

NURSERY RHYMES



GOLD-TO-GE-CHILDREN

To Betty

with best wishes

from Uncle Harold

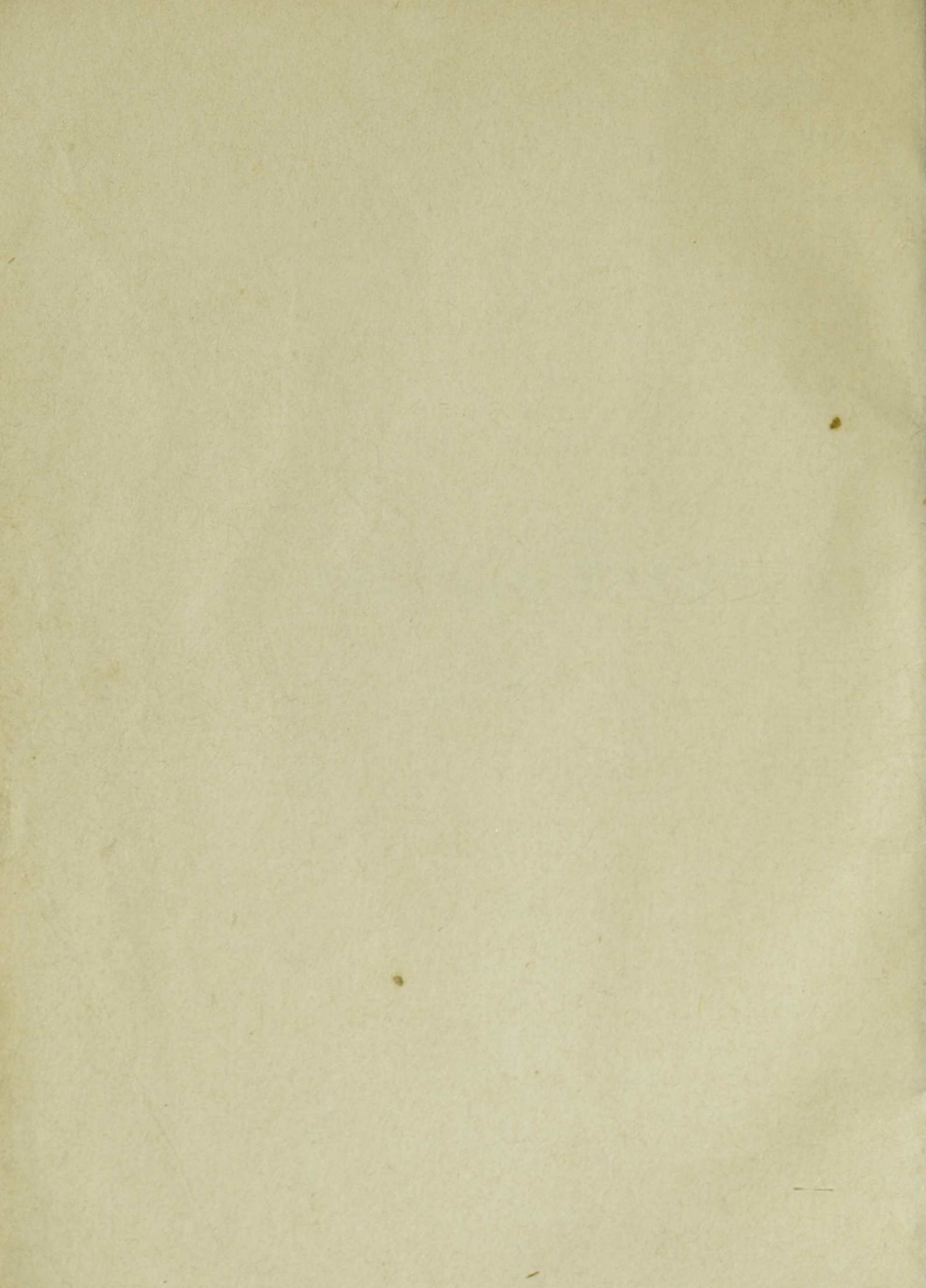
Xmas 1919

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TOLD TO THE CHILDREN SERIES

EDITED BY LOUEY CHISHOLM

NURSERY RHYMES



ABOUT THIS BOOK

The old Nursery Rhymes
Have been told many times
To all little sisters and brothers ;
And I think if you look,
You 'll find in this book
The good ones, and none of the
others.

If I've missed aught that's good,
I wish that you would
Just tell me all my omissions ;
And if you're so kind,
I know you will find
Them appear in the future edi-
tions.

And if you don't care
For some that are there,
Then tell me those you'd have
banished,
And, lo and behold !
When six months are told,
You'll see those intruders have
vanished.

THE EDITOR.

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NURSERY RHYMES

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.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
'Here, mother,' says he,
'It won't go for nought.'

Jack's Goose and the Gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HERE am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone.

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.

Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in, and she did grin
To see his paper plaster,
Mother vexed, did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

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



GOOSEY, Goosey Gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle
will rock ;
When the tree shakes the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby, cradle and all.

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

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

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,
And whipped them all soundly and put
them to bed.

LADY BIRD, Lady Bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, and your
children all gone.
All but the youngest, and name is Anne,
And she has crept under the ripping-par



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.

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown.
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
'Are the children all in bed?
For it's past eight o'clock.'

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together
again.

OLD Mother Hubbard, she went to the
cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone.

When she got there, the cupboard was
bare,

And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's to buy him some
bread,

But when she came back the poor dog
was dead.

She went to the undertaker's to buy him
a coffin,

And when she came back the dog was
laughing.

She went to the draper's to buy him some
linen,

And when she came back the good dog
was spinning.



She went to the hosier's to buy him some
hose,
And when she came back he was dressed
in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made
a bow,
The dame said 'Your servant,' the dog
said 'Bow-wow.'

She went to the hatter's to buy him a
hat,
And when she came back he was feeding
the cat.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a
coat,
And when she came back he was riding
the goat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a
wig,
And when she came back he was dancing
a jig.

She went to the butcher's to get him some
tripe,
And when she came back he was smoking
a pipe.

She went to the fish-shop to buy him some
fish,
And when she came back he was washing
the dish.

She went to the tavern for white wine and
red,
And when she came back the dog stood
on his head.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of
pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled
pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper
Peter Piper picked?

BABY, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap her Baby Bunting in.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and
me.

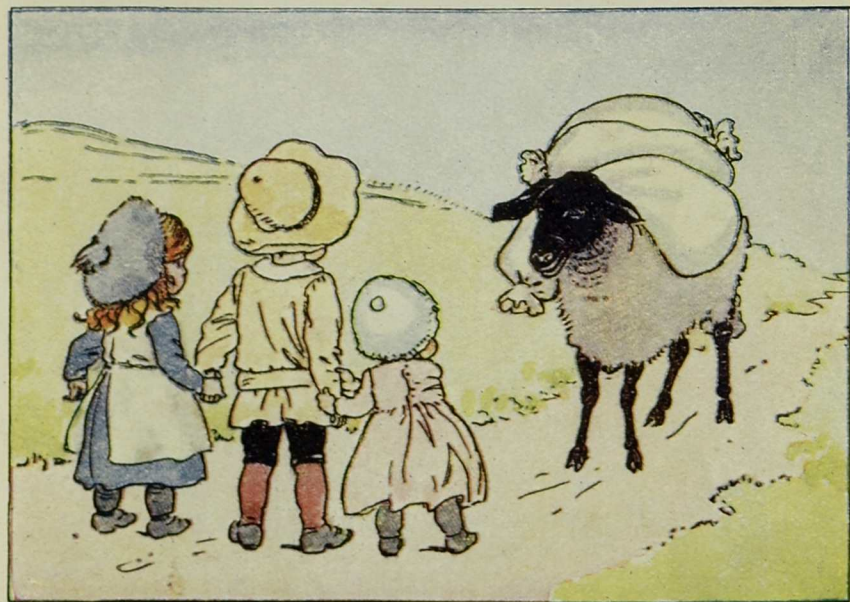
TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a
thief,
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece
of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at
home,
Taffy came to my house, and stole a
marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a broom-stick and flung it at his
head.

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.

I LOVE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me
no harm;
I won't pull her tail, nor drive her away,
And Pussy and I together will play.

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any
wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for the master, one for the dame,
One for the little boy that lives in our lane.

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.



LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your
horn,

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in
the corn.

Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep!

DICKERY, dickery, dock! the mouse
ran up the clock;

The clock struck one, and down the mouse
ran,

Dickery, dickery, dock!

IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I'd wear one by my side.

CCROSS patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

POOOR old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting-tang
And a ring a ting-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

DEEDLE, deedle dumpling, my son
John
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, and the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle dumpling, my son John.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried 'Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?'
And was going to the window
To say 'How do you do?'
But he shook his little tail,
And away he flew.



