

NURSERY RHYMES COLLECTED
AND
FABLES by ILLUSTRATED
WALTER J. MORGAN



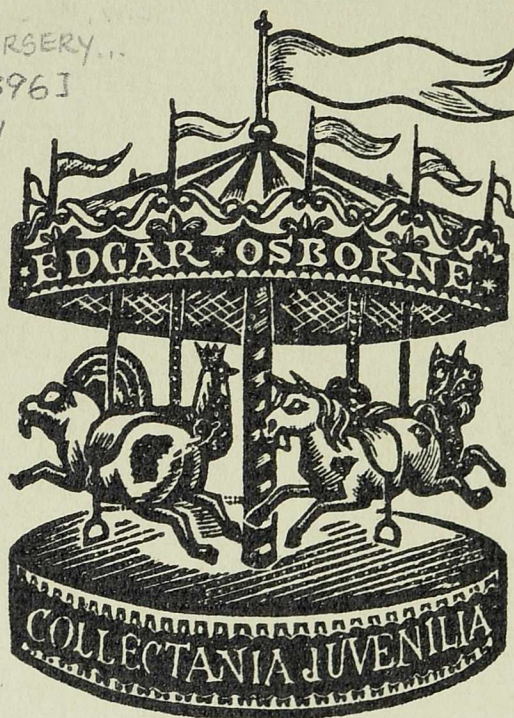
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NURSERY...

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RHYMES &
FABLES

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FOUR · AND · TWENTY · TAILORS ·



WENT · TO · FIGHT · A · SNAIL ·

THE BOLDEST MAN
AMONGST THEM.



DARE NOT TOUCH
HER TAIL.

WJm

SHE PUT OUT
HER HORNS



LIKE A LITTLE
KYLOW COW

RUN·TAILORS
RUN! OR
SHE'LL·KILL·YOU
ALL·E'EN·NOW

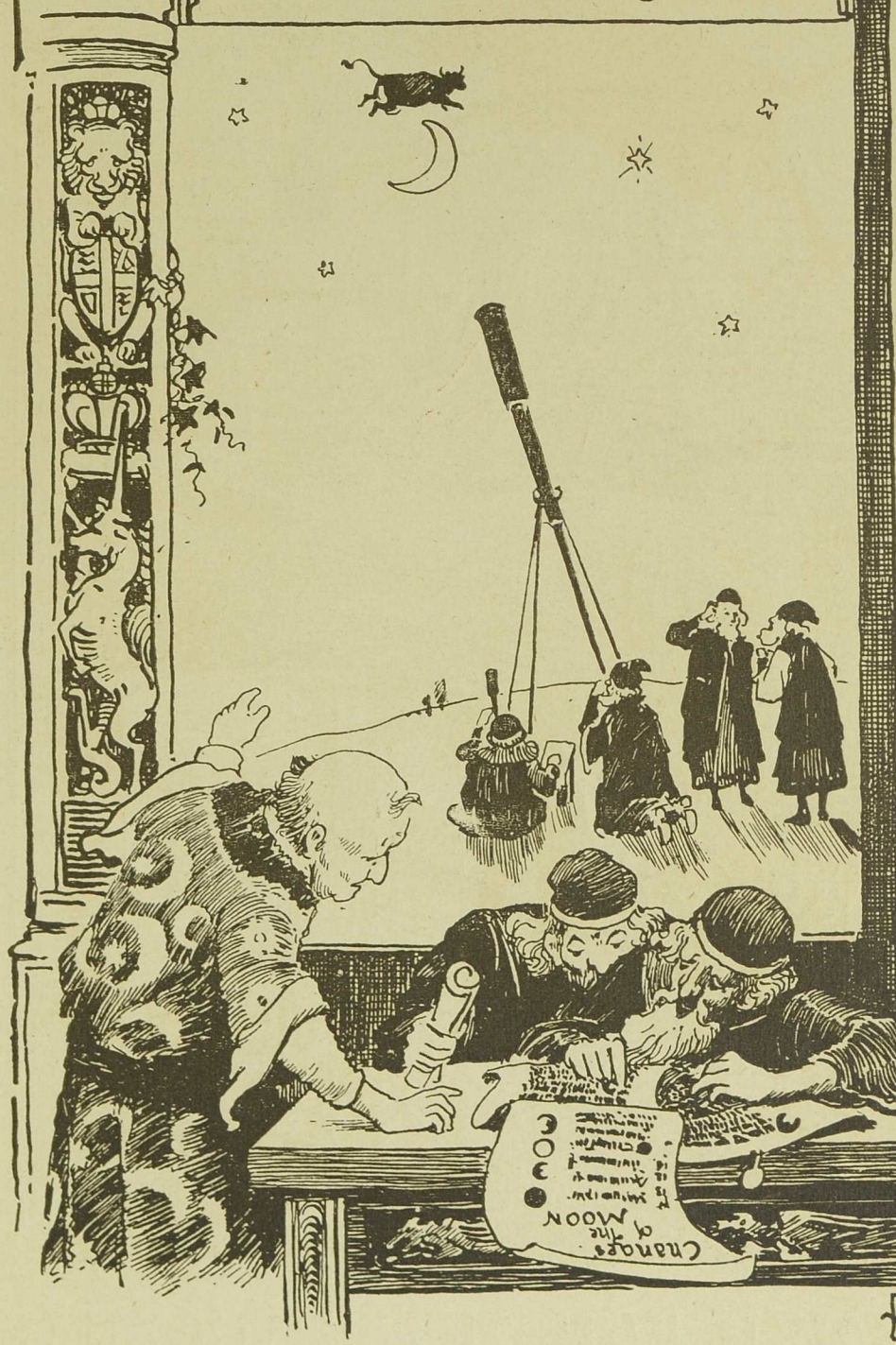


WJAA

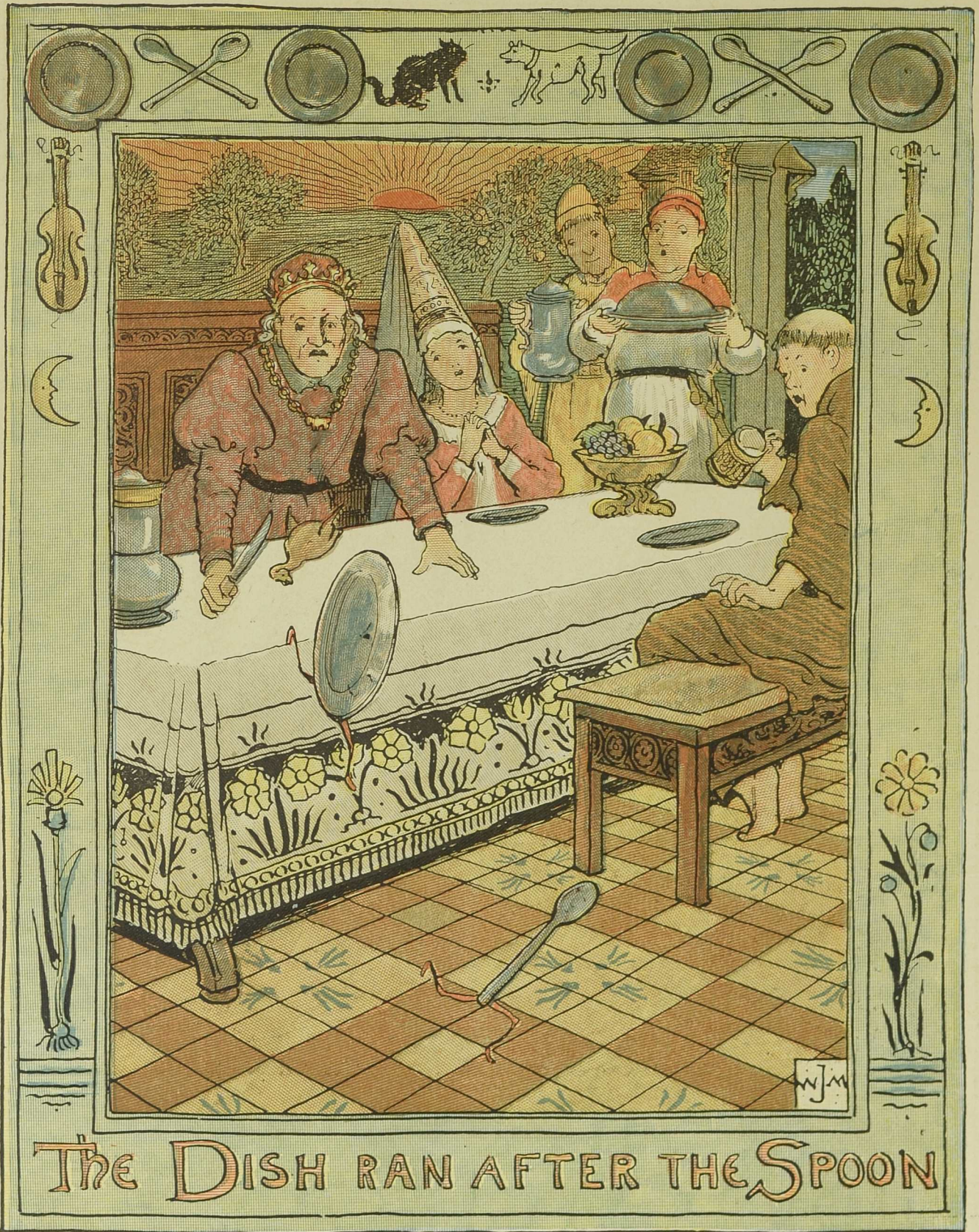




The LITTLE DOG LAUGHED



H. WOODS & SONS



THE DISH RAN AFTER THE SPOON

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN
HHE HAD A LITTLE GUN



ND HIS BULLETS THEY WERE
MADE OF LEAD. LEAD. LEAD. ∞

WJ.M



He went to
the brook.
And he shot
a little duck.



And he hit it
on its head;
head; head;

WJM



Then He Went Home.
To His Wife Joan.



AND BADE HER A FIRE
FOR TO MAKE·MAKE·
TO ROAST THE DUCK
THAT SWAM IN THE BROOK. MAKE.



WHILE HE WENT TO SHOOT
THE DRAKE·DRAKE·DRAKE.

