

THE
OLD MOTHER
GOOSE.

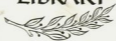


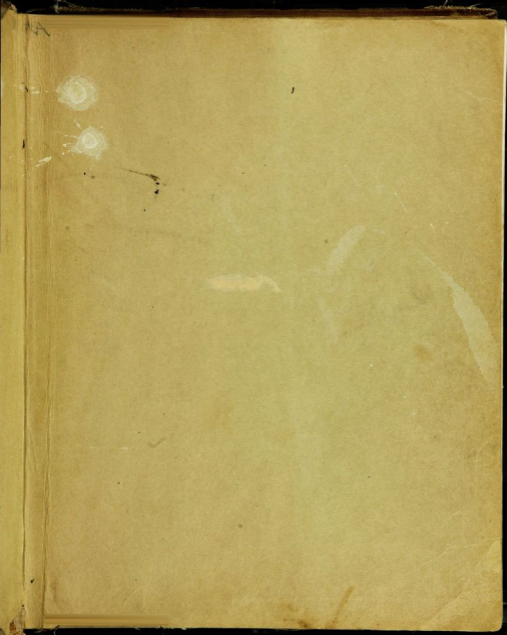
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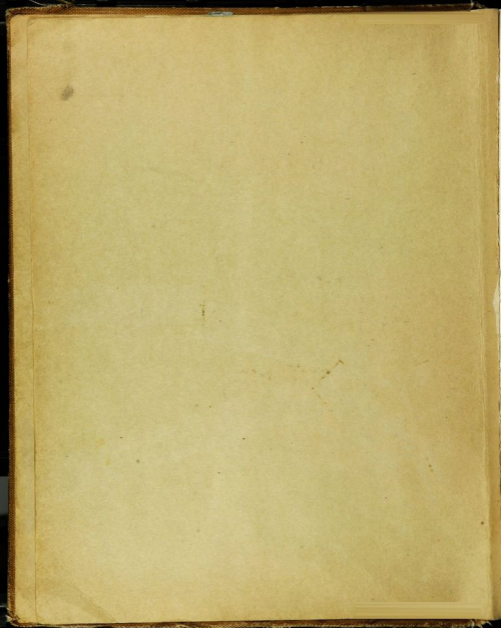




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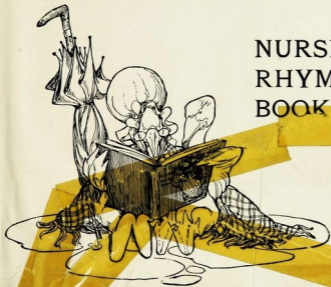






THE
OLD MOTHER
GOOSE

NURSERY
RHYME
BOOK



YOUNG PEOPLE'S ROOM
CENTRAL

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
NEW YORK



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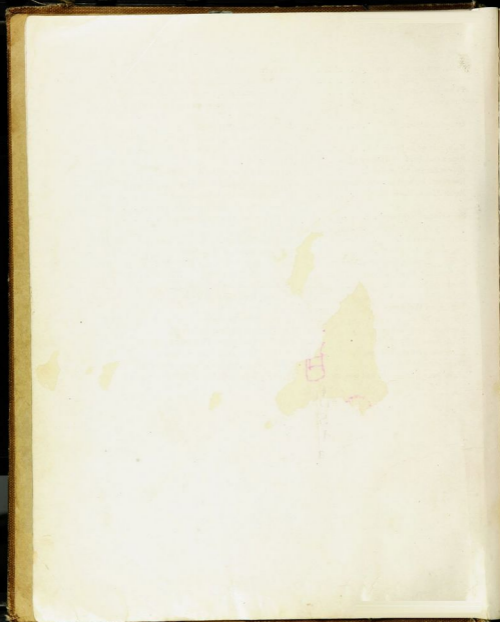
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OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.



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

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

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

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





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

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rascal named Hugh
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

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

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





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

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



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

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

LADY Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, and your children
all gone—
All but the youngest, and her name is Anne,
And she has crept under the dripping-pan.

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

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

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 ?

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

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in
the corn.
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep ?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

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

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

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

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

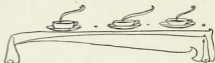
IN the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

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.

I·HAD·A·LITTLE·
NUT·TREE·

I·HAD·A·LITTLE
NUT·TREE
NOTHING·WOULD·IT·BEