

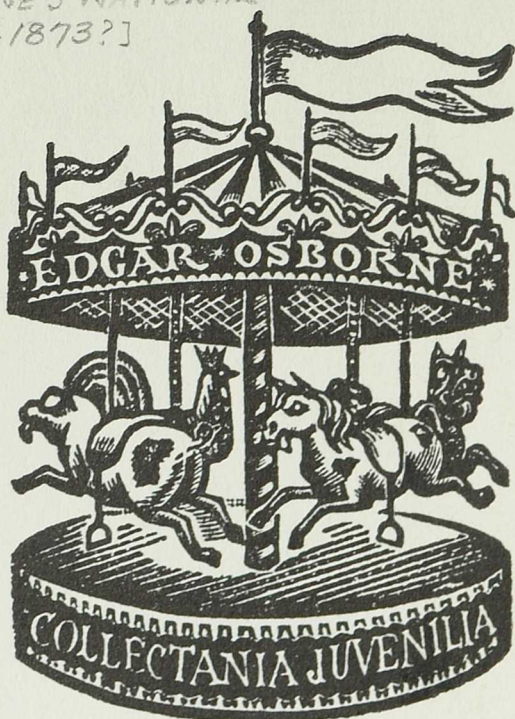
NATIONAL NURSERY LIBRARY.