WJMA

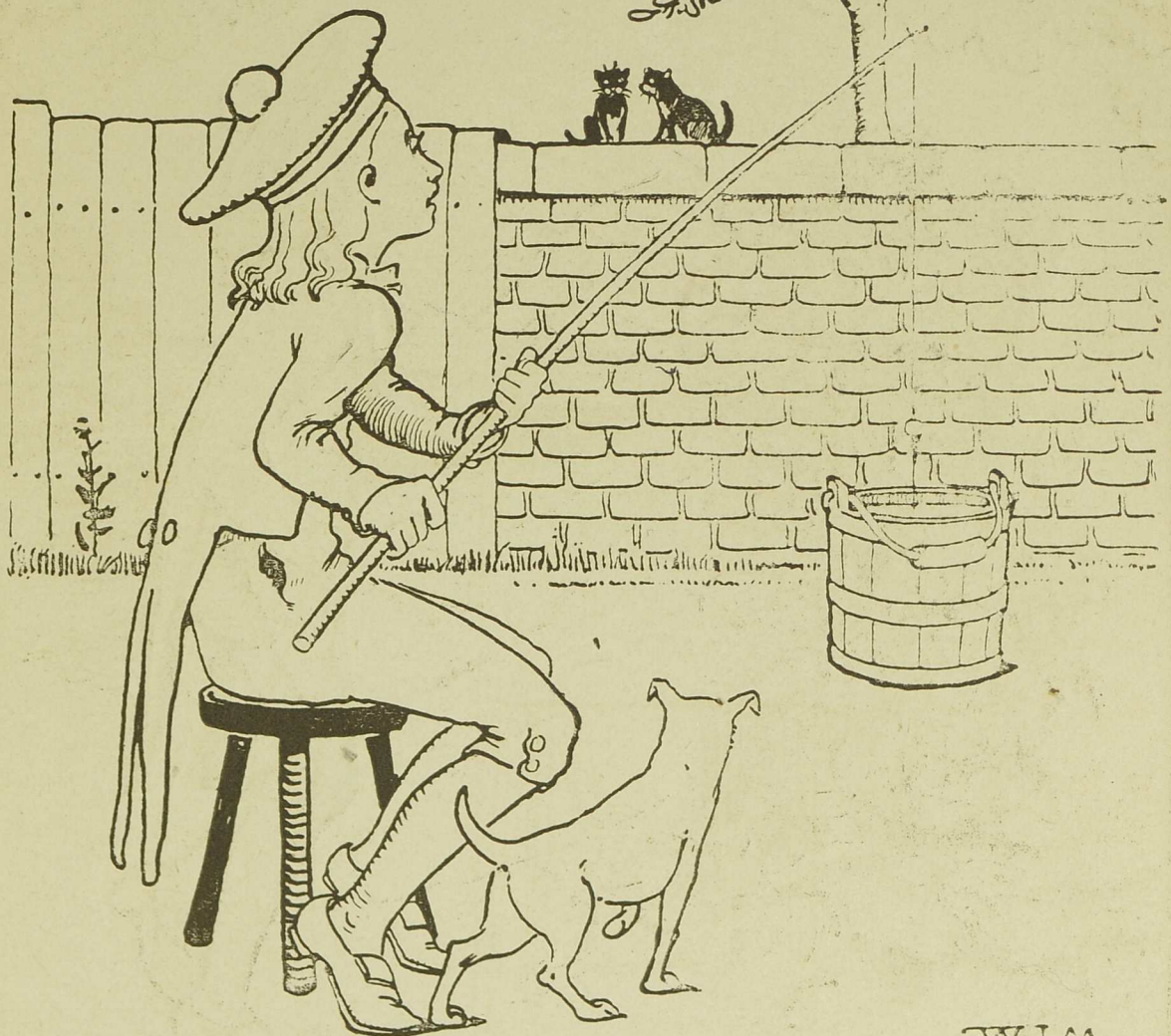


SAYS THE PIEMAN TO
SIMPLE SIMON. 
FIRST GIVE ME A PENNY



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·SEE·
IF·FIGS·CREW·ON·A·THISTLE



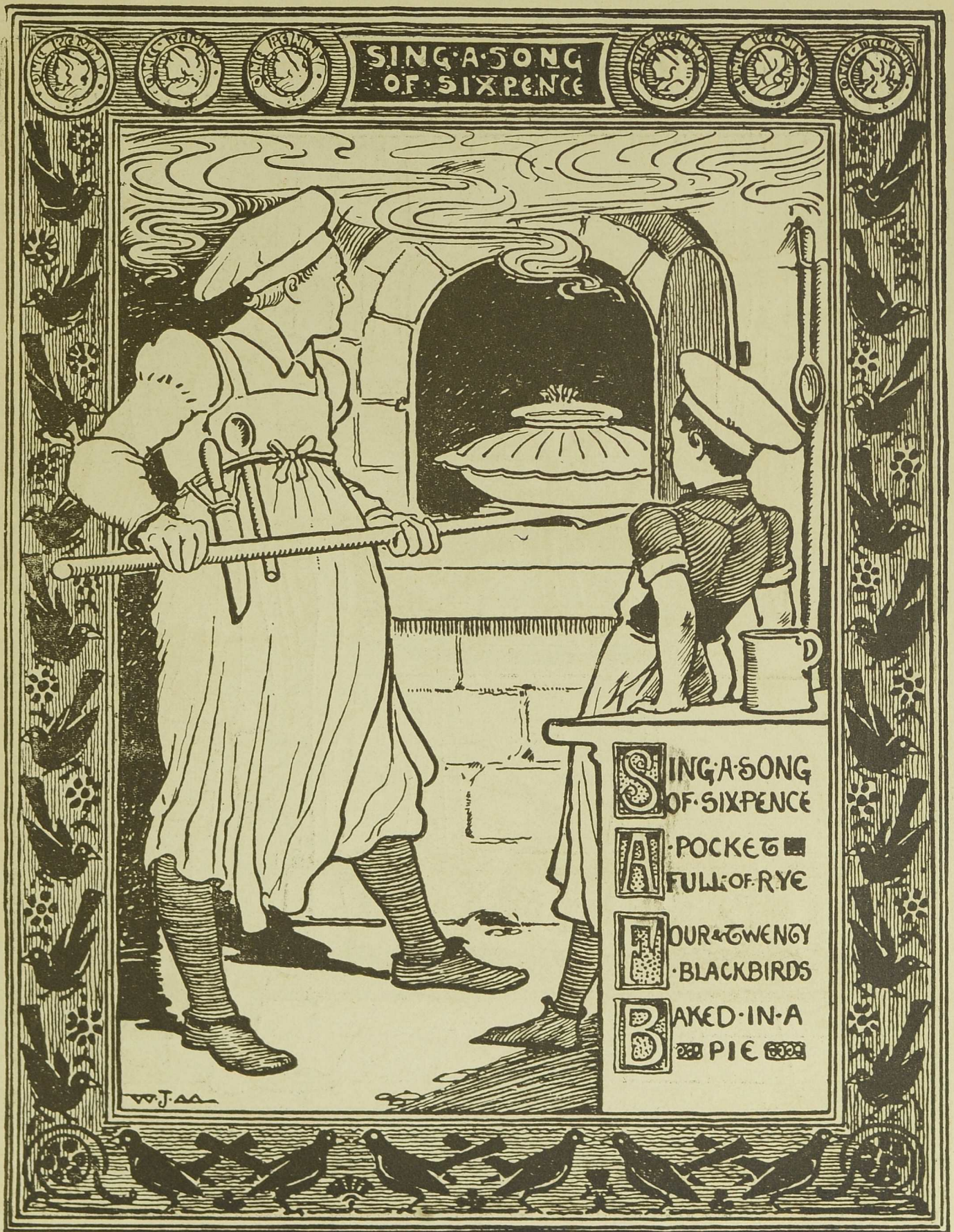
HE·PRICKED·HIS·FINGERS·VERY·MUCH
WHICH·MADE·POOR·SIMON·WHISTLE



LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN
THE SHEEP ARE IN THE MEADOW. BUT WHERE IS THE LITTLE
THE COWS ARE IN THE CORN. BOY WHO MINDS
THE SHEEP!



UNDER THE HAY-COCK FAST ASLEEP



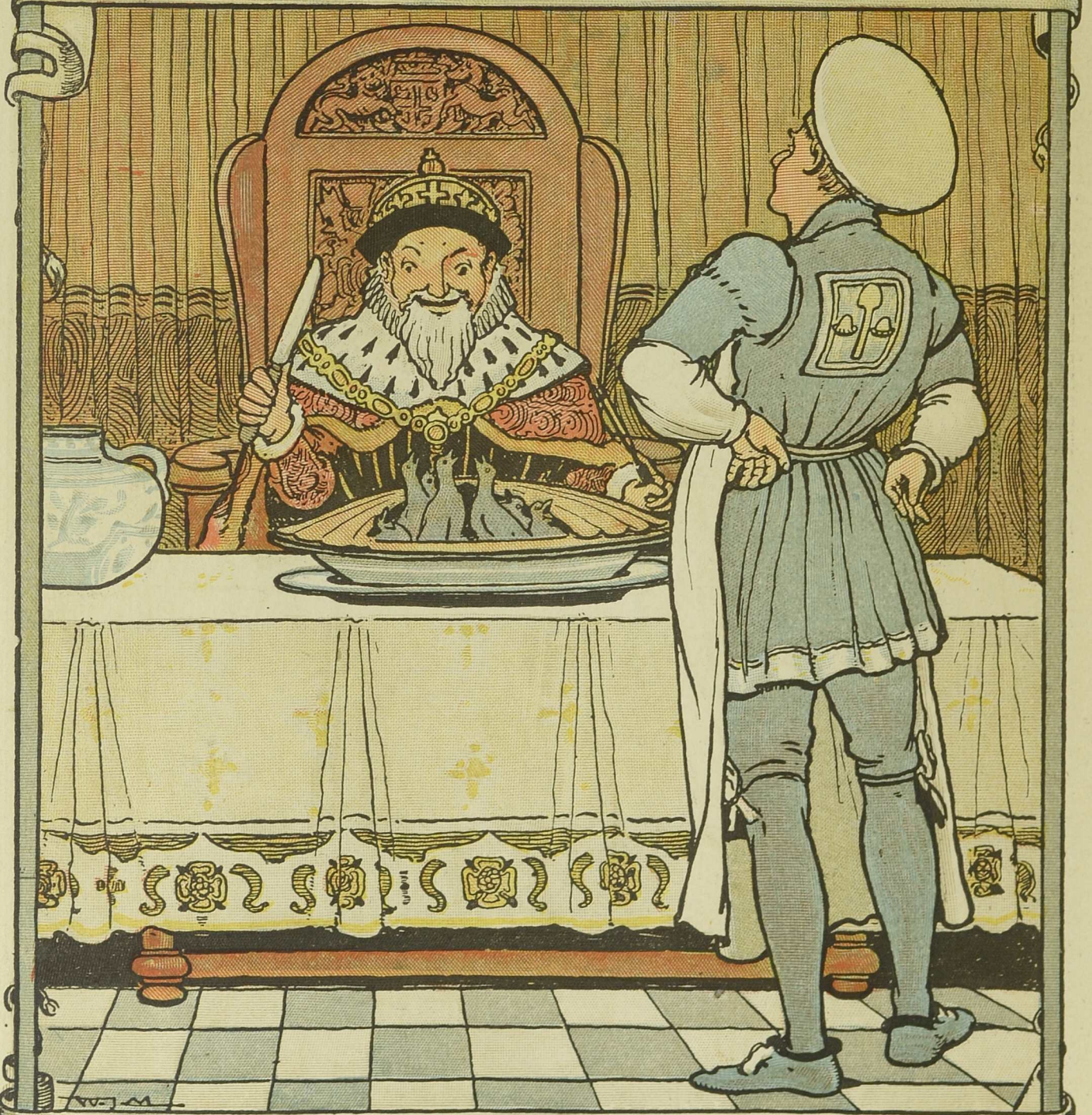
SING-A-SONG
OF SIXPENCE

A POCKET
FULL OF RYE

FOUR & TWENTY
BLACKBIRDS

BAKED IN A
PIE

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED
THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING.



WAS NOT THAT A DAINY DISH.
TO SET BEFORE A KING.

THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE



COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY. ❖ ❖ ❖

THE QUEEN WAS IN HER PARLOUR



EATING BREAD AND HONEY

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS SHE





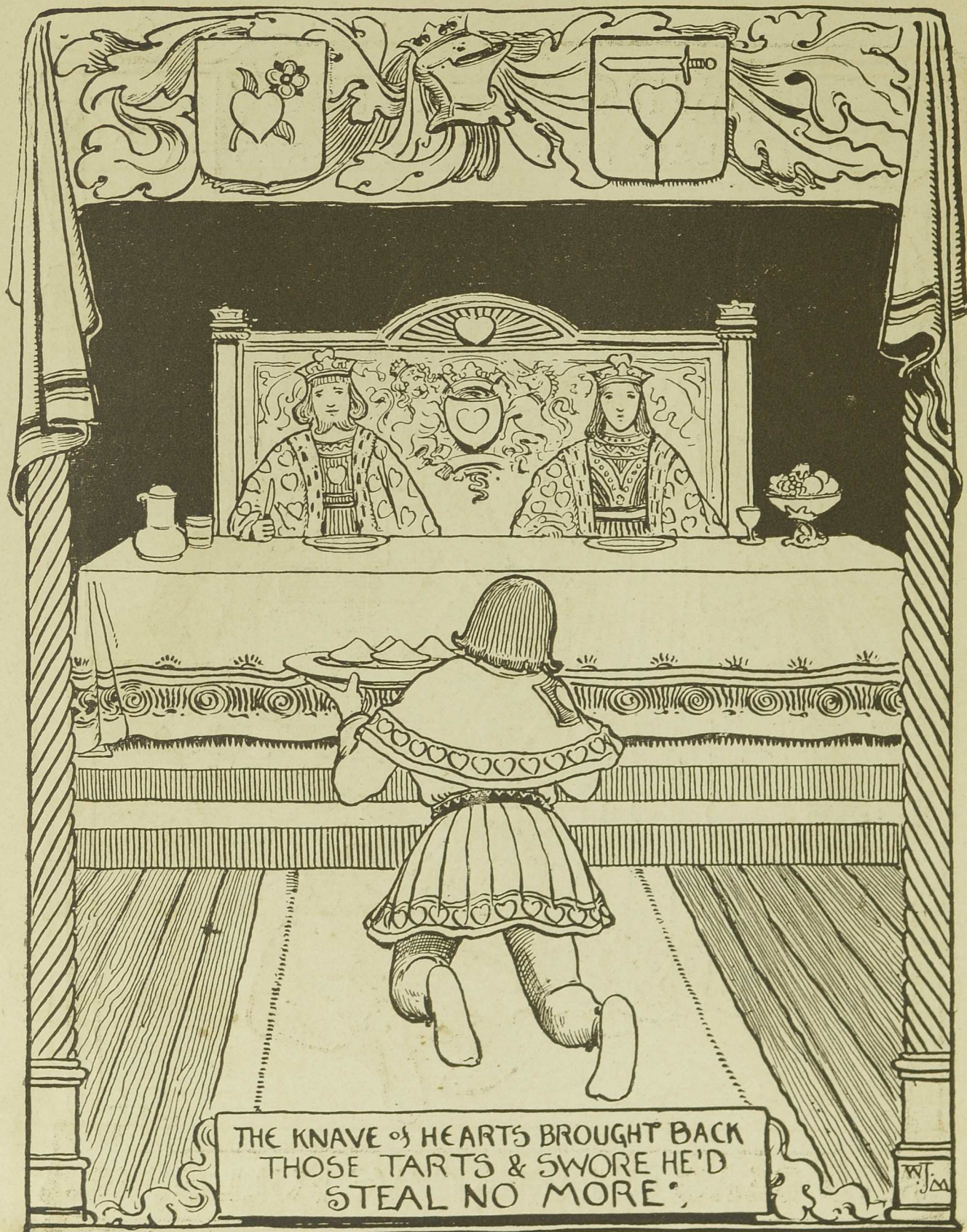
THE KNAVE of HEARTS he
STOLE THOSE TARTS
& TOOK THEM RIGHT AWAY.

The King of Hearts

CALLED FOR THOSE TARTS



AND BEAT THAT KNAVE FULL SORE.



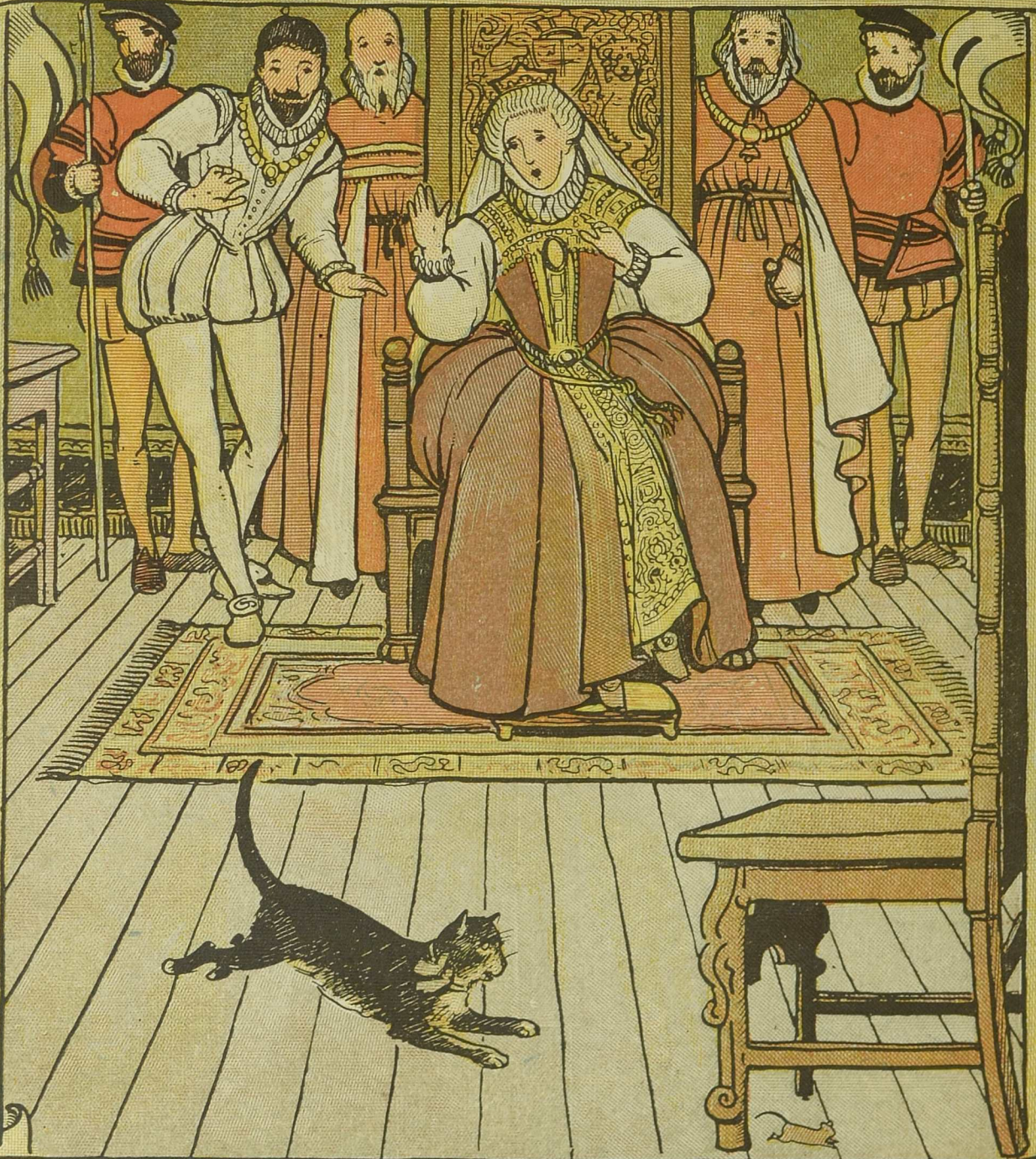
PUSSY-CAT. PUSSY-CAT. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN.



I'VE BEEN UP TO LONDON.
TO VISIT THE QUEEN.

W.J.M.

PUSSY-CAT PUSSY-CAT. WHAT DID YOU THERE?



I. FRIGHTENED A LITTLE MOUSE.
UNDER A CHAIR ❖❖

W.J.M.

HARK! HARK THE DOGS DO BARK
THE BEGGARS ARE COME TO TOWN



THERE ARE SOME IN RAGS AND SOME
IN TAGS AND SOME IN VELVET
GOWNDS.

W. J. M.



LITTLE MISS
MUFFET

SHE SAT ON
A TUFFET

EATING HER
CURDS AND
WHEY.

W.J.M.

CHERE CAME A
GREAT SPIDER

WHO SAT DOWN
BESIDE HER

AND FRIGHTEENED
MISS MUFFET
AWAY.