GEORGEY PORGEY, pudding
and pie,
Kiss the girls and make them cry ;
When the girls come out to play,
Georgey Porgey, run away.

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.

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

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

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than
my thumb ;
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him
drum.
I bought a little horse that galloped up and
down ;
I bridled him and saddled him, and sent
him out of town,
I gave him little garters to garter up his
hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief, to wipe
his pretty nose.

WHAT are little boys made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

PEASE-PUDDING hot, pease-pudding
cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

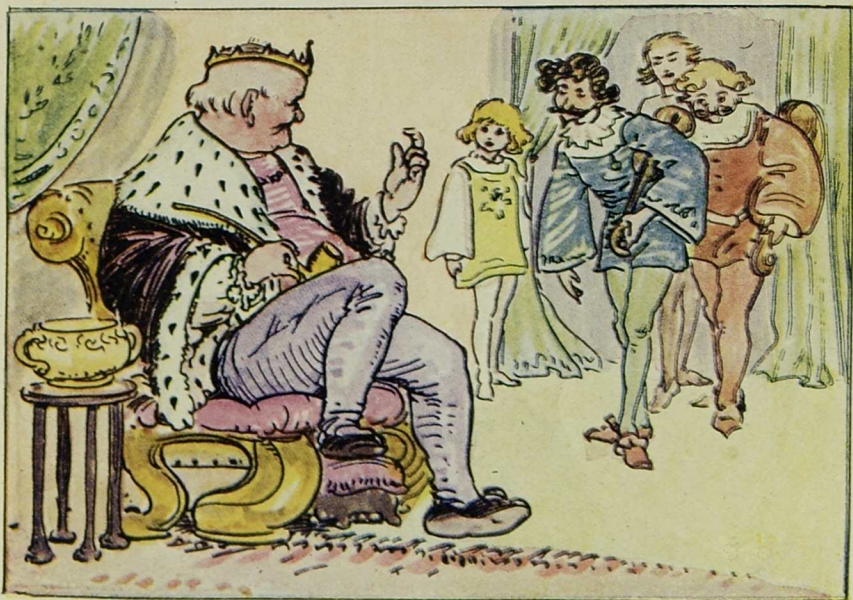
DING, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy
Green.

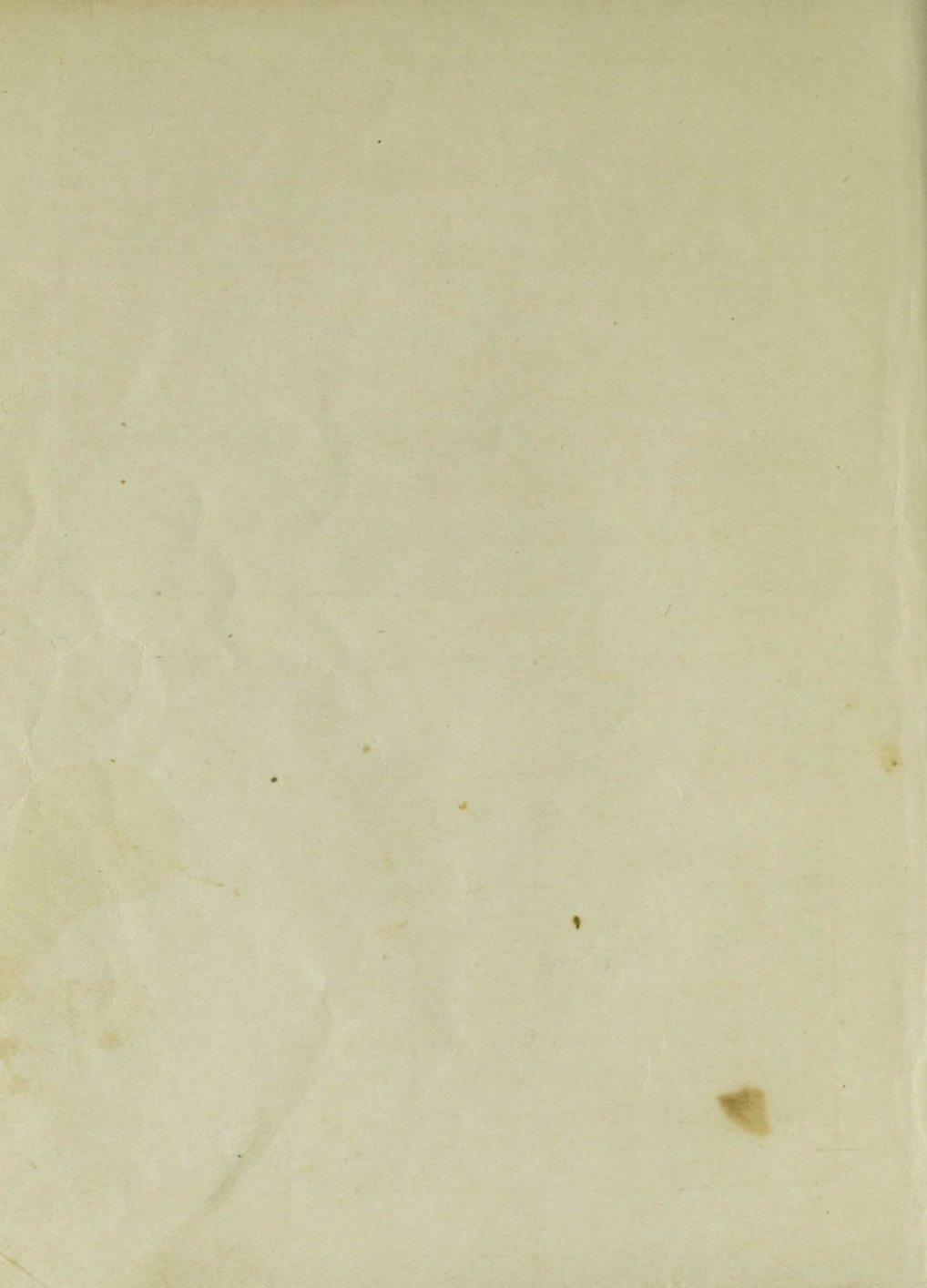
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor Pussy Cat.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-
knife.
Did ever you see such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He will sit in the barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three!





HERE we go round the jingo-ring,
The jingo-ring, the jingo-ring,
Here we go round the jingo-ring,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

Twice about and then we fall,
Then we fall, then we fall,
Twice about and then we fall,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

Choose your maidens all around,
All around, all around,
Choose your maidens all around,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

HERE we go round the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-
bush,

Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we sweep our rooms,
Sweep our rooms, sweep our rooms,
This is the way we sweep our rooms,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes, mend our shoes,
This is the way we mend our shoes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we do our hair,
Do our hair, do our hair,
This is the way we do our hair,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we come home from school,
Home from school, home from school,
This is the way we come home from school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

IT was on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she dressed,
And so sweetly as she sung.

Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
He was a gallant bird ;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said :

‘ My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie
And drink nice currant wine.

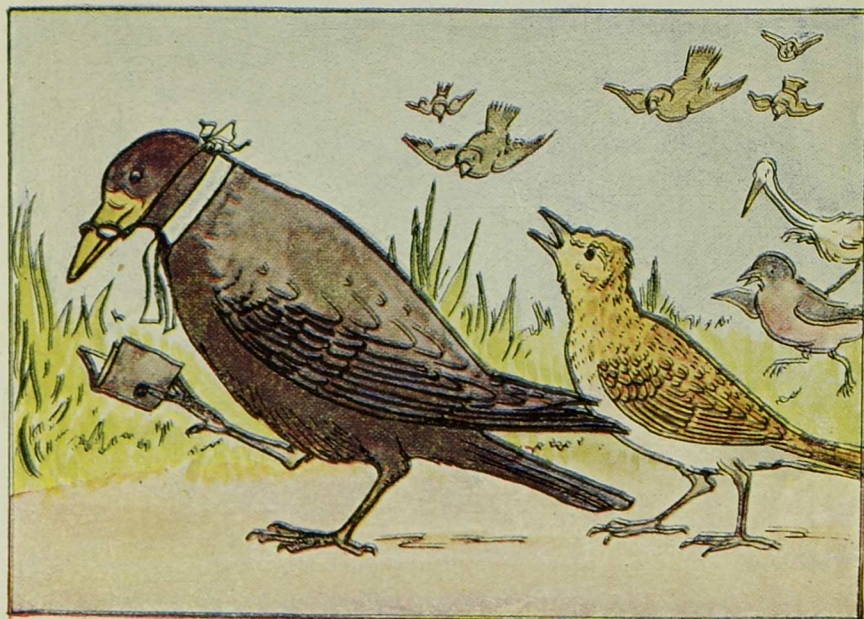
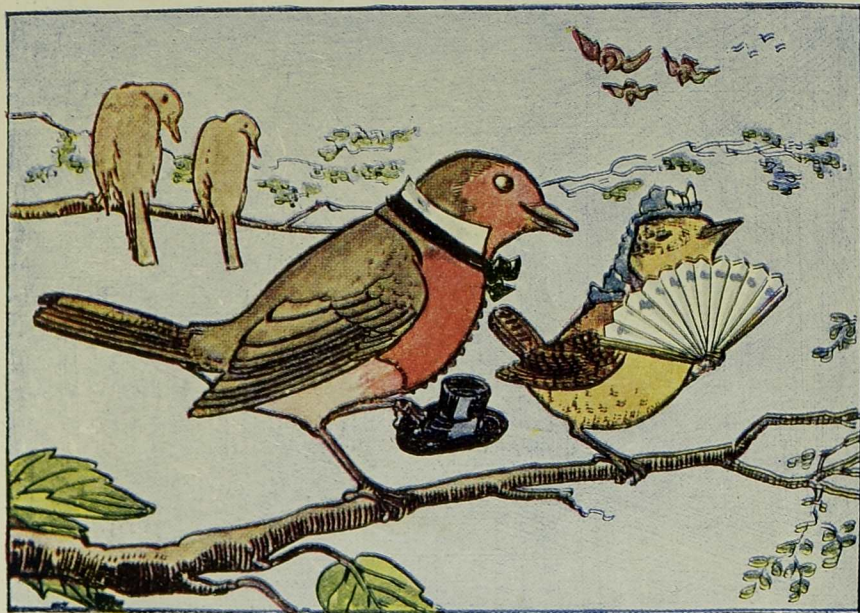
'I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or like a peacock gay ;
So, if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day.'

