

THE HISTORY OF
SIMPLE SIMON.
AND
NURSERY TALES.



LONDON :- T. GOODE, PUBLISHER, CLERKENWELL GREEN.

1868.7.

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THE HISTORY OF
SIMPLE SIMON.



Simple Simon met a Pieman,
Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon, to the Pieman,
Let me taste your ware.

Says the Pieman unto Simon
 "First give me a penny,"
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,
 "I have not got any."

He went to try if Cherries ripe,
 Did grow upon a thistle,
He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

Once Simon made a great snow ball,
 And brought it in to roast,
He laid it down before the fire,
 And soon the ball was lost.

He went to catch a Dickey Bird,
 And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt,
 To put upon his tail.

He went to eat honey,
 Out of the mustard pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried,
 That was all the good he got.

THE HISTORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.



Now Simple Simon went a fishing,
For to catch a Whale,
And all the water he had got,
Was in his Mother's pail.
He went to ride a spotted Cow,
That had got a little calf,

She threw him down upon the ground,
Which made all the people laugh.

He went to take a bird's nest,
Which was built upon a bough,
A branch game way, down Simon went
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But the wild Duck flew away,
Says Simple Simon I can't hit him,
Because he would not stay.

Simon he to market went,
To buy a joint of meat,
Then tied it to the horse's tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice could bear,
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare,

THE HISTORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.



Then Simple Simon went a hunting,
For to catch a hare,
He rode an Ass about the streets,
But could not find one there.

He washed himself with blacking ball,
Because he had no soap,

THE HISTORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Then said Simon to his Mother.

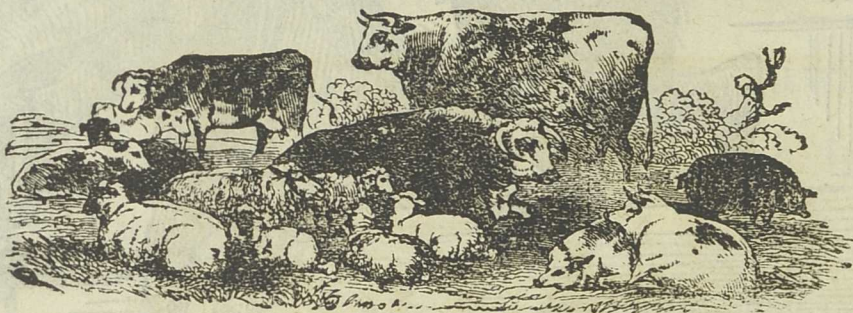
I'm a beauty now, I hope.

He went for water in a sieve,

But soon it all run through,

And now silly Simple Simon,

Bids you all adieu.



Tom fell into the pond ; they got him out, but he was wet and cold, and his eyes were shut ; and then he was sick, and they put him to bed ; and he was long ill and weak, and could not stand. Why did he go near the pond ? He had been told not to go, for fear he should fall in ; it was his own fault and he was a bad boy. Mind and do not do the same.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

Dame Trot and her Cat, sat down for to
chat,

The Dame sat on this side, and Puss sat
on that.

Puss, says the Dame, can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark? "Purr" says the cat.



PUSS SPINNING.

She went to the Butcher's to buy her some
meat,

When she came back, she lay dead at her
feet.

She went to the Undertaker's for a coffin
and shroud,

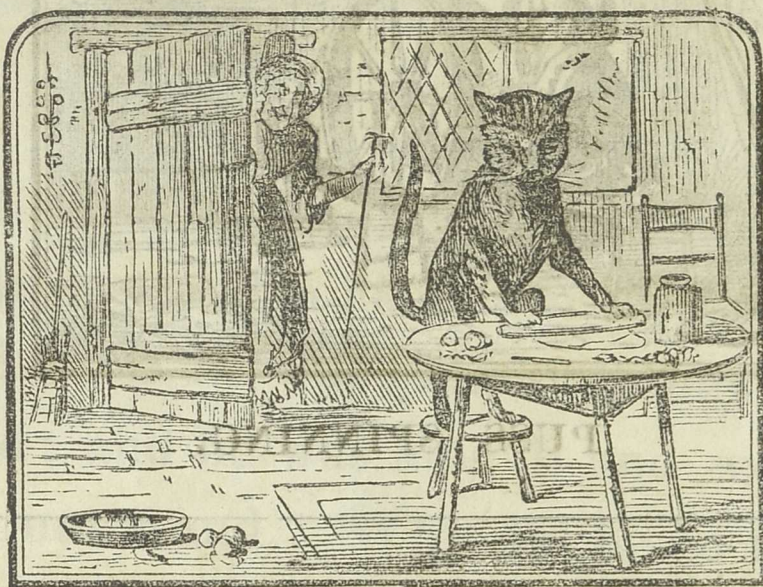
When she came back, puss sat up and mew'd

She went to buy apples, sugar, and spice,

When she came back Puss was fiddling
to mice.

She trotted once more for brandy and gin,

When she came back she was set down
to spin.



She went for some ale because she was dry,

When she came back Puss was making
a pie.

She trotted again to buy her some milk,
When she came back she was sewing of silk.

She went to buy her a new high-crowned
hat,

When she came back Puss was killing
a rat.

She went to buy slippers made of Spanish
leather,

When she came back, they were smoking
together.

The fire was out so she went for some fuel,
When she came back they were fighting a
duel.

She trotted once more to buy her a tart,
When she came back, Puss was dress'd
very smart.

You look nice now you're dressed, says lit-
tle Dame Trot,

Puss curtsied and mew'd, but further said
not.

MY GRANDFATHER'S RIDE.



My Grandfather had a whim very queer,
 Of riding about as you see him here,
 He had a dog, his name was Prim;
 And Grandfather was very fond of him;
 And little Prim, to tell you true,
 Was very fond of Grandfather too.

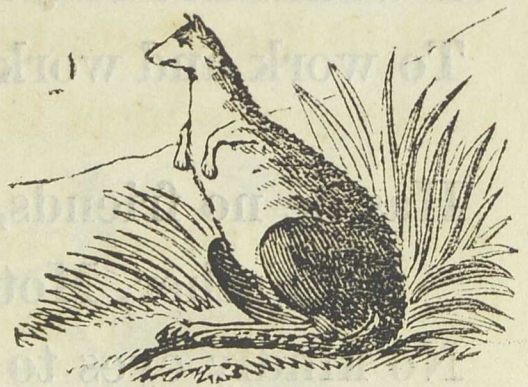
My Grandfather had an Owl, as well,
 But the name of the Owl I cannot tell,
 For a very good reason you may guess,
 It had no name, I must confess;
 But that was no fault of the Owl's you see,
 For named or not, named an Owl was he.

My Grandfather had a Monkey small,
And his Monkey he did Jacko call,
Jacko was full of mischief too,
For mischief, Monkeys always do,
And that's the reason I must tell,
Why I don't like Monkeys very well.

And my Grandfather had a Donkey brown
On which he rode about the town,
With his dog, his Owl, and his Monkey too,
Here them all together you may view,
Don't you think my Grandfathers whim,
Made all the people laugh at him.



Kangaroo.



Falcon.

A poor man is better than a liar.

THE LITTLE SWEEP.



He wanders forth, the little sweep,
Amid the cold and snow,
To get his bread while other's sleep,
The early morning thro'—
I would not be a little sweep,
To work and work while others sleep.

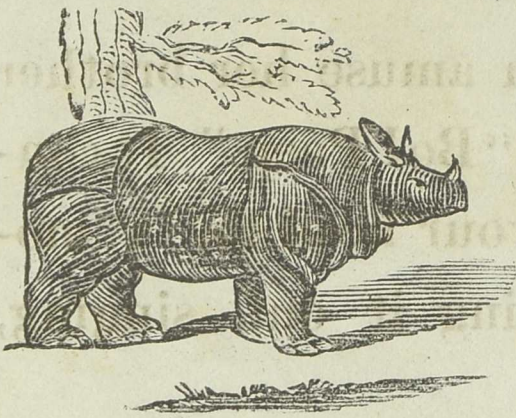
Has he no friends, the little sweep,
No Father, Mother true,
No kindly eyes to watch and weep,
For him, as others do.
When he is sick, to want is need,
When he is well, to be glad indeed.

NURSERY TALES.

Has he a heart, the little sweep,
That beats as warm as mine,
And can he read and write, and keep
His writing in a line?

I do not think the little wight,
Can read at all, and much less write.

But little sweep your heart is warm,
And beats as others beats,
You would not do a fellow harm,
Nor love with coldness meet!
Tho' poor and cold is sooty Bill,
Remember, he's a Christian still



Rhinoceros.



Gazelle.

Little Bo Peep, has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them,
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tales behind them.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

A very little girl can amuse her brother or sister by the play of "Bo! Peep." It consists merely in hiding your head for a moment, and then popping it out, singing, "Bo. Peep."