W.J.M.

ROBIN · A · BOBBIN

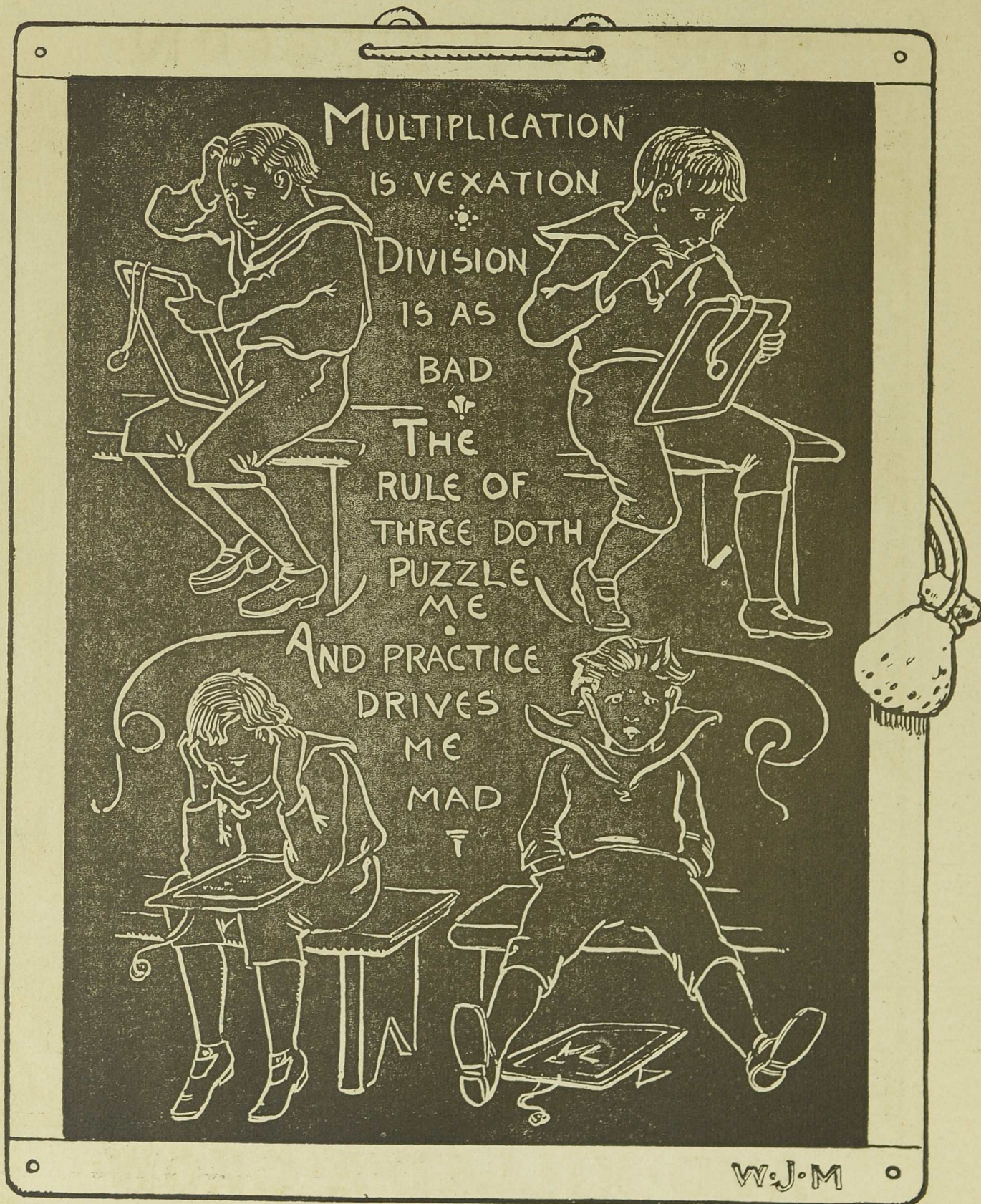


· BEND · DE · BOW ·

SHOT · A · PIGEON ·



· AND · KILLED · A · CROW ·



MULTIPLICATION

IS VEXATION

DIVISION

IS AS

BAD

THE

RULE OF

THREE DOTH

PUZZLE

ME

AND PRACTICE

DRIVES

ME

MAD

T

W.J.M

JACK AND JILL
WENT UP THE HILL



GO FETCH A PAIL OF
WATER



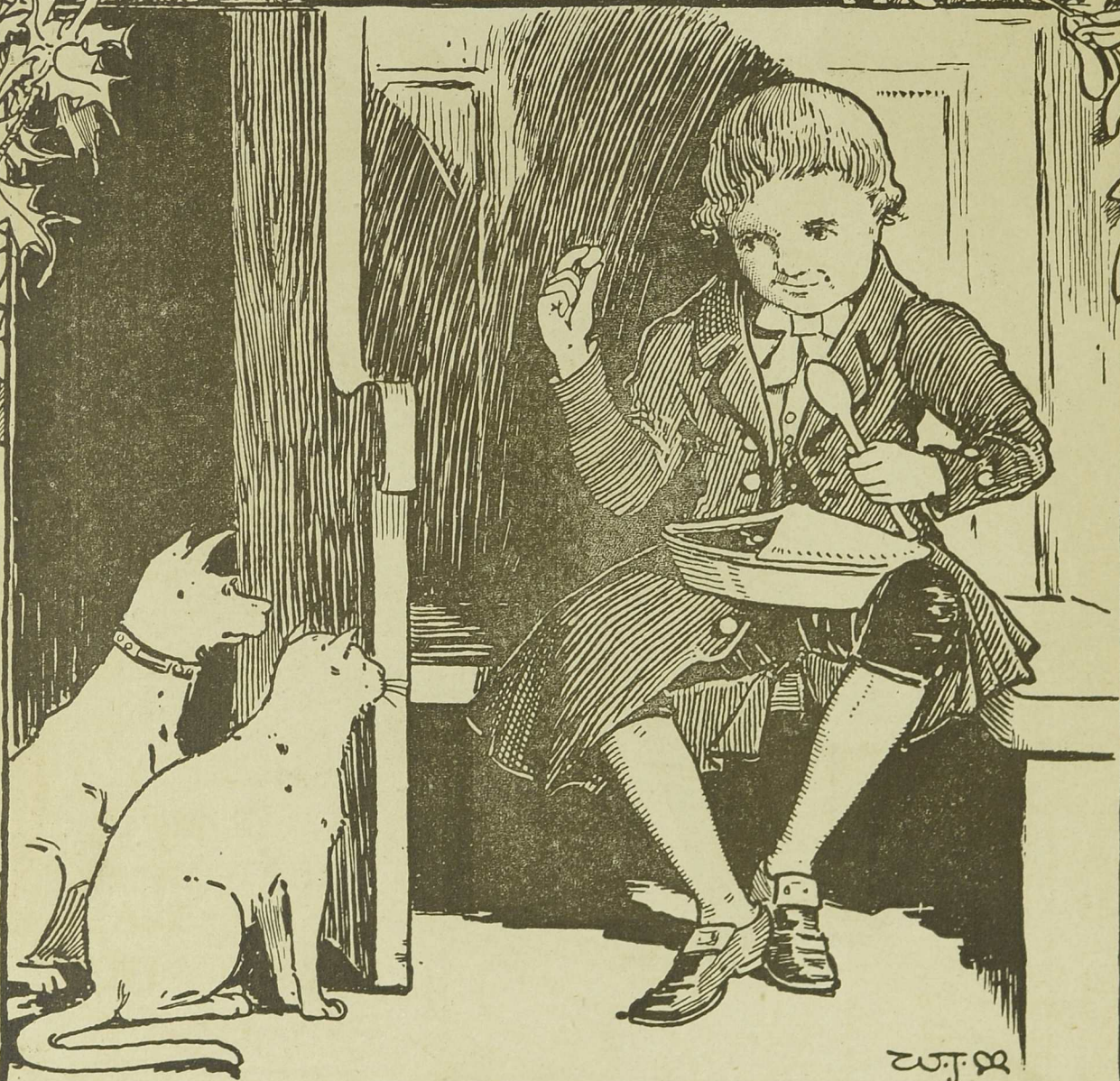
A·DUCK·A·DRAKE·A·NICE·BARLEY·CAKE·
A·PENNY·TO·PAY·THE·BAKER·



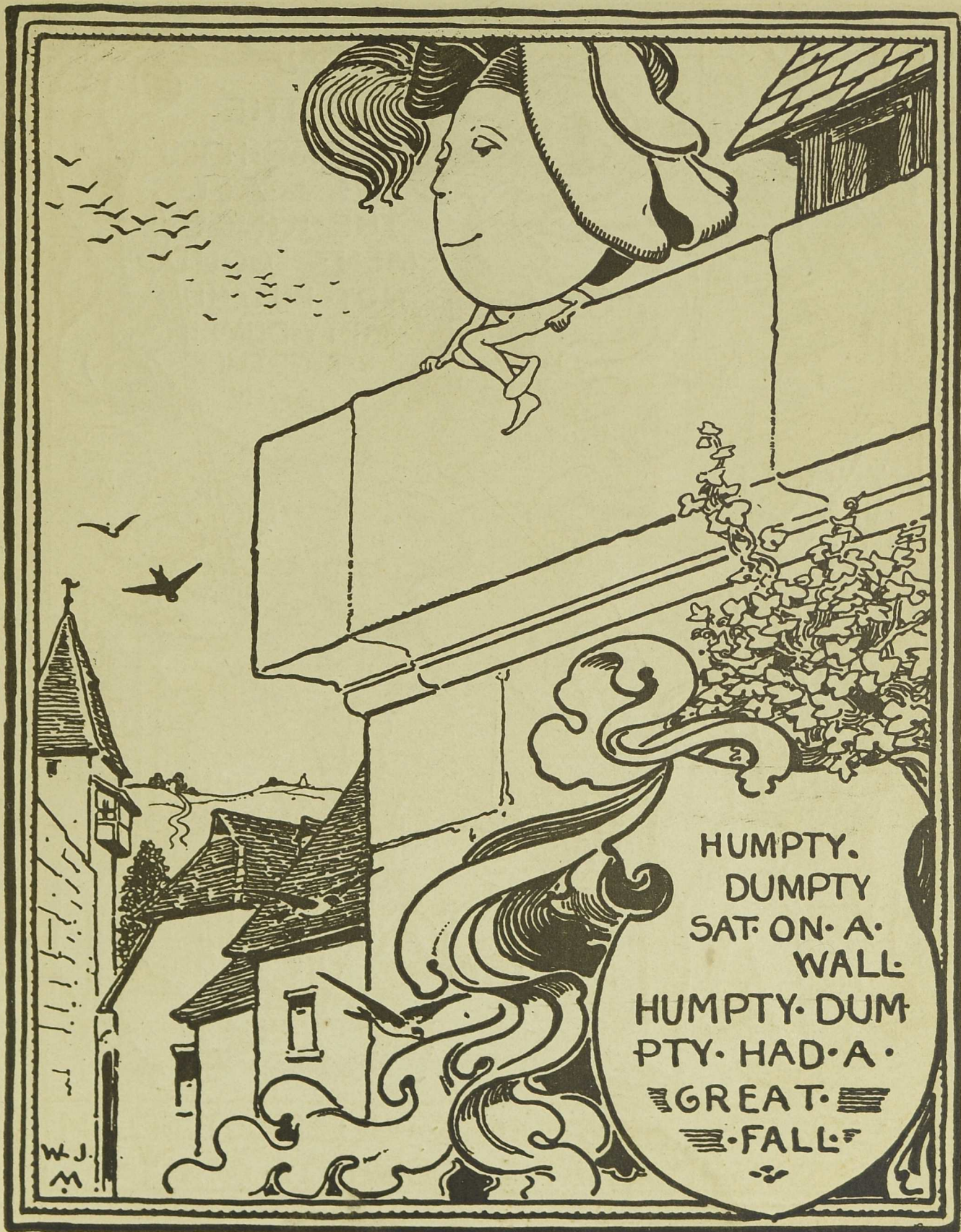
A·HOP·A·SCOTCH·ANOTHER·NOTCH·
SLITHERUM·SLEATHERUM·TAKE·HER·

WJM

LITTLE JACK HORNER.
SAT IN A CORNER
EATING HIS CHRIST-
MAS PIE.



HE PUT IN HIS THUMB & PULLED OUT A PLUM
AND SAID WHAT A GOOD BOY AM I.



HUMPTY.
DUMPTY
SAT ON A
WALL
HUMPTY DUM
PTY HAD A
GREAT
FALL





I had a little
nut tree.==
And nothing
would it bear
But a Silver
apple and a
Golden pear



The King of
Spain's daughter
She came to
visit me
All for the sake
of my little nut
tree.

W.J. 44

MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY.
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW.

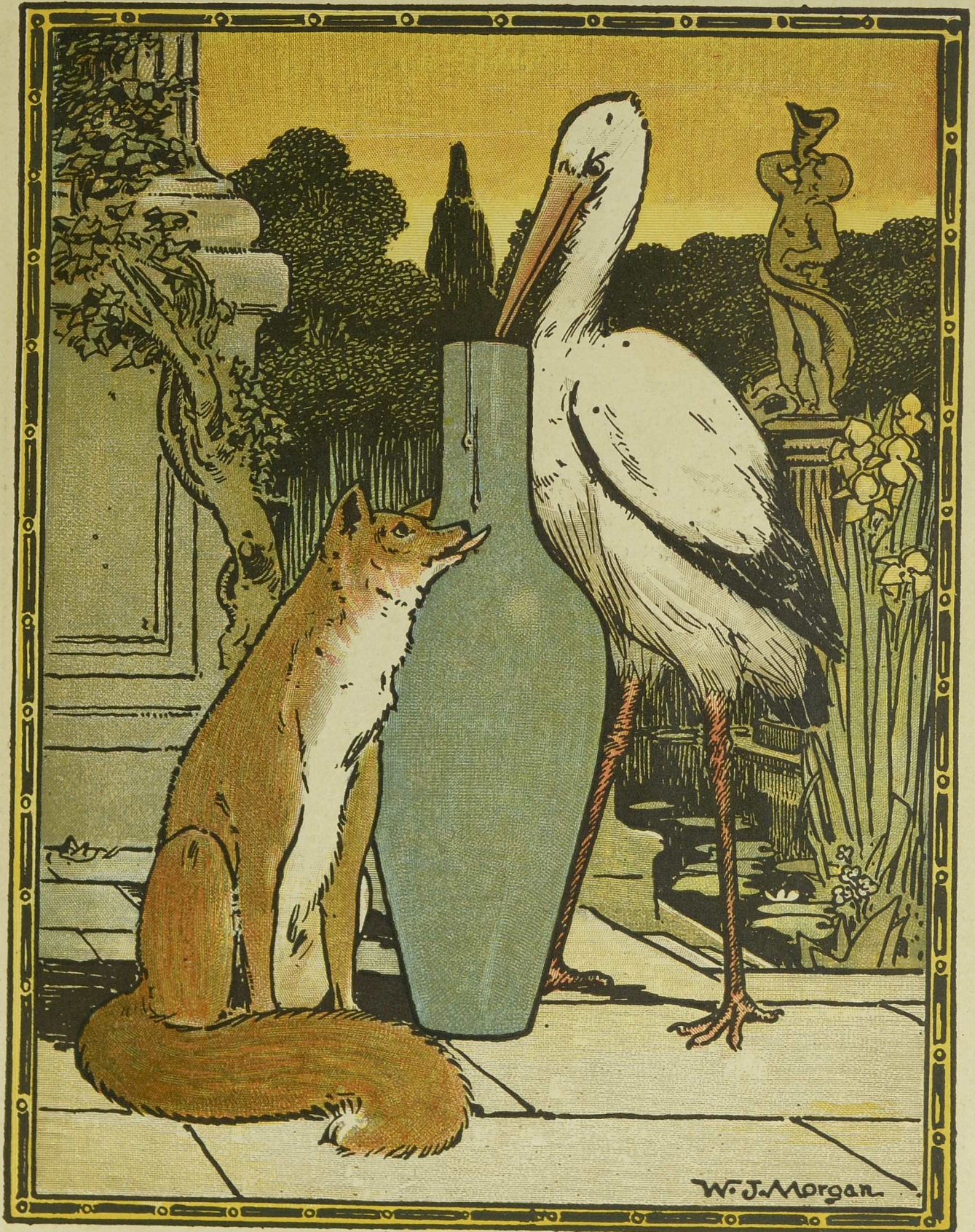


