

Aunt Louisa's Book

of

Nursery Rhymes.



C. Haslewood delt

LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE & CO
and New York.

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AUNT LOUISA'S BOOK
OF
NURSERY RHYMES.



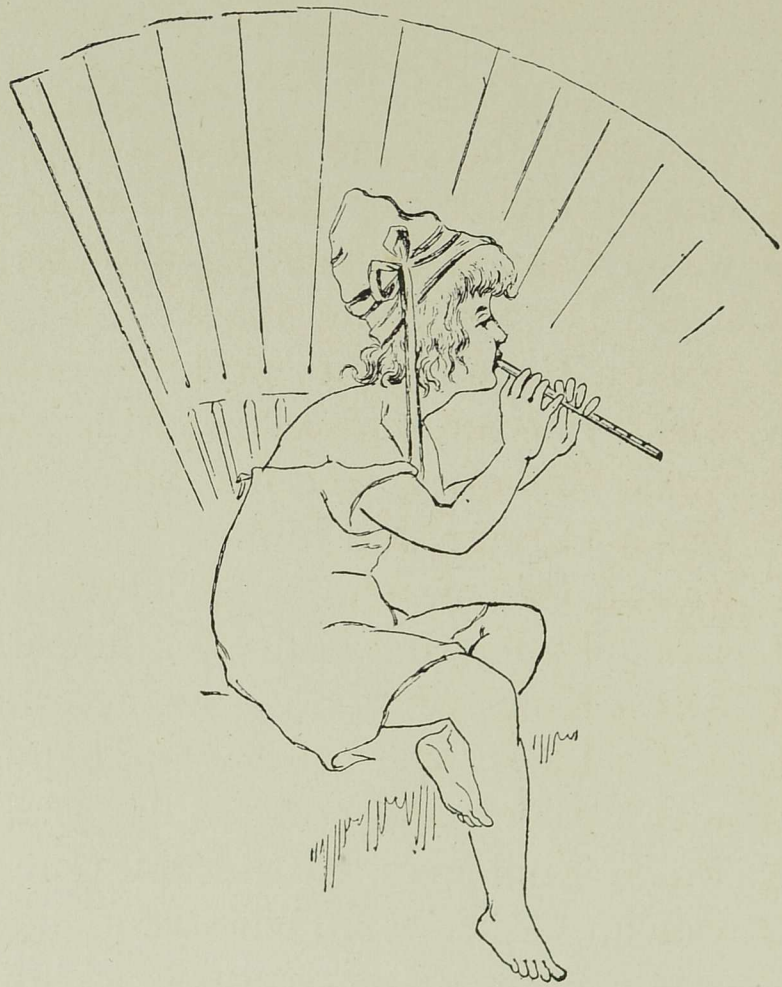
The Children's Hour.

AUNT LOUISA'S BOOK
OF
NURSERY RHYMES.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
AND NEW YORK.





A was an Archer, who shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drover, going apace.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K was a King, who once governed this land,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Organ Man, who went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people,
R was a Raven, that perched on the steeple.
S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an Uncle, who had a kind heart,
V was a Volunteer, dressed up so smart.
W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.

GREAT A, little a,
 Bouncing B!
 The Cat's in the cupboard,
 And can't see me.

F for fig, J for jig,
 And N for knuckle-bones,
 I for John the waterman,
 And S for sack of stones.

ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
 Three, four, shut the door;
 Five, six, pick up sticks;
 Seven, eight, lay them straight;
 Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
 Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
 Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;
 Fifteen, sixteen, maid's a-kissing;
 Seventeen, eighteen, maid's a-waiting;
 Nineteen, twenty, mystomach's empty.



OLD King Cole
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he;
 He called for his pipe,
 And he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his fiddlers three.
 Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he;
 Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went
 the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare
 As can compare
 With King Cole and his fiddlers
 three!

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!

So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it
with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.



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.

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



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

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

Simple Simon went a-fish-
ing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!



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.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown ;
Some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper ;
What shall he eat ?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife ?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife ?

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

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

[Hours of Sleep.]

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven ;
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

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

THREE straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.





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

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 man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich,
He went by the south
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

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.

To make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

OUR saucy boy Dick
Had a nice little stick
Cut from a hawthorn-tree;
And with this pretty stick
He thought he could beat
A boy much bigger than he.
But the boy turned round,
And hit him a rebound,
Which did so frighten poor Dick,
That without more delay,
He ran quite away,
And over a hedge he jumped
quick.



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

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.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.



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.



WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are
you going?

I'll go with you, if I may.

I'm going to the meadow to see them
a-mowing,

I'm going to help them make hay.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find

A chink to get her foot in :

She tried the key-hole in the door,

She tried the crevice in the floor,

And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark
She blew up such a tiny spark,

That all the house was bothered :

From it she raised up such a flame,

As flamed away to Belting Lane,

And White Cross folks were
smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,

The same will come, you'll find :

Take my advice, restrain the tongue,

Remember what old nurse has sung

Of busy lady Wind !

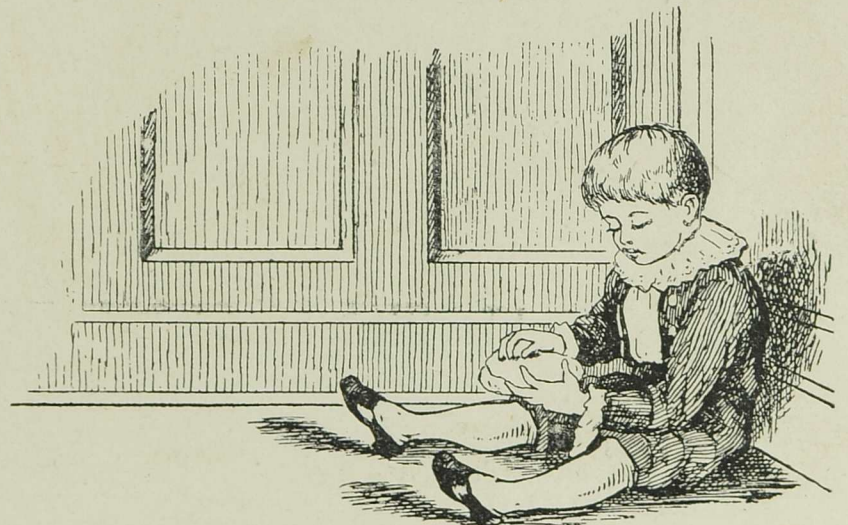
WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast ;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth ;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth ;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the
corner,

Eating a Christmas pie ;

He put in his thumb, and he took out
a plum,

And said, "What a good boy am
I!"





I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

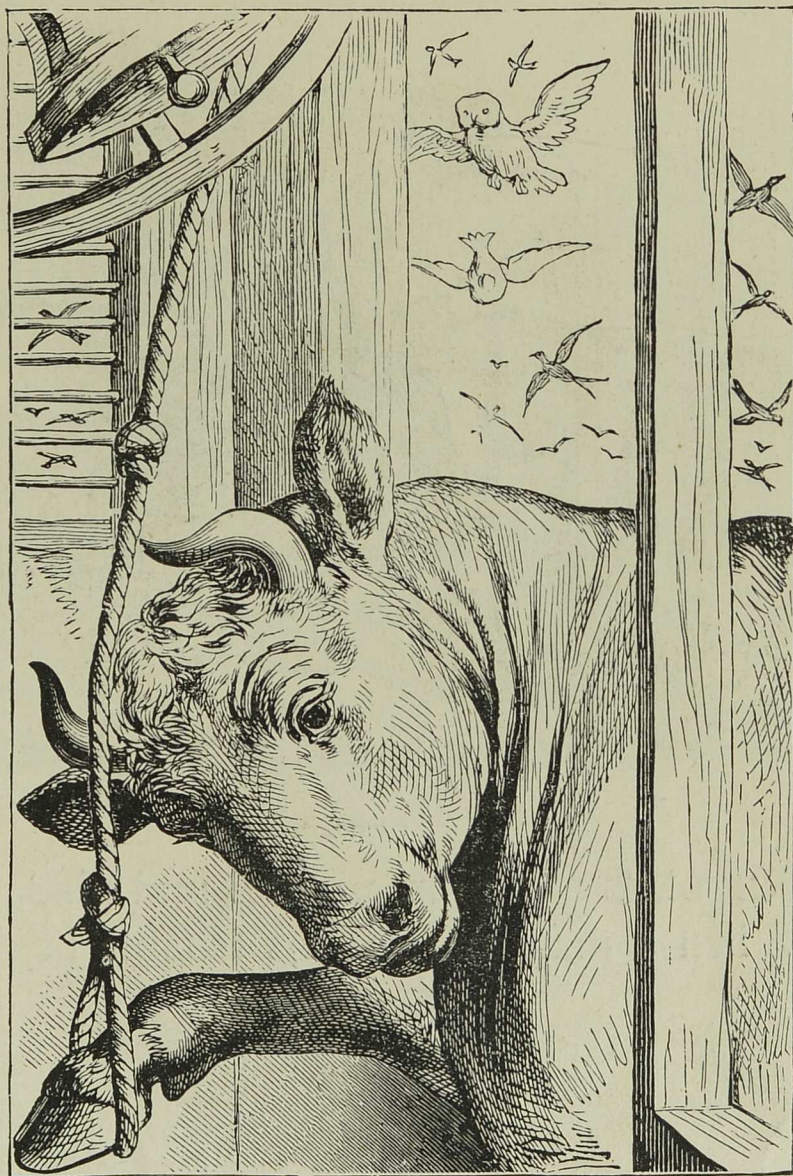
Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, said the Thrush,
 As he sat in the bush,
 I'll sing a psalm.

X.

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

XI.

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



XII.

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

CHORUS.

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





A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds :
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

IF you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze
for danger ;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a
letter ; [better ;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweet-
heart to-morrow.

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

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.



As the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.

(Read quickly.)

IN fir tar is,
In oak none is.
In mud eels are,
In clay none are.
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats.

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.

THE mackerel's cry,
Is never long dry.

A GUINEA it would sink,
And a pound it would float;
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.

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

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

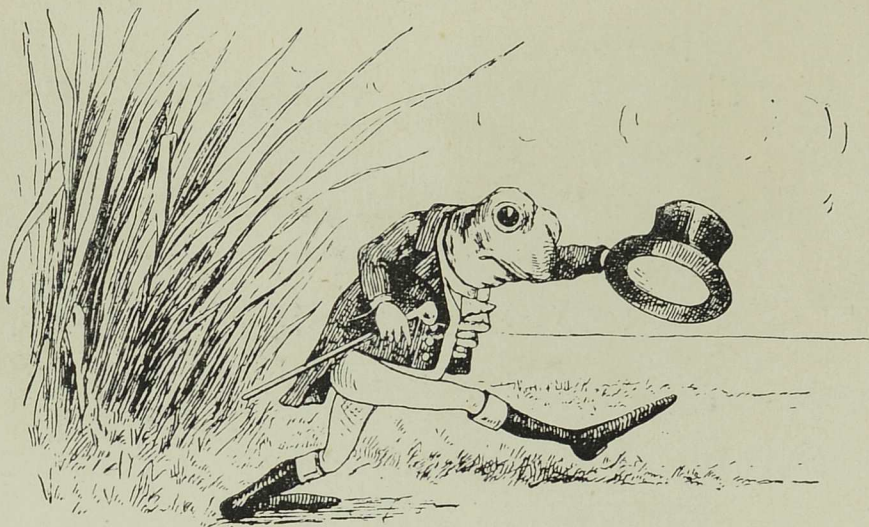
A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

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

THE art of good driving's a paradox
quite,
Though custom has prov'd it so
long;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go
right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but
little wit—
It is some time ago, and I've no more
yet;
Nor ever, ever shall have, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool
am I.





I.

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

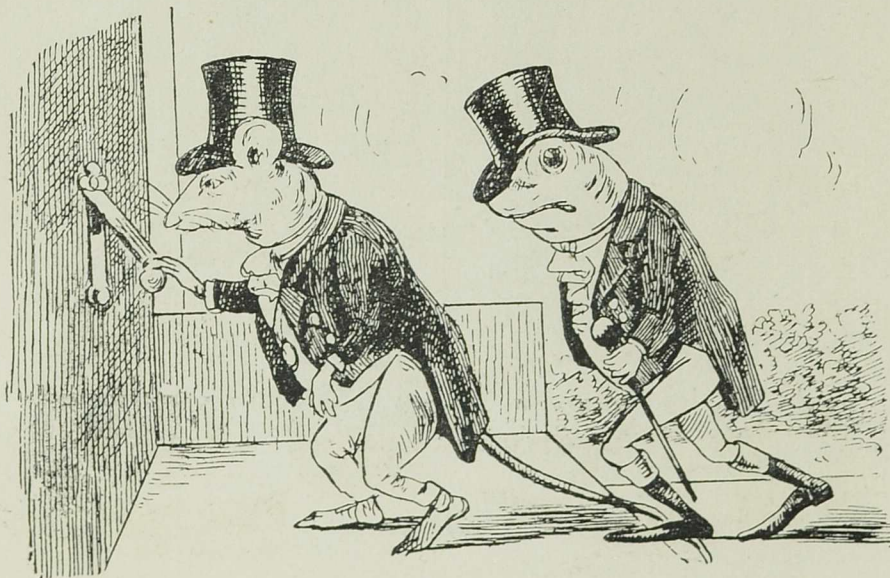
II.

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley!
And on the road he met with a
rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



III.

Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with
me,
Heigho, says Rowley!
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



IV.

When they came to the door of
Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley!
They gave a loud knock and they
gave a loud call.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

V.

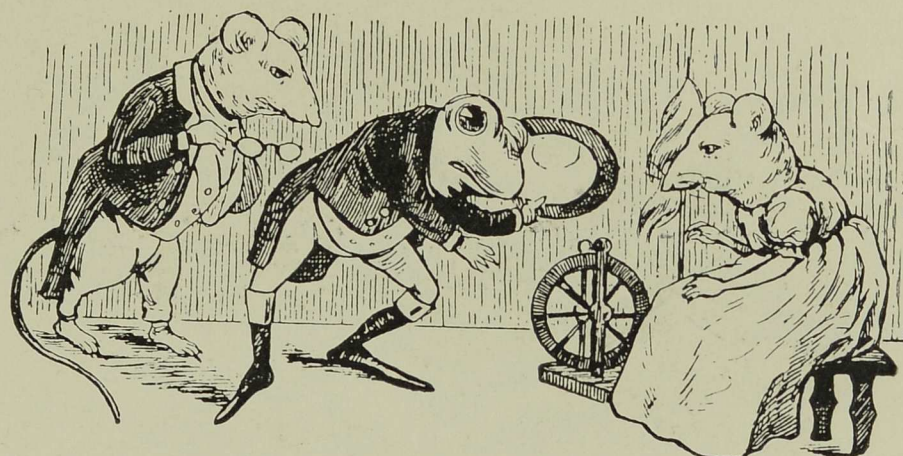
Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?

Heigho, says Rowley!

Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin.

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



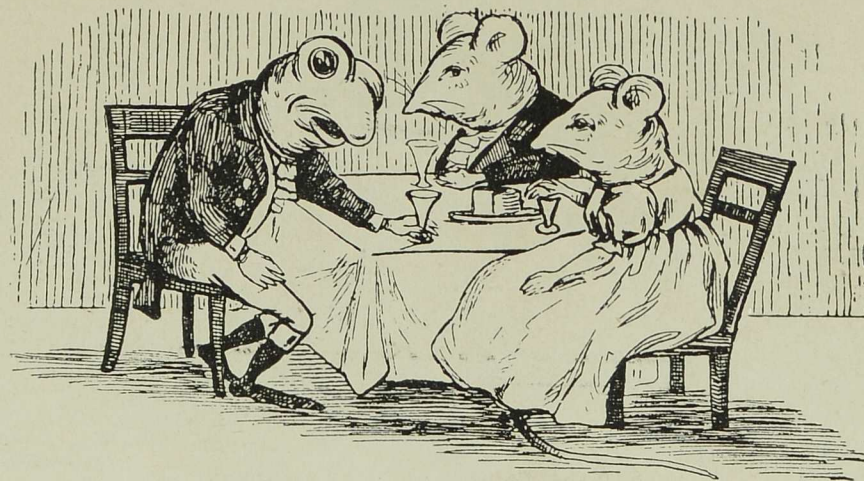
VI.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give
us some beer?

Heigho, says Rowley!

For Froggie and I are fond of
good cheer.

With a rowley powley, etc.



VII.

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

Heigho, says Rowley!

But let it be something that's not
very long.

With a rowley powley, etc.

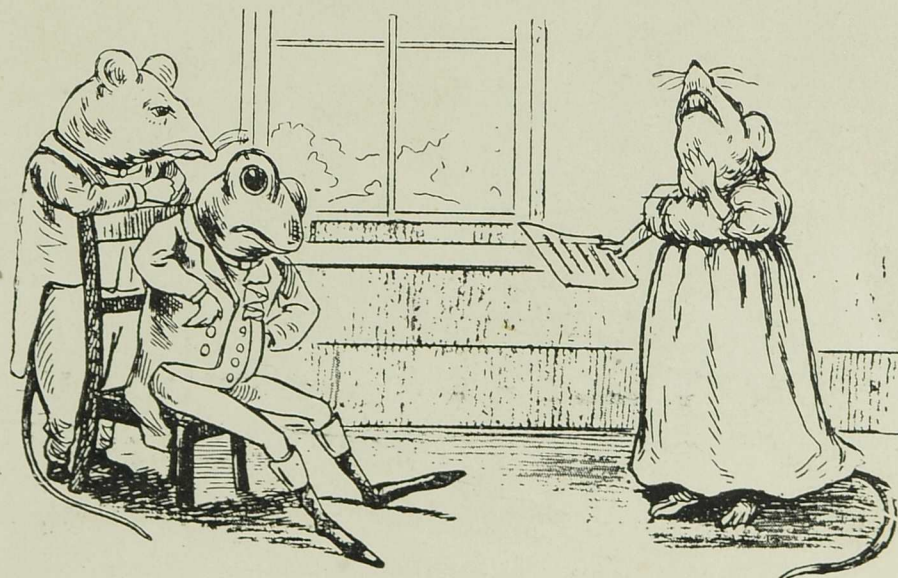
VIII.

Indeed, Mrs. Mouse, replied the
Frog,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A cold has made me as hoarse as
a dog.

With a rowley powley, etc.



IX.

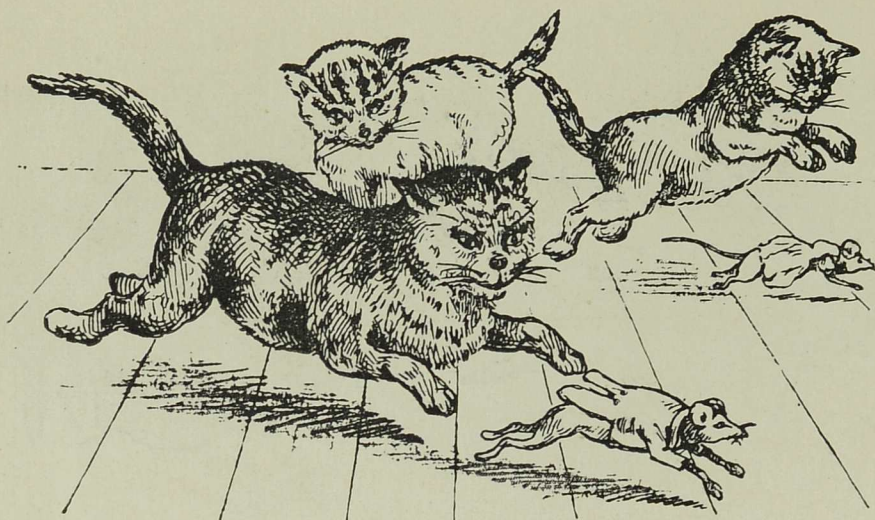
Since you have caught cold, Mr.

Frog, Mousey said,

Heigho, says Rowley!

I'll sing you a song that I have
just made.

With a rowley powley, etc.



X.

But while they were all a merry-making,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,

Heigho says Anthony Rowley!

XI.

The Cat she seized the rat by the crown,

Heigho, says Rowley!

The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.

With a rowley powley, etc.

XII.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,

Heigho, says Rowley!