NURSERY RHYMES & C

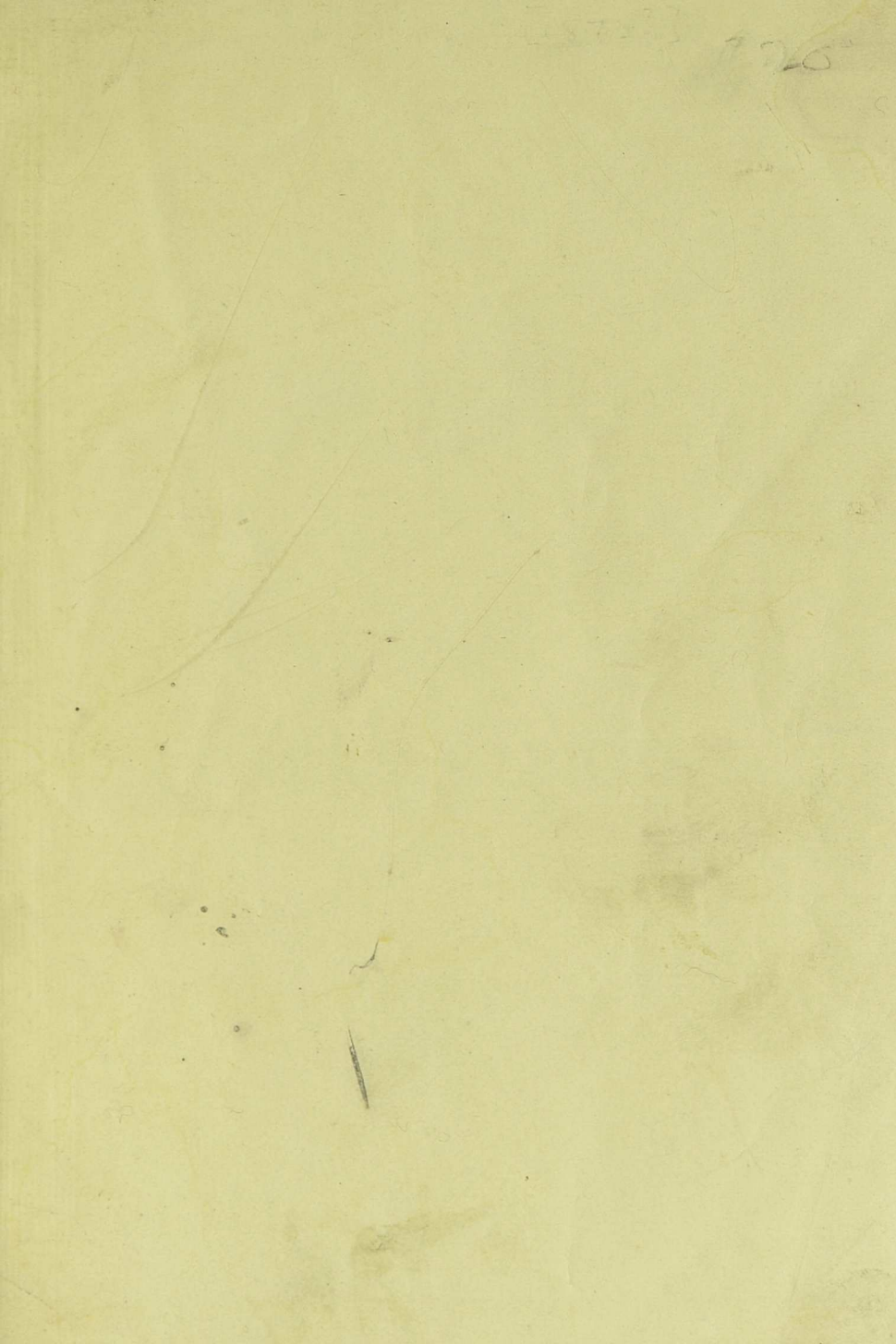


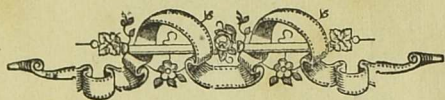
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NATIONAL
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WARNE'S
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COMPRISING

NURSERY TALES.

NURSERY SONGS.

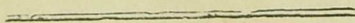
NURSERY DITTIES.

NURSERY RHYMES.

NURSERY JINGLES.

WITH

FORTY PAGES OF COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.



London:

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,

BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

PREFACE.

NURSERY Songs, Rhymes, Tales, Ditties, and Jingles, with Pictures, are here offered to little Nursery Readers. The Publishers trust that they will find much amusement in this volume of the NATIONAL NURSERY LIBRARY.

Also, Uniform with this Volume,

RED RIDING HOOD,

And other Nursery Stories,

With Forty Pages of Illustrations, Printed in Colours by KRONHEIM & Co.

COMPRISING :

RED RIDING HOOD,

MOTHER HUBBARD,

PUSS IN BOOTS,

COCK ROBIN'S DEATH,

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

CINDERELLA;

And other Nursery Stories,

With Forty Pages of Illustrations, Printed in Colours by KRONHEIM & Co.

COMPRISING :

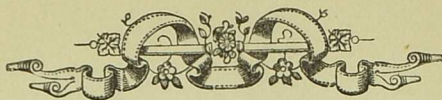
CINDERELLA,

THE PETS,

THE THREE BEARS,

TOM THUMB,

PUNCH AND JUDY.



CONTENTS.

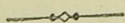


NURSERY SONGS.
NURSERY RHYMES.
NURSERY TALES.
NURSERY DITTIES.
NURSERY JINGLES.