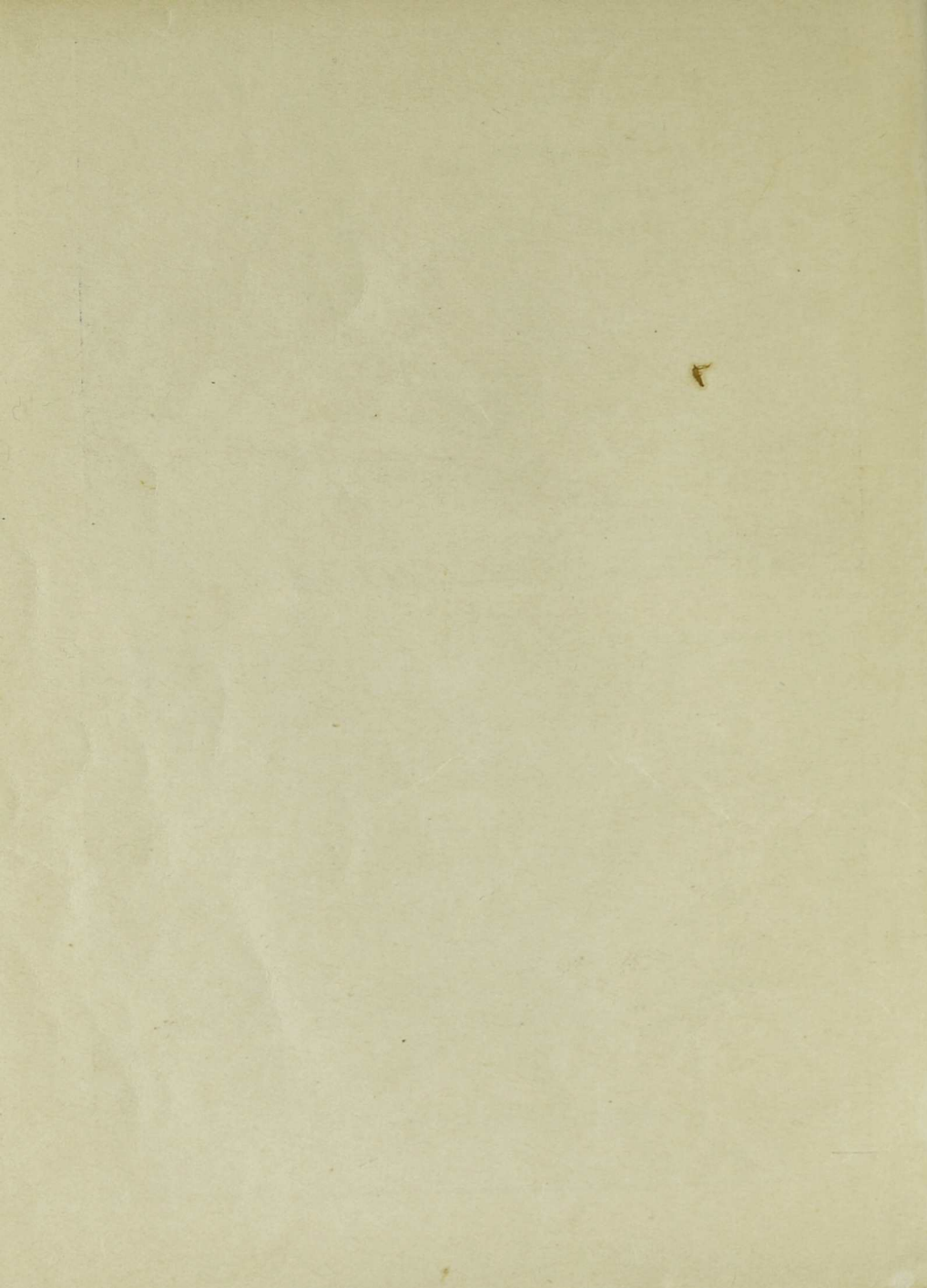
Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind :
'Then let it be to-morrow, Bob-
I take your offer kind.

'Cherry pie is very good,
So is currant wine ;
But I'll wear my russet gown
And never dress too fine.'

Robin rose up early,
At the break of day ;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare
This was his wedding day
With Jenny Wren the fair.





The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbours know
This was Robin's wedding day,
And they might see the show.

At first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band ;
And one of Mother Hubbard's books,
He held within his hand.

Then followed him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be the clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

He sang of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren ;
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride ;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walked by Jenny's side ;

And as she was a-walking,
Said, 'Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird.'

The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose sweet songs sweetly echo
Through every grove and dale;

The Sparrow and Tomtit
And many more were there,
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren the fair.

The Bullfinch walked by Robin,
And thus to him did say:
'Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch dressed so gay.

'What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell!'

Then came the bride and bridegroom ;
Quite plainly was she dressed,
And blushed so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheered her up ;
'My pretty Jen,' says he,
'We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be.'

'Oh,' then says Parson Rook,
'Who gives this maid away?'
'I do,' says the Goldfinch,
'And her fortune I will pay :

'Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside ;
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride !'

'And you will have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?'
'Yes, I will,' says Robin,
'And love her all my life !

‘And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?’

‘Yes, I will,’ says Jenny,
‘And love him heartily.’

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
‘You’re married now,’ says Parson
Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:

‘Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide!’

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny’s friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry pie,
Besides some currant wine,
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink ;
And every one said what
He happened to think.

They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,
Cock Robin the bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner-things removed,
They all began to sing ;
And soon they made the place
For a mile around to ring.

The concert it was fine,
And every birdie tried
Who best should sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren the bride.

When in came the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout ;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pulled her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.

His aim then he took,
But he took it not right,
His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright ;

For the Cuckoo he missed,
But Cock Robin he killed !
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

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,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?

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

Who'll make his shroud?

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

Who'll carry him to his grave?

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

Who'll dig his grave?

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

Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said the Dove,

I'll mourn for my love,

I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing the psalm?

I, said the Thrush,

As he sat on a bush,

I'll sing the psalm.

Who'll be the parson?

I, said the Rook,

With my little book,

I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the clerk.

Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,

I'll toll the bell.



And all the little birds
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For the death of Cock Robin.

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding
do,

Watching a tailor shape his coat ;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do !

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow ;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do !

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
But shot the pig right through the heart ;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do !

A FROG he would a-wooning go,
Heigho, says Roly!
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

So off he set in his coat and hat,
Heigho, says Roly!
And on the way he met a Rat,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

‘Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?’
Heigho, says Roly!

‘Good Mrs. Mousie for to see?’
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

When they came to the door of Mousie’s
hole,
Heigho, says Roly!

They gave a loud knock, and they gave a
loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

‘Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?’

Heigho, says Roly!

‘Oh yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,’

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

‘Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us
some beer?’

Heigho, says Roly!

‘For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,’

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

‘Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?’

Heigho, says Roly!

‘But let it be something that’s not very
long,’

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But while they were making a terrible din,

Heigho, says Roly!

The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

The cat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Roly!

The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Roly!