WITH SILVER BELLS AND COCKLESHELLS
AND LILLIES ALL IN A ROW: 



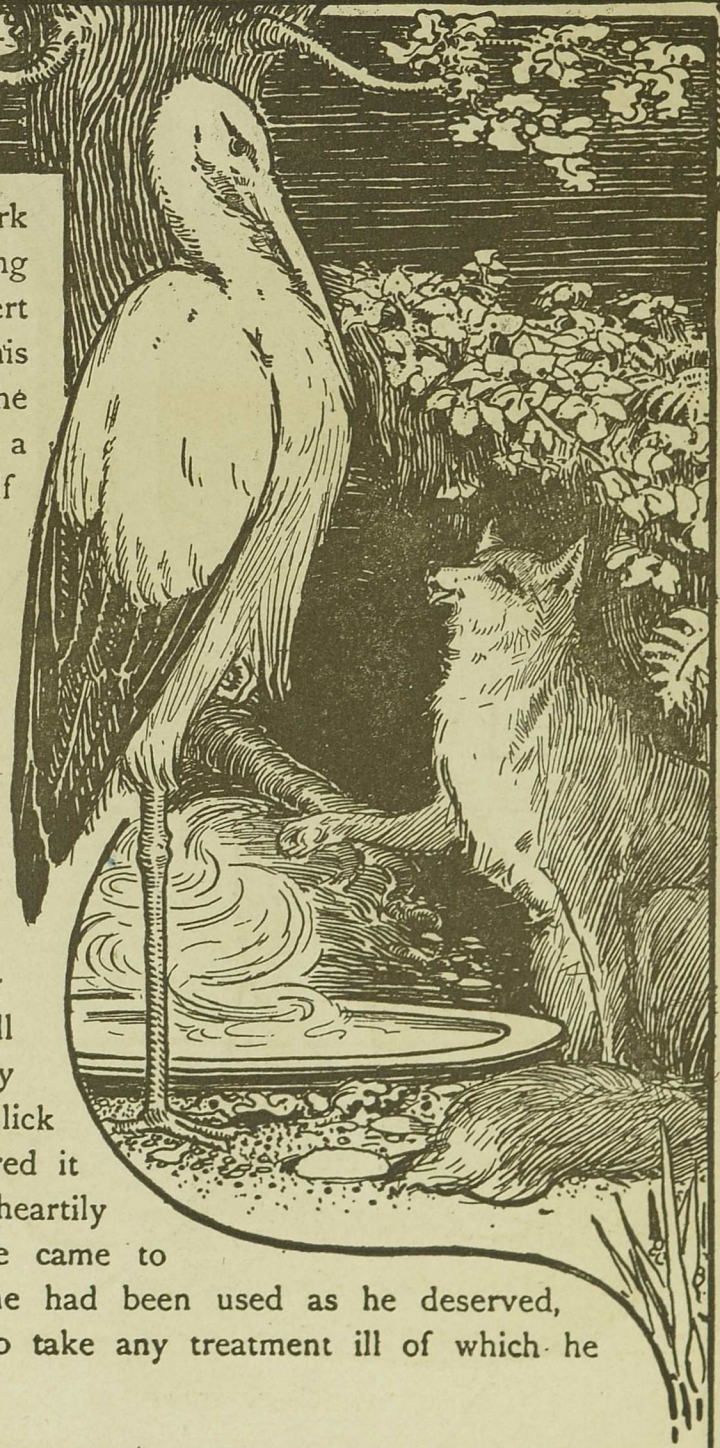
Who'll buy
my daisies
Who'll buy
my daisies
They are
ten for a pin
And a little
one in
Who'll buy
my daisies

W. J. MORGAN.



THE FOX AND THE STORK

A FOX invited a Stork to dinner, and being disposed to divert himself at the expense of his guest, provided nothing for the entertainment but soup, in a wide, shallow dish. He himself could lap this up with ease; but the stork could but just dip in the point of his bill, and so got no dinner. A few days after he returned the compliment, and invited the fox. Nothing was brought to table but some minced meat in a glass jar, the neck of which was so deep and so narrow, that though the stork with his long bill was quite at his ease, all that the fox, who was very hungry, could do, was to lick the brim, as the stork slabbered it with his eating. Reynard was heartily vexed at first, but when he came to take his leave, owned that he had been used as he deserved, and that he had no reason to take any treatment ill of which he himself had set the example.



