

FOR OTHER SORTS, SEE LIST AT BACK OF COVER.

*from his sister  
Mary*

3 SORTS

6<sup>d</sup> EACH

PLEASING & POPULAR  
**RHYMES**  
FOR THE  
**NURSERY.**



N & SON, Printers, Lithographers, and Book and Print Publishers, 31. Ludgate Hill.

# RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day :  
The Knave of Hearts  
He stole those tarts,  
And took them clean away.

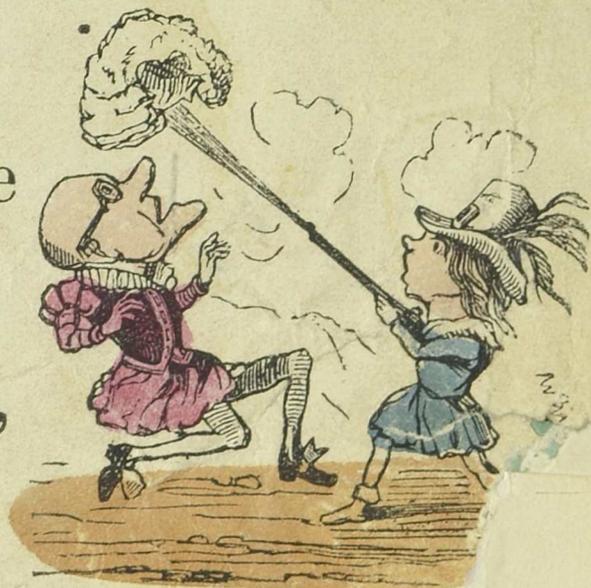


The King of Hearts called for those tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore ;  
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.



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

There was a little man,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made  
of lead ;  
He shot John Sprig  
Thro' the middle of his wig,  
And knocked it off his  
head.



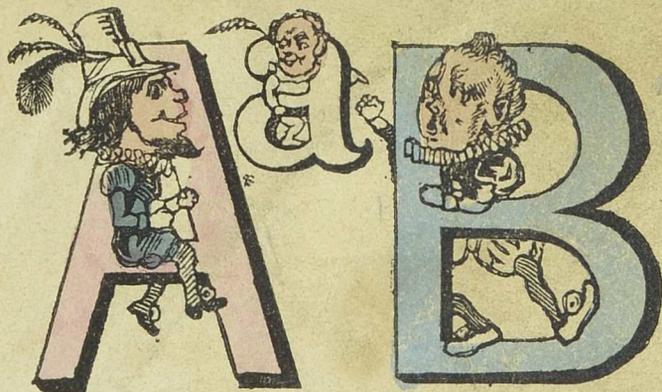


Ba-a ba-a black sheep,  
 Have you any wool?  
 Yes, marry, I have  
 Three bags full:

One for my master,  
 One for my dame,  
 And one for the little boy  
 Who lives in the lane.



Handy spandy, Jack a dandy,  
 Loves plum-cake and sugar candy;  
 He bought some at a grocer's shop,  
 And pleased,—away went hop, hop,  
 hop.



Great **A**, little a,  
 Bouncing **B**!  
 The cat's at the cupboard  
 And can't see me.





Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To lay before a king?

The king was in the parlor,  
Counting out his money,  
The queen was in the kitchen,  
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the  
Garden,  
Hanging out the  
clothes,  
There was a little  
blackbird,  
And snatched off  
her nose.

Jenny goes so mad,  
She knew not what to do,  
She put her finger in her ear,  
And cracked it right in two.

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To lay before a king?



The king was in the parlour,  
Counting out his money,  
The queen was in the kitchen,  
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the  
garden,  
Hanging out the  
clothes,  
There came a little  
blackbird,  
And snapped off  
her nose.



Jenny got so mad,  
She knew not what to do,  
She put her finger in her ear,  
And cracked it right in two.





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.

See-saw,  
Margery Daw,  
Emma shall have a new  
master.  
She shall have  
But a penny a-day,



Because she can work no  
faster.



Come, butter, come,  
Come, butter, come,  
Peter stands at the  
gate,  
Waiting for a but-  
tered cake;  
Come, butter, come.

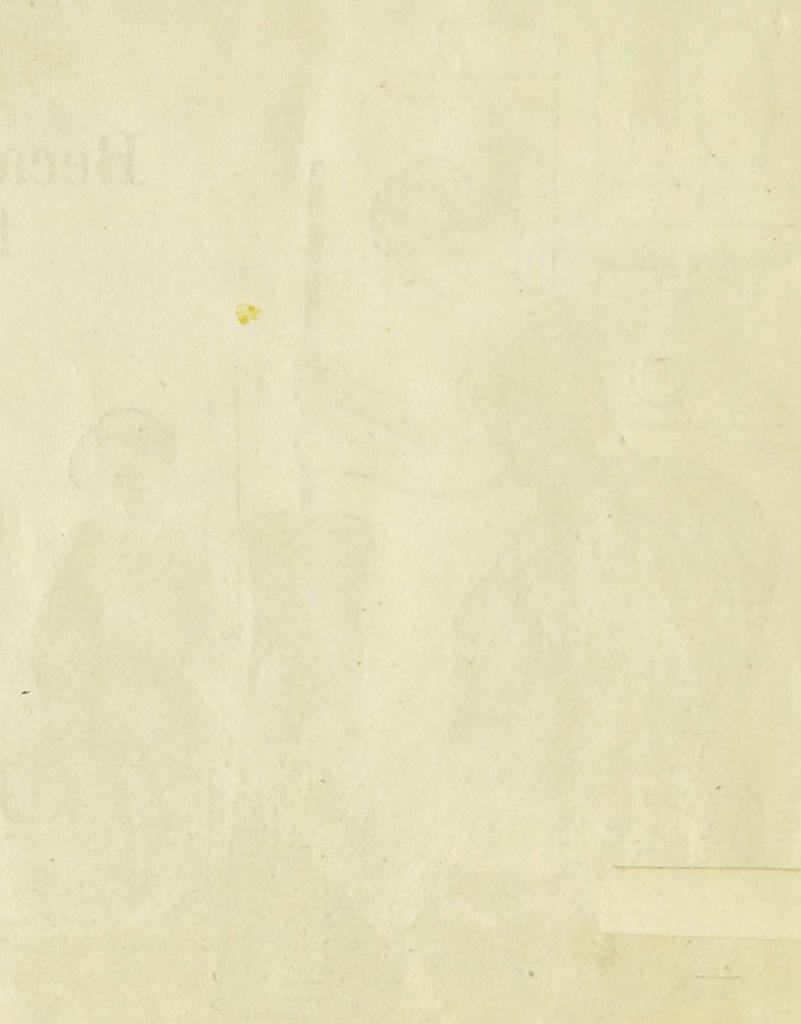
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See-saw,  
Mingy, how,  
I shall have a new  
master,  
She shall have  
But a penny a-day.

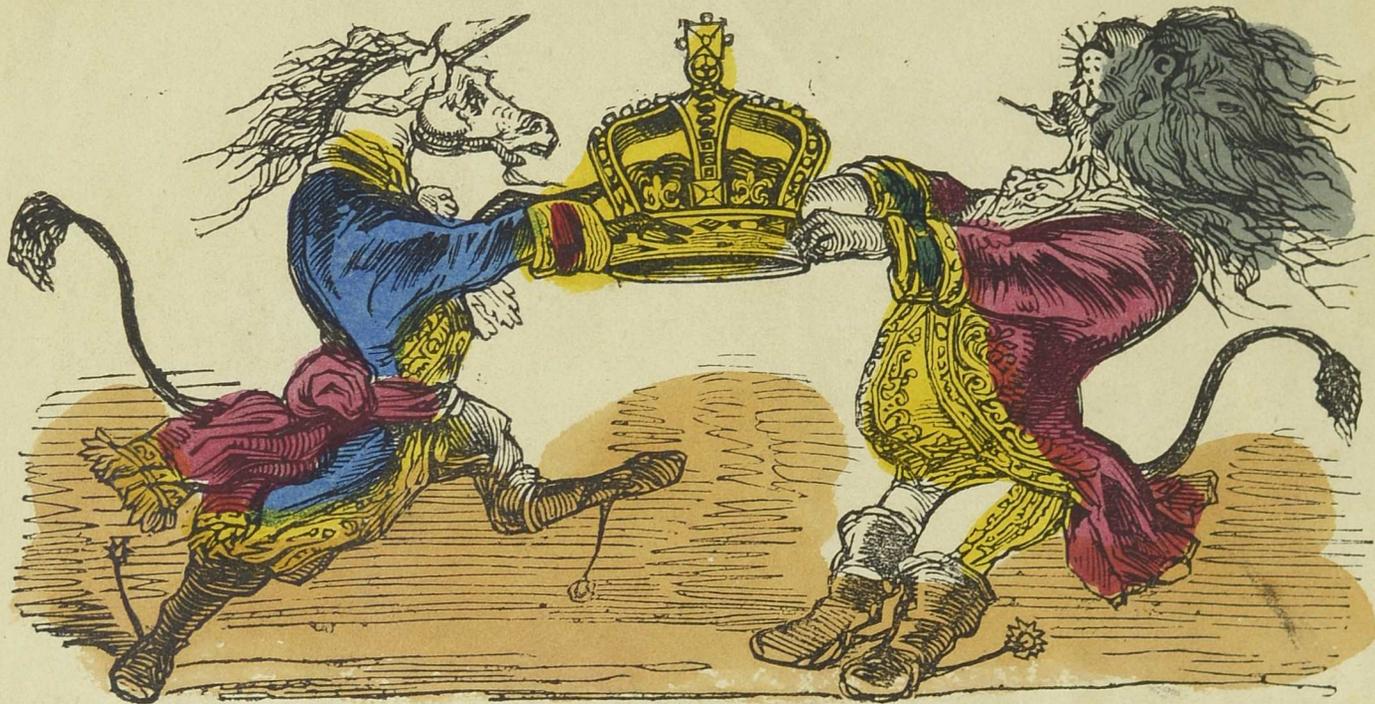
Because she can work so  
fast.