He took up his hat and he wished them
good-night,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

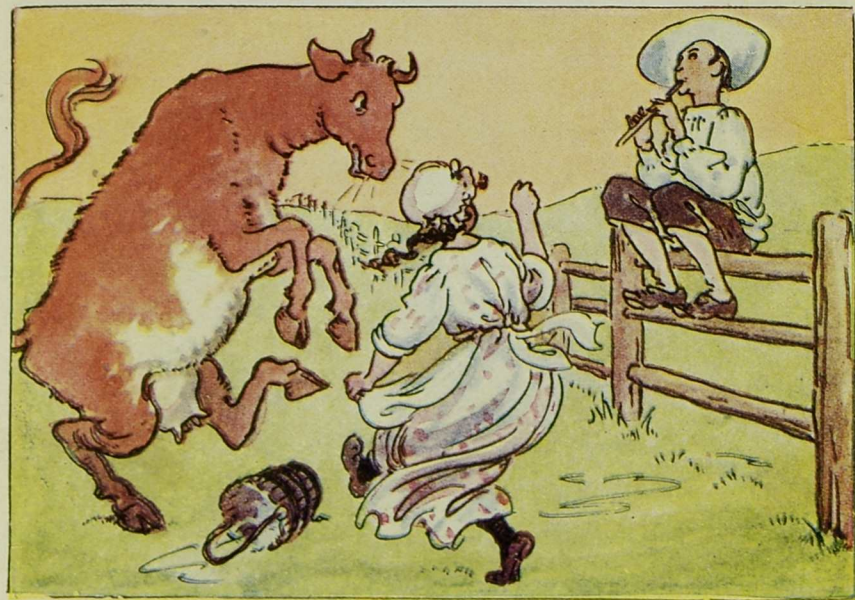
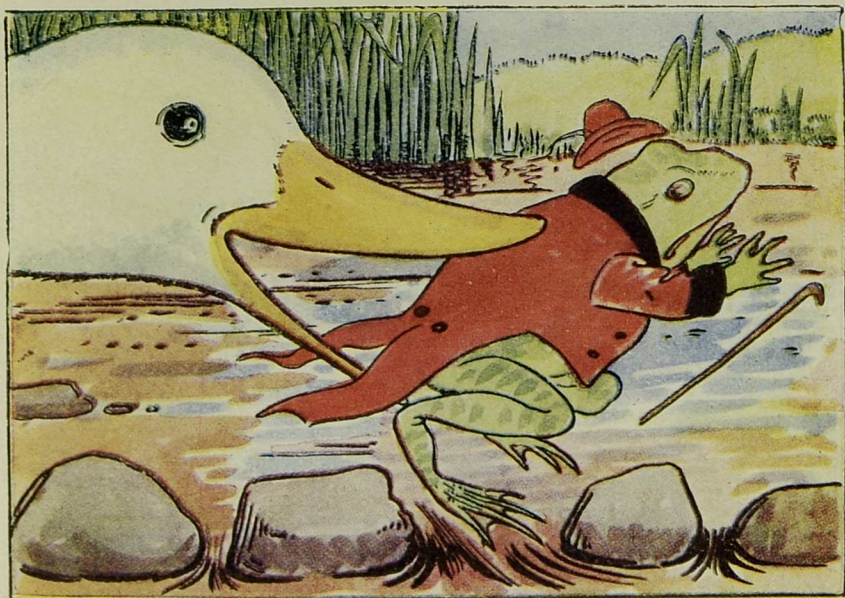
But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Roly!

A lily-white duck came and swallowed
him up,

With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

TOM he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was
young,

But all the tunes that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away.'



Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
'Over the hills and far away.'

Tom with his pipe did play with such
skill,
That those who heard him could never
keep still;
Whenever they heard him they began to
dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after
him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play;
So Doll and the cow danced 'the Cheshire
round,'
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran
on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of
eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;

She danced about till the eggs were all
broke,
She began to fret, but he laughed at the
joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an
ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and
glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a
tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full
soon.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead,
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head,
head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake,
drake.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
It was against the rule,
And made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, 'I'm not afraid,
You'll shield me from all harm.'

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry.

'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you
know,'

The teacher did reply.

'**W**HERE are you going to, my pretty
maid?'

'I am going a-milking, sir,' she said.

'May I go with you, my pretty maid?'

'You're kindly welcome, sir,' she said.

'What is your father, my pretty maid?'

'My father's a farmer, sir,' she said.

'Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?'

'Yes, if you please, kind sir,' she said.

'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'

'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said.

'Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid;—'

'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said.



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 ;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king ?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Down flew a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find
them ;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,
Going to the fair ;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
'Let me taste your ware.'

Says the pie-man to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny' ;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
'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 !



JACK
ORR
04

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 the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore ;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

DAME, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies ;
Dame, get up and bake your pies
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie ?
Dame, what makes your maidens lie
On Christmas Day in the morning ?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly,

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly
On Christmas Day in the morning.

I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
And one could play on the violin—
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

THERE was a little guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big :
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent ;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

THERE was a monkey climbed up a
tree,

When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had ate two, she had ate a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a jockey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stripped, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came back again.

JOHN COOK he had a little grey mare,
hee, haw, hum ;
Her legs were long, and her back was bare,
hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Bank,
 hee, haw, hum ;
The mare she began to kick and to prank,
 hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Hill,
hee, haw, hum ;
The mare she fell down and made her will,
hee, haw, hum.

The saddle and bridle were laid on the
shelf,
 hee, haw, hum ;
If you want any more, you may sing it your-
self,
 hee, haw, hum.

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little four-
pence,

I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little
twopence,

I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little
nothing,

What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

FIDDLE-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble-bee.
They went to the church, and married was
she ;
The fly has married the humble-bee.

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,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle, doodle-doo !

Cock-a-doodle doo !

My dame will dance with you,
While master finds his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle-doo.

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 little 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.



A was an Apple-pie :

B bit it

C cut it

D dealt it

E eat it

F fought for it

G got it

H had it

J joined it

K kept it

L longed for it

M mourned for it

N nodded at it

O opened it

P peeped in it

Q quartered it

R ran for it

S stole it

T took it

V viewed it

W wanted it

X, Y, Z, and & all wished
for a piece in hand.

A JOLLY old sow once lived in a sty,
And three little piggies had she,
And she waddled about saying 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

While the little ones said 'Wee! wee!'
And she waddled about saying 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

While the little ones said 'Wee! wee!'

'My dear little piggies,' said one of the
brats,

'My dear little brothers,' said he,
'Let us all for the future say "Grumph!
grumph! grumph!"

'Tis so childish to say "Wee! wee!"
Let us all for the future say "Grumph!
grumph! grumph!"

'Tis so childish to say "Wee! wee!"

These three little piggies grew skinny and
lean,

And lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn't say 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

And they wouldn't once say 'Wee! wee!
For somehow they couldn't say 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

And they wouldn't once say 'Wee! wee!'

So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of fe-lo-de-see,
From trying too hard to say 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

When they only could say 'Wee! wee!
From trying too hard to say 'Grumph!
grumph! grumph!'

When they only could say 'Wee! wee!'

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see,
Don't try when you're young to say
'Grumph! grumph! grumph!'

When you only can say 'Wee! wee!
Don't try when you're young to say
'Grumph! grumph! grumph!'

When you only can say 'Wee! wee!'

A FOX went out in a hungry plight
And begged of the moon to give him
light,

For he had a long way to travel that night
Before he reached his Den O!

Den O! Den O!

For he had a long way to travel that night
Before he reached his Den O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken, and
their rest be marred

By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

Fox O! Fox O!