NURSERY SONGS.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

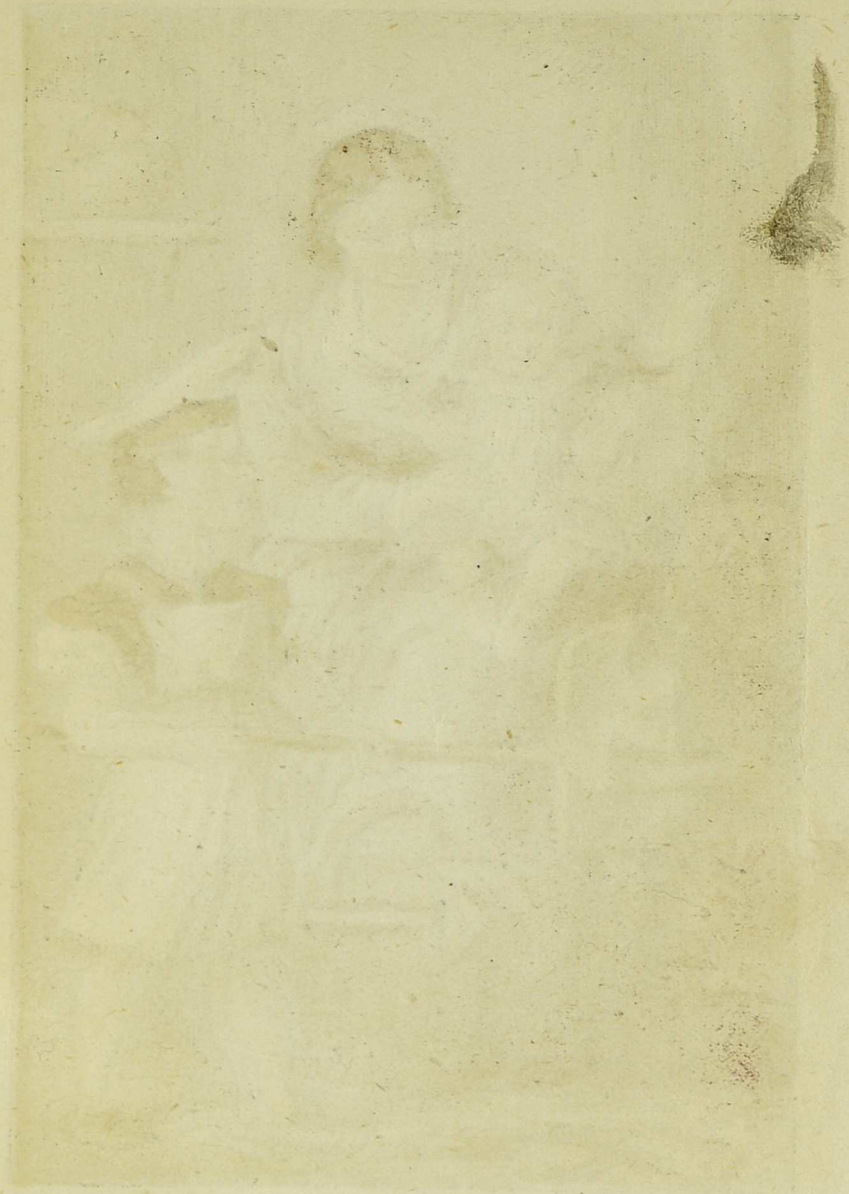
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey.

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





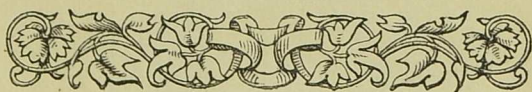
LITTLE MISS MUFFET.





PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE.

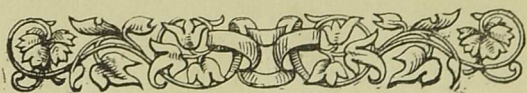
Nursery Songs



PAT-A-CAKE, Pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Make me a cake as fast as you can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And send it home for Tommy and me.



Nursery Songs.



HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
All the king's horses and all the king's
men
Could not set Humpty Dumpty up
again.





HUMPTY DUMPTY.



YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL

Nursery Songs.



YOUNG lambs to sell!—young lambs
to sell!

If I had as much money as I could
tell,

I never would cry, Young lambs to sell!

Young lambs to sell!—young lambs
to sell!

I never would cry, Young lambs to sell!



Nursery Songs.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST sat upon a
tree,

Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin
ran ;

Says little Robin Redbreast, " Catch
me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon
a wall,

Pussy-cat jumped after him and almost
got a fall ;

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

Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin
jumped away.



LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST SAT UPON A TREE.



HANDY SPANDY, JACK-A-DANDY.

Nursery Songs.



HANDY SPANDY JACK-A-DANDY
Loved plumcake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.



Nursery Songs.



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 is under the hay-cock fast asleep.





LITTLE BOY BLUE.



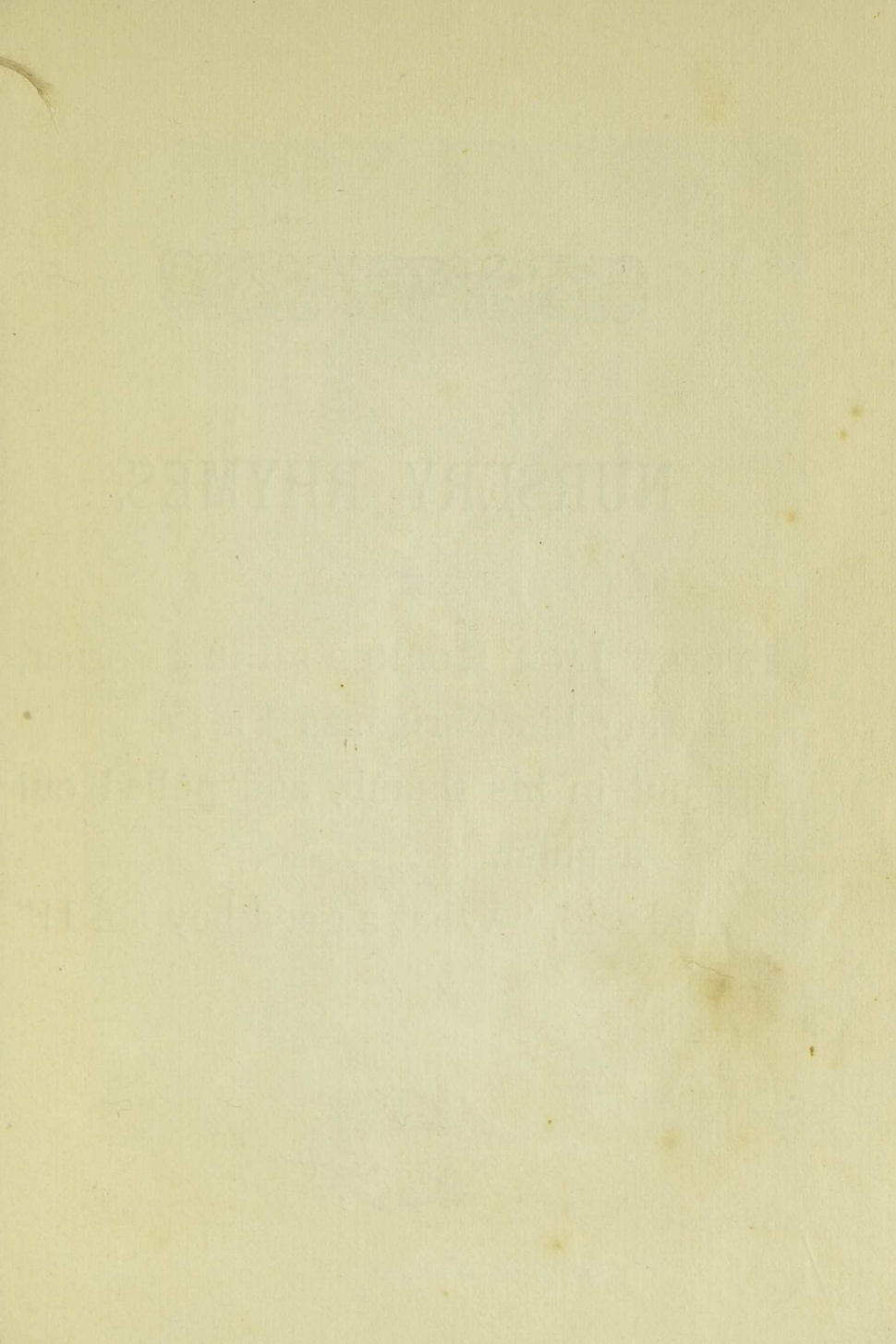
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

Nursery Songs.



THIS little pig went to market ;
This little pig stayed at home ;
This pig had a piece of bread-and-
butter ;
This little pig had none ;
This little pig said, " Wee, wee, wee !
I can't find my way home."







NURSERY RHYMES.



LITTLE JACK HORNER sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas Pie ;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out
a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"





LITTLE JACK HORNER



TO MARKET, TO MARKET.

Nursery Rhymes.



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, jiggetty-jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggetty-jog.



Nursery Rhymes.



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 from home;
Taffy came to my house
And stole a marrow bone.





TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN.



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

Nursery Rhymes.



BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
One for my dame;
But none for the little girl
That cries in the lane.



Nursery Rhymes.



PRETTY maid, pretty maid, where
have you been?
Gathering a posie to give to the
Queen.



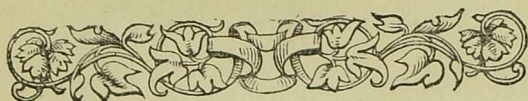


PRETTY MAID, PRETTY MAID



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

Nursery Rhymes.



MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And columbines all of a row.



Nursery Rhymes.

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost his sheep,
And cannot 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 he heard them bleating
When he awoke, he found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

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



LITTLE BO-PEEP.



HOT CROSS BUNS.

Nursery Rhymes.



Hot Cross Buns!

Hot Cross Buns!

One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross
Buns.

Hot Cross Buns!

Hot Cross Buns!

If you have no daughters, give them
to your sons.



Nursery Tales.



OLD woman, old woman, old woman
say I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so
high?

To sweep the cobwebs off the sky.
Shall I go with you? Ay, by-and-by.





OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, SAYS I.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

Nursery Tales.



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

When Dame had her dinner
Puss near her would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate



Nursery Tales.

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



SIMPLE SIMON.



MARY HAD A PRETTY BIRD.

Nursery Tales.



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

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



Mary had a pretty friend
With feathers bright and yellow
Whispering - upon my wall
That there was a pretty fellow.
The first time I saw him
Which much delighted Mary;
And now the cage she'd over all
To him her own Canary.

Nursery Tales.



Is John Smith within?

Yes, that he is.

Can he set a shoe?

Ay, marry, two;

Here a nail and there a nail,

Tick, tack, too.





IS JOHN SMITH WITHIN ?



GUY FAWKES.

Nursery Tales.



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



Nursery Tales.



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





JACK AND JILL



LITTLE FRED.

Nursery Tales.



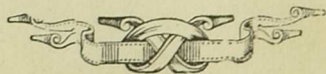
WHEN little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers.
He kissed mamma and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.



Nursery Ditties.



HEY diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.





THE CAT AND FIDDLE.

100 100





THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Nursery Ditties.

THE Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts
 Upon a summer day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
 And took them quite away.

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

Nursery Ditties.

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.



I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND.



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.

Nursery Ditties.



GOOSEY, Goosey Gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
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.



Nursery Ditties.



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





LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS



DING DONG BELL.

Nursery Ditties

DING Dong Bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin,
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.

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

Nursery Ditties.