Come, butter, come,  
Come, butter, come,  
Peter stands at the  
gate,  
Waiting for a fat-  
tired cake;  
Come, butter, come.



The Lion and the Unicorn  
Were fighting for the Crown;  
The Lion beat the Unicorn,  
All round the town.  
Some gave them white bread,  
Some gave them brown,  
Some gave them plum-cake,  
And sent them out of town.

and in my lady's chamber,  
and down stairs,  
Little Jack Horner,  
Was sat in a corner,  
His ears he could not tell,  
When his nut was stolen,  
Looked at him,  
She could not help saying,  
O ho!



The Lion and the Unicorn  
Were fighting for the Crown ;  
The Lion beat the Unicorn,  
All round the town.

Some gave them white bread,  
Some gave them brown,  
Some gave them plum-cake,  
And sent them out of town.



Goosey Goosey Gander,  
Where shall I wander ?  
Up stairs, and down stairs,  
And in my lady's chamber.

Little Jack Horner,  
Was put in a corner, [ Pie.  
Because he could not spell  
When his aunt Mrs. Prim  
Looked at him,  
She could not help saying  
O fie !





Little Boy Blue, blow your horn,  
The sheep 's in the meadow,  
The cow 's in the corn.

Call the little boy that looks after the sheep,  
He 's under the haycock fast asleep.



Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a little spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet  
away.

Pat a cake, pat a cake,  
Baker's man ;  
That I will, master,  
As fast as I can ;  
Prick it and prick it,  
And mark it with  
E,  
And bake it enough  
For Emma and  
me.



Little Boy Blue, blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
The cow's in the corn.  
Call the little boy that looks after the sheep,  
He's under the haystack.  
Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Kissing of a daisy;  
There came a little spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet  
away.

Patience and her cake,  
Baked a man;  
That will master,  
As fast as I can;  
Prick and prick it,  
And mark it with  
A red line through  
For a man and





There was a little woman who lived in a shoe,  
 She'd so many children she knew not what to do;  
 She gave them some broth without any bread,  
 And whipped them all soundly, and sent them  
 to bed.



1 This little pig went to market,  
 This little pig staid at home,  
 This little pig got roast beef,  
 4 This little pig got none,  
 5 This little pig cried, Wee, wee,  
 wee,—I can't find my way  
 home.

Bye, baby bunting,  
 Father's gone a-hunting,  
 To get a pretty rabbit's skin,  
 To wrap his little baby in.





Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon.  
The little dog laughed to see such fine sport,  
And the dish ran after the spoon.



Rain, rain,  
go away,  
Come again  
another day,  
Little Arthur  
wants to play.



Here stands a post,  
Who set it there?  
A better man than

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