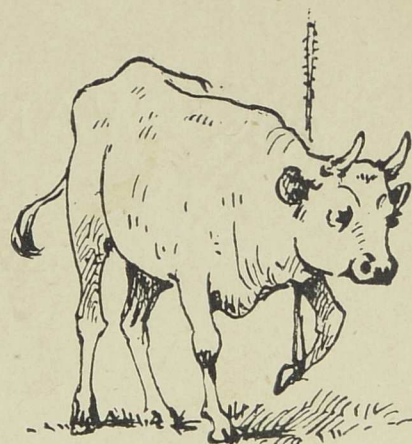
Who'll carry the link?—
I, said the Linnet;
I'll fetch it in a minute.



Who'll be chief mourner?—
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love.

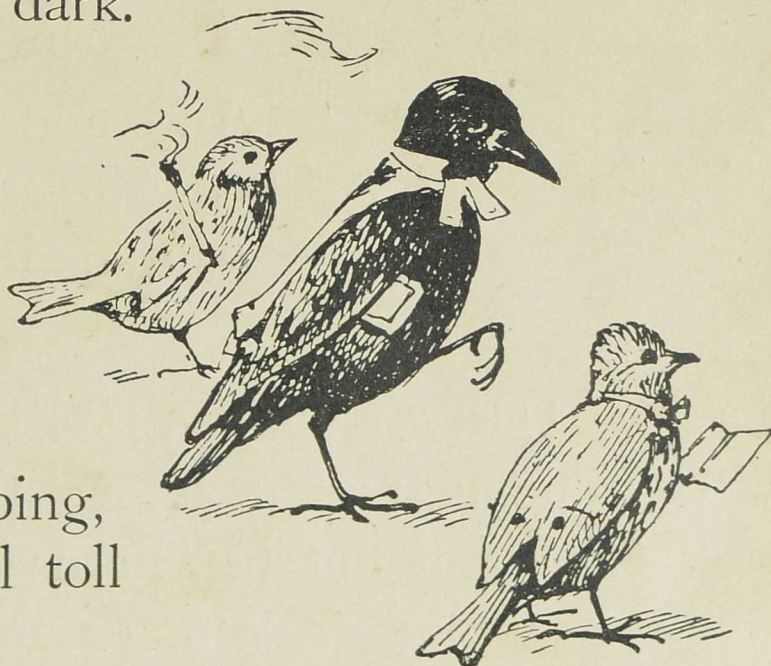
Who'll sing a psalm?—
I, said the Thrush,
As he sat in a bush.

Who'll be the Parson?—
I, said the Rook,
With my little book.