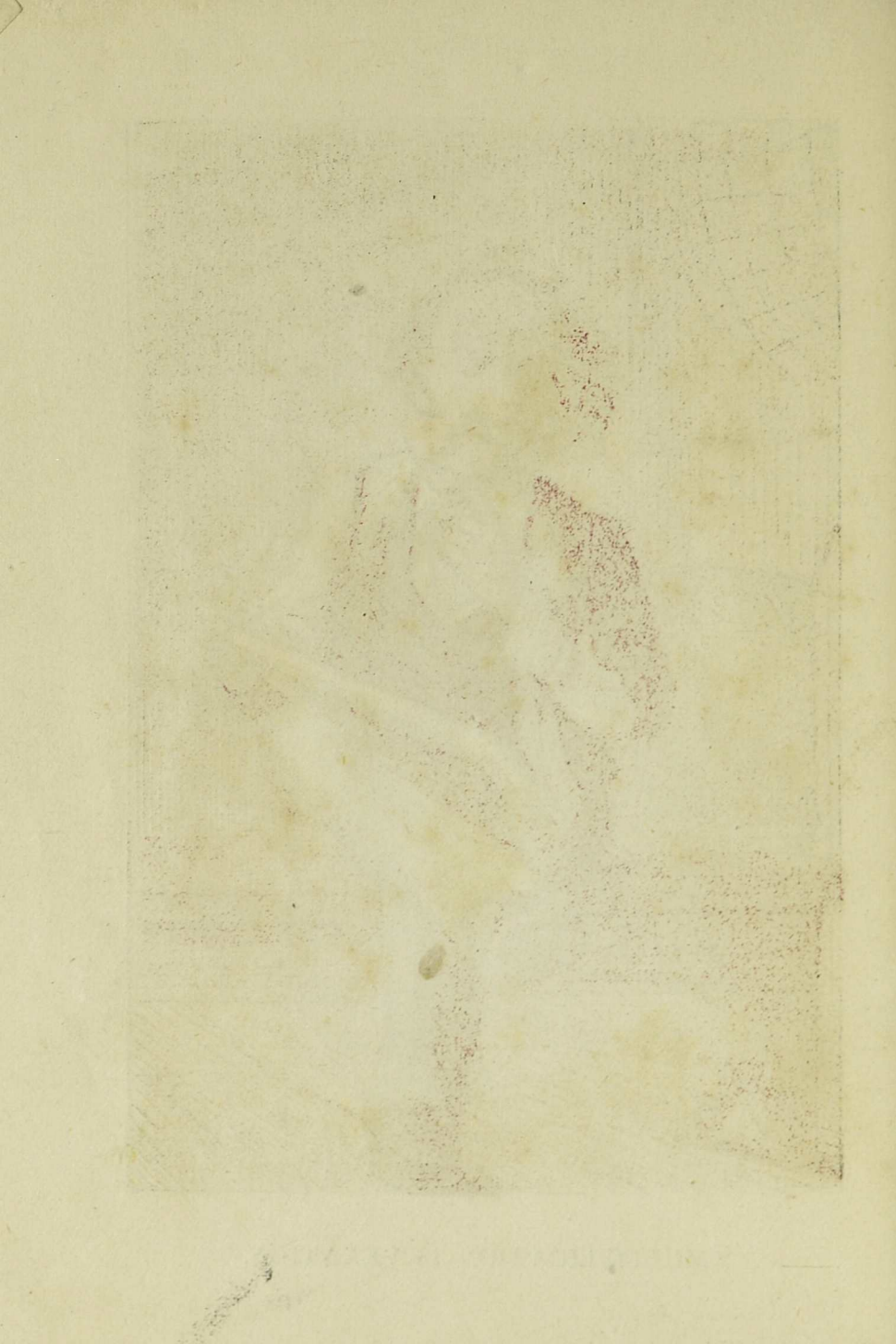


MULTIPLICATION is vexation ;
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.





"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION."

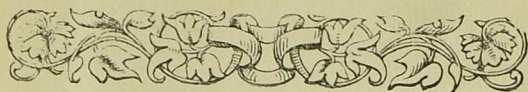






THE DAPPLE-GREY PONY.

Nursery Ditties.



I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

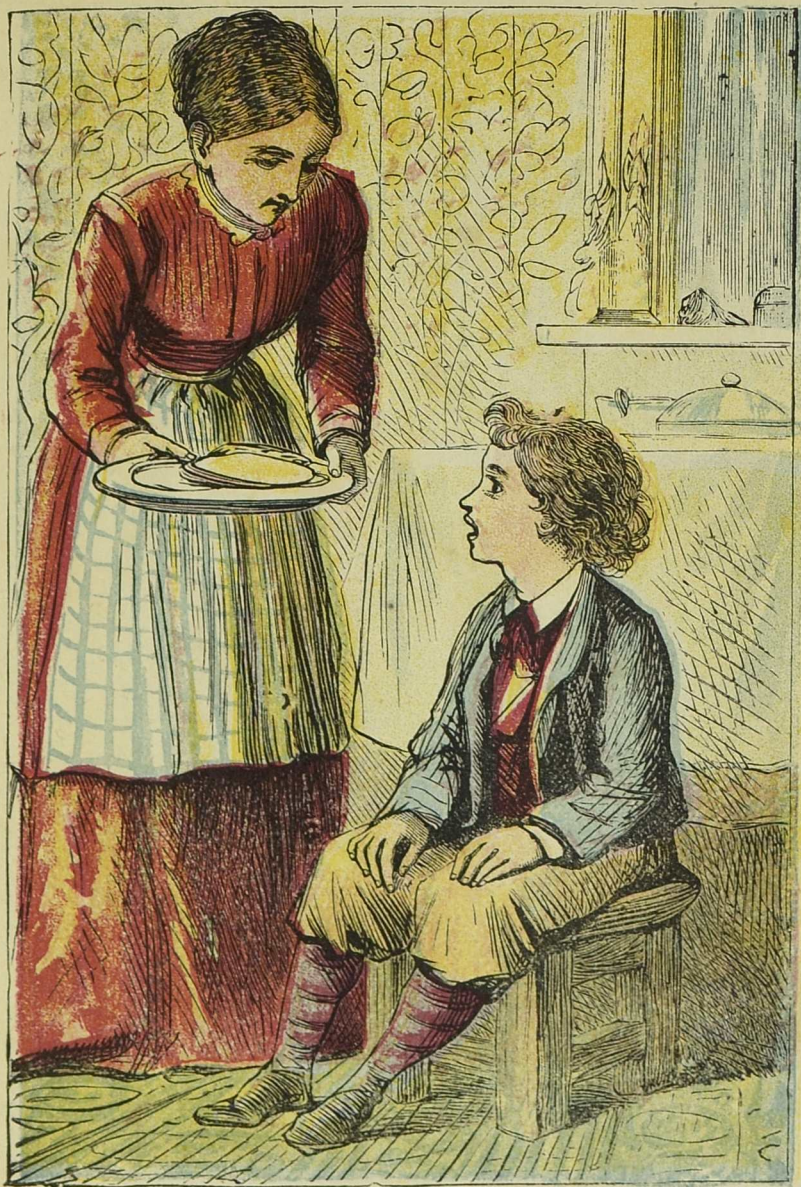


Nursery Fingles.



LITTLE TOMMY 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.



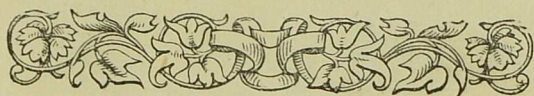


LITTLE TOM TUCKER.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

Nursery Fingles.



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 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.



Nursery Fingles.

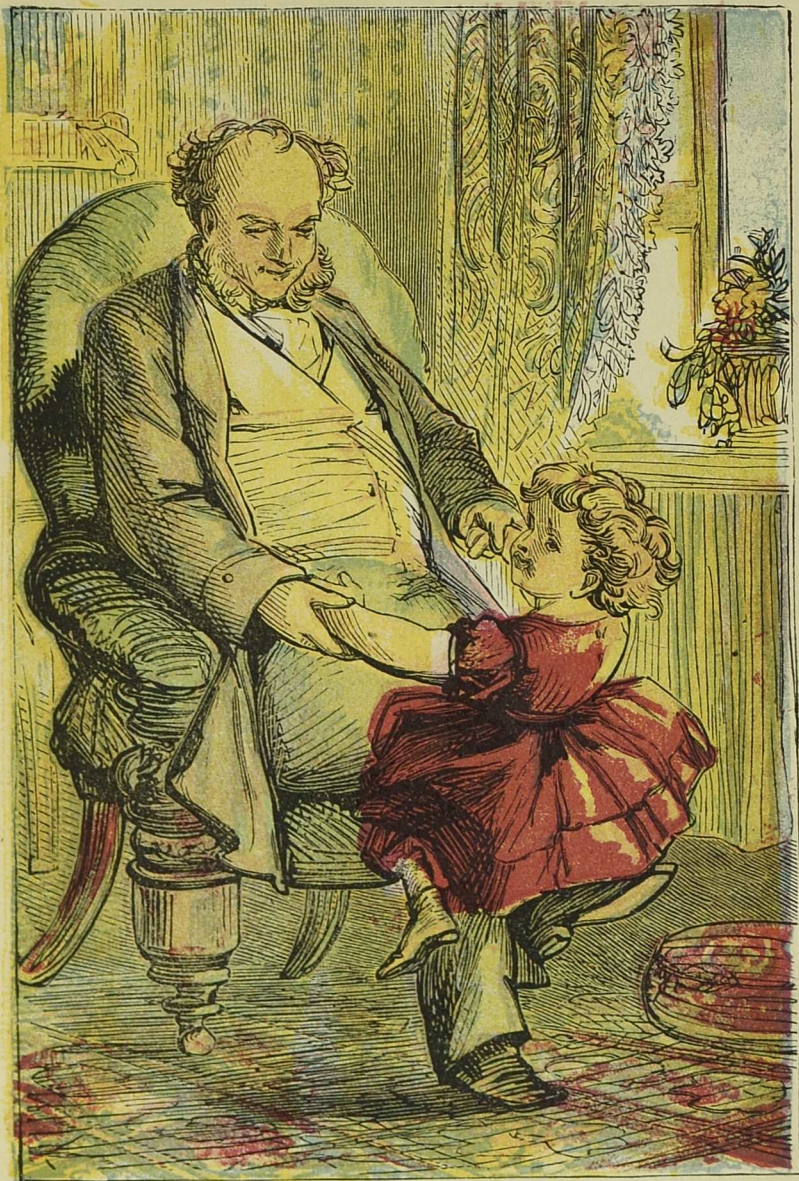


RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white
horse ;

Rings on her fingers and bells on her
toes,

And so she makes music wherever
she goes.





RIDE A COCK-HORSE.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Nursery Jingles.

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

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing.
Was not that a dainty dish
To 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 ;
'Long came a blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

Nursery Fingles.



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.





TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.



OLD KING COLE.

Nursery Fingles.

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!

Nursery Fingles.



FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to kill
a snail ;

The best man among them durst not
touch her tail.

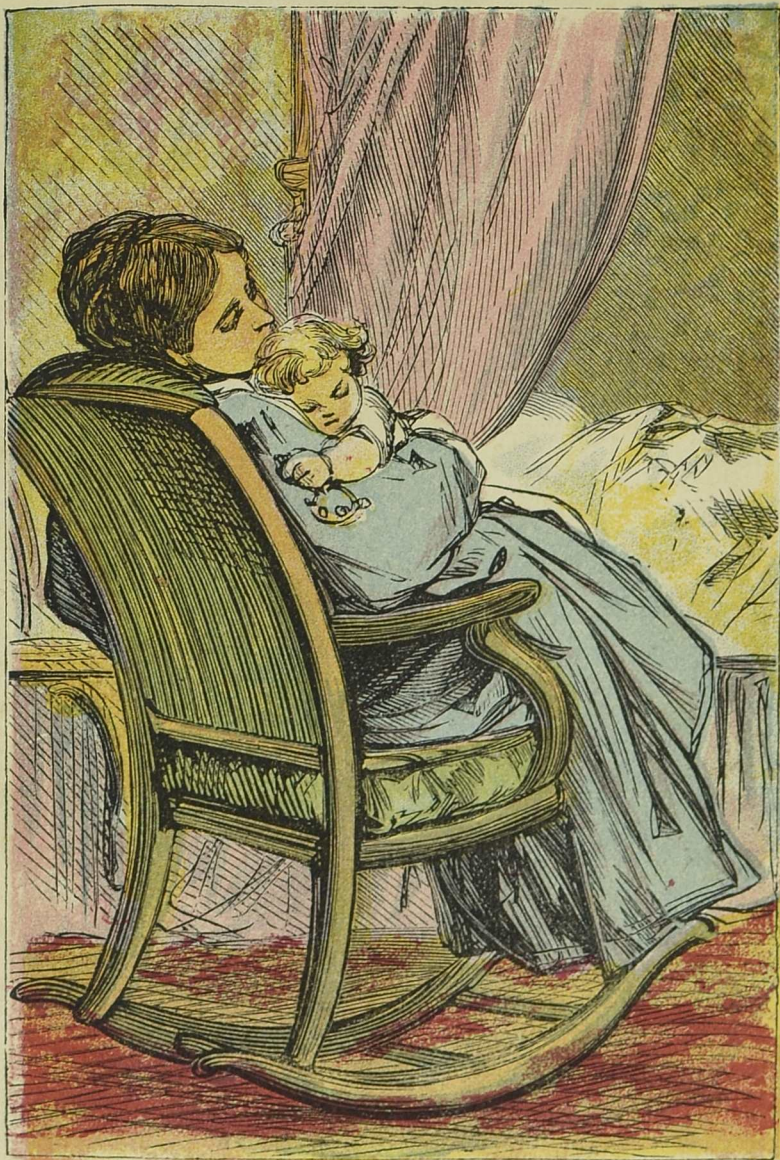
She put out her horns like a little
Kyloe cow.

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





FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS WENT TO KILL
A SNAIL.



HUSH-A-BY BABY.

Nursery Fingles.



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