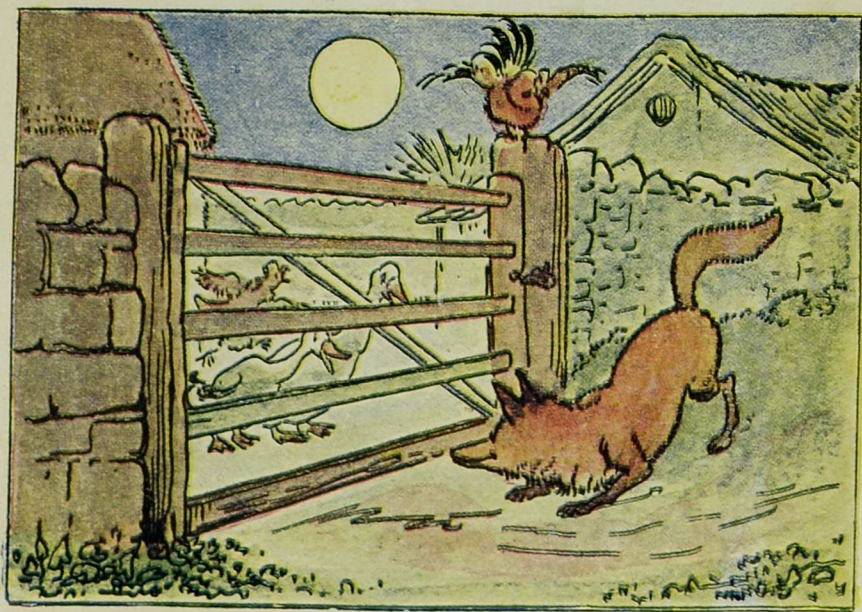
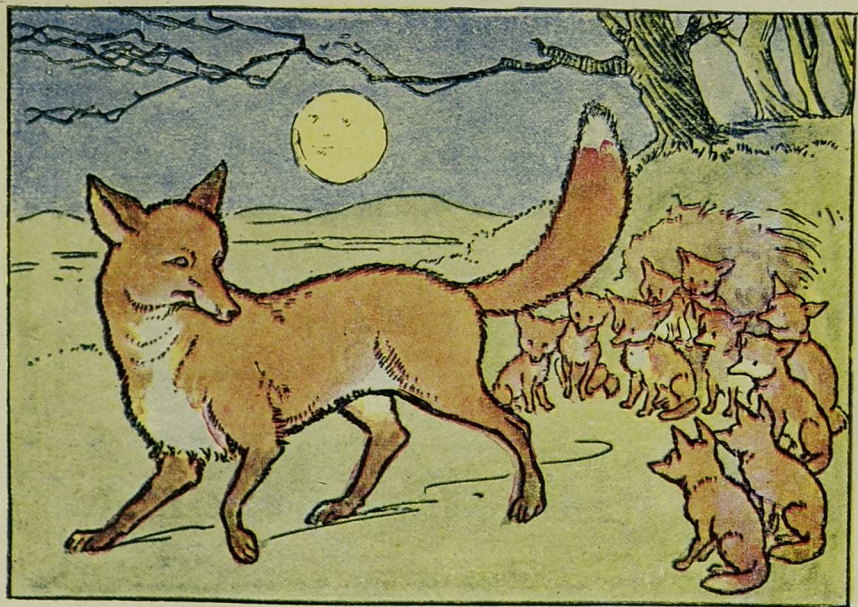
That their nerves should be shaken and
their rest be marred

By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He seized the grey goose by the sleeve,
Says he, Mrs. Goose, and by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprieve,

And take you away to my Den O!

Den O! Den O!



I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And take you away to my Den O!

Old Mrs. Flipper Flapper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
Crying John, John, John, the grey goose is
gone,

And the Fox is off to his Den O!

Den O! Den O! [gone,

Crying John, John, John, the grey goose is
And the Fox is off to his Den O!

Then John went up to the top of the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill.
Says the Fox, that's very pretty music, still
I'd rather be in my Den O!

Den O! Den O!

Says the Fox, that's very pretty music, still
I'd rather be in my Den O!

At last Mr. Fox got home to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten,
Says he, we're in luck, here's a big fat duck
With his legs all dangling down O!
Down O! Down O!

Says he, we're in luck, here's a big fat duck
With his legs all dangling down O!

Then Mr. Fox sat down with his wife,
They did very well without fork and knife.
They never ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!
Bones O! Bones O!

They never ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other, he said nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second, he said nay ;
The third, it was a pin-cushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind

The first said it was a hare,
The second, he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.
And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.
One said it was an owl,
The other, he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man
Whose beard was growing grey.

OLD Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That buttoned down before.

MARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.



THERE was an old woman, as I've
heard tell,

She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was
Stout,

He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and
freeze.

When the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to
shake;

She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
'Lauk a daisy on me, this can't be I!

'But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll
know me;

If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he will loudly bark and
wail.'

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
'Lauk a daisy on me, this is none of I!'

MY father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And sowed it over with one pepper-corn,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I got mice to carry it to the barn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I got puss to carry it to the mill,
Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
The miller vowed he would give her no
grace,
And the cat she said she would scratch his
face.
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

‘WHERE have you been all the day,
My boy Willy?’

‘I’ve been all the day
Courting of a lady gay ;
But oh ! she’s too young
To be taken from her mammy.’

‘What work can she do,
My boy Willy ?
Can she bake and can she brew,
My boy Willy?’

‘She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding-cake,
But oh ! she’s too young
To be taken from her mammy.’

'What age may she be, what age may
she be,

My boy Willy?'

'Twice two, twice seven,
Twice ten, twice eleven,
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her mammy.'

A FARMER went trotting
Upon his grey mare:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him,
So rosy and fair:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

A raven cried 'Croak!'
And they all tumbled down:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
And the farmer his crown:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The mischievous raven
Flew laughing away :
Bumpety, bumpety, bump !
And vowed he would serve them
The same the next day :
Bumpety, bumpety, bump !

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

Jenny had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better ;
Jenny oft would come to blows,
But Fanny would not let her.

Jenny had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better ;
Jenny chattered like a poll,
When little Fanny let her.

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

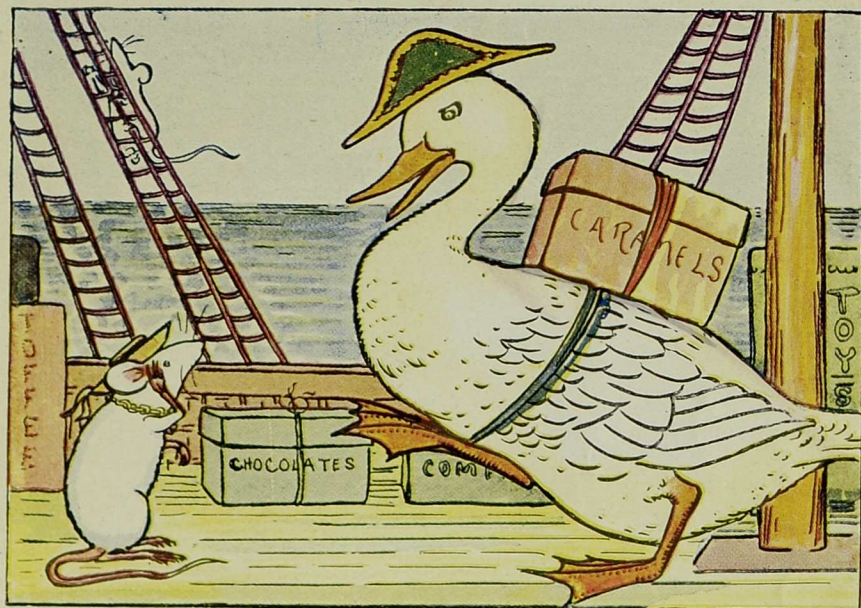
I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said ' Quack ! quack !

PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie ;
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.



MERRY are the bells, and merry would
they ring,

Merry was myself, and merry could I
sing ;

With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and
free,

And a merry sing-song, happy let us be !

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are
your hose,

Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your
nose ;

Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and
free,

With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be !

Merry have we met, and merry have we
been,

Merry let us part, and merry meet again ;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and

free,

And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be !

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this
land,

He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums :
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

AS I was going up Pippen-hill,
Pippen-hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you !
If I had half a crown a day
I'd spend it gladly on you.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon
a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin
ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, 'Catch me if
you can.'

Little Robin Redbreast flew upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost
got a fall;

Little Robin chirped and sang, and what
did Pussy say?

Pussy-cat said 'Mew,' and Robin flew
away.

OVER the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley ;
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley ;
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley ;
But I'll have some of your very best
flour,
To make a white cake for my Charley.

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.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an
hour.

DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby ;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy,
In a little dishy ;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

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?

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 ?

THERE was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, 'Little maid, will you wed,
wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended, ded,
ded.'

The little maid replied,
Some say, a little sighed:
'But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit,
spit?'

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.

A MAN of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds :
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

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.

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 that 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 !

HUSHY-BABY, my doll, I pray you
don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some
milk by and by.
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a
tart,
Then to either you're welcome, with all my
whole heart.

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

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood !
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore !

THE King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men ;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.



JACK TORR
1914

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 for drink?

WHEN I was a bachelor I lived by
myself,
And all the meat I got, I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a
life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife.
The streets were so broad and the lanes
were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a
wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife
and all.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse lived in a
little house;
He caught fishes in other men's dishes.

'CROAK!' said the Toad, 'I'm hungry,
I think;
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to
drink;
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through
the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and
on snails.'

'Ho, ho!' quoth the Frog, 'is that what
you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow
stream;
There I will drink, and eat worms and
slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like
you.'

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

THERE was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wond'rous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched 'em in again.

I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any.
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

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

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa-la-la-la, lal-de ;
One flew away and then there was one,
Fa-la-la-la, lal-de ;
The other flew after, and then there was
none,
Fa-la-la-la, lal-de,
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa-la-la-la, lal-de.