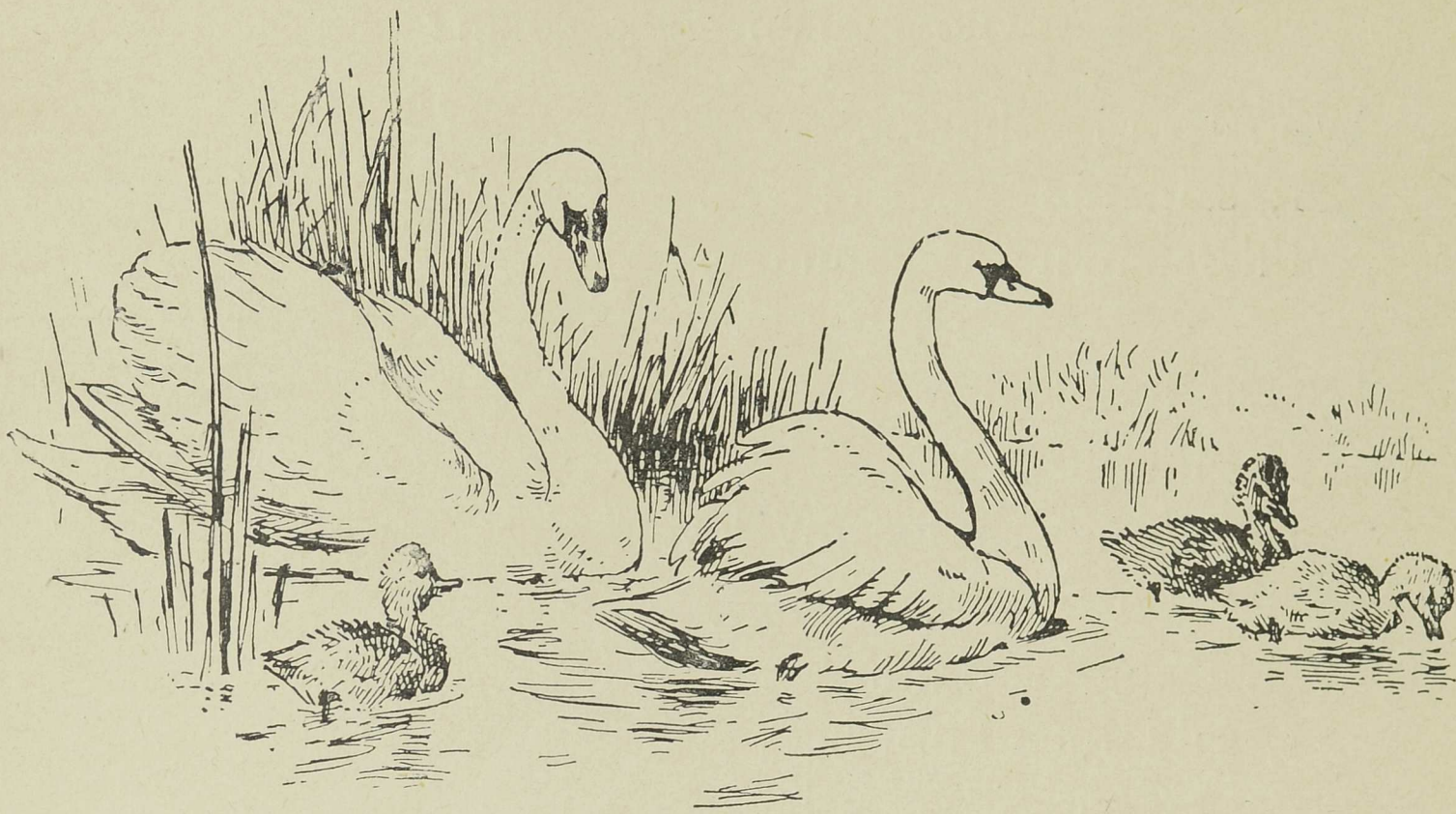


Who'll be the clerk?—
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark.

Who'll toll the bell?—
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull.



All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.



SWAN swam over the sea—
Swim, swan, swim ;
Swan swam back again—
Well swum, swan.

AS little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head—
She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head.

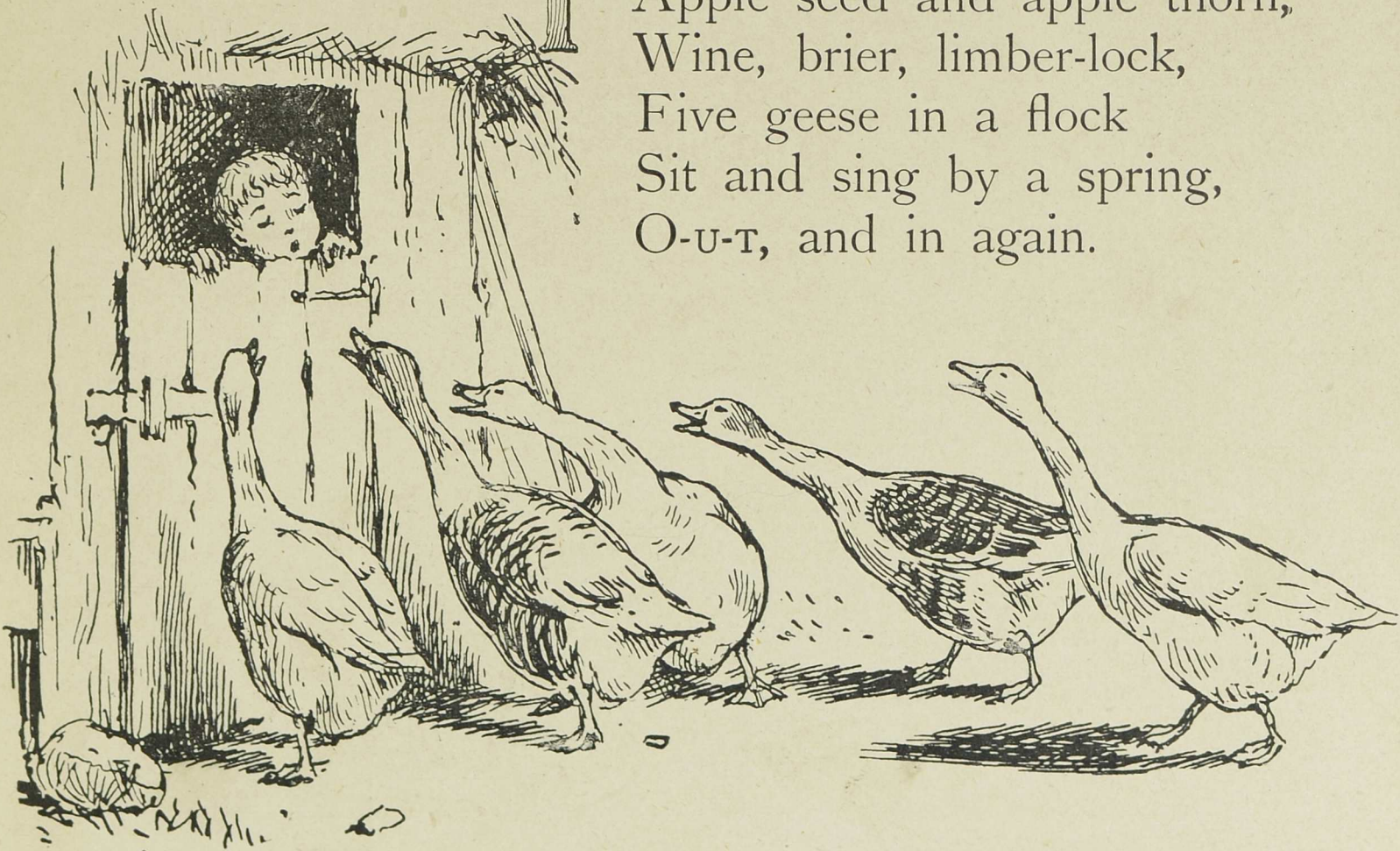
FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to kill a snail ;
The best man among them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns like a little Kylvoe cow ;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man,
And he had many cares;
For bad boys stole his apples,
And birds pecked all his pears.



MINTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn,
Wine, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

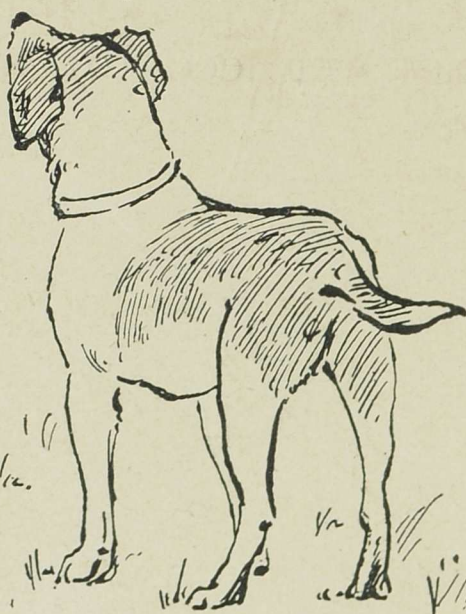


POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

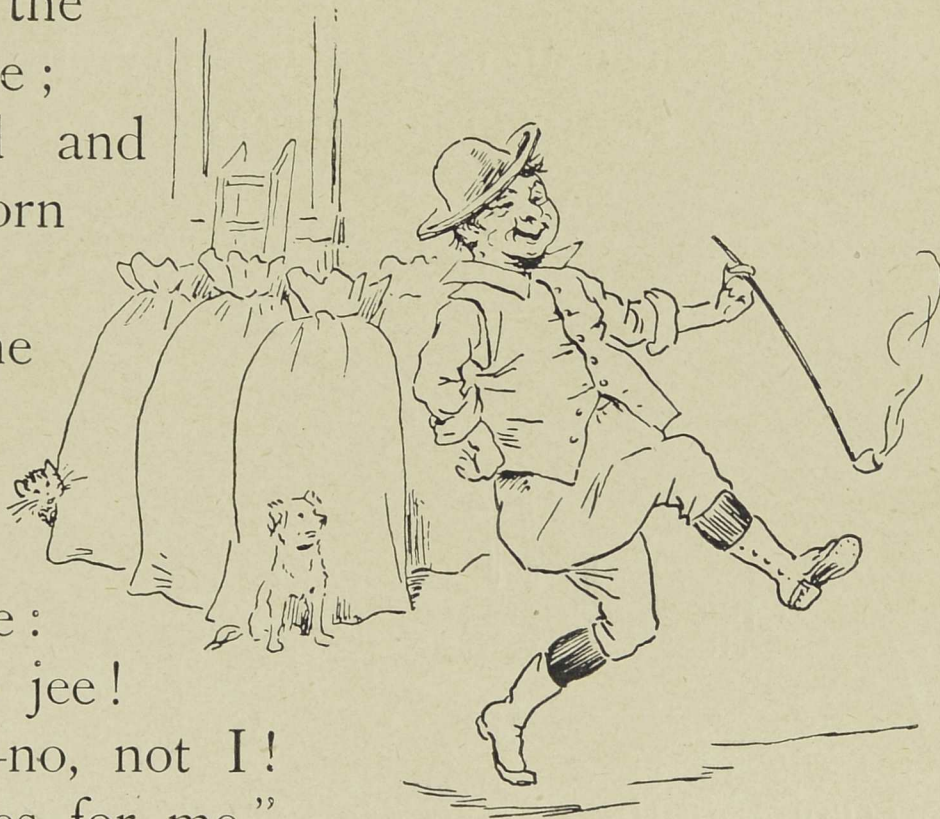


LADYBIRD, ladybird, fly
away home,
Thy house is on fire,
thy children all gone,
All but one, and her name is
Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-
pan



Es.

HERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the
river Dee;
He worked and
sung from morn
till night,
No lark so blithe
as he,
And this the burden
of his song
For ever used to be:
“I jump mejerrime jee!
I care for nobody—no, not I!
Since nobody cares for me.”



CURLYLOCKS, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew
a fine seam,
And feed upon
strawberries,
sugar, and
cream.



LITTLE Bob Snooks was fond of his books,
And loved by his usher and master ;
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.



HERE'S Sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.



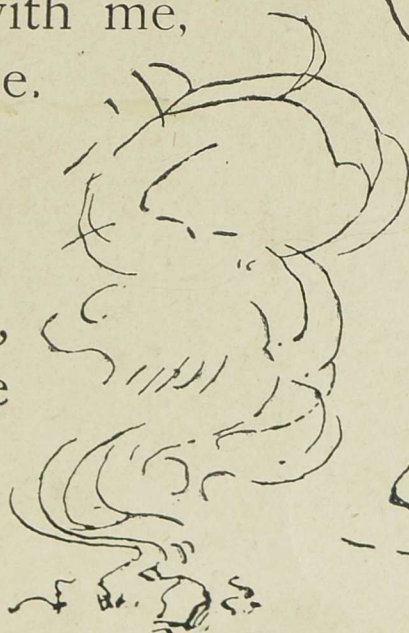
JACK SPRAT
could eat no fat,
His wife could eat
no lean ;
And so betwixt them
both, you see,
They made the platter
clean.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And scolded her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

WHERE am I,
Little jumping Joan ;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.