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

With a rowley powley, etc.

XIII

But as Froggie was crossing over a brook,

Heigho, says Rowley!

A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.

With a rowley powley, etc.

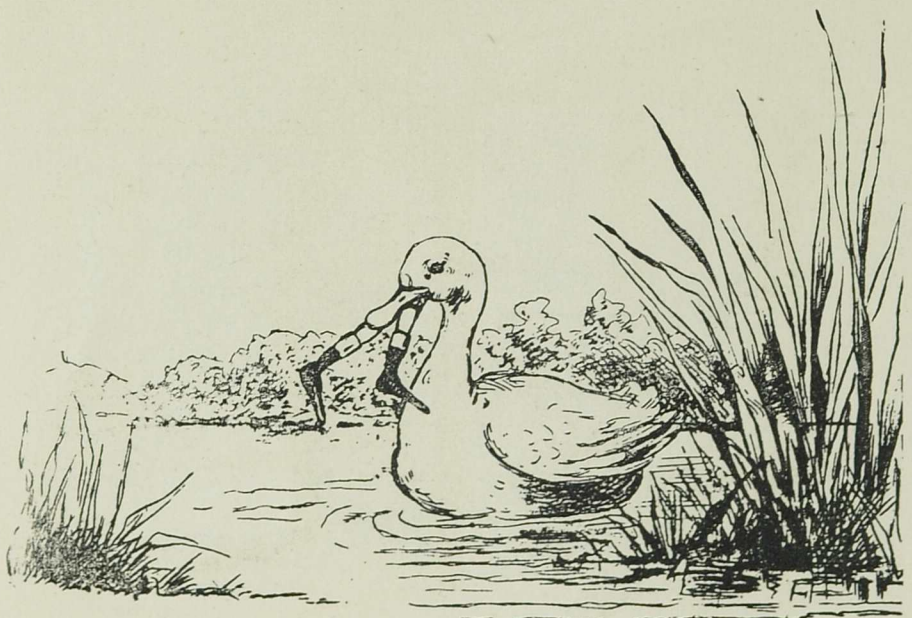
XIV.

So there was an end of one, two and three,

Heigho, says Rowley!

The Rat, the Mouse, and little Frogee.

With a rowley powley, etc.



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.

BIRCH and green holly, boys,
 Birch and green holly.
 If you get beaten, boys,
 'Twill be your own folly.

WHEN V and I together meet,
 They make the number Six
 complete.
 When I with V doth meet once
 more,
 Then 'tis they Two can make
 but Four.
 And when that V from I is gone,
 Alas! poor I can make but One.

(A Greek bill of fare.)

LEGOMOTON,
 Acapon,
 Alfagheuse,
 Pasti venison.

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

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man.
 He whipt his scholars now and then,
 When he whipp'd them he made them
 dance
 Out of Scotland into France,
 Out of France into Spain,
 And then he whipp'd them back again.

O THAT I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not!
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be, I cannot.





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

You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle basket
When your dad comes home.

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.

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

UP at Piccadilly, oh!
The coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand.
Whip away for ever, oh!
Drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh!
He drives her four-in-hand.



THEY that wash on Monday
 Have all the week to dry ;
 They that wash on Tuesday
 Are not so much awry ;
 They that wash on Wednesday
 Are not so much to blame ;
 They that wash on Thursday
 Wash for shame ;
 They that wash on Friday
 Wash in need ;
 And they that wash on Saturday
 Oh ! they're sluts indeed.

JEANIE, come tie my,
 Jeanie, come tie my,
 Jeanie, come tie my bonnie cravat ;
 I've tied it behind,
 I've tied it before,
 And I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no
 more.

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

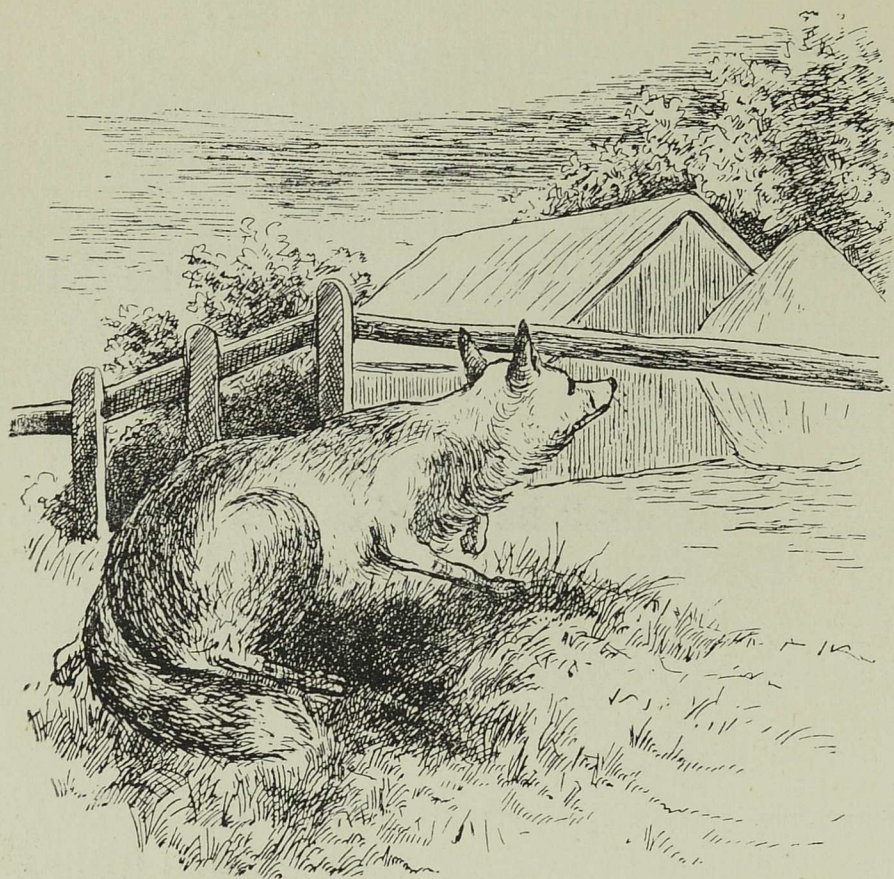


MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow ?
 With cockle-shells, and silver
 bells,
 And mussels all a row.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
 And in this book, my name is seen.

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

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



THE fox and his wife they
 had a great strife,
 They never ate mustard in
 all their whole life ;
 They ate their meat with-
 out fork or knife,
 And loved to be picking
 a bone, e-ho !

The fox jumped up on a
 moonlight night ;
 The stars they were
 shining, and all things
 bright ;

Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's a very fine night
 For me to go through the town, e-ho !

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
 He lifted his ears and he listened a while !
 Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's but a short mile
 From this unto yonder wee town e-ho !

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
 Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
 I love you well for your master's sake,
 And long to be picking your bone, e-ho !

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack.
 Oh, ho ! said the fox, you are very fat ;
 You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
 From this into yonder wee town, e-ho !

Old Gammer Hipple-hopple hopped out of bed,
 She opened the casement, and popped out her head;
 Oh, husband! oh, husband, the gray goose is dead,
 And the fox is gone through the town, oh!

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
 And swore he would catch the fox in a trap;
 But the fox was too cunning, and gave him the slip,
 And ran thro' the town, the town, oh!

When he got to the top of
 the hill,
 He blew his trumpet both
 loud and shrill,
 For joy that he was safe
 Thro' the town, oh!

When the fox came back
 to his den,
 He had young ones, eight,
 nine, ten.
 "You're welcome home,
 daddy, you may go
 again,
 If you bring us such nice
 meat
 From the town, oh!

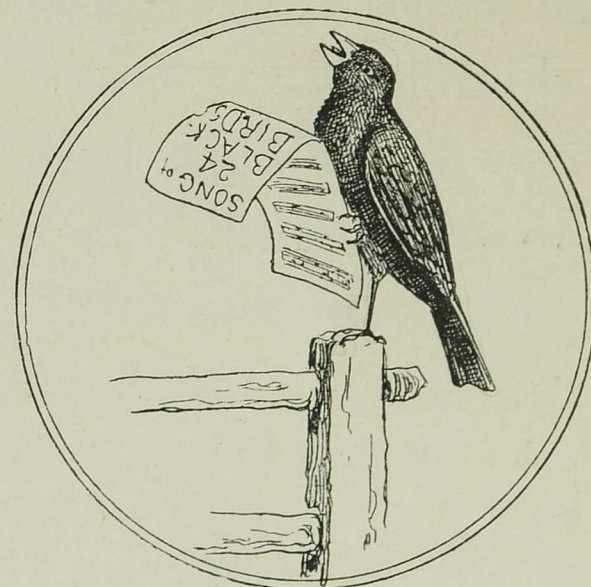




SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not that a dainty dish,
 To set before the 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,
 There came a little blackbird,
 And snapt off her nose.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
 The owl is the fairest by far to me;
 For all the day long she sits on a tree,
 And when the night comes away flies she.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them;
 Leave 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;
 And when she awoke, she found it a
 joke,
 For they were all still 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 all their tails behind
 'em.

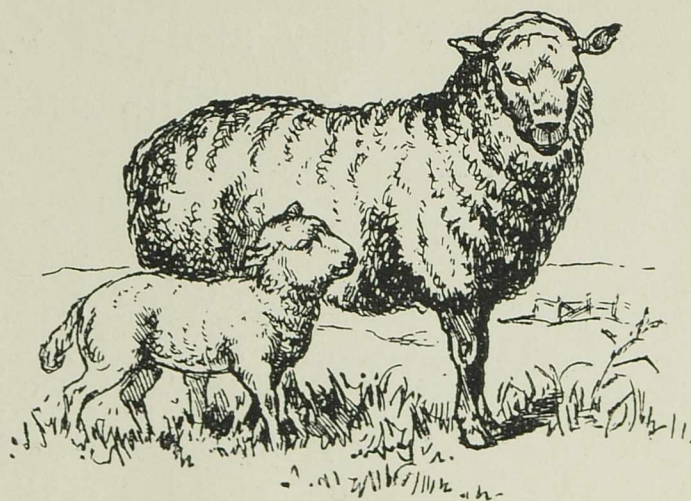


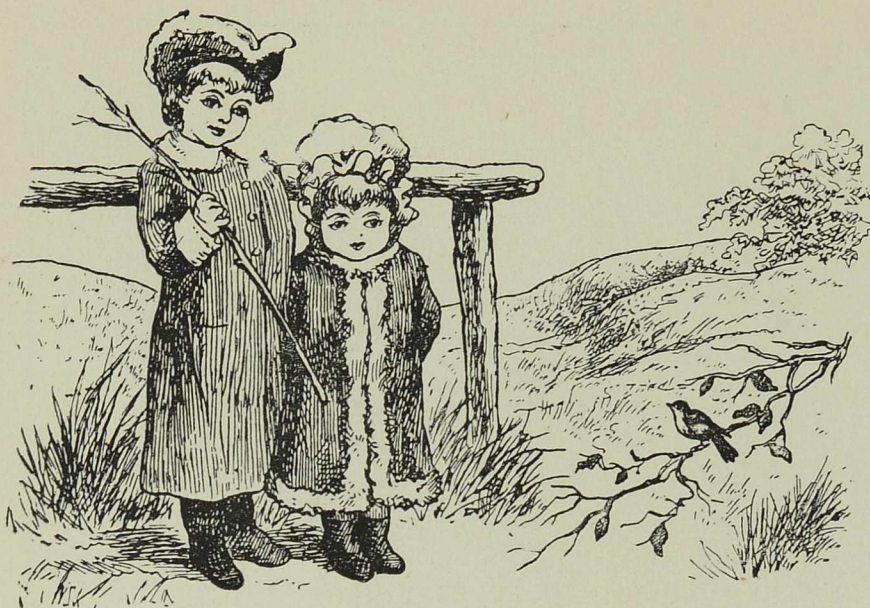
JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
 And Johnny shall go to the fair,
 And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
 To tie up his bonny brown hair.

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

And here's a leg for a stocking,
 And here is a leg for a shoe,
 And he has a kiss for his daddy,
 And two for his mammy, I trow,

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





THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin
do then? Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his
wing. Poor thing!

THE Children of Holland take pleasure in making
What the Children of England take pleasure in breaking.

(Alluding to toys, a great number of which are imported into this country from Holland.)

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."
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and boys,
And they stopp'd 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 they began for 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 for 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 for 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.



JACKY, come give me thy
 fiddle,
 If ever thou mean to
 thrive :
 Nay ; I'll not give my
 fiddle
 To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
 They'll think that I'm
 gone mad ;
 For many a joyful day
 My fiddle and I have
 had.



Hot-cross Buns!
 Hot-cross Buns!
 One a penny, two a penny,
 Hot-cross Buns!
 Hot-cross Buns!
 Hot-cross Buns!
 If ye have no daughters,
 Give them to your sons.

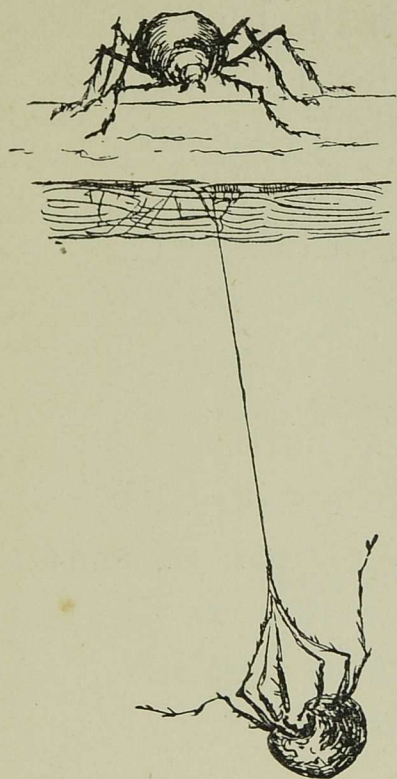
I LOVE sixpence, pretty little
 sixpence,
 I love sixpence better than
 my life ;

I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
 And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
 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.



WOOLEY FOSTER has gone to sea,
 With silver buckles at his knee,
 When he comes back he'll marry me,
 Bonny Wooley Foster!

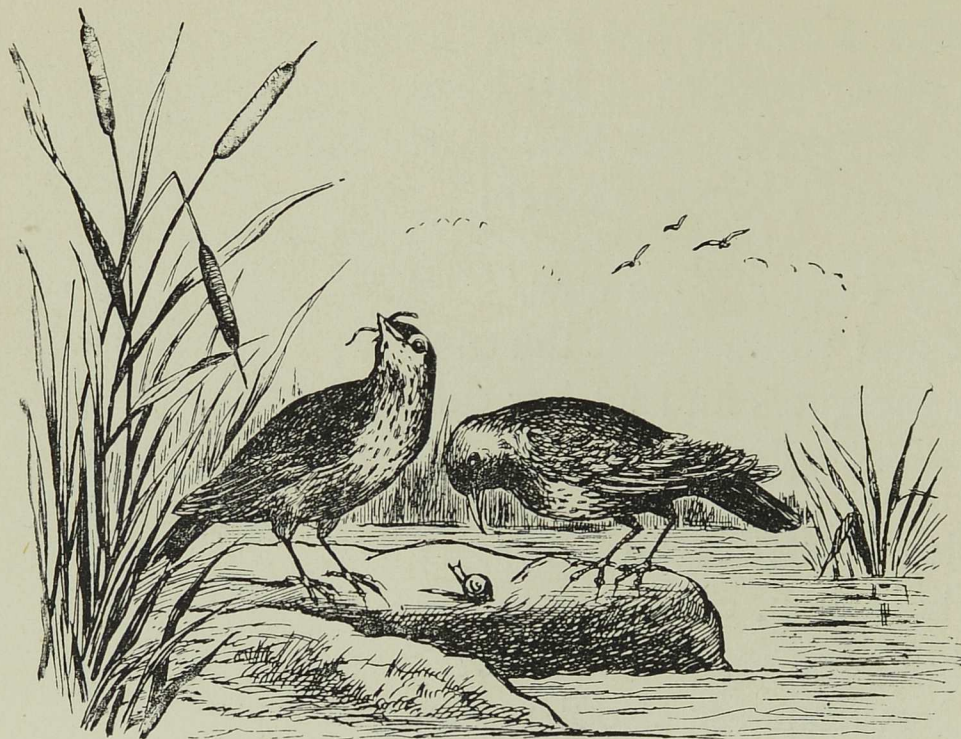
Wooley Foster has a cow,
 Black and white about the mow;
 Open the gates and let her through,
 Wooley Foster's ain cow!

Wooley Foster has a hen,
 Cockle button, cockle ben,
 She lay eggs for gentlemen,
 But none for Wooley Foster!

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
 She sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey;

There came a great spider,
 Who sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.





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 !

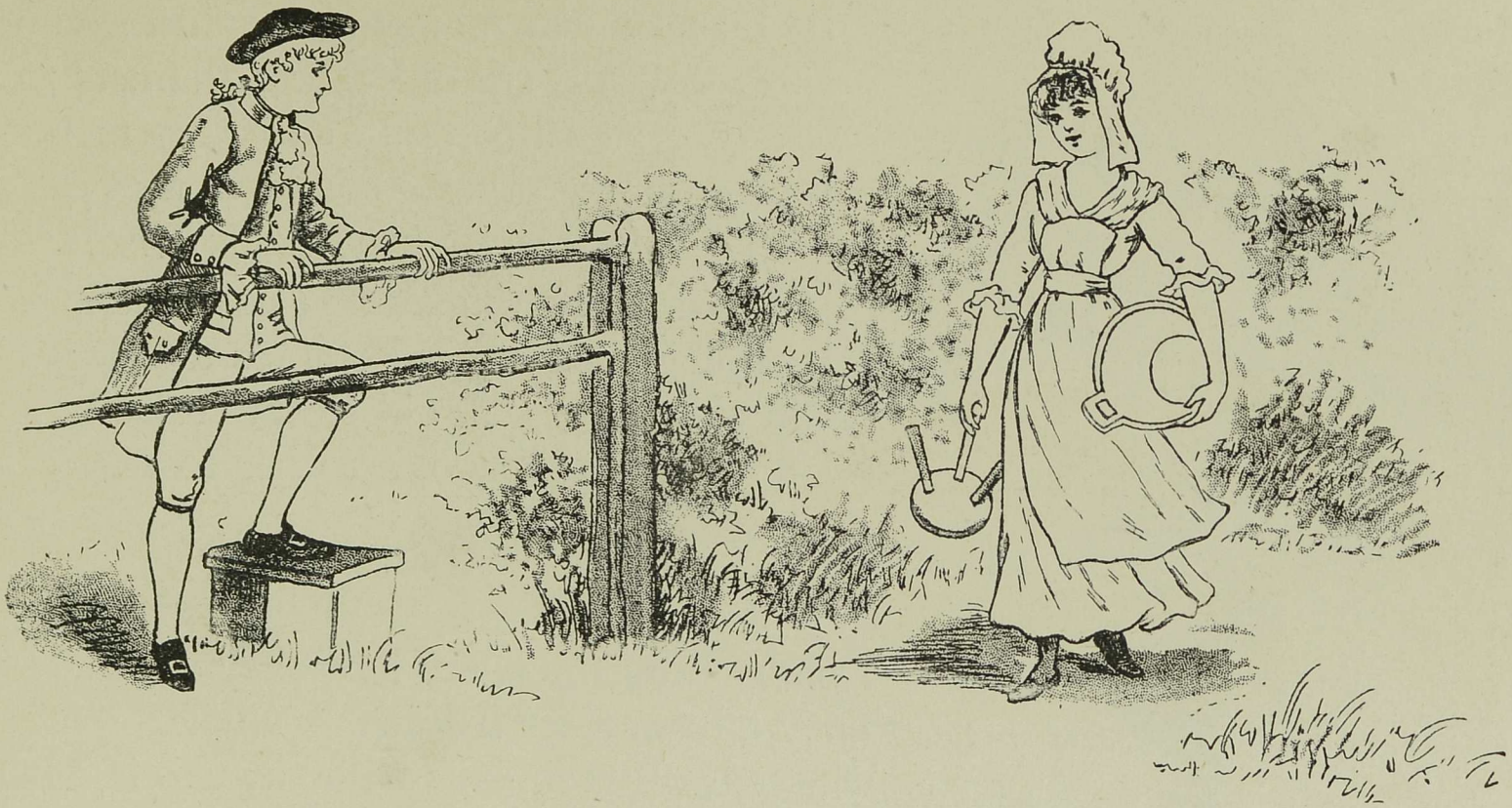


THERE was a jolly miller
 Lived on the river Dee :
 He worked and sung from
 morn till night,
 No lark so blithe as
 he.
 And this the burden of his
 song
 For ever used to be—
 “I care for nobody — no
 not I,
 Since nobody cares for
 me.”