THERE was a man and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him ;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him ;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

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

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather ;

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

DR. FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and
then,
When he whipped them he made them
dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again.

AS I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black
horse ;
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh, dear ! my heart was ready to burst.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley ;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
‘ Shall I, oh ! shall I ? ’

Says the little girl to the little boy,
‘ What shall we do ? ’
Says the little boy to the little girl,
‘ I will kiss you ! ’

HECTOR PROTECTOR was dressed
all in green,
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen ;
The Queen did not like him,
Nor more did the King ;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you
going ?
I will go with you, if I may.
I am going to the meadows, to see them
mowing,
I am going to see them make the hay.

WHEN little Fred did go to bed,
He always said his prayers ;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

THERE was an old woman tossed up
in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon ;
And where she was going, I couldn't but
ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman,
quoeth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky !
Shall I go with you ? Ay, by and by.

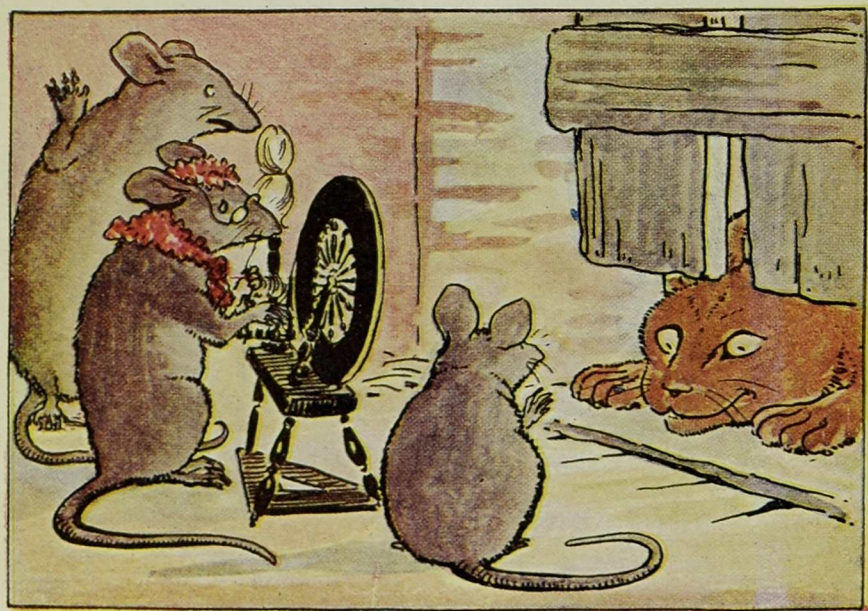
THE man in the moon came tumbling
down,
And asked his way to Norwich ;
He went by the south, and burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, whaskey, weedle ;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, whaskey, weedle ;
Says he, 'I'll shoot you, silly bird,'
So Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny
day ;
When a bird called a Snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

SOME mice went into a barn to spin ;
Puss came by and popped her head
in ;
'Shall I come and help you to cut off your
threads ?'
'Oh no, Mr. Puss, you will snap off our
heads !'



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.

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.

I HAD a little nut-tree, nothing would it
bear

But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit
me,

And all was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch
me.

MY little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what it was all about;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

'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.'

I HAD a little hen, the prettiest ever
seen,
She washed me the dishes, and kept the
house clean:
She went to the mill to fetch me some
flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour;
She baked me my bread, she brewed me
my ale,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine
tale.

THERE was an old woman had three
cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun ;
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke his head in a fit of despair:
And there was an end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

LEG over leg
As the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile
Jump he went over.

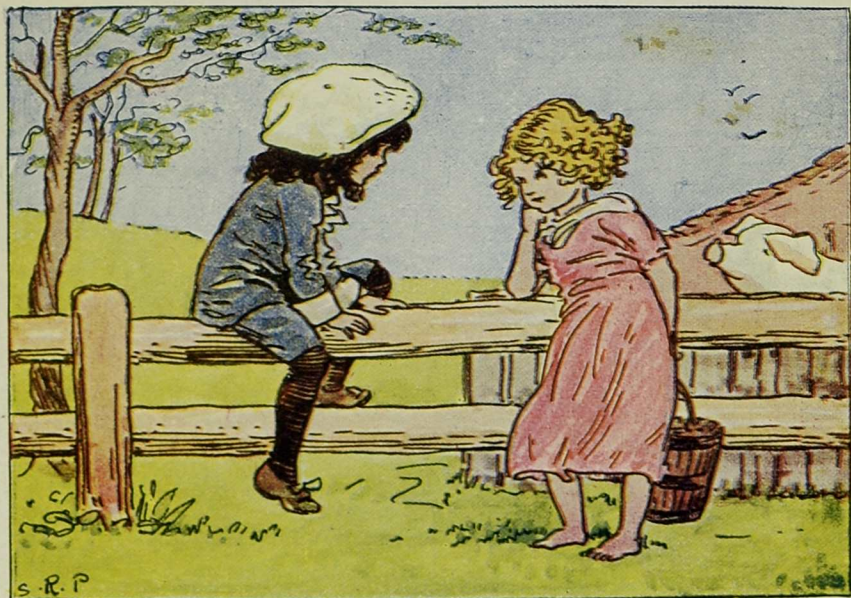
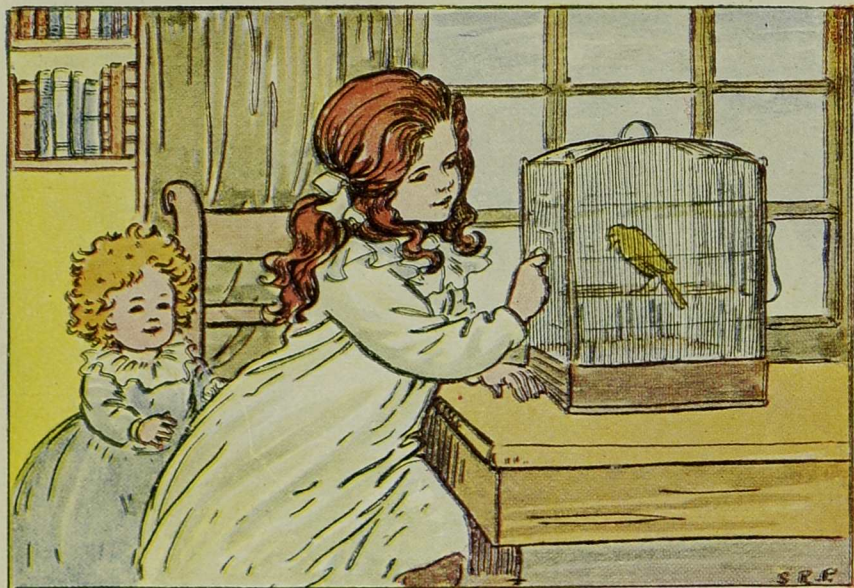
FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went
to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not
touch her tail ;
She put out her horns, like a little Kylvie
cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just
now.

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit
To hear her own canary.

CURLY locks, curly locks, 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 Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail:
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.



BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses ;
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rashes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up
to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

TO market, to market, to buy a plum
bun ;
Home again, home again, market is done.

CUSHY COW bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the
sea;

I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

THERE was an old woman called
Nothing-at-all,
Who lived in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost
extent,
And down at one gulp house and old
woman went.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair;
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may I not love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, knock at the door ;
Five, six, pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve ?

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good
deeds ;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

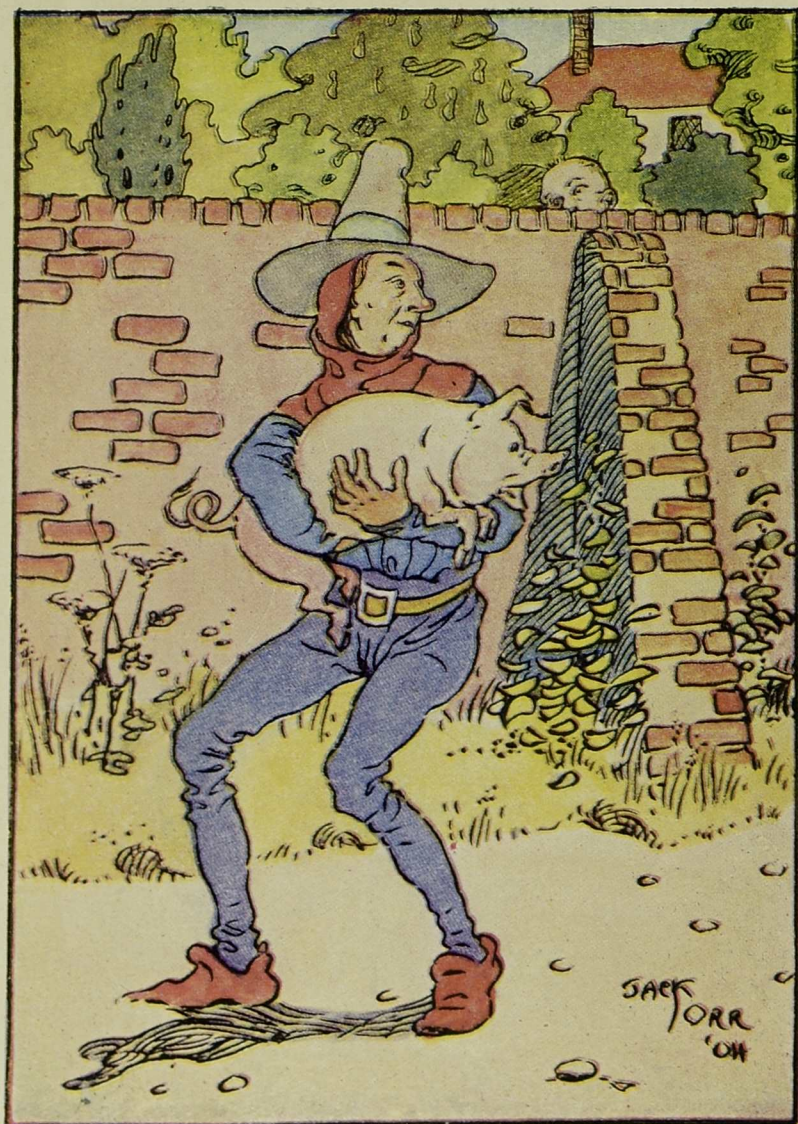
THERE was a crooked man and he
went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a
crooked stile :
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a
crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little
crooked house.

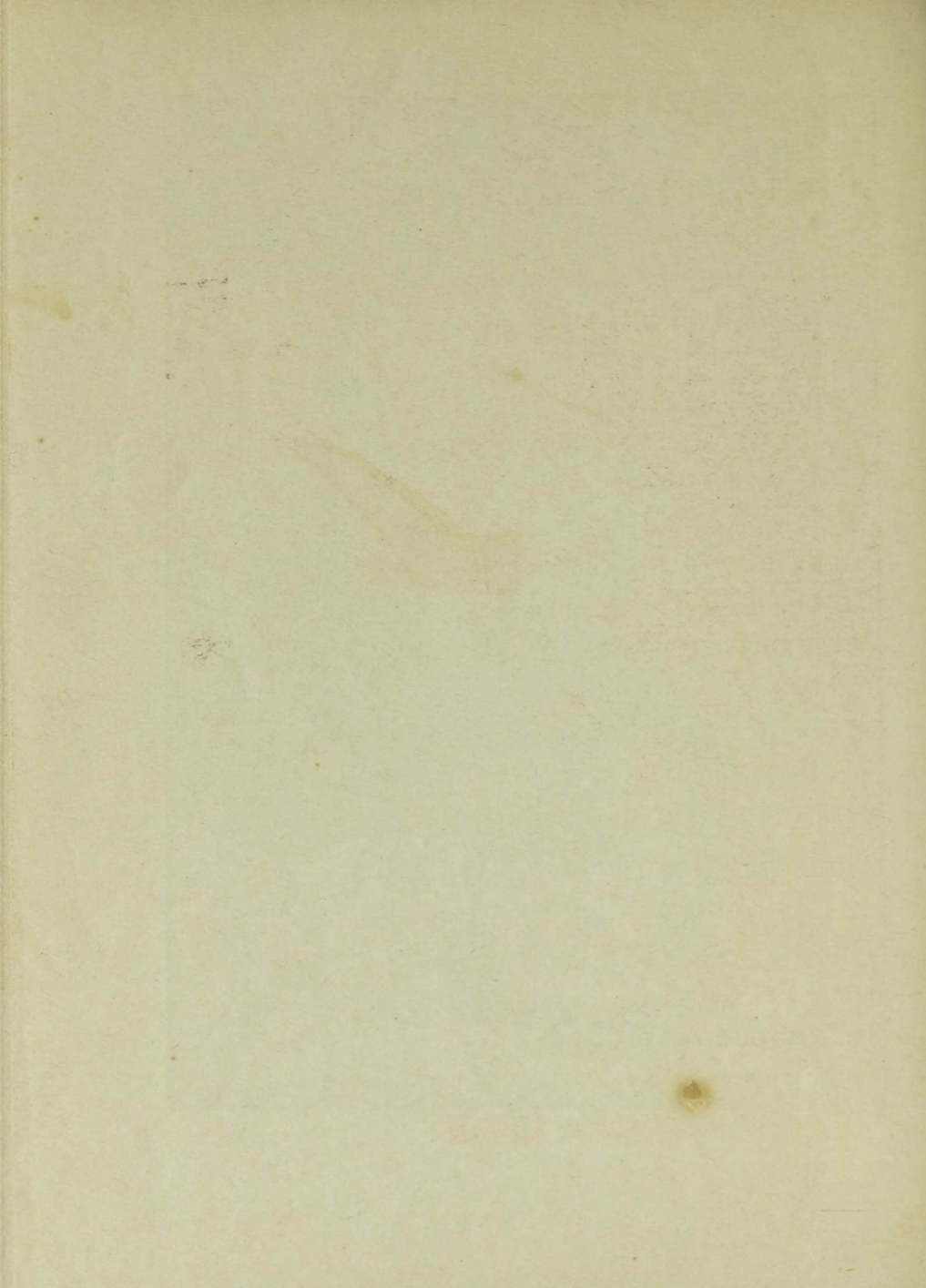
I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-grey;
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him thro' the mire.
I wouldn't lend my pony more
For all the lady's hire.

A DILLER, a dollar, a ten o'clock
scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
Pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again.





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.

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 then flew
away.

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain ;
He stepped in a puddle
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.

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

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.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

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

PLEASE to remember the Fifth of
November,
Gunpowder treason and plot ;
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety
jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-Cat, where have
you been?

I've been to London to visit the Queen.

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, what did you there?

I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

LITTLE Betty Blue
Has lost her holiday shoe,
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to sing, and one to pray,
And two to carry my soul away.

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And then he came out hop, hop, hop.

HARK! hark! the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.

BLESS you, bless you, bonny bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty
men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks in the sky,
'Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!
You go on with the bottle and bag,
And I'll come after with Jolly Jack Nag.'

ONE to make ready, and two to
prepare;
Good luck to the rider, and away goes
the mare.

GOD bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near,
I wish a merry Christmas,
And a happy, glad New Year!

THIS is the house that Jack
built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

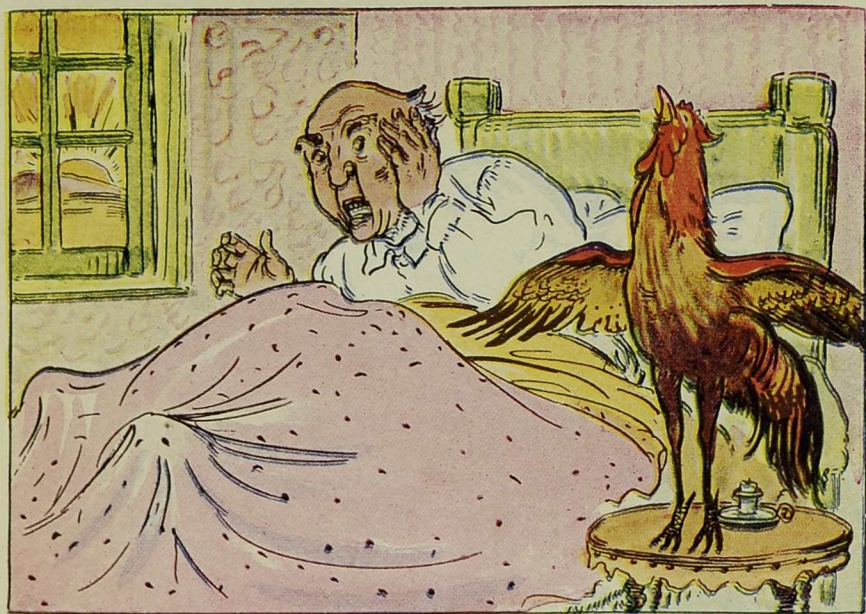
This is the priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man, all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
And waked the priest, all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man, all tattered and
torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
horn

That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

JACK, be nimble,
And, Jack, be quick;
And, Jack, jump over
The candlestick.



AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. 'What,' she said, 'shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig.' As she was coming home she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile. She went a little farther, and she met a dog, so she said to the dog:—

'Dog, dog, bite pig,
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!'

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:—

'Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig,
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night!'

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:—

‘Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home to-night!’

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:—

‘Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home to-night!’

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:—

‘Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;

Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a
butcher. So she said :—

'Butcher, butcher, kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a
rope. So she said :—

'Rope, rope, hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;

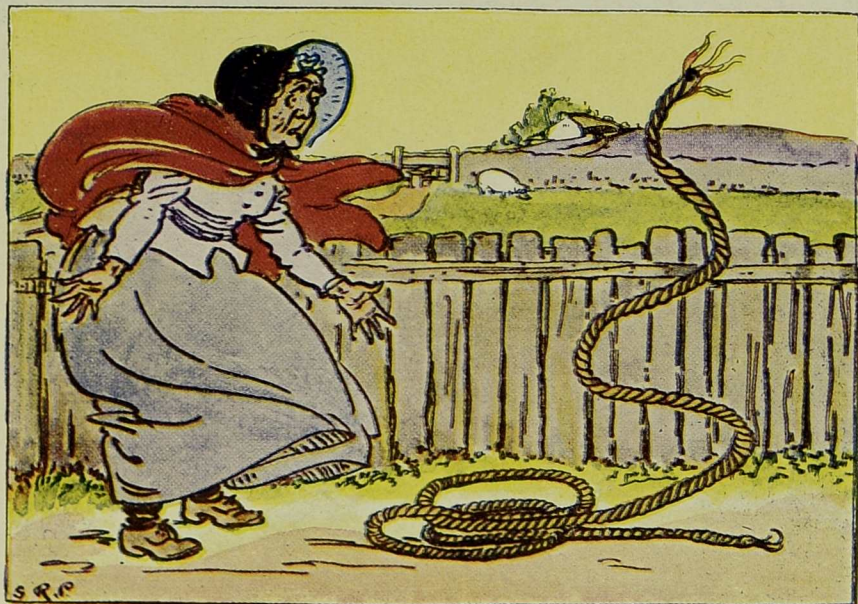
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

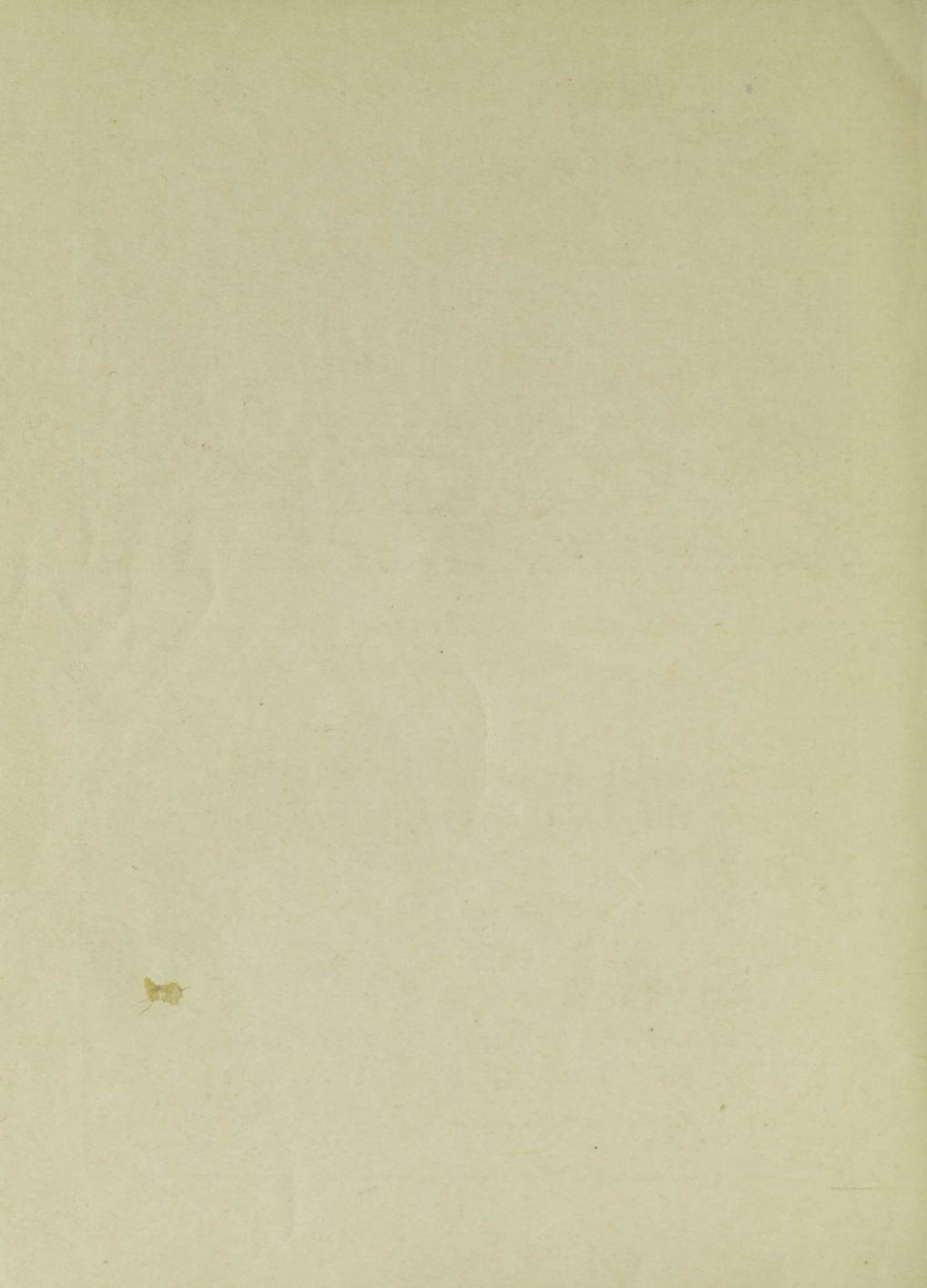
But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a
rat. So she said :—

' Rat, rat, gnaw rope ;
Rope won't hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

But the rat would not.





She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said:—

‘Cat, cat, kill rat ;
Rat won’t gnaw rope ;
Rope won’t hang butcher ;
Butcher won’t kill ox ;
Ox won’t drink water ;
Water won’t quench fire ;
Fire won’t burn stick ;
Stick won’t beat dog ;
Dog won’t bite pig ;
Piggy won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home to-night !’

But the cat said to her, ‘If you will go to yonder cow and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat.’ So away went the old woman to the cow, and said:—

‘Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk ;
Cat won’t kill rat ;
Rat won’t gnaw rope ;
Rope won’t hang butcher ;
Butcher won’t kill ox ;
Ox won’t drink water ;

Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

But the cow said to her, 'If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk.' So away went the old woman to the haymakers, and said :—

'Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay ;
Cow won't give milk ;
Cat won't kill rat ;
Rat won't gnaw rope ;
Rope won't hang butcher ;
Butcher won't kill ox ;
Ox won't drink water ;
Water won't quench fire ;
Fire won't burn stick ;
Stick won't beat dog ;
Dog won't bite pig ;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night !'

But the haymakers said to her, 'If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay.' So away the old woman went. But when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and she went back with it to the haymakers, and they gave her a wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the
butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the
fire;

The fire began to burn the stick ;
The stick began to beat the dog ;
The dog began to bite the pig ;
The little pig in a fright jumped over
the stile ;
So the old woman got home that night !

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper.
What shall we give him ?
Brown bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife ?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife ?



EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and
wise.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you 'll have good luck ;
See a pin and let it lie,
Bad luck you 'll have until you die.

TELL-TALE tit !
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

GO to bed first, a golden purse ;
Go to bed second, a golden
pheasant ;
Go to bed third, a golden bird.

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

COME when you're called, do what
you're bid,
Shut the door after you, never be chid.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine ;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost ;
For want of the shoe, the horse was
lost ;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost ;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost ;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was
lost ;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

THE art of good driving's a paradox
quite,

Though custom has proved it so long;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go
right,

If you go to the right, you go wrong.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble
begins.

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five;

He that hath thriven

May lie till seven;

And he that by the plough would thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise
'Tis time to rise.

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

IN the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November ;
February has twenty-eight alone ;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

A SWARM of bees in May is worth
a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver
spoon ;
A swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly.

FRIDAY night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true,
Be it never so old.

CUCKOO, Cuckoo,
What do you do?
‘In April
I open my bill;
In May
I sing night and day;
In June
I change my tune;
In July
Away I fly;
In August
Away I must.’

ST. SWITHIN'S Day, if thou dost
rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

THE Cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings 'Cuckoo!
The summer is near.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

WHEN the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.

IF you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze
for danger ;

Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;

Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter ;

Sneeze on a Thursday, something better ;

Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;

Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart
to-morrow.

MONDAY'S bairn is fair of face,
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace ;

Wednesday's bairn is full of woe,

Thursday's bairn has far to go ;

Friday's bairn is loving and giving,

Saturday's bairn works hard for its living ;

But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath-
day

Is bonny and blithe and good and gay

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