


THE
WAGGON LOAD
OF
MONEY.

—♦—

A new invented little book,
For little boys and girls in it to look ;
And when they've read it through they'll say,
There money was not thrown away.

—♦—

YORK :
Printed and Sold by James Kendrew, Colliergate.



The Alphabet.

A B C D E F G H I J

K L M N O P Q R S T

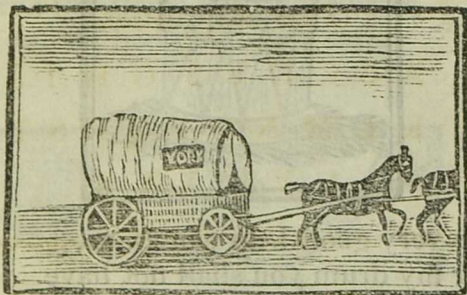
U V W X Y Z

The Strawberry.

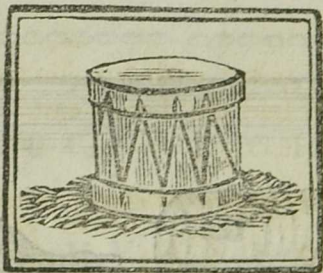
A man in the wilderness asked of me,
How many strawberries grew in the
sea?

I gave him an answer the best that I
could,

As many red herrings grew in the
wood.



Come my pretty boy to me,
And in this book you soon shall see
Many stories that are funny,
Besides a waggon-load of money ;
And in my book I have a drum,
For little boys if they will come.



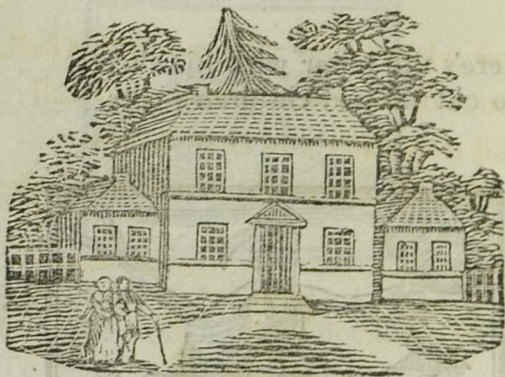
Be very good I do you crave,
Or my drum you shall not have.
To show you this in the last page,
It is the bird that's in the cage.



Here's the tailor with his sheers,
To cut off bad children's ears.



Now to be good if you'll begin,
You shall have this fine house for to
live in.



And who could e'er desire more,
Here is the key to lock the door.



Now when you're rich and in this hall,
You will have servants at your call:
And if another you should lack,
See here I've brought you a fine black;

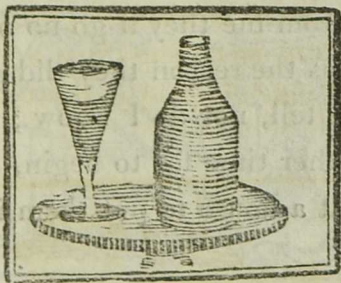


Black enough you may suppose,
He smokes his pipe to warm his nose.

The next thing that you here may see.
Is the huntsman and his jovial com-
pany,
The horses swift and dogs as sure,
The hare runs swift she's just before:
When hunting's done it is there cry,
We are both hungry and dry.



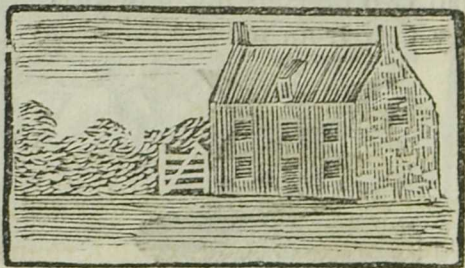
And a thing I've brought here
It is a bottle of strong beer.



I had two pigeons fine and gay,
They flew from me the other day.



But I have got them now secure,
I hope from me they'll go no more :
What was the reason they did go,
I cannot tell, nor do I know ;
But another time for to begin,
I've built a house to put them in.





Here we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down ;
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, round.



I had a little white cow she gave a
can of milk,
I sold my little white cow, and bought
a gown of silk ;
There were three rows up, and three
rows down,
Stand back you saucy Jack you'l ruffle
all my gown.



See here the pretty tender lamb,
 How it is bleating for its dam ;
 It runs about disturb'd in mind,
 Hoping soon its dam to find,
 What more pleasure to us can yield,
 Than to see the lambs play in the
 field.

O how delightful is the spring,
 It is enough to please a king.

37131 053 595 427

And lastly here's my servant John,
Who brushes my boots whilst I have
them on.



J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate, York.