W. J. M.

THE * FROG * & * THE

MOUSE

THERE was once a great emulation between the Frog and the Mouse, which should be the point of a bulrush. A kite, sailing in the air, beheld them afar off, and while they were eagerly



master of the fen, and the frog challenged the mouse to single combat. The mouse accepted the challenge, and each of them entered the lists armed with

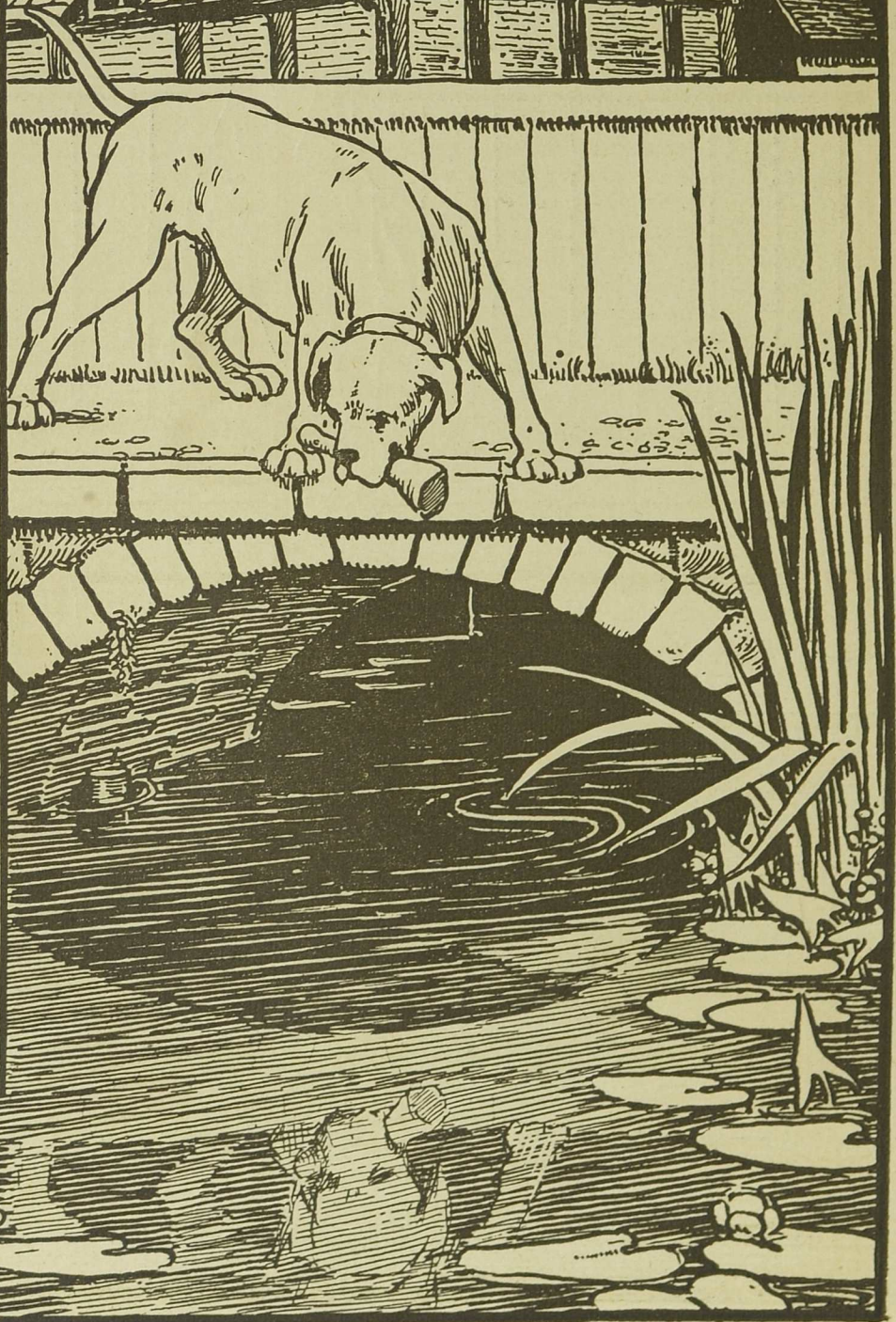
bent upon destroying each other, this fatal enemy descended souse upon them, and with her crooked talons carried off both the champions.





THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A DOG, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream. Believing it to be another dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he snatched at it; but, so far from getting anything by his greedy design, he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sank to the bottom, and was lost.

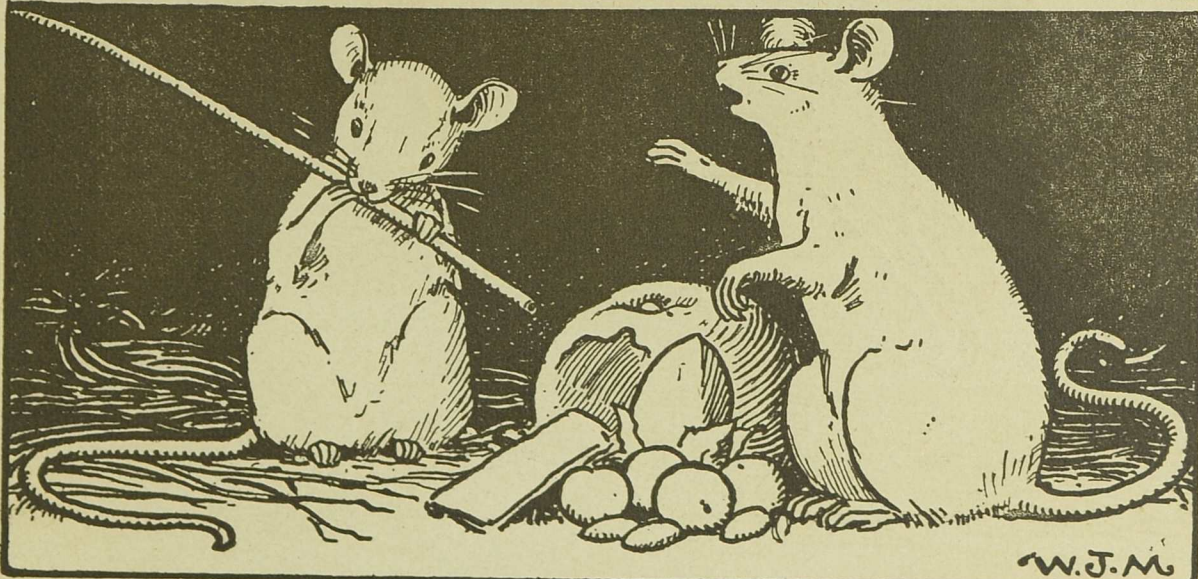


W. J. M.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE

A COUNTRY Mouse entertained at his hole, one day, a fine Mouse of the town, and set before him a reserve of delicate peas and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and a remnant of a charming mellow apple. He forbore to eat any himself, lest the stranger should not have enough, but sat and nibbled a piece of barley straw. At last, says the town gentleman, "Old crony, give me leave to be a little free with you. How can you bear to live in this nasty, dirty, melancholy hole, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do you not prefer the conversation of the world to the chirping of birds; and the splendour of a court to the rude aspect of an uncultivated desert? Come, take my word for it, you will find it a change for the better. Never stand considering, but away this moment. Remember we are not immortal, and therefore we have no time to lose. Make sure of to-day, and spend it as agreeably as you can, you know not what may happen to-morrow." In short, his arguments prevailed, and his country acquaintance resolved to go to town that night. So they

set out upon their journey. About midnight they crept stealthily into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment the day before, and several titbits which some of the servants had purloined were hid under the seat of a window. The country guest was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet, and now it was the courtier's turn to entertain. He acquitted himself with the utmost address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting everything first as judiciously as any clerk of the kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself like a delighted epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs. On a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door made them start from their seats, and scuttle in confusion about the dining-room. Our country friend was ready to die with fear at the barking of a huge mastiff or two, which opened their throats at the same time, and made the whole house echo. At last when quiet was restored, the country mouse stole from his hiding-place, and hastily bade his friend farewell. "If this be your town life," says he, "much good may it do you; give me my poor quiet hole again, with my gray peas and peace of mind."





W. J. MORGAN.

MORE HASTE LESS SPEED

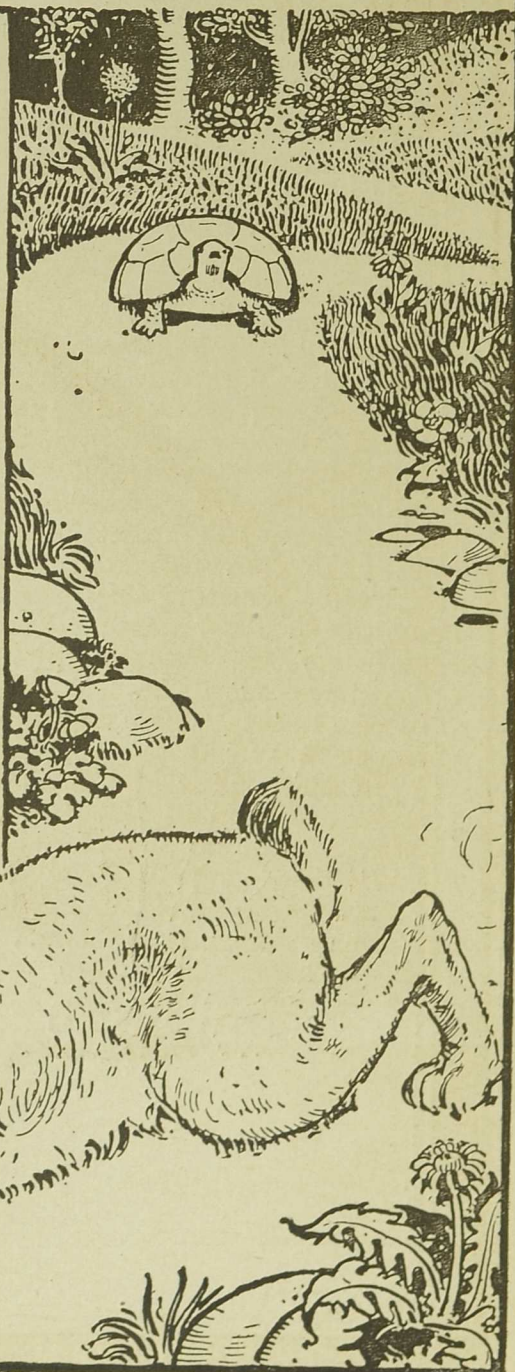


W. S. Morgan.

BUT SURCE WINS THE RACE

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

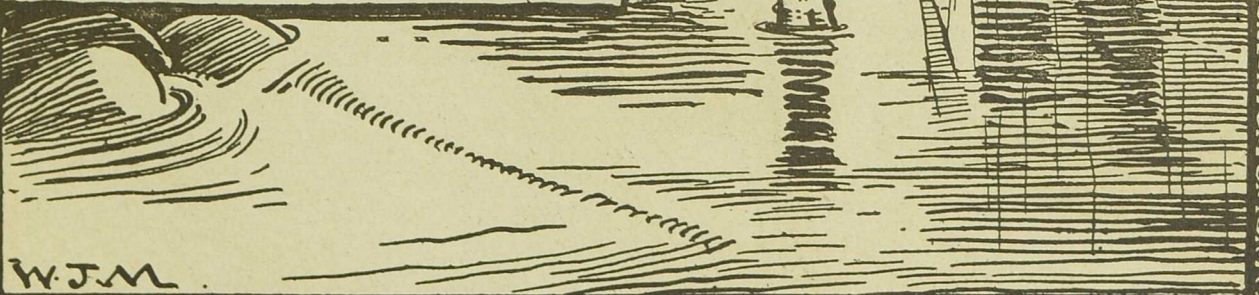
A HARE jeered at a Tortoise upon account of his slowness, and boasted of her own great speed in running. "Let us make a match," replied the tortoise. "I'll run with you five miles, for five pounds, and the fox yonder shall be the umpire." The hare agreed, and away they both started together; but the hare, by reason of her exceeding swiftness, outran the tortoise to such a degree, that she made a jest of the matter, and finding herself a little tired, squatted in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, and took a nap, thinking that if the tortoise went by, she could at any time fetch him up with all ease. Meanwhile the tortoise came jogging on with slow but continued motion, passed the hare, and arrived at the end first. Thus the hare lost the race through too great security and confidence of victory.



W. J. A.

THE CONCEITED STAG.

A STAG drinking at a clear spring, saw himself reflected in the water, and stood for some time contemplating his shape and features, from head to foot. "Ah!" says he, "what a glorious pair of branching horns! how gracefully those antlers hang over my forehead, and beautify my whole face! O, that the other parts of my body were but proportionate to them! But I have a set of such weak and slender legs that I am ashamed to see them." While he was giving himself these airs, he was alarmed with the noise of a pack of hounds, that had just been laid upon the scent, and were making towards him. Away he went, and, bounding nimbly over the plain, threw dogs and men at a vast distance behind. But presently, entering a very thick copse, he had the ill luck to be entangled by his horns in a thicket, where he was held fast till the hounds came in and pulled him down. In the pangs of death he uttered these words:—"Unhappy creature that I am! I see too late that what I prided myself in has been the cause of my undoing; and the things which I so much disliked were the only means that could have saved me."



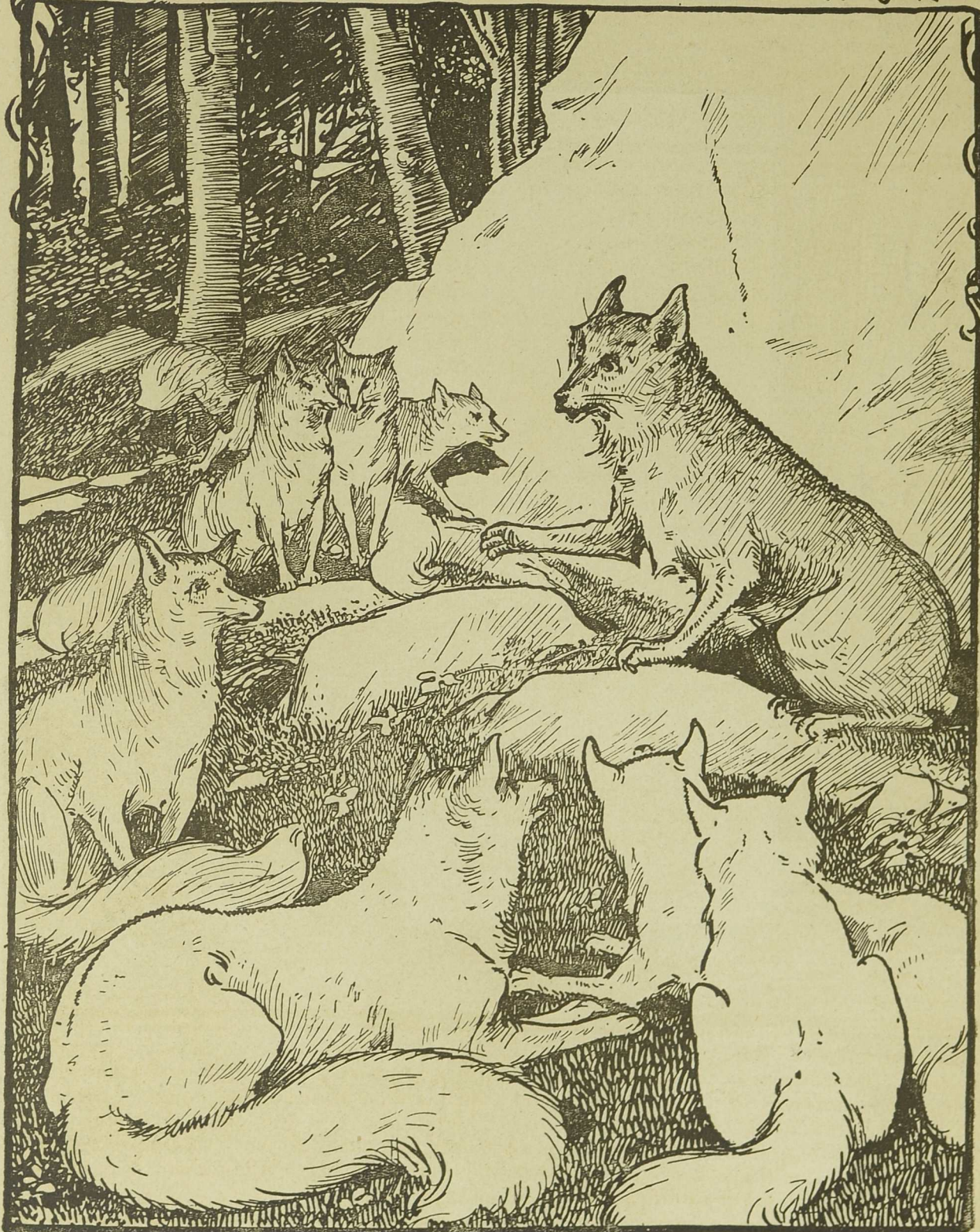


An illustration of a fox without a tail in a forest. The fox is shown in two positions: one lying down on the left, and one standing on the right, looking up at a wooden fence. The fox is orange-brown with a white underbelly. The background features a large tree on the left and a wooden fence on the right. The artist's signature 'W.J. MORGAN' is in the bottom right corner.

The FOX WITHOUT A TAIL

A FOX being caught in a steel trap by his tail, was glad to compound for his escape with the loss of it; but upon coming abroad into the world, began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than left it behind him. However, to make the best of a bad matter, he called an assembly of the foxes, and proposed it for their imitation, as a fashion which would be very agreeable and becoming. When they came together he made a long harangue upon the unprofitableness of tails in general, and the awkwardness and inconvenience of a fox's tail in particular; adding, that it would be both more graceful and more expeditious to be altogether without them; and that, for his part, what he had only conjectured before, experience now proved to him, that he never enjoyed himself so well, and found himself so easy as he had done since he cut off his tail. He said no more, but looked about him with a brisk air. A sly old thief in the company, who understood trap, answered him with a leer, "I believe you may have found it convenient to part with your tail, and when we are in the same circumstances perhaps we may do so too."

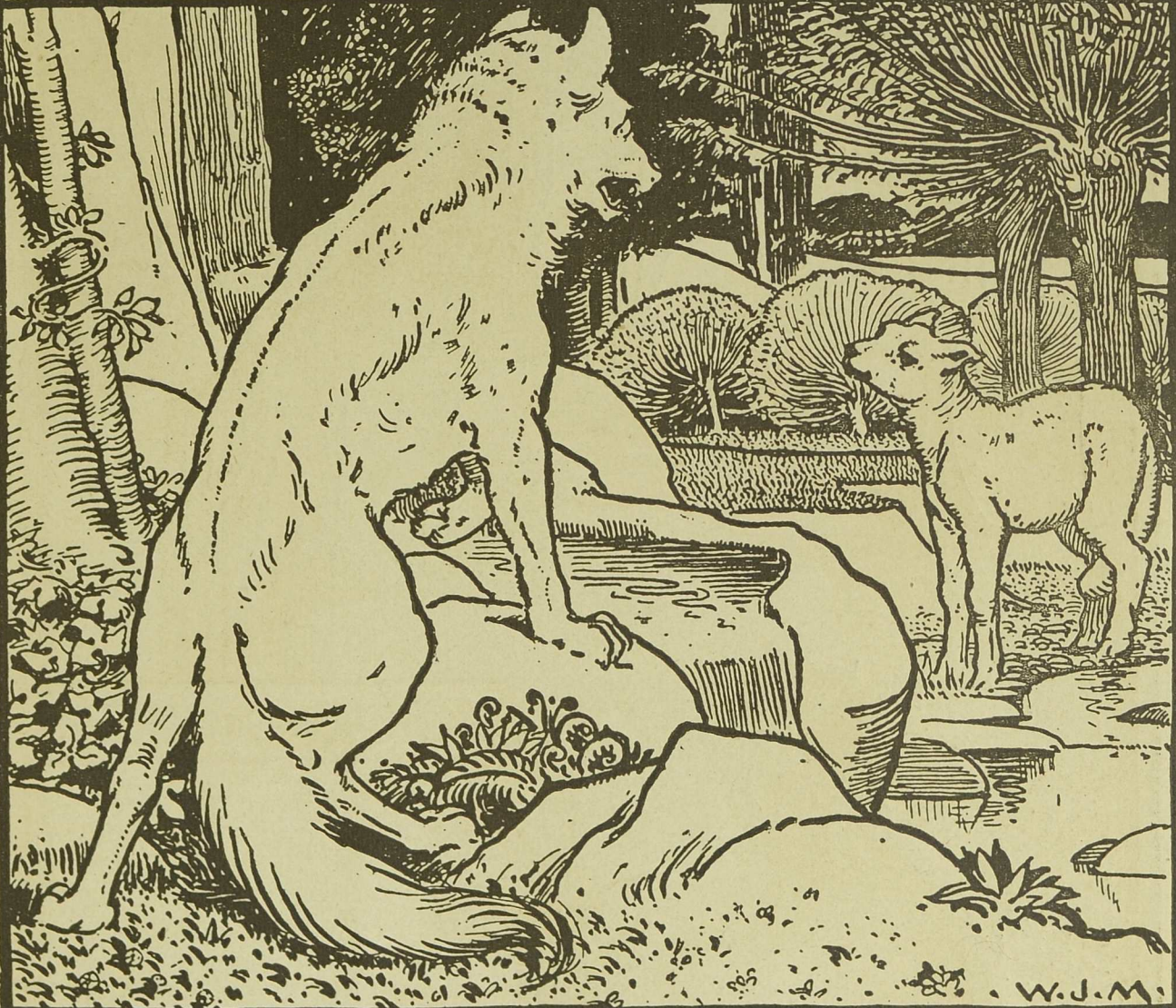
THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL W.J.M.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A WOLF and a Lamb happened to come at the same time to quench their thirst in the stream of a brook that ran tumbling down the side of a hill. The wolf stood upon the higher ground, and the lamb at some distance