BUZ, quoth the blue fly,
 Hum, quoth the bee,
 Buz and hum they cry,
 And so do we :
 In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see ?

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

SHOE the colt,
 Shoe the colt,
 Shoe the wild mare ;
 Here a nail,
 There a nail,
 Yet she goes bare.



WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?
 I'm 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.

As I was going along, long, long,
 A-singing a comical song, song, song,
 The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
 And the song that I sung was as long, long,
 long,
 And so I went singing along.





IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend ;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend ;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

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

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 you ever see such fools in your life ?

Three blind mice.

MY maid Mary
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoing and mowing each
morn,
Merrily run the reel
And the little spinning wheel
Whilst I am singing and mowing my
corn.

[Song of a Little Boy in a Cornfield.]

AWA' birds, away !
Take a little and leave a little,
And do not come again ;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.

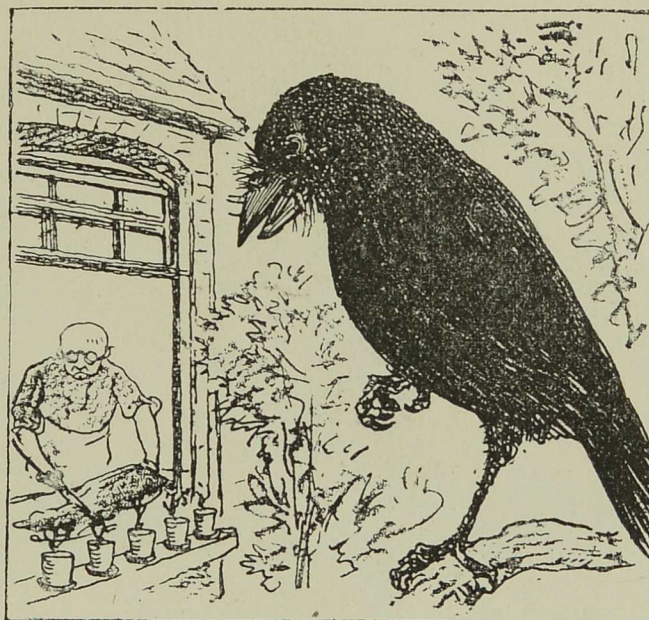
JOHN COOK had a little grey mare ; he,
haw, hum !
Her back stood up, and her bones
they were bare ; he, haw, hum !

John Cook was riding up Shuter's
bank ; he, haw, hum ;
And there his nag did kick and prank ;
he, haw, hum ;

John Cook was riding up Shuter's
hill ; he, haw, hum !
His mare fell down, and she made
her will ; he, haw, hum !

The bridle and saddle were laid on
the shelf ; he, haw, hum !
If you want any more you may sing
it yourself ; he, haw, hum !

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi
 ding do,
 Watching a tailor shape his cloak ;
 Sing heigh ho, the 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 heigh ho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and he missed his mark,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
 And shot his own sow quite through the heart ;
 Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon ;
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
 For our old sow is in a swoon,
 Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

WHISTLE, daughter, whistle ; whistle, daughter dear.
 I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle clear.
 Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a pound.
 I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a sound.



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

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig ?
“ Four-and-twenty, that’s enough.”
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

WHAT’S the news of the day,
Good neighbour, I pray ?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

[A Marching Air.]

DARBY and Joan were dress’d in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back ;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about Darby’s company.

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.





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.

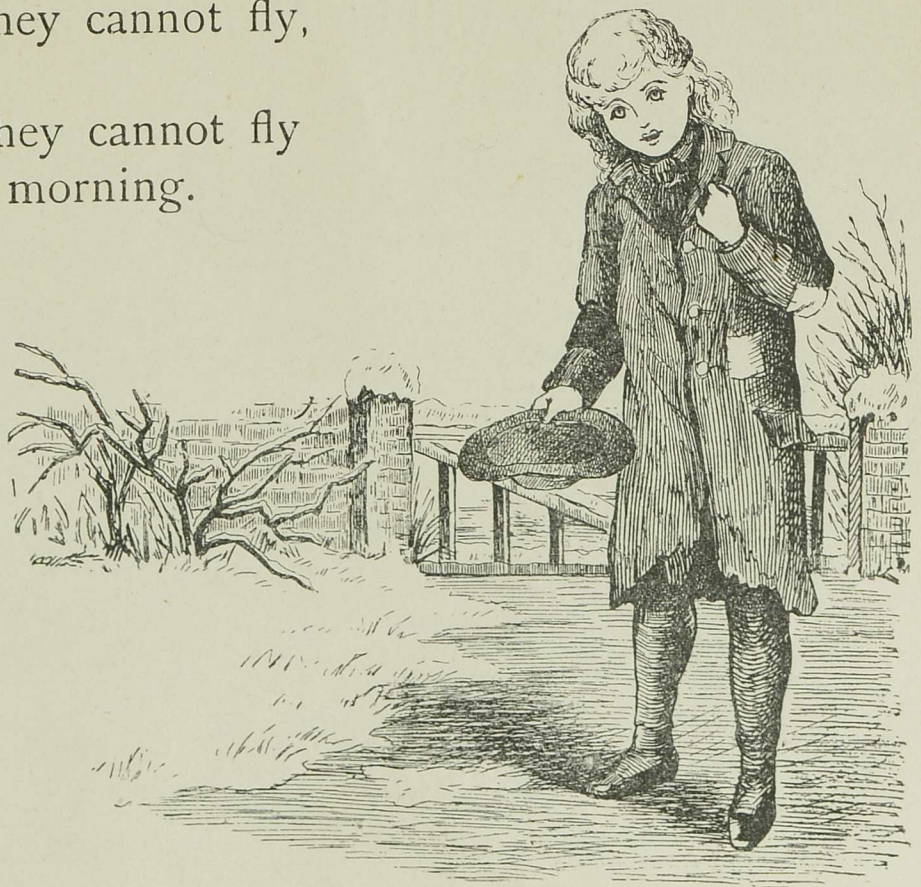
Dame, what makes your
maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie ;
Dame, what makes your
maidens lie

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'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 HAD a little hobby horse,
 And it was a dapple gray ;
 Its head was made of pea
 straw,
 Its tail was made of hay.
 I sold it to an old woman
 For a copper groat ;
 And I'll not sing my song
 again
 Without a new coat.

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

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



ROBIN and Richard were two
 pretty men,
 They lay in bed till the clock
 struck ten ;
 Then up starts Robin, and
 looks at the sky,
 " Oh, brother Richard,
 the sun's very high !
 The bull's in the barn
 threshing the corn,
 The cock's on the hay-
 rick blowing his horn."

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!"

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 far away he flew.

DAME TROT and her cat
 Led a peaceable life
 When they were not
 troubled
 With other folks' strife.

When Dame had her din-
 ner
 Near Pussy would wait,
 And was sure to receive
 A nice piece from her
 plate.





RIDDLE me, riddle me, what is that
Over the head and under the hat?

—Hair.

BLACK within, and red without;
Four corners round about.

—A Chimney.

I WENT to the wood and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And brought it home because I couldn't help it.

—A Thorn.

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name—three times I've tell'd it.

—Ann.

MADE in London,
Sold at York,
Stops a bottle
And is a cork.



I'M in everyone's way,
But no one I stop;
My four horns every day
In every way play,
And my head is nailed
on at the top!

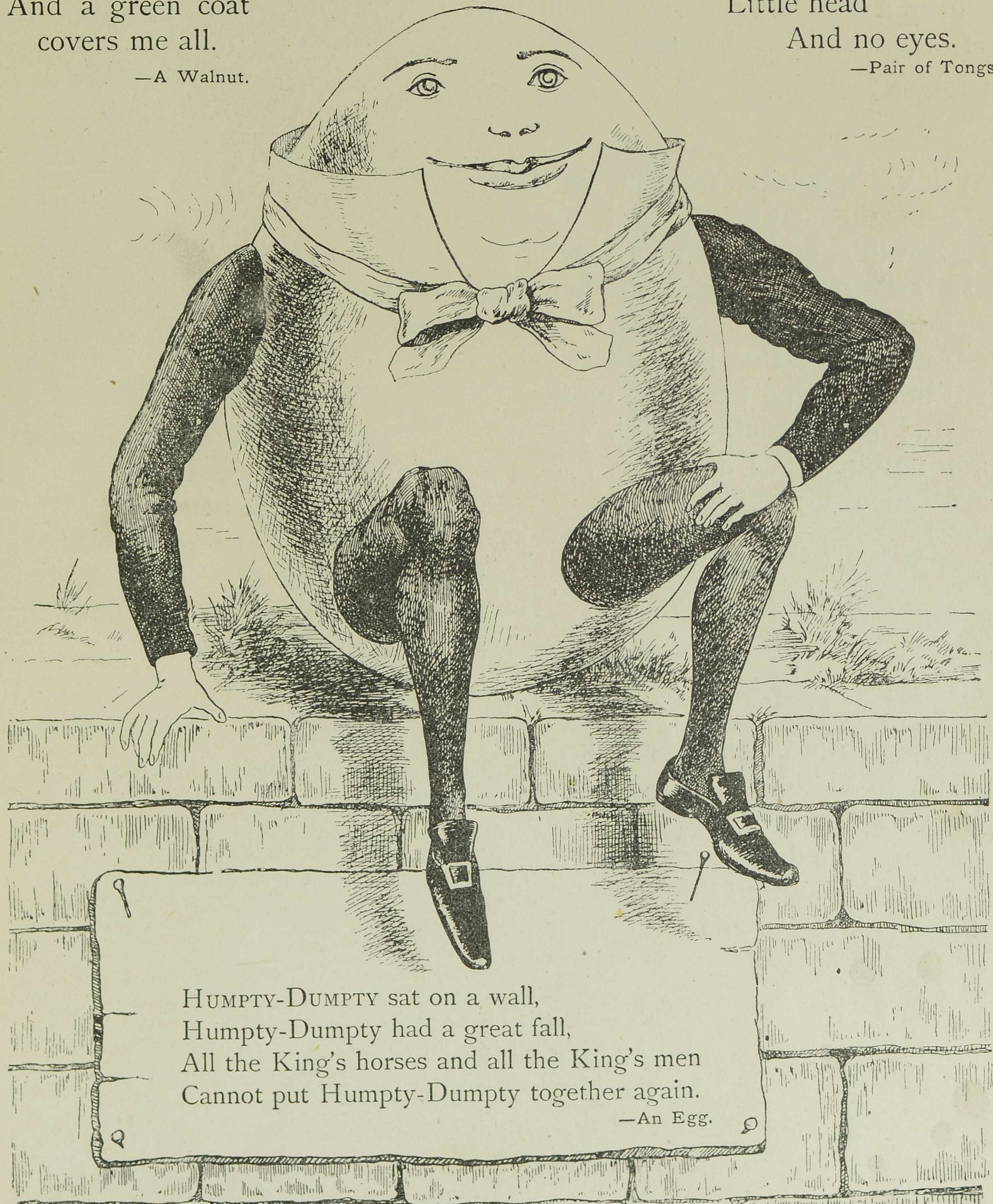
—A Turnstile.

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall,
And a green coat
covers me all.

—A Walnut.

LONG legs,
Crooked thighs,
Little head
And no eyes.

—Pair of Tongs.



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

—An Egg.

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain ;
Put in a bag, tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a
ring.

—A Plum-pudding.

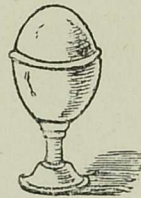
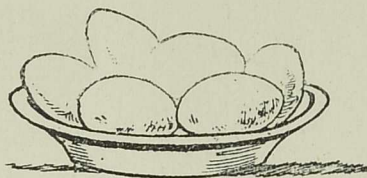
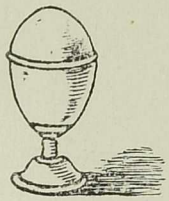


WHEN I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered ;
It's I that make peace between king and
king,

And many a true lover glad :
All this I do and ten times more,
And more I could do still,
But nothing can I do
Without my guider's will.

—A Pen.

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon
each hand,
Five-and-twenty hands and
feet,
All this is true *without*
deceit.



IN marble walls as white as milk.
Lined with a skin as soft as silk ;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this strong-hold,
Yet things break in and steal the gold.

—An Egg.

TWELVE pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by ;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there !

—Eleven Knights.

HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
On the king's kitchen door ;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the king's kitchen door.

—Sunshine.

HIGGLEDY piggedy
 Here we lie,
 Pick'd and pluck'd,
 And put in a pie.
 My first is snapping, snarling,
 growling,
 My second's industrious, romp-
 ing and prowling.
 Higgledy piggedy
 Here we lie,
 Pick'd and pluck'd
 And put in a pie.

—Currants.



LIVES in Winter,
 Dies in Summer,
 And grows with its root up-
 wards.

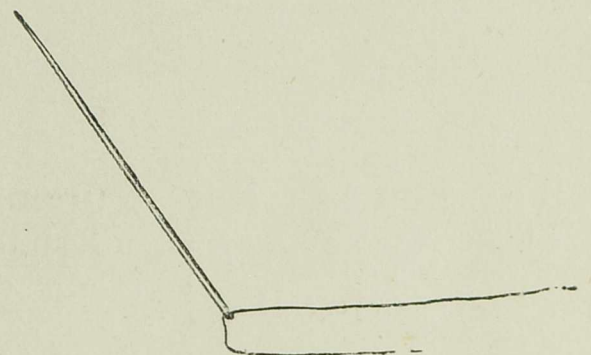
—An Icicle.

I HAVE a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep,
 She wades the waters deep, deep, deep ;
 She climbs the mountains high, high, high ;
 Poor little creature ! she has but one eye.

—A Star.

OLD mother Twitchett had but one eye,
 And a long tail which she let fly ;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

—A Needle and Thread.





LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

—A Candle.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two Ts,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
Teli me how many Ts there are in all THAT.

BLACK we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

—Coals.

TEN and ten and twice eleven,
Take out six and put in seven;
Go to the green and fetch eighteen,
And drop one a-coming.

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and
thumbs!

—Gloves.

WHAT shoe-maker makes shoes without
leather,
With all the four elements put together?—
Fire and water, earth and air.
Ev'ry customer has two pair.

—A Horse Shoer.

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they
stand still

—Teeth and Gums.



As I was going o'er Westminster
bridge,
I met a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap an' drew off
his glove,
And wished me a very good
morrow.

—What is his name? Andrew.



As I went over Lincoln Bridge
I met Mister Rusticap;
Pins and needles on his back,
A-going to Thorney fair.

—A Hedgehog.

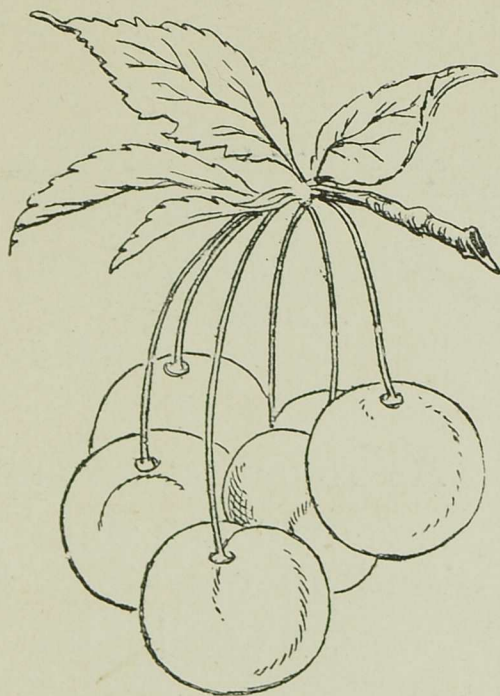
PEASE-PORRIDGE hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.

FORMED long ago, yet made to-
day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give
away,
Nor any wish to keep.

—A Bed.

Two legs sat on three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

—One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs, a man;
three legs, a stool; four legs, a dog.



As I went through the garden gap.
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his
throat,
If you tell me this riddle I'll give you a
goat.

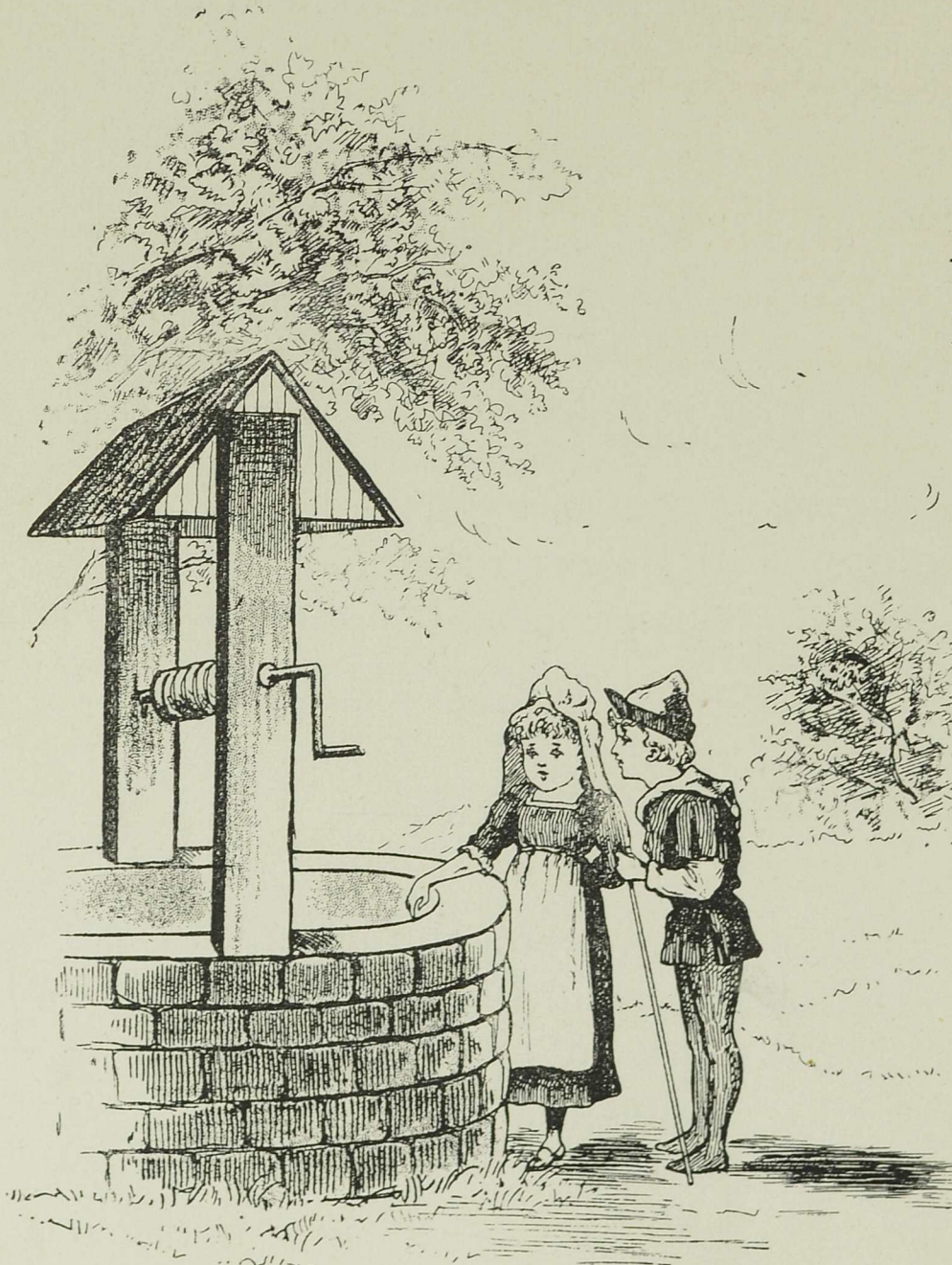
—A Cherry.

I'VE seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet you in that very same place
May still be seen by me.

—The reflection of a face in a looking-glass.

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies ;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

—The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.



MAKE three-fourths of a cross
And a circle complete ;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet ;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet ;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.

—TOBACCO.

I SAW a fight the other day ;
A damsel did begin the fray.
She with her daily friend did
meet,
Then, standing in the open
street,
She gave such hard and sturdy
blows,
He bled ten gallons at the nose ;
Yet neither seem to faint nor fall,
Nor gave her any abuse at all.

—A Pump.

WHICH weighs heavier—
A stone of lead
Or a stone of feather ?

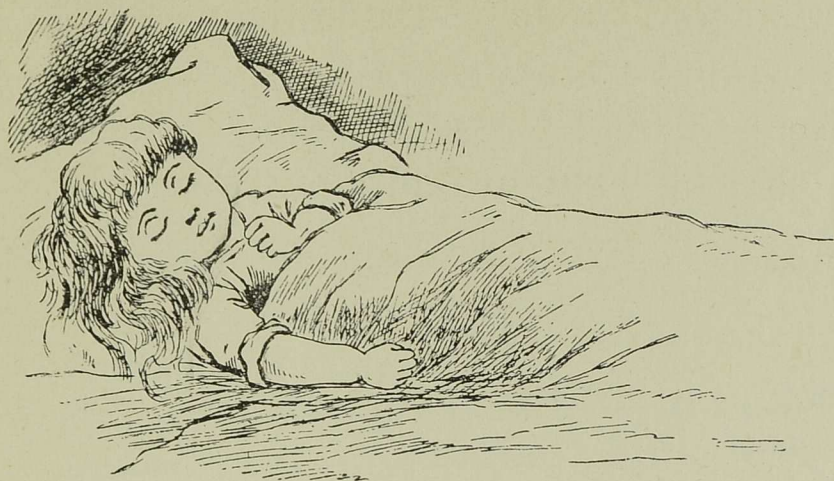
—They both weigh alike.

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I
suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never
a nose.

—A Cinder-sifter.

As round as an apple, as
deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses
can't pull it up.

—A Well.



MATTHEW, Mark, Luke and
John,
Guard the bed that I lay on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head ;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away !

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree ;
Oh, whatever can that be ?

—A star.

[Said to pips placed in the fire.]

IF you love me, pop and fly ;
If you hate me, lay and die.

[This and the five following are said to be certain cures for the hiccup if repeated in one breath.]

WHEN a Twister a-twisting, will twist him a twist ;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine :
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted ; he now doth untwine :
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between.
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching;
 Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?
 If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
 Where's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatch'd?

[Sometimes "off a pewter plate" is added at the end of each line.]

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?

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,
 A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
 Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

THREE crooked cripples went
 through Cripplegate, and through
 Cripplegate went three crooked
 cripples.

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

HICKUP, snicup,
 Rise up, right up!
 Three drops in the
 cup
 Are good for the
 hiccup.



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 her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and
freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to
shake,
She began to wonder and she began to
cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"



"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll 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,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do ;
 She gave them some broth
 without any bread,
 She whipped them all well
 and put them to bed.



ON Saturday night
 Shall be all my care
 To powder my locks
 And curl my hair.

ON Sunday morning
 My love will come in,
 When he will marry me
 With a gold ring.

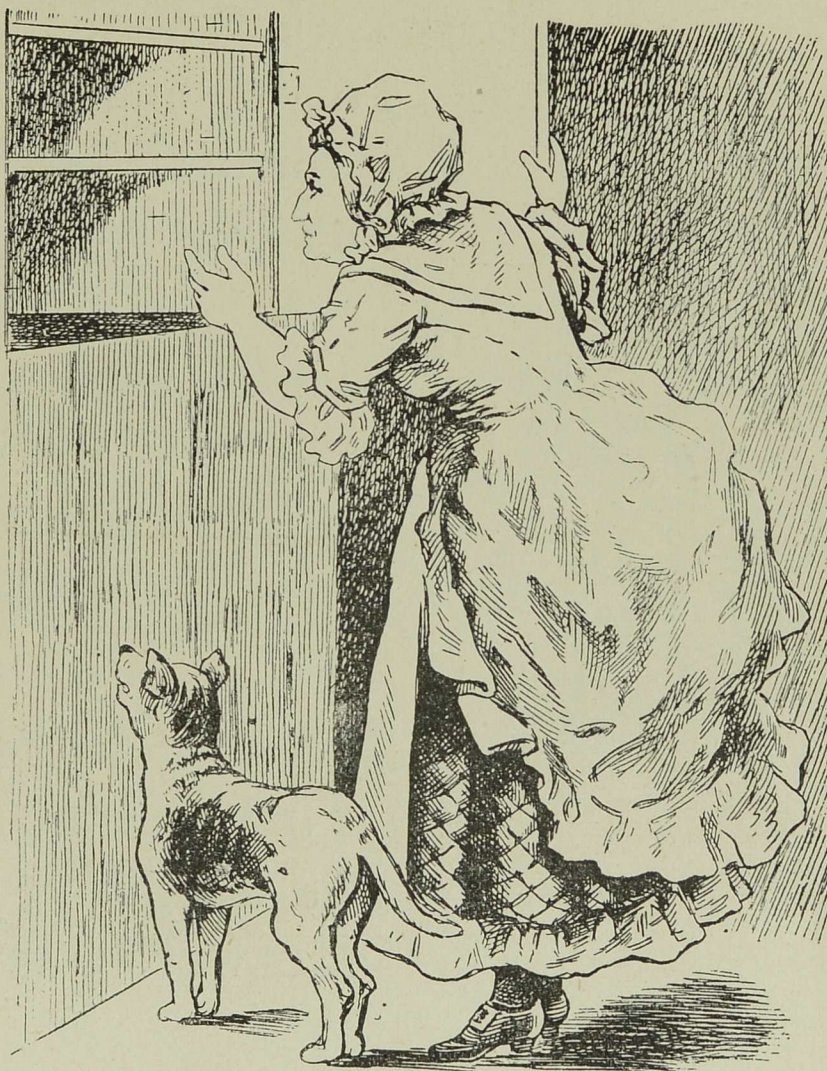
THERE was an old woman
 toss'd up in a basket
 Nineteen times as high as
 the moon ;
 Where she was going I
 couldn't but ask it,
 For in her hand she
 carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old
 woman, quoth I,
 O whither, O whither, O
 whither so high ?

To brush the cobwebs off the sky ;
 Shall I go with thee ? Ay, by-and-by.



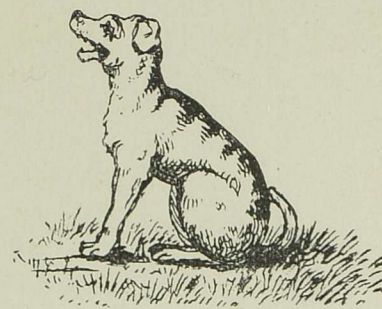
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had
none.



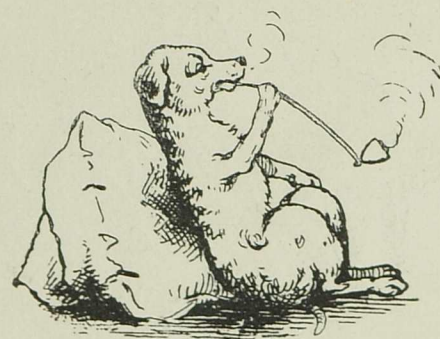
She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.



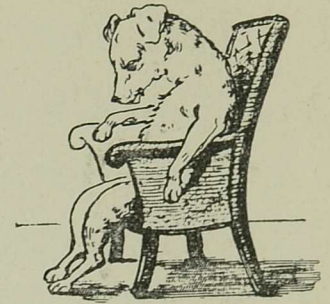
She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.



She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

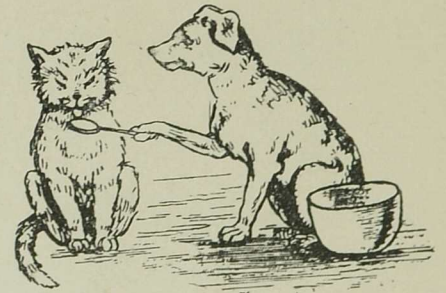


She went to the ale-house
 To get him some beer,
 But when she came back
 The dog sat in a chair.



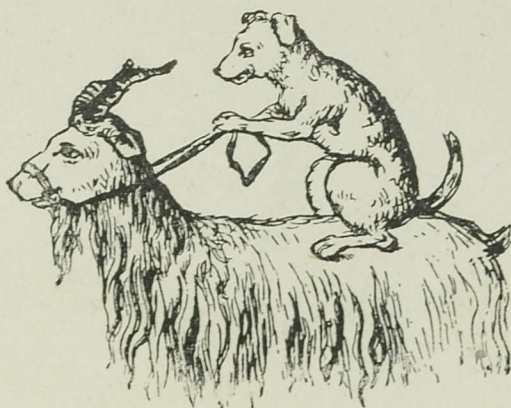
She went to the tavern
 For white wine and red;
 But when she came back
 The dog stood on his head.

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



She went to the barber's
 To buy him a wig,
 But when she came back
 He was dancing a gig.

She went to the fruiterer's
 To buy him some fruit,
 But when she came back
 He was playing the flute.

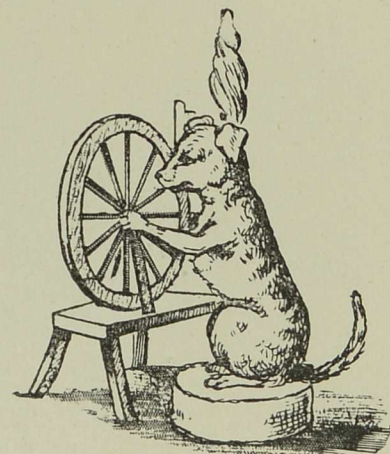


She went to the tailor's
 To buy him a coat,
 But when she came back
 He was riding a goat.



She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.



She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.



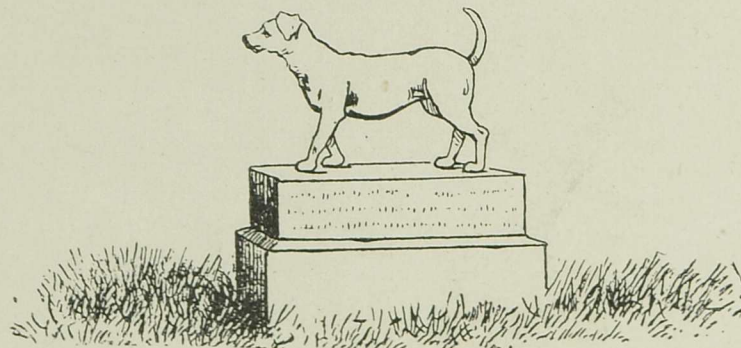
The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, Your servant,
The dog said, Bow, wow.

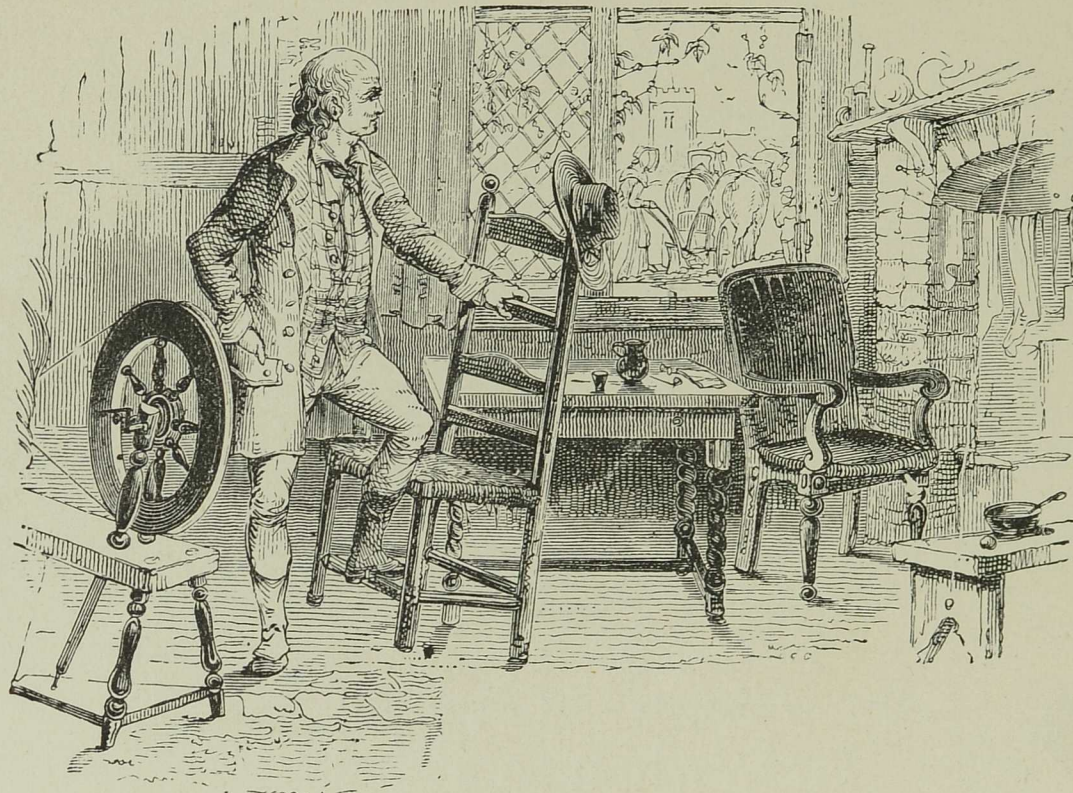


This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight,
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

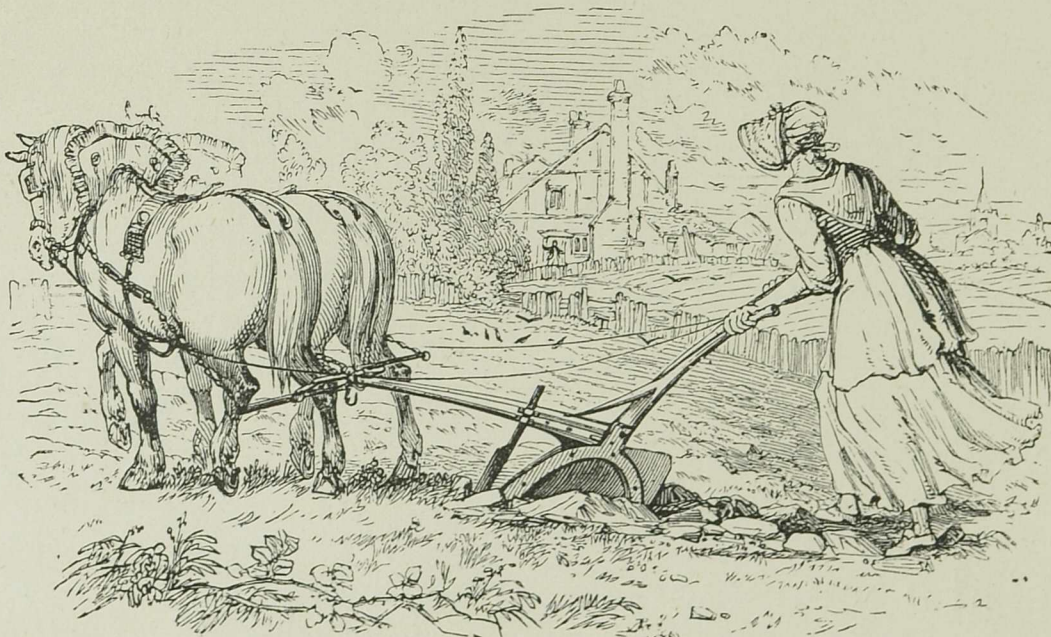


She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

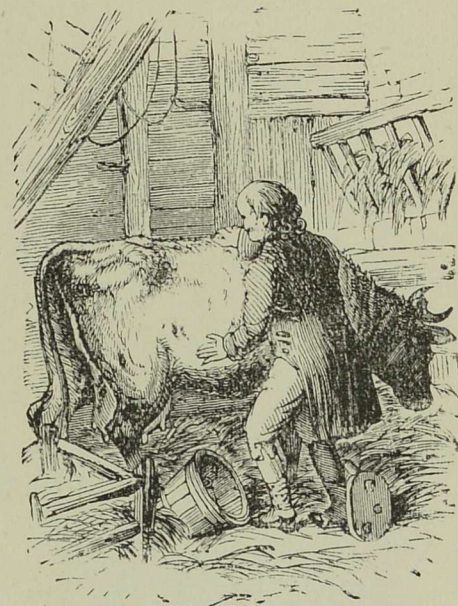




THERE was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see ;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.
“With all my heart,” the old woman said ;
“If that you will allow,
To-morrow you’ll stay at home in my stead,
And I’ll go drive the plough ;



“ But you must milk the Tidy cow,
 For fear that she go dry ;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That are within the sty ;
 And you must mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she lay away ;
 And you must reel the spool of yarn
 That I spun yesterday.”



The old woman took a staff in her hand,
 And went to drive the plough ;
 The old man took a pail in his hand,
 And went to milk the cow ;
 But Tidy hinged, and Tidy flinched,
 And Tidy broke his nose,
 And Tidy gave him such a blow,
 That the blood ran down to his toes.

“ High, Tidy ! ho, Tidy !
 High, Tidy ! do stand still !
 If ever I milk you, Tidy again,
 ’Twill be sore against my will.”

He went to feed the little pigs,
 That were within the sty ;
 He hit his head against the beam,
 And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she’d lay astray,
 And he forgot the spool of yarn
 His wife spun yesterday.
 So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
 And the green leaves on the tree,
 If his wife didn’t do a day’s work in his life,
 She should ne’er be ruled by he.



THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
 Who lived on nothing but porridge ;
 Parading the town,
 She turned cloak into gown,
 This thrifty old woman of Norwich.



THERE was an old man of Tobago,
 Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago ;
 Till, much to his bliss,
 His physician said this—
 “To a leg, sir, of mutton you may
 go.”

FATHER SHORT came down the lane,
 Oh! I'm obliged to hammer and
 smite,
 From four in the morning till
 eight at night,
 For a bad master and a worse dame.

THERE was an old man,
 And he had a calf,
 And that's half ;
 He took him out of the stall,
 And put him on the wall ;
 And that's all.

AWAKE, arise, pull out your eyes,
 And hear what time of day ;
 And when you have done, pull out
 your tongue,
 And see what you can say.

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
 How do you think he served me?
 He took away my bread and cheese,
 And that is how he served me.

THERE was an old woman
 Lived under a hill,
 She put a mouse in a bag,
 And sent it to mill ;

The miller declar'd
 By the point of his knife,
 He never took toll
 Of a mouse in his life.

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

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

LITTLE Poll Parrot
 Sat in his garret,
 Eating toast and tea ;
 A little brown mouse,
 Jumped into the house,
 And stole it all away.



How many days has my baby to
 play ?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
 Friday,
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
 Who was morn, noon and night in a
 hurry ;

Call'd her husband a fool,
 Drove the children to school,
 The worrying old woman of Surrey.

OH, dear, what can the matter be ?
 Two old women got up in an apple-
 tree,
 One came down,
 And the other stayed till Saturday.

As I was going to sell my eggs
 I met a man with bandy legs,
 Bandy legs and crooked toes,
 I tripped up his heels, and he fell on
 his nose.

[The following is used by schoolboys, when two are starting to run a race.]

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

[A game of the Fox. In a children's game, where all the little actors are seated in a circle, the following stanza is used as question and answer.]

Who goes round my house this night?
None but cruel Tom !
Who steals all the sheep at night ?
None but this poor one.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one :
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Dance, Foreman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

[*Keep the thumb in motion.*

[*All the fingers in motion.*

[*The thumb only moving.*

[*Ditto.*

[*The first finger moving.*

[*The whole moving.*

[And so on with the others—naming the 2nd finger “Longman,” the 3rd finger “Ringman,” and the 4th finger “Littleman.” Littleman cannot dance alone.]

[At the conclusion, the captive is privately asked if he will have oranges or lemons (the two leaders of the arch having previously agreed which designation shall belong to each), and he goes behind the one he may chance to name. When all are thus divided into two parties, they conclude the game by trying to pull each other beyond a certain line.]

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Bull's-eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

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

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

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

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

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

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bell of St. Peter's.

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

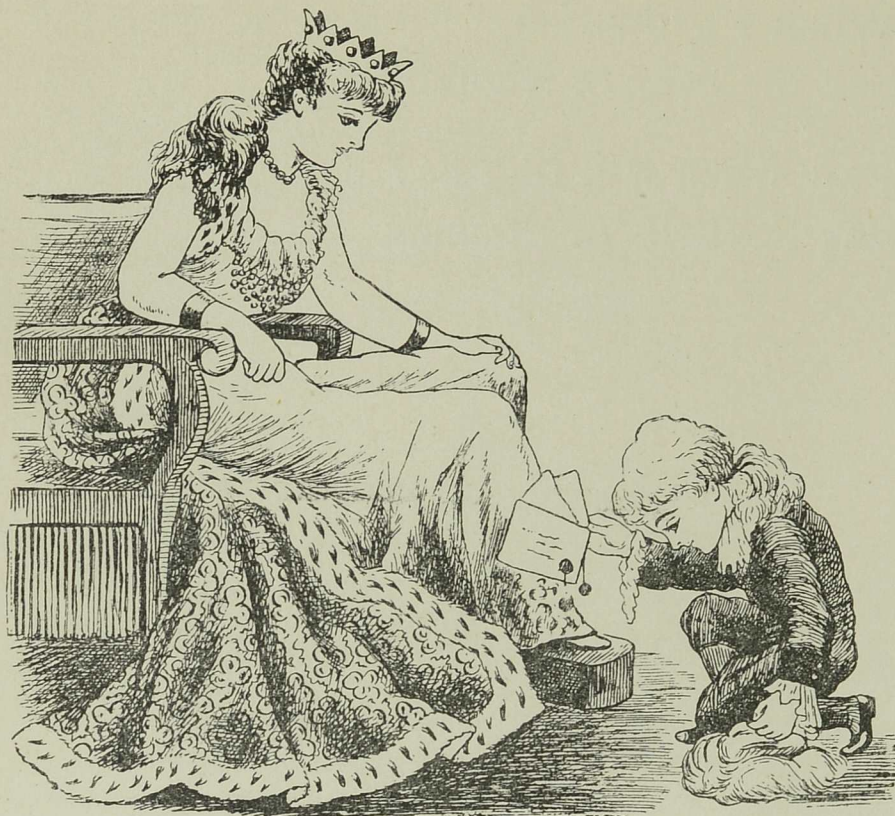
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

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



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

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.



QUEEN ANN, Queen Ann, you sit in the sun,
As fair as the lily, as white as a swan ;
I send you three letters, so pray you read one.
I cannot read one unless I read all,
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver them all.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other.]

- A. DRAW a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter ;
My father's a king, and my mother's a
queen,
My two little sisters are dress'd in
green,
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
- B. One rush, two rush,
- C. Pray thee, fine lady, come under my
bush.

[A passes by under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until all are taken.]

THERE were three jovial Welsh-
men,

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 o't 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 pincushion,
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 day long 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,
 And his beard growing gray.

TIP, top, tower,
 Tumble down in an hour.

Is John Smith within?—
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set a shoe?—
 Ay! marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

1. I AM a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key!

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

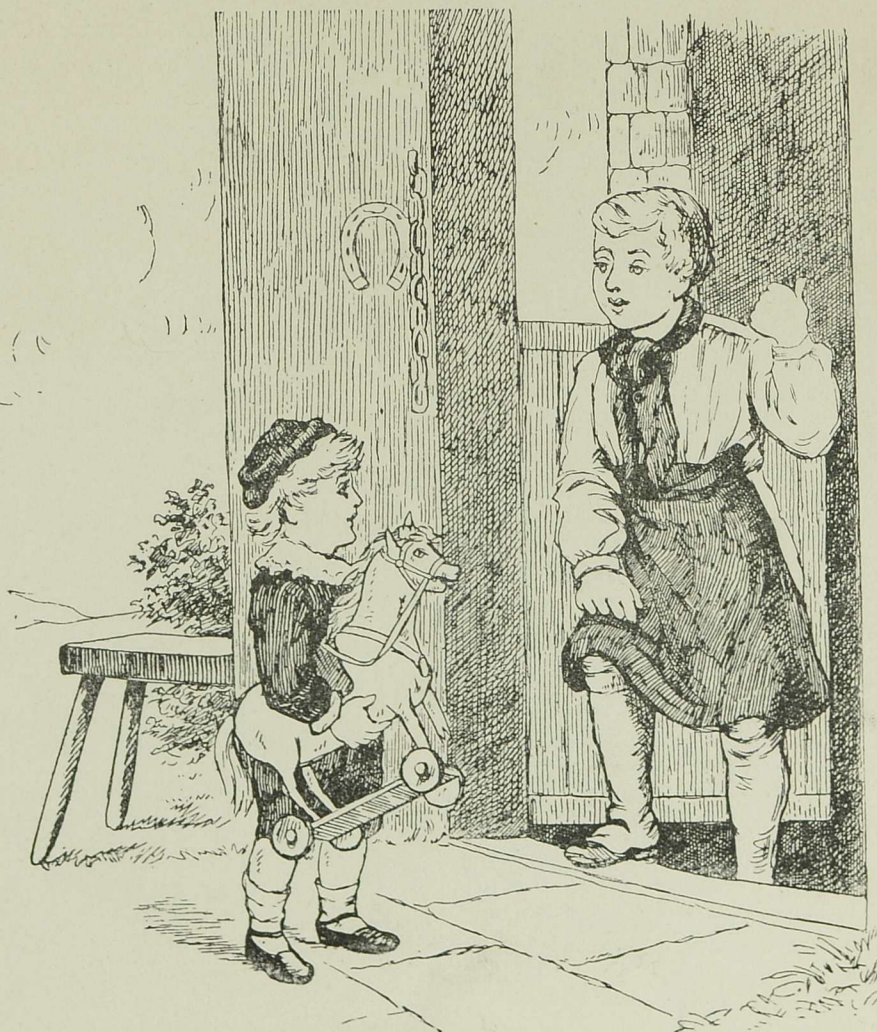
BUFF says Buff to all his men,
 And I say Buff to you again;
 Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
 But carries his face
 With a very good grace,
 And passes the stick to the very next
 place!

GAME OF THE GIPSY.

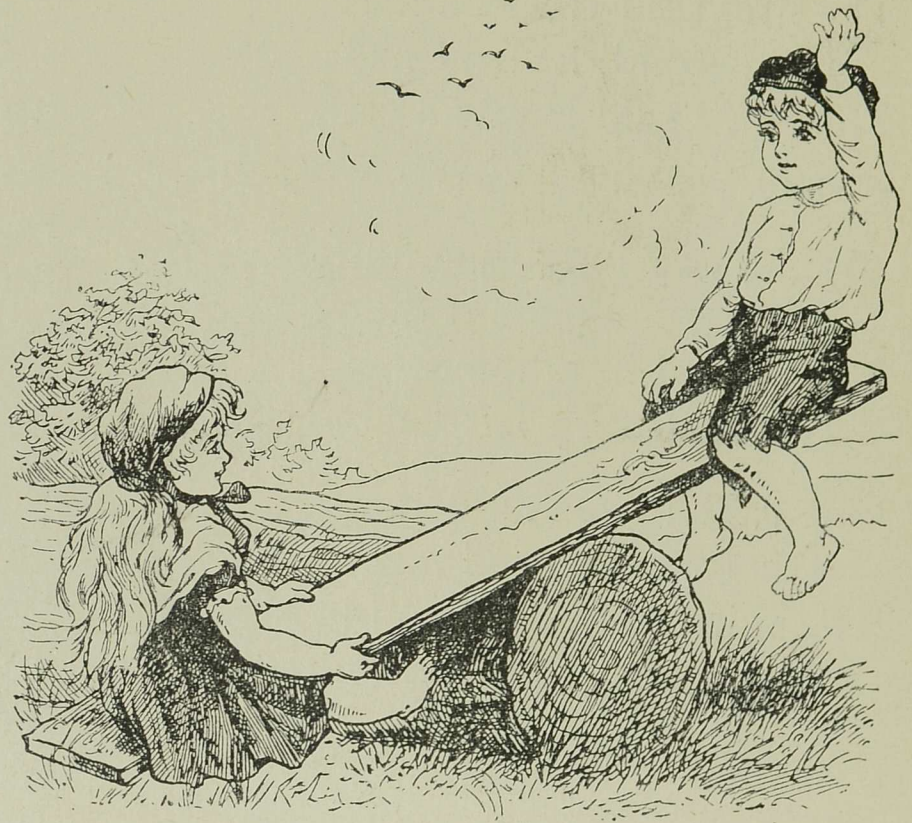
[One child is selected for Gipsy, one for Mother, and one for Daughter Sue. The Mother says—

I CHARGE my daughters every one
 To keep good house while I am gone.
 You and you (*points*), but specially you,
 [*Or sometimes, but specially Sue.*]
 Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

[During the Mother's absence, the Gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This process is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the Mother has to find them.]



THIS is the key of the kingdom.
 In that kingdom there is a city.
 In that city there is a town.
 In that town there is a street.
 In that street there is a lane.
 In that lane there is a yard.
 In that yard there is a house.
 In that house there is a room.
 In that room there is a bed.
 On that bed there is a basket.
 In that basket there are some
 flowers.
 Flowers in the basket, basket in
 the bed, bed in the room,
 etc. etc.



SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
 Little Jackey shall have a new master ;
 Little Jackey shall have but a penny a
 day,
 Because he can't work any faster.

WHOO, whoop, and hollow,
 Good dogs won't follow,
 Without the hare cries " pee wit."

TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
 One ran away,
 The other wouldn't stay,—
 Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy ;
 A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
 And a twopenny apple pie.





RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

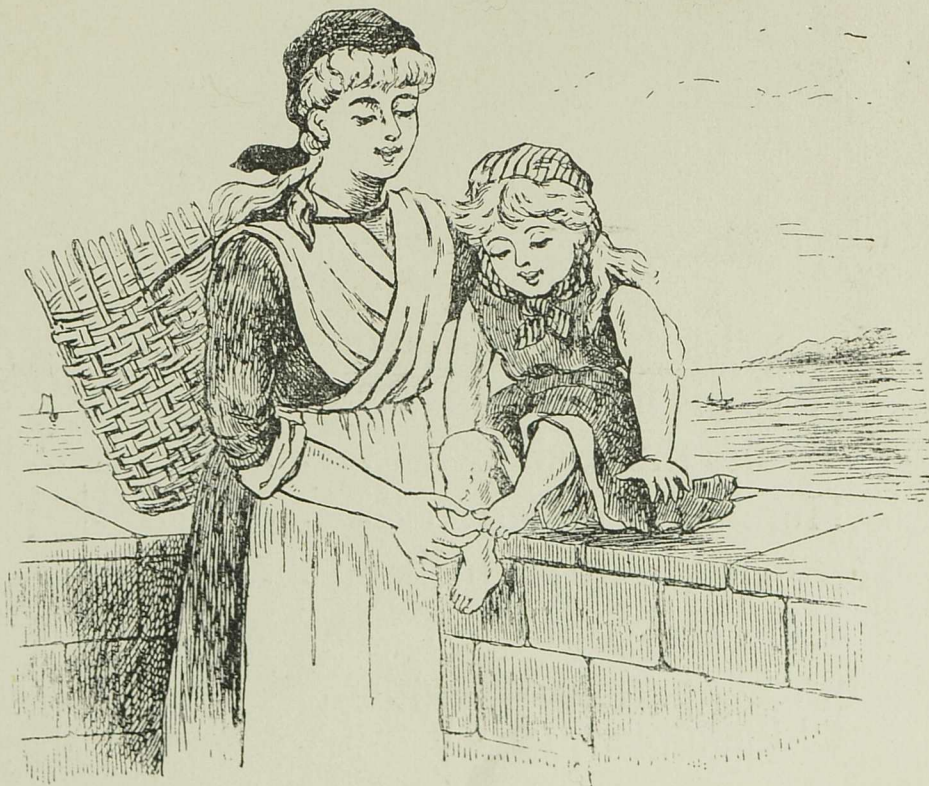
[A song set to five fingers or toes.]

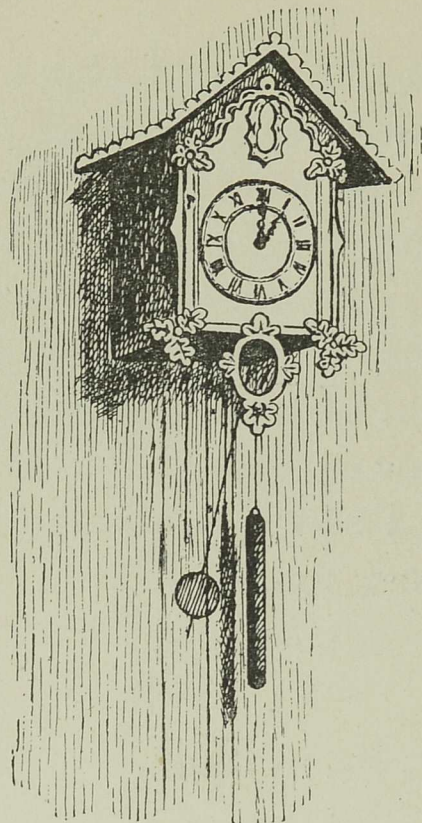
1. THIS pig went to market,
2. This pig stayed at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat,
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, "Wee, wee,
wee!
I can't find my way home."

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

[Game with the hands.]

PLUM-PUDDING hot,
Plum-pudding cold,
Plum-pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in a pot,
Nine days old.

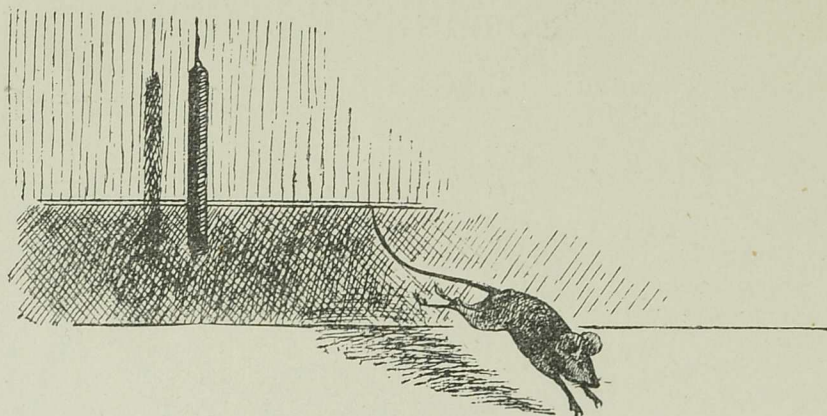




WEAVE the diaper tick-a-tick tick,
Weave the diaper tick—
Come this way, come that,
As close as a mat,
Athwart and across, up and down, round about,
And forwards and backwards, and inside and out;
Weave the diaper thick-a-thick thick,
Weave the diaper thick!

HERE goes my lord
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot,
Here goes my lady
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!

HICKORY, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse did run;
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.



CLAP hands, clap hands,
Hie Tommy Randy,
Did you see my good man?
They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs
Silver buckles glancin',
A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
And oh, but he is handsome.

[Game on a child's features.]

HERE sits the Lord Mayor . *forehead.*
Here sit his two men . . . *eyes.*
Here sits the cock *right cheek.*
Here sits the hen *left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens . *tip of nose.*
Here they run in *mouth.*
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper, chin! . . . *chuck the chin.*



[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1) ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
 As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),
 A virgin (6) goes a-maying (7).
 Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),
 Growing in my lady's garden (10),
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13)
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom 14 falls is then taken out, and forced to select one of the other sex
 The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [him or her] self in [the selected child's] power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the wedding o'er.
 [*All clap hands.*]

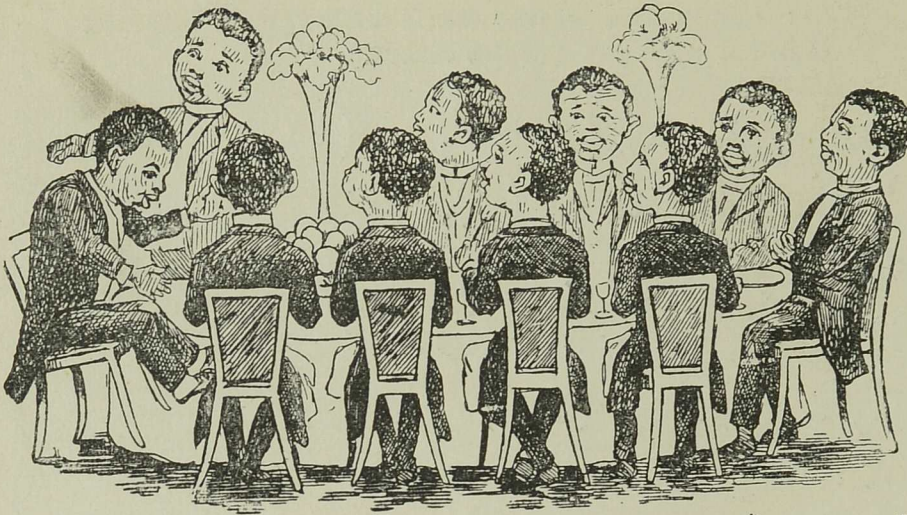
[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and takes the middle place.
 Otherwise, there is a kiss given.]

HERE stands a post,
 Who put it there?
 A better man than you;
 Touch it if you dare!

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat (*clap hands*),
 Come under my hat,
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
 And when I bake
 I'll give you a cake,
 If I am not mistaken.





TEN Little Nigger Boys
Went out to dine ;
One choked his little self,
And then there were nine.

Nine Little Nigger Boys
Sat up very late ;
One overslept himself,
And then there were eight.



Eight Little Nigger Boys
Travelling in Devon ;
One said he'd stay there,
And then there were seven

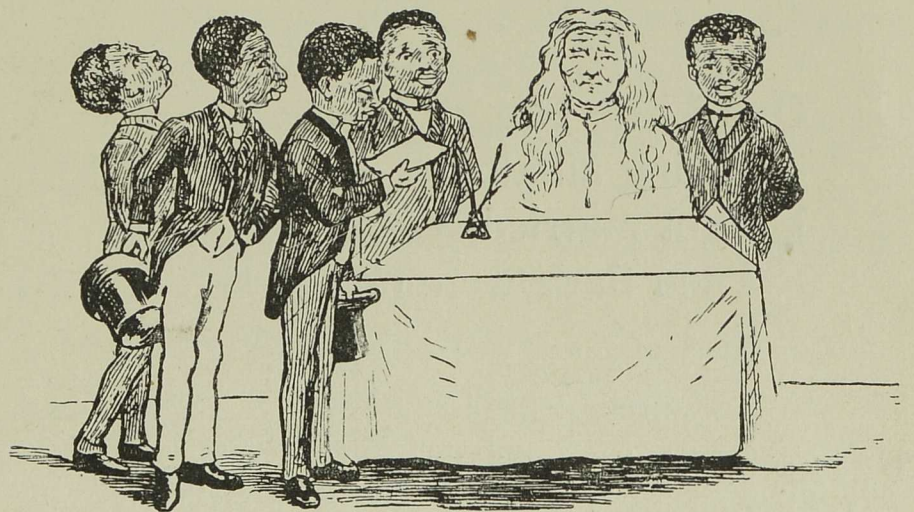
Seven Little Nigger Boys
Chopping up sticks,
One chopped himself in half,
And then there were six.





Six Little Nigger Boys
 Playing with a hive ;
 A Bumble Bee stung one,
 And then there were five

Five Little Nigger Boys
 Going in for law ;
 One got in chancery,
 And then there were four.