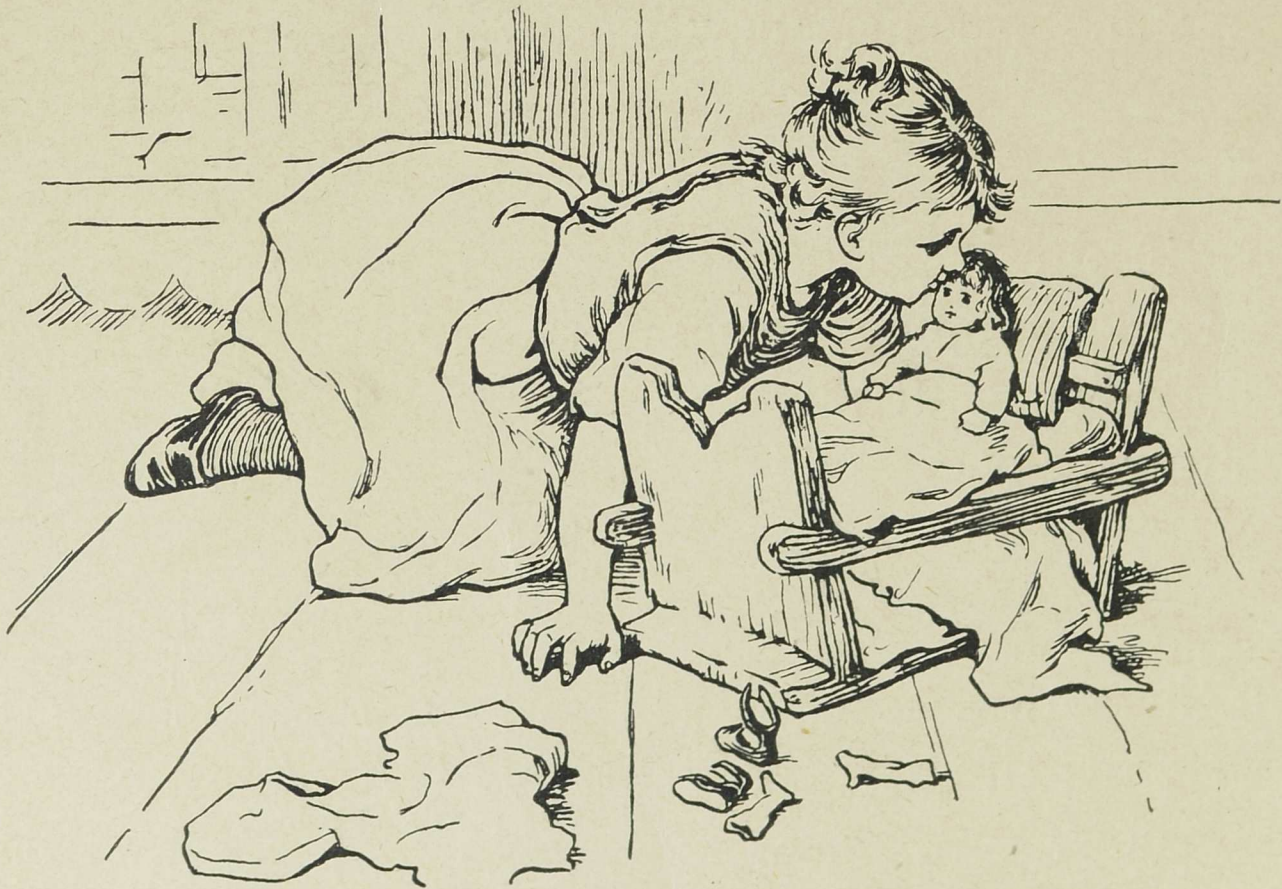
ALL in a row,
Bend the
bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.





CHRISTMAS comes
but once a year,
And when it comes
it brings good cheer.

HUSH-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mother's a lady,
And that's very clear.







WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
In his night-gown ;
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
“Are the babes in their bed?
For it’s now ten o’clock.”