wolf to herself. "Be that as it will," replies the wolf, "I have been told that you called me bad names about half a year ago." "Upon my word," says the lamb, "I was not born half a year ago." The wolf, find-



down the current. The wolf having a mind to pick a quarrel with the lamb, asked her what she meant by disturbing the water, and making it so muddy that he could not drink? The lamb told him, in a tone as mild as possible, that she could not conceive how that could be, since the water ran down from the

ing it to no purpose to argue any longer, fell into a great passion, snarling and foaming at the mouth, as if he had been mad. "Sirrah," shouted he, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that's all one." So he seized the poor, innocent helpless lamb, and tore her to pieces.

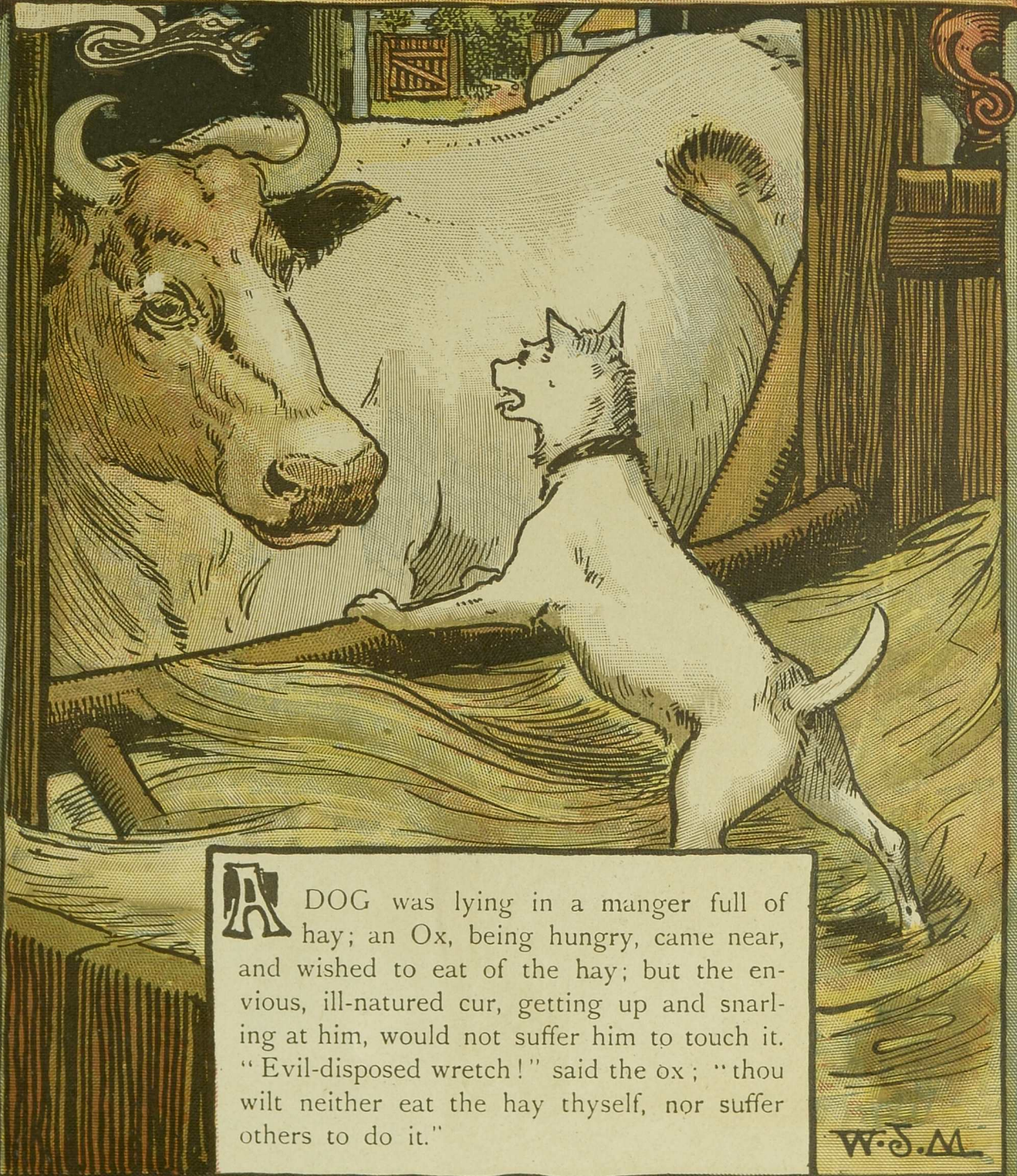


The FOX & the GRAPES

A HUNGRY Fox chanced to come into a vineyard, where hung branches of charming ripe grapes. But they were nailed up to a trellis, so high, that he leaped till he quite tired himself, without being able to reach one of them. At last, "Let who will take them," says he; "they are sour, so I'll even let them alone."

W. J. M.

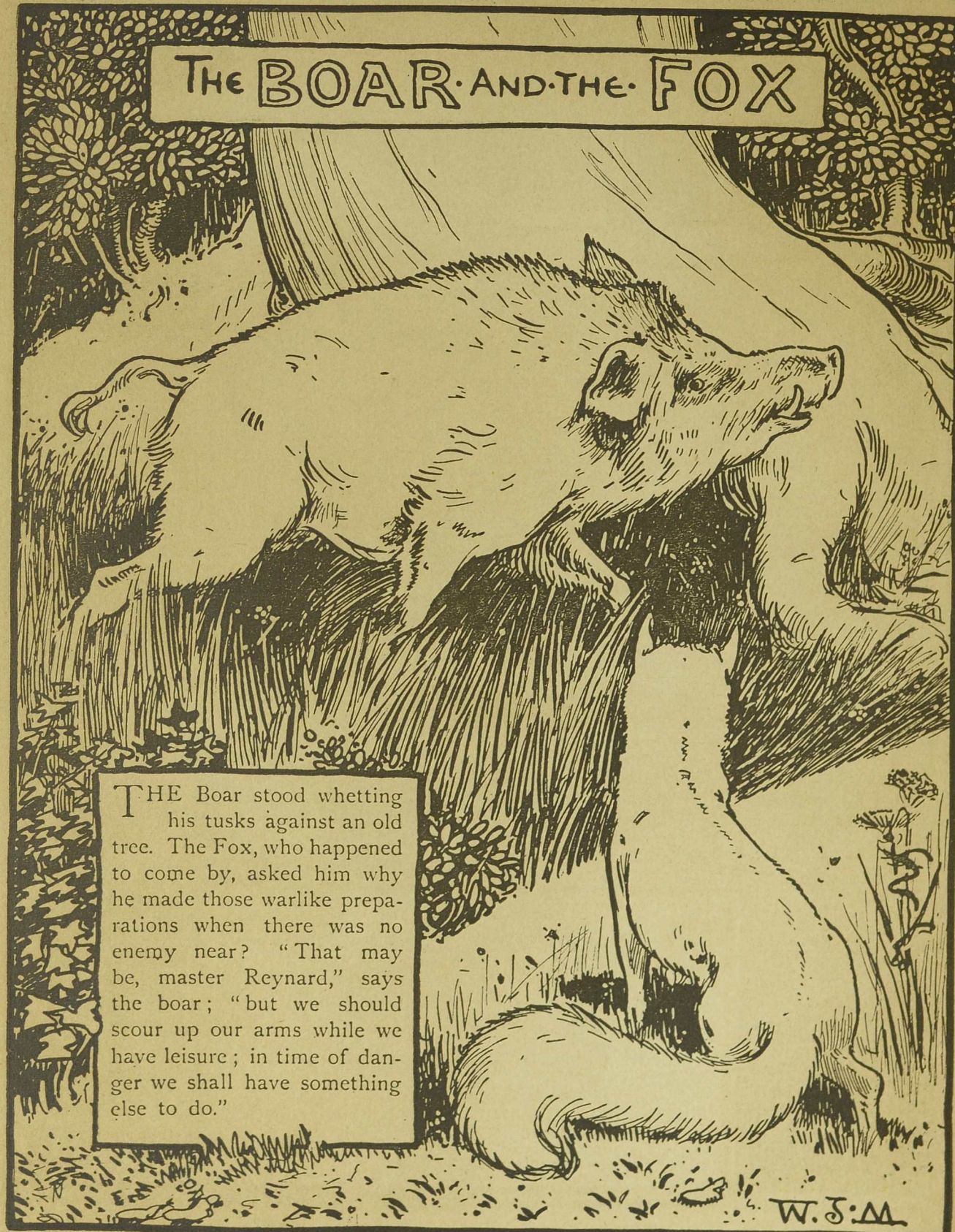
The DOG in the MANGER



A DOG was lying in a manger full of hay; an Ox, being hungry, came near, and wished to eat of the hay; but the envious, ill-natured cur, getting up and snarling at him, would not suffer him to touch it. "Evil-disposed wretch!" said the ox; "thou wilt neither eat the hay thyself, nor suffer others to do it."

W. J. M.

THE BOAR AND THE FOX



THE Boar stood whetting his tusks against an old tree. The Fox, who happened to come by, asked him why he made those warlike preparations when there was no enemy near? "That may be, master Reynard," says the boar; "but we should scour up our arms while we have leisure; in time of danger we shall have something else to do."

W. J. M.