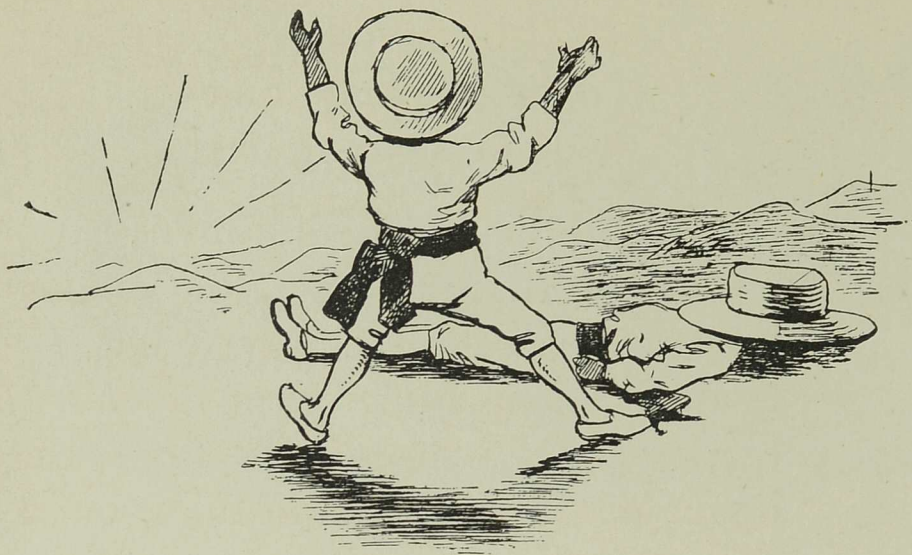


Four Little Nigger Boys
 Going out to sea ;
 A Red Herring swallowed one,
 And then there were three



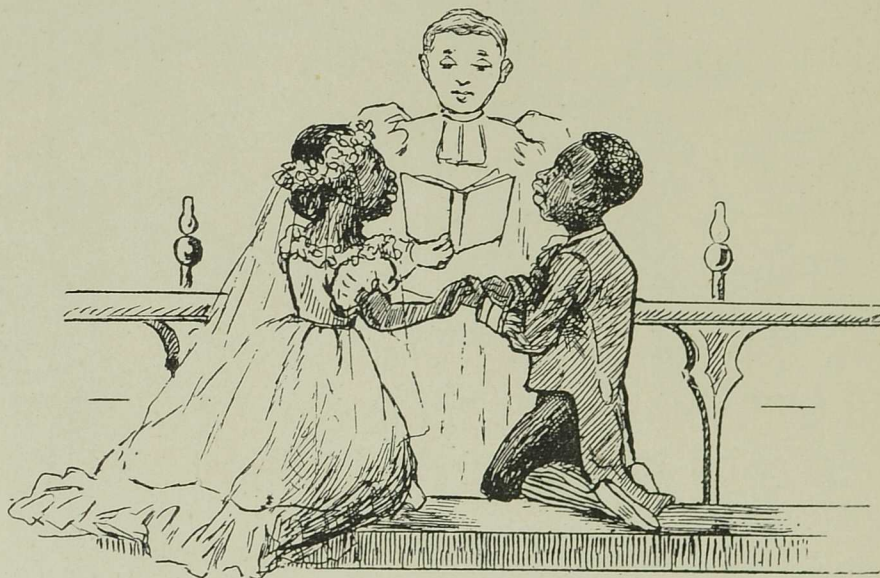
Three Little Nigger Boys
 Walking in the Zoo ;
 The big bear hugged one,
 And then there were two.





Two Little Nigger Boys
Sitting in the Sun ;
One got frizzled up,
And then there was one.

One Little Nigger Boy
Living all alone,
He got married,
Then there were none.



PETER WHITE will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

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

THERE was an old woman had
nothing,
And there came thieves to rob her;
When she cried out she made no
noise,
But all the country heard her.

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

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?

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.

I WOULD if I cou'd,
 If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
 I couldn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?
 Cou'd ye, cou'd ye?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?

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

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 squeak'd and sometimes
 vi'lent,
 And when he squeak'd he ne'er was
 silent;

Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
 He knew a mouse was not a rat.

THERE was a man of Newington,
 And he was wond'rous wise,
 He jump'd 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 jump'd into another hedge,
 And scratch'd 'em in again.

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

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

[Mind your punctuation!]

I SAW a peacock, with a fiery tail
 I saw a blazing comet, drop down hail
 I saw a cloud, wrapped with ivy round
 I saw an oak, creep upon the ground
 I saw a pismire, swallow up a whale
 I saw a sea, brimful of ale
 I saw a Venice glass, full fifteen feet
 deep
 I saw a well, full of men's tears that
 weep
 I saw red eyes, all of a flaming fire
 I saw a house, bigger than the moon
 and higher
 I saw the sun, at twelve o'clock at
 night
 I saw the man that saw this wondrous
 sight.



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.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun :
Home again, come again,
Market is done.

BYE, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.



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

HUSH-A-BY, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and
all.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go ;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and
round ;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With a merry carol, ding, ding, ding !

THIS is the way the ladies ride ;
 Tri, tre, tre, tree,
 Tri, tre, tre, tree!
 This is the way the ladies ride ;
 Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree !

This is the way the gentlemen ride ;
 Gallop-a-trot,
 Gallop-a-trot !
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the farmers ride ;
 Hobbledy-hoy,
 Hobbledy-hoy !
 This is the way the farmers ride,
 Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy !

[A play with the face. The child exclaims:]

RING the bell! . *giving a lock of hair
 a pull.*
 Knock at the door! *tapping forehead.*
 Draw the latch! . *pulling up nose.*
 And walk in! . *opening mouth and
 putting in a finger.*

1. THIS pig went to the barn.
2. This ate all the corn.
3. This said he would tell.
4. This said he wasn't well.
5. This went week, week, week, over
 the door sill.

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,
 Thursday's child has far to go,
 Friday's child is loving and
 giving,
 Saturday's child works hard for
 its living,
 And a child that's born on
 Christmas Day,
 Is fair and wise and good and
 gay.

YOUNG Lambs to sell!
 Young Lambs to sell!
 If I'd as much money as I can
 tell,
 I never would cry—Young
 Lambs to sell!



DING, dong bell,
 Pussy's in the well!
 Who put her in?—
 Little Tommy Lin.
 Who pulled her out?—
 Dog with long snout.
 What a naughty boy was that
 To drown poor pussy cat,
 Who never did any harm,
 But kill'd the mice in his father's
 barn.



DOODLE, doodle, do,
 The princess lost her shoe;
 Her highness hopp'd,
 The fiddler stopped,
 Not knowing what to do.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting
 for a race.]

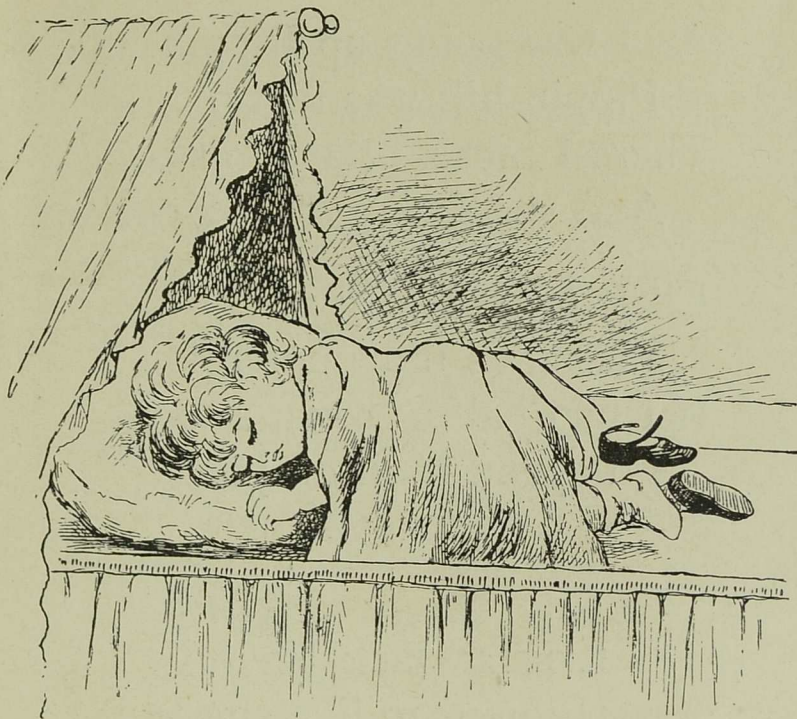
GOOD horses, bad horses,
 What is the time of day?
 Three o'clock, four o'clock,
 Now fare you away.

[A game on the slate.]

EGGS, butter, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone dead!
 Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown!

HEY diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet,
 The merchants of London they wear
 scarlet;
 Silk in the collar, and gold in the
 hem,
 So merrily march the merchantmen.

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.



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

TWEEDLE-DUM and tweedle-dee
 Resolved to have a battle,
 For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
 Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
 Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
 As big as a tar barrel,
 Which frightened both the heroes
 so
 They quite forgot their quarrel.

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

HUB-A-DUB dub,
 Three men in a tub ;
 And who do you think they be ?
 The butcher, the baker,
 The candlestick-maker ;
 Turn 'em out, knaves all three !

THERE was a glossy blackbird once
 Lived in a cherry-tree,
 He chirped and sang from morn till
 night,
 No bird so blithe as he ;
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be :
 Good boys shall have cherries as soon
 as they're ripe,
 But naughty boys none from me.





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. "

As I was going up Pippin-hill,
 Pippin-hill was dirty,
 There I met a pretty miss,
 And she dropped me a curtsey.

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

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
 He used to live single ;
 But when he got tired of this
 kind of life,
 He left off being single, and liv'd
 with his wife.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
 Sold his bed and lay upon
 straw :
 Sold the straw and slept on grass,
 To buy his wife a looking-glass.



HEY ! diddle, diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the
 moon ;
 The little dog laugh'd
 To see the sport,
 While the dish ran away with
 the spoon.



SYLVIA, sweet as morning air,
 Do not drive me to despair ;
 Long have I sighed in vain,
 Now I am come again,
 Will you be mine or no, no-a-no—
 Will you be mine or no ?

Simon, pray leave off your suit,
 For of your courting you'll reap no
 fruit.

I would rather give a crown
 Than be married to a clown ;
 Go for a booby, go, no-a-no—
 Go for a booby, go.



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 a little man,
 And he woo'd 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, 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 ?"

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
 Home again, home again, dancing a
 jig ;
 Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

DIDDLEY,

Diddledy,

Dumpty;

The cat ran up the plum-tree.

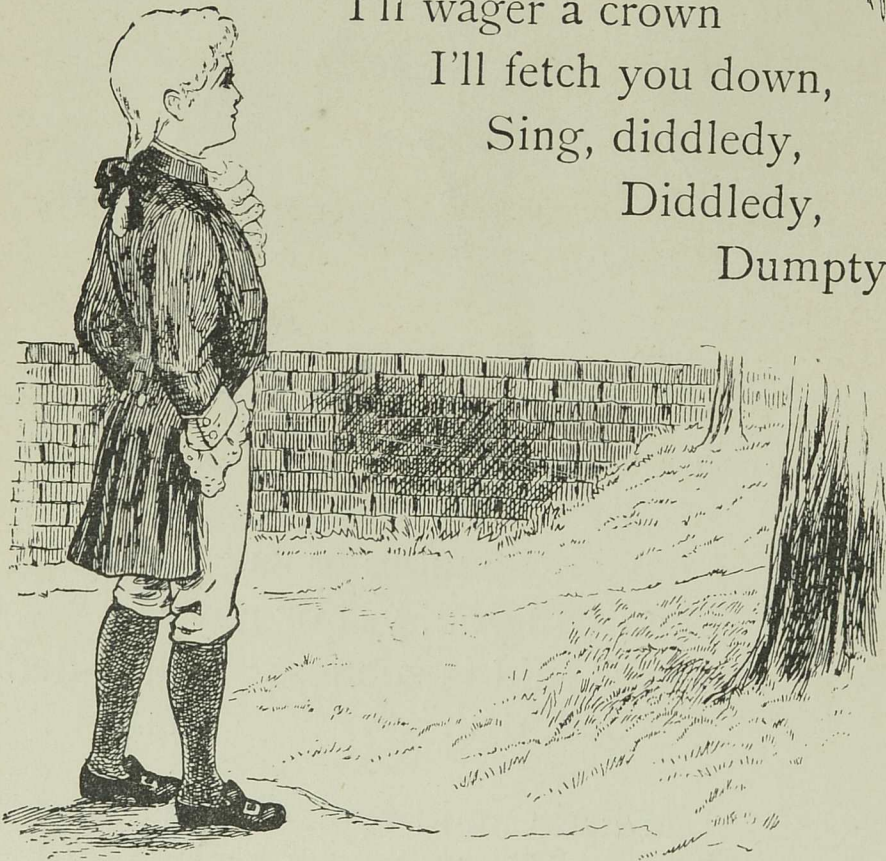
I'll wager a crown

I'll fetch you down,

Sing, diddledy,

Diddledy,

Dumpty.



DID you see my wife, did you see, did
you see,

Did you see my wife looking for me?
She wears a straw bonnet, with white
ribbands on it,
And dimity petticoats over the knee.

BARNEY BODKIN broke his nose,
Without feet we can't have toes;
Crazy folks are always mad,
Want of money makes us sad.

ROSEMARY green,
And lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet marjoram,
Hyssop and rue.

UP hill and down dale;
Butter is made in every vale;
And if that Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

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.

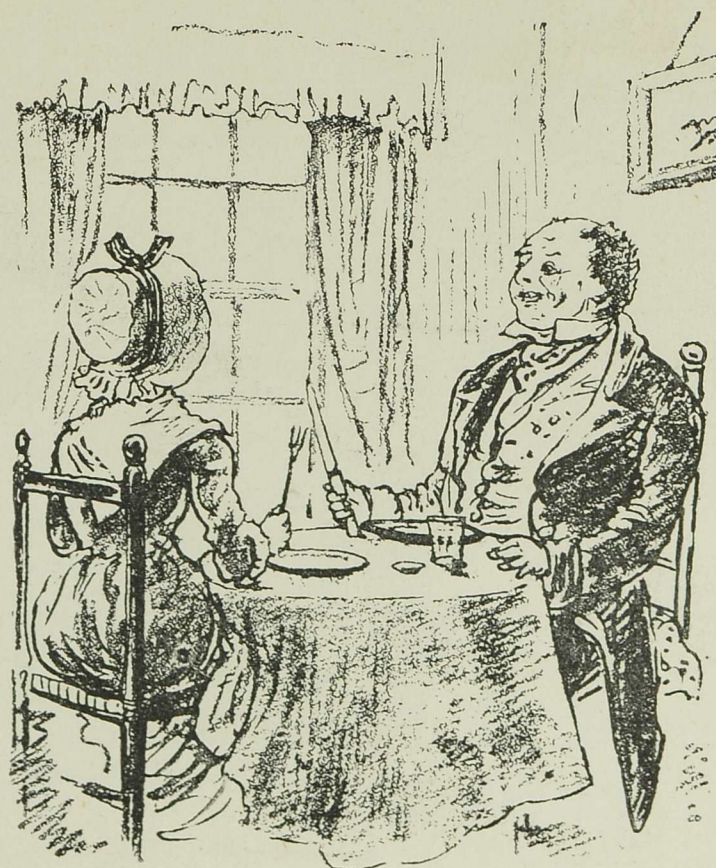
I DOUBT, I doubt my fire is out,
My little wife isn't at home;
I'll saddle my dog, and I'll bridle
my cat,
And I'll go fetch my little wife
home.

THERE was an old woman, and
what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but
victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief
of her diet;
This tiresome old woman could
never be quiet.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
 Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tadbury ;
 Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea ;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies ;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes ;
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with ten tenpenny
 tacks ;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt ;
 Twelve typographical topographers typically translating types.

[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
 Threescore miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light?—
 Yes, and back again !
 If your heels are nimble and light,
 You may get there by candle-light.



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



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!

OH! mother, I shall be married to
 Mr. Punchinello.
 To Mr. Punch,
 To Mr. Joe,
 To Mr. Nell,
 To Mr. Lo.
 Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
 Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,
 To Mr. Punchinello.

BLUE eye beauty,
 Gray eye greedy,
 Black eye blackie,
 Brown eye brownie.



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 some garters,
 To garter up his hose,
 And a little handkerchief,
 To wipe his pretty nose.



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

'Twas once upon a time
 When Jenny Wren was young,
 So daintily she danced,
 And so prettily she sung ;
 Robin Red-breast lost his heart,
 For he was a gallant bird ;
 So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren,
 Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,
 If you will but be mine,
 You shall feed on cherry pie, you shall,
 And drink new currant wine ;
 I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
 Or any peacock gay ;
 So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
 Let us appoint the day.

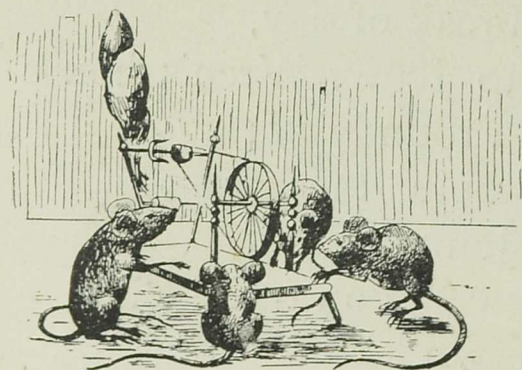
Jenny blushed behind her fan,
 And thus declared her mind :
 Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
 I'll take your offer kind ;
 Cherry pie is very nice,
 And so is currant wine ;
 But I must wear my plain brown gown,
 And never go too fine.

Robin Red-breast rose up early,
 All at the break of day,
 And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
 And sung a roundelay ;
 He sang of Robin Red-breast
 And little Jenny Wren,
 And when he came unto the end,
 He then began again.



ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding
and pie,
Kissed the girls and made
them cry;
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Powley runs away.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in;



“Shall I come in, and cut
your threads off?”
“Oh, no, kind sir! you
will snap our heads
off?”

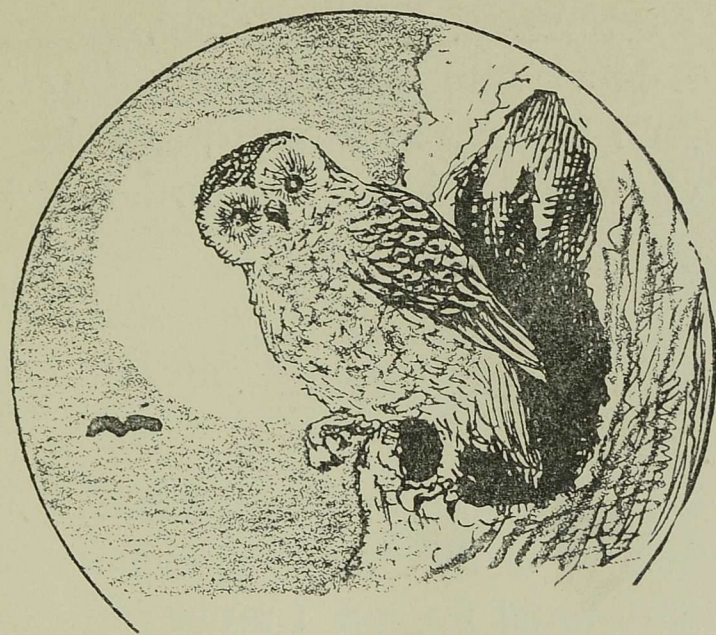
As I went over the water,
The water went over me.
I saw two little blackbirds sitting
on a tree;
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief;
I took up my little black stick,
And knocked out all their teeth

A PIE sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree,
A pie sate on a pear-tree,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
Once so merrily hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

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.





THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
 Wisky, wasky, weedle ;
 And every word he ever spoke
 Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
 Wisky, wasky, weedle ;
 Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird."
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

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

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

PIT, pat, well-a-day,
 Little Robin flew away ;
 Where can little Robin be?
 Gone into the cherry-tree.

RABBIT, Rabbit, Rabbit-Pie!
 Come, my ladies, come and buy ;
 Else your babies they will cry.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
 They were two bonny lassies ;
 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.





RIDDLE-ME, riddle-me-ree,
A hawk sate upon a tree ;
And he says to himself, says he,
Oh, dear ! what a fine bird I be !

[Bird boy's song.]

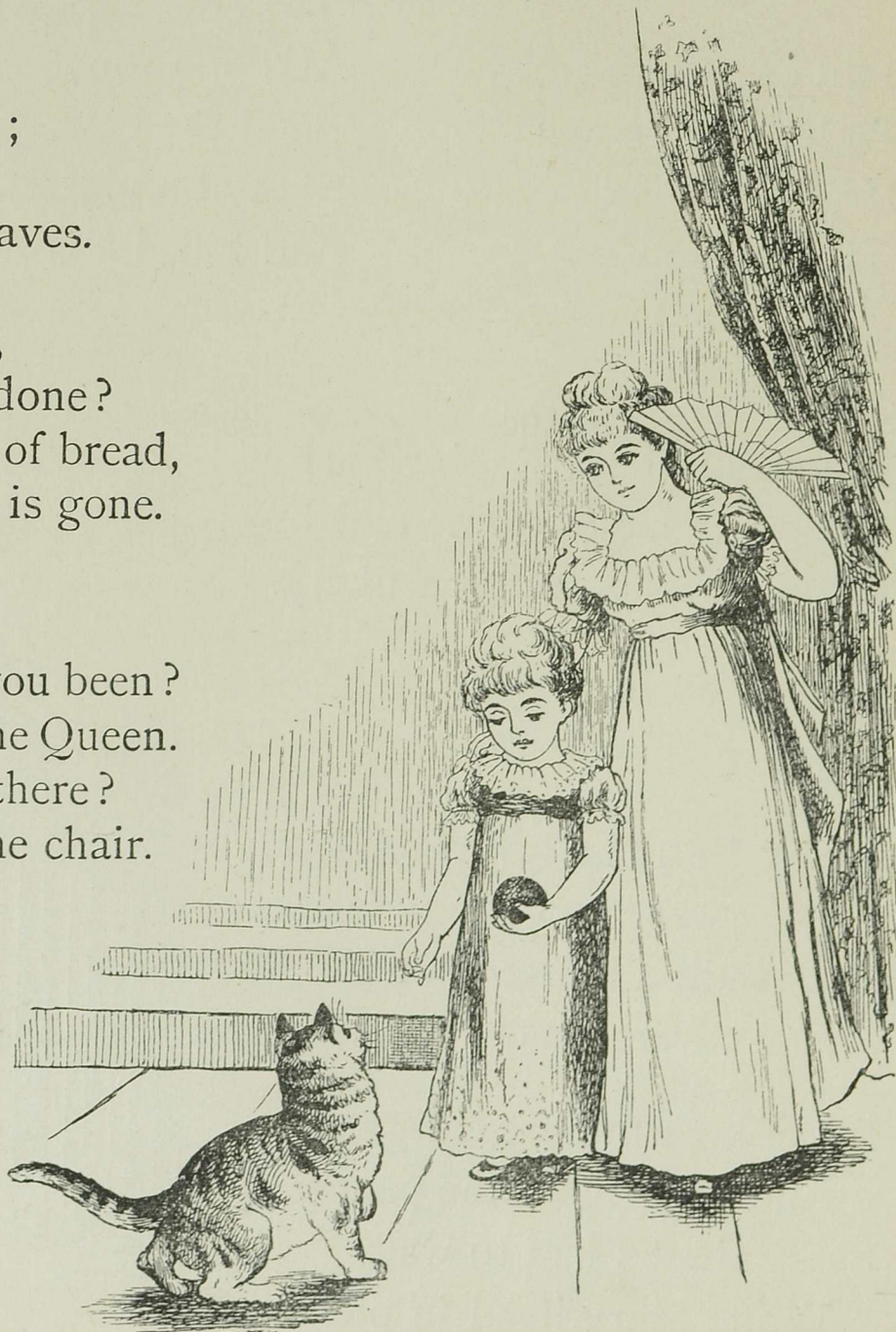
EAT, Birds, eat, and make no
waste,
I lie here and make no haste ;
If my master chance to come,
You must fly and I must run.

WHEN the snow is on the ground,
Little Robin Red-breast grieves ;
For no berries can be found,
And on the trees there are no leaves.

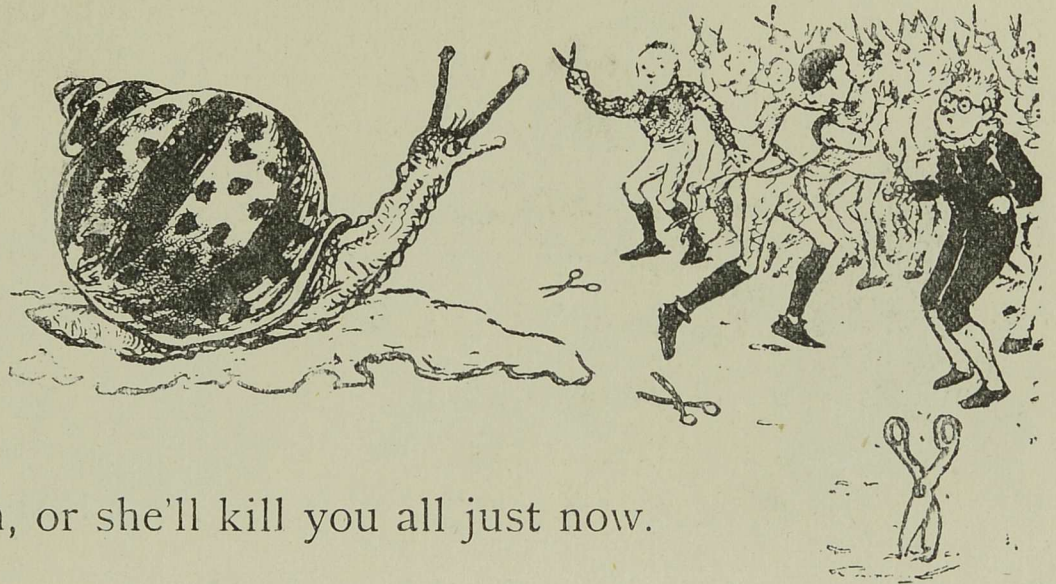
The air is cold, the worms are hid,
For this poor bird what can be done ?
We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

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

LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.



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 Kylvoe
 cow :



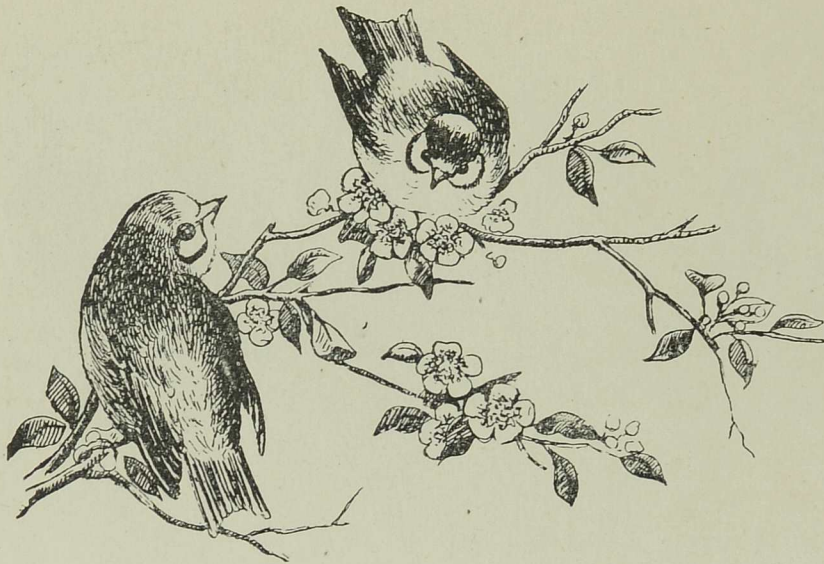
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.

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.

HIGGLEPY Piggieby
 My black hen,
 She lays eggs
 For gentlemen;
 Sometimes nine,
 And sometimes ten,
 Higgiepy Piggieby,
 My black hen!

"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."





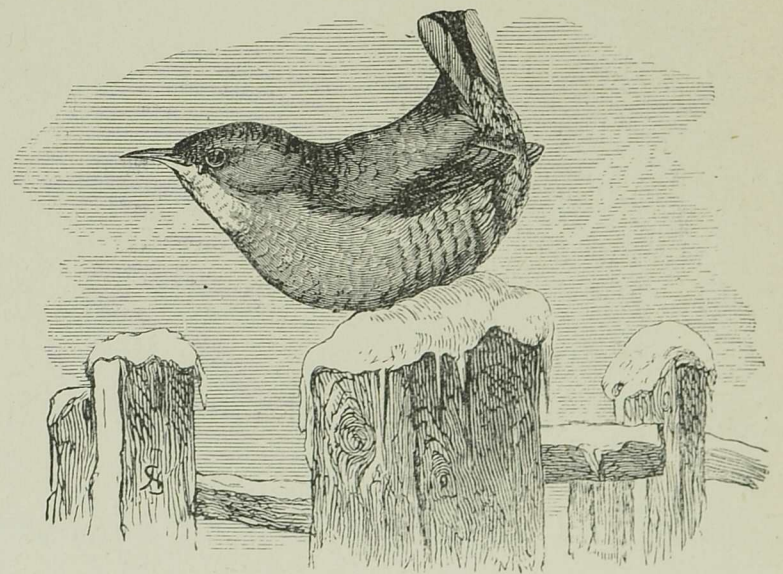
THE dove says coo, coo, what shall
I do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh, pooh, says the wren, I have
got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen!

A LONG-TAIL'D pig, or a short-tail'd
pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

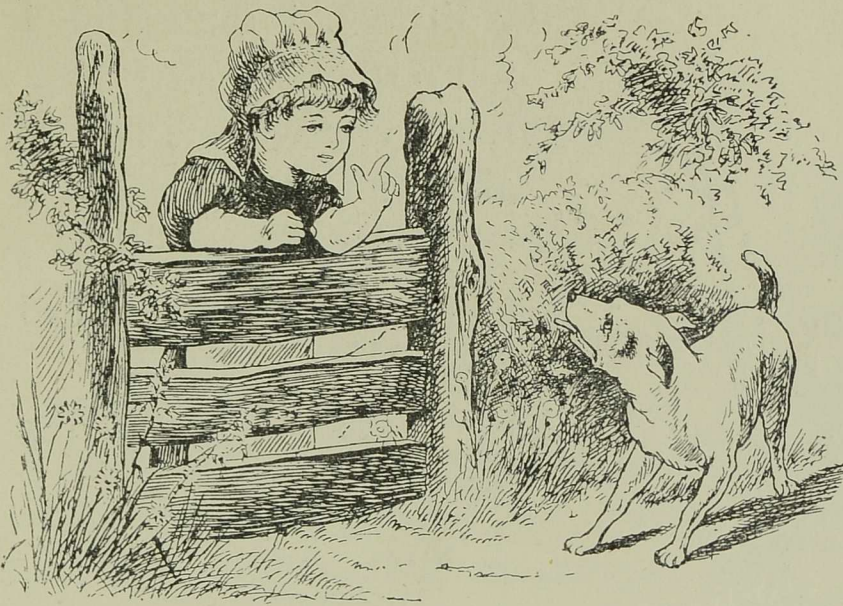


IN the month of February,
When green leaves begin
to spring,
Little lambs do skip like
fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and
sing.

THERE was a little boy went
into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew
about,
And the little boy ran away.



LADY BIRD, lady bird,
Fly away home,
Thy house is on fire,
Thy children all gone,
All but one,
And her name is Ann,
And she crept
Under the pudding-pan.



Pussy sits beside the fire,
 How can she be fair?
 In comes the little dog,
 Pussy, are you there?
 So, so, Mistress Pussy,
 Pray how do you do? [dog.
 Thank you, thank you, little
 I'm very well just now.

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

LITTLE Julia Ap-Jones stood on the cold
 stones,
 Nibbling a morsel of cheese,
 When a little Welsh rabbit, running by
 tried to grab it,
 Quite forgetting to say if you please.

THE winds they did blow,
 The leaves they did
 wag;
 Along came a beggar boy,
 And put me in his bag.
 He took me up to London,
 A lady did me buy,
 Put me in a silver cage,
 And hung me up on
 high.
 With apples by the fire,
 And nuts for to crack,
 Besides a little feather bed
 To rest my little back.



BLESS you, bless you,
 bonny bee;
 Say,
 When will your wedding be?

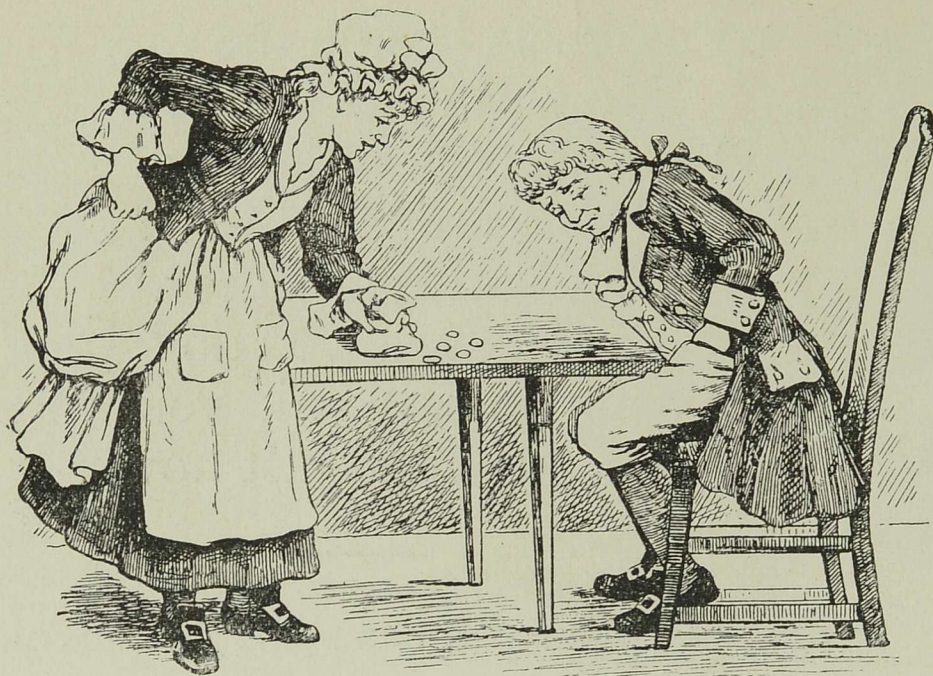


If it be to-morrow
 day,

Take your wings

And fly away.





My little old man and I
fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all
about :

I had money and he had
none,
And that's the way the
noise begun.

CATCH him, crow! carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe and ready to fall,
Home comes [Johnny,] apples and all.

LOVE your own, kiss your own,
Love your own mother, hinny,
For if she was dead and gone,
You'd ne'er get such another, hinny,

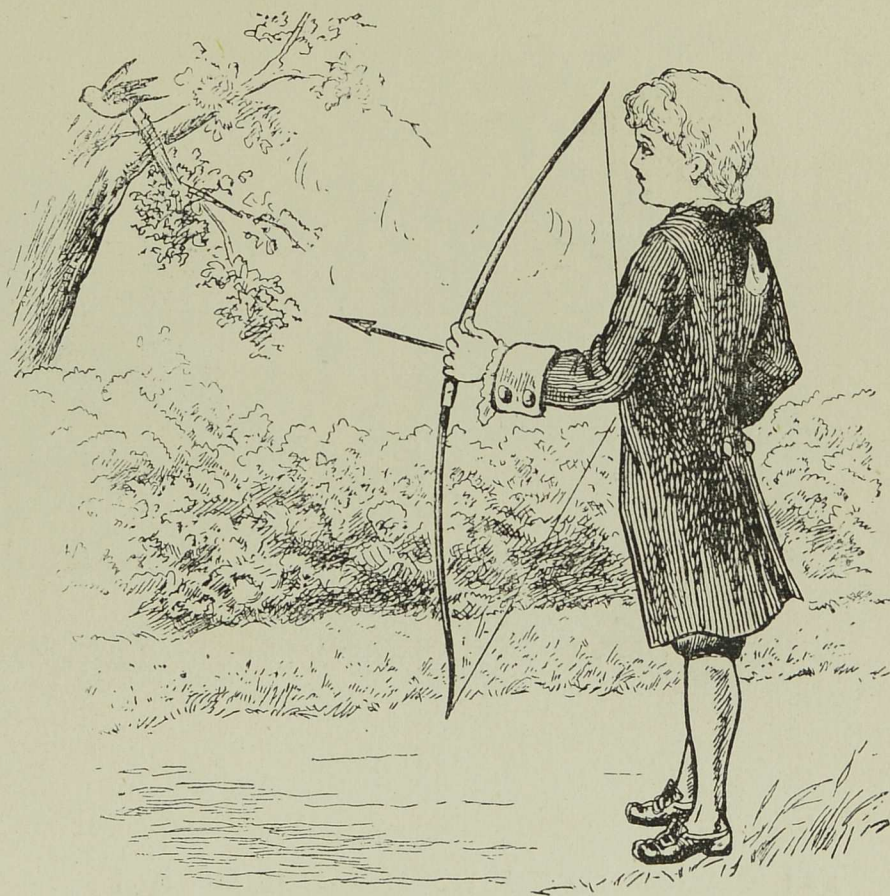
I HAD a little hen, the prettiest
ever seen,
She washed me the dishes,
and kept the house clean;
She went to the mill to fetch
me some flour,
She brought it home in less
than an hour;
She baked me my bread, she
brew'd me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told
many a fine tale.

BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big,
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.
So Billy Pringle he laid down and
cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and
died;
So there was an end of one, two, and
three :

Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.



A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a
green tree, (*tris*)
And he chirruped, he chirruped so
merry was he; (*tris*)
A naughty boy came with his wee
bow and arrow, (*tris*)
Determined to shoot this little cock
sparrow (*tris*)
“This little cock sparrow shall make
me a stew (*tris*),
And his giblets shall make me a
little pie, too” (*tris*).
“Oh, no!” said ye sparrow, “I
won't make a stew,”
So he flapped his wings and away
he flew.



LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat on a tree,
Up went Pussy cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, “Catch me if you can.”

Little Robin Red-breast jumped
upon a wall,
Pussy cat jump'd after him, and
almost got a fall,
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and
what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, “Mew,” and Robin
jump'd away.

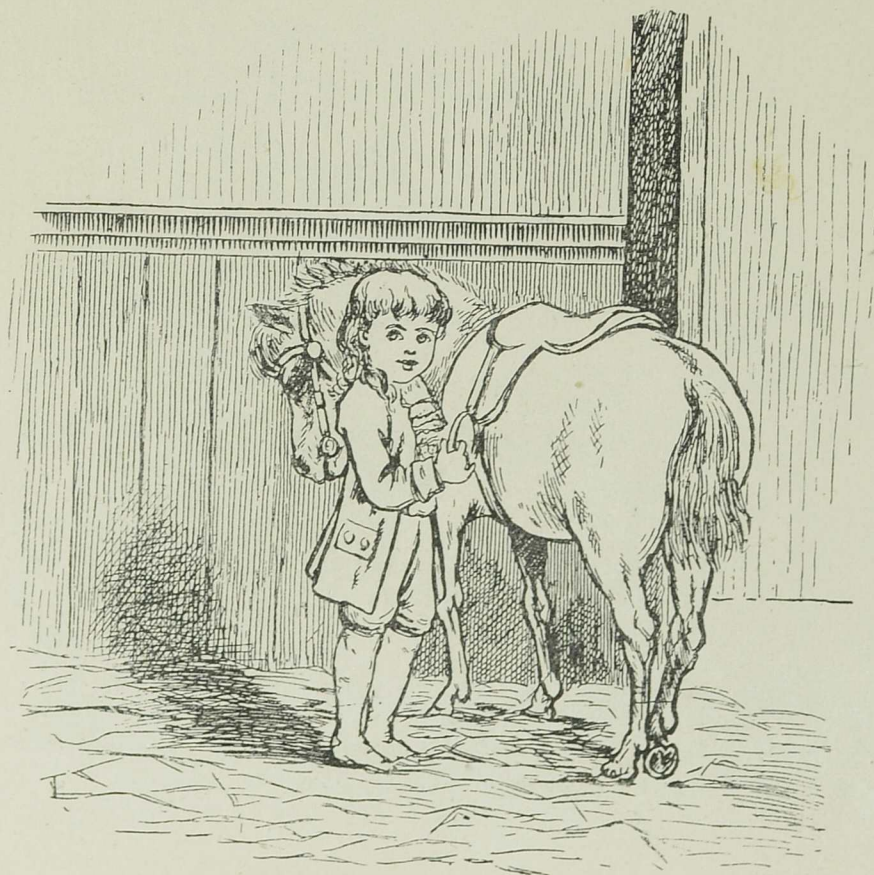
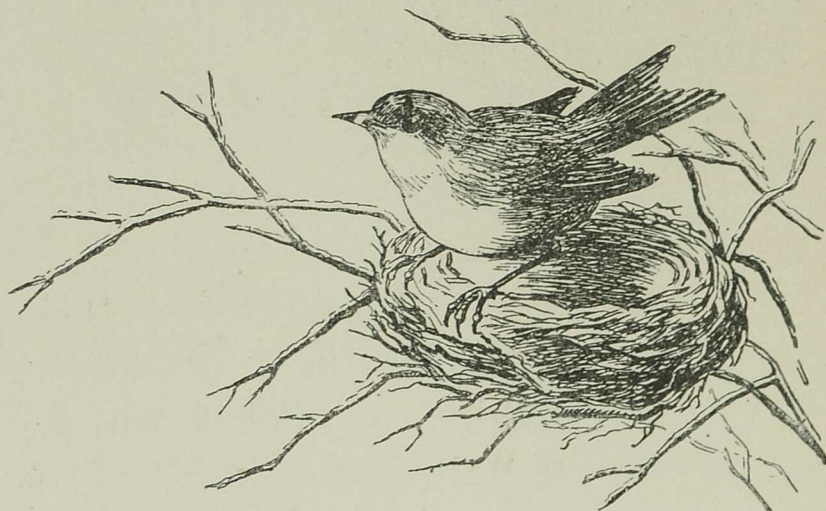


THERE was an old woman of Leeds
Who spent all her time in good
deeds;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

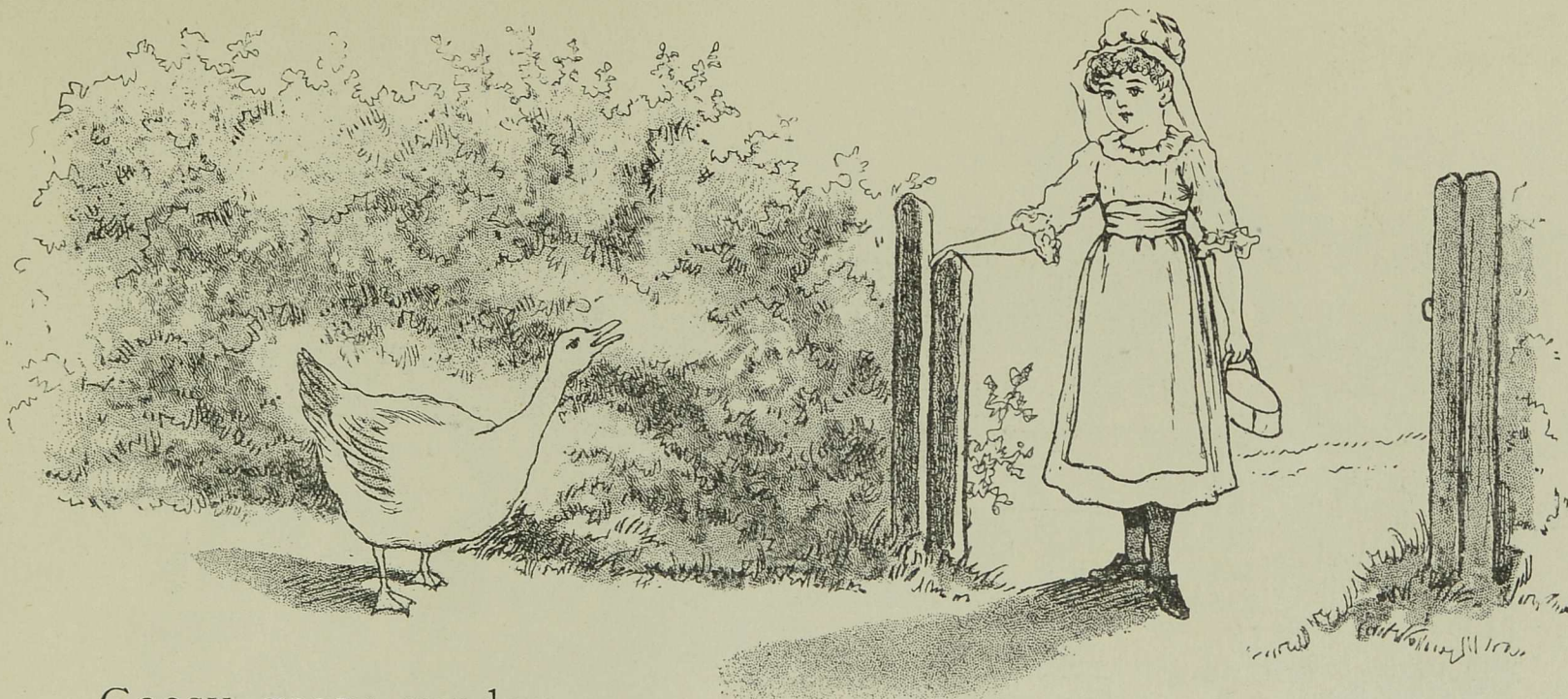


I LIKE little pussy,
 Her coat is so warm,
 And if I don't hurt her,
 She'll do me no harm;
 So I'll not pull her tail,
 Nor drive her away,
 But Pussy and I
 Very gently will play.

LITTLE cock robin peep'd out of his
 cabin,
 To see the cold winter come in,
 Tit for tat, what matter for that,
 He'll hide his head under his wing!



I HAD a little pony,
 His name was Dapple-gray,
 I lent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away;
 She whipped him, she slashed him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For all the lady's hire.

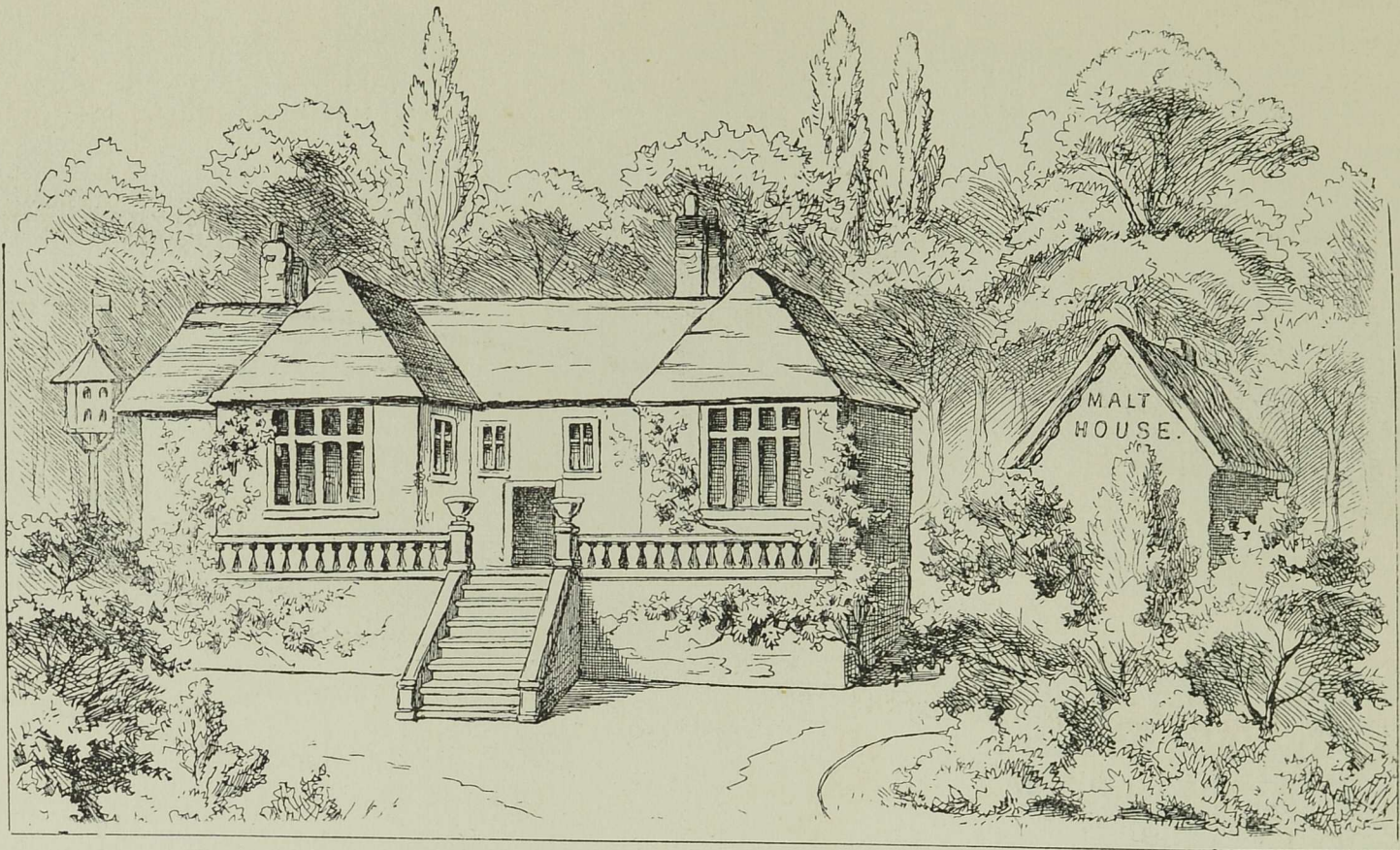


Goosy, goosy, gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Betsy Baker;
Take her up, and shake her.

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

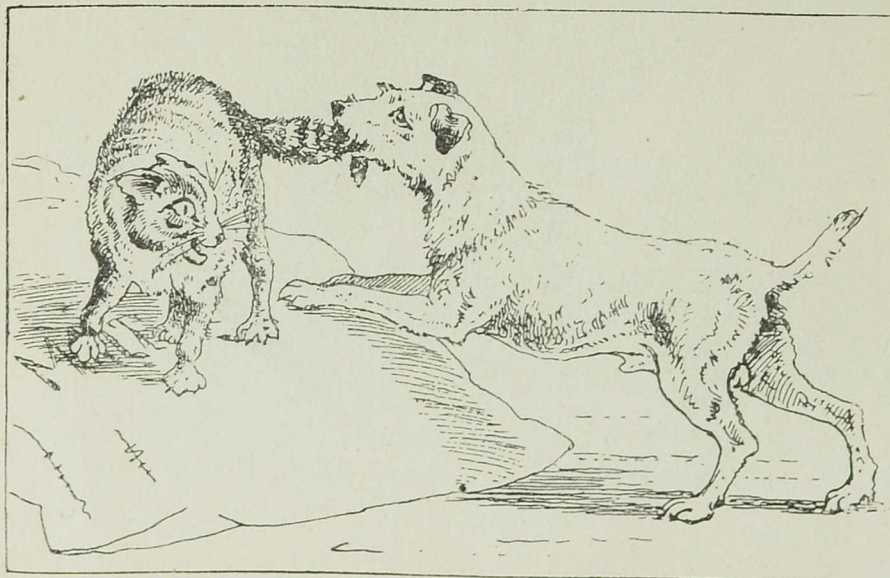
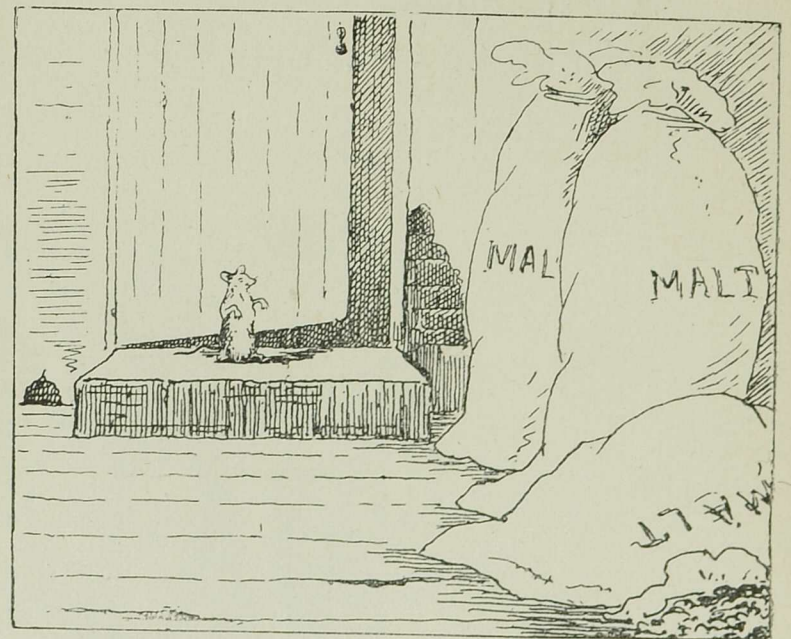
BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.





1. THIS is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

3. This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.

6. This is the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd
and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
10. This is the cock that crowed in
the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven
and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd
and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all
forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd
in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven
and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd
and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the
crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack
built.
-
- I SELL you the key of the king's
garden:
I sell you the string that ties the key,
etc.
I sell you the rat that gnawed the
string, etc.
I sell you the cat that caught the rat,
etc.
I sell you the dog that bit the cat, etc.

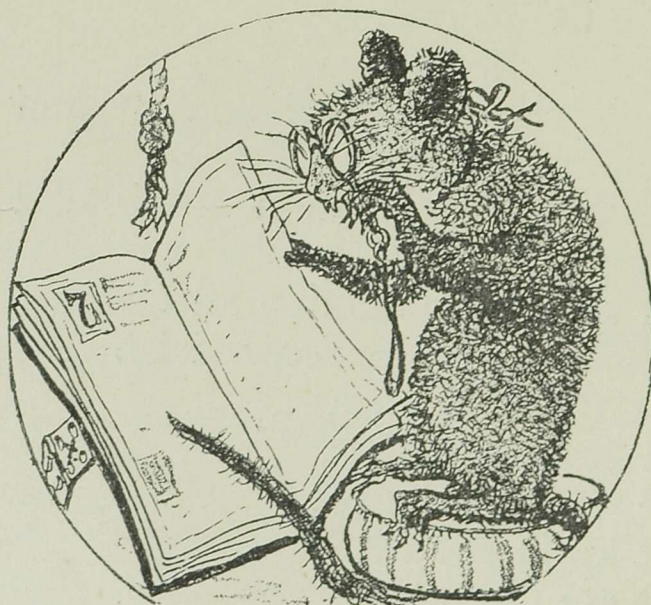
LITTLE boy blue, come blow up
 your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the
 cow's in the corn ;
 Where's the little boy that looks
 after the sheep ?
 He's under the hay-cock fast
 asleep.
 Will you wake him? No, not I;
 For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.



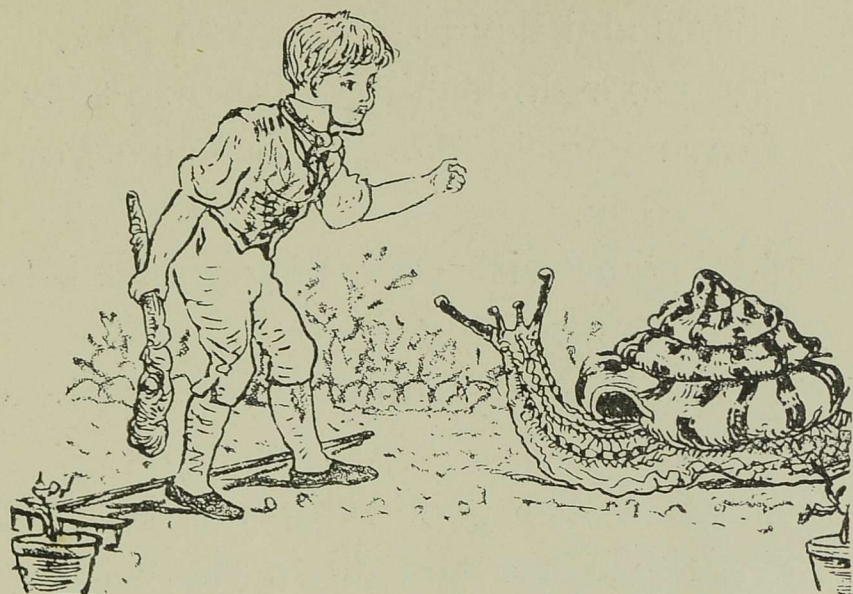
A MAN went a-hunting at Reigate.
 And wished to leap over a high
 gate ;
 Says the owner, "Go round,
 With your gun and your hound,
 For you never shall jump over
 my gate."



LITTLE Bob Robin, where do
 you live?
 Up in yon wood, sir, on a hazel
 twig.



THERE was a rat, for want of stairs,
 Went down a rope to say his prayers.



SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

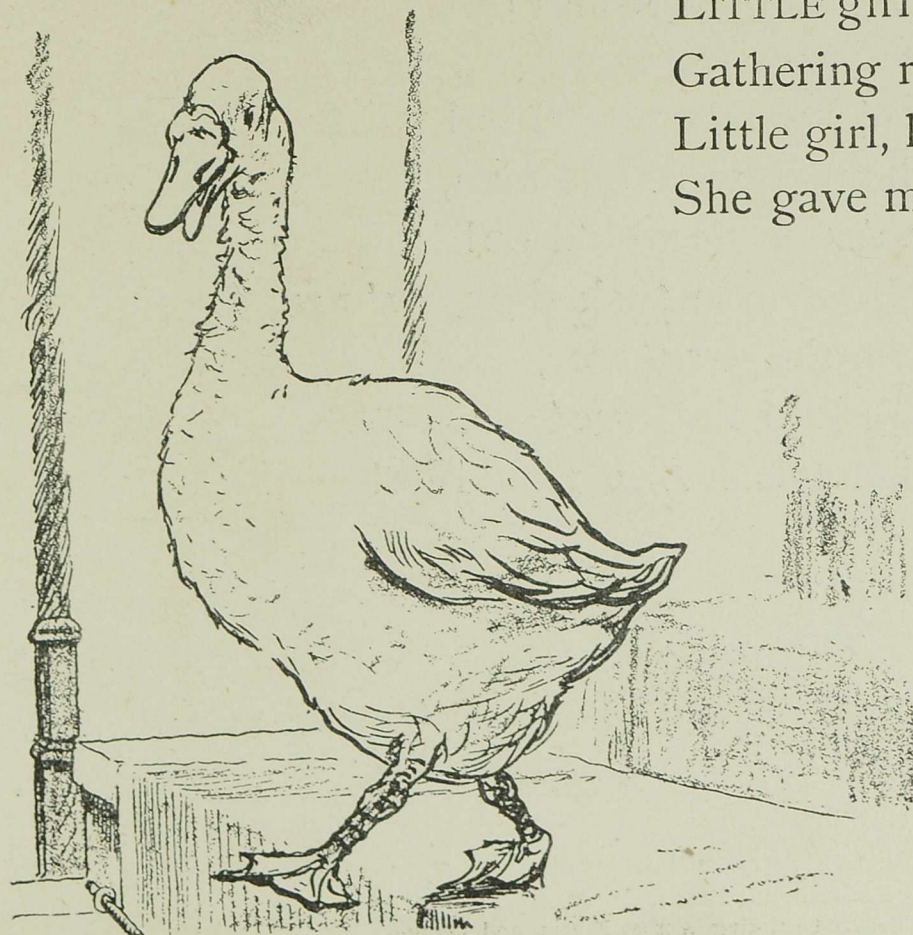
BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger
In your eye,
And tell your
mother
It wasn't I.



THE little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He kill'd a mouse within his
house,
And ne'er a one to help him.

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.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man
That would not say his
prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

WHAT are little boys made of, made
 of,
 What are little boys made of?
 Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs'
 tails;
 And that's what little boys are made
 of, made of.
 What are little girls made of, made
 of,
 What are little girls made of?
 Sugar and spice, and all that's
 nice;
 And that's what little girls are made
 of, made of.

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 playfellows 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.

IF all the seas were one sea,
 What a *great* sea that would be!
 And if all the trees were one tree,
 What a *great* tree that would be!
 And if all the axes were one axe,
 What a *great* axe that would be!
 And if all the men were one man,
 What a *great* man he would be!
 And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
 And cut down the *great* tree,
 And let it fall into the *great* sea,
 What a splish splash *that* would be!

THE END.



C. Haslewood del.

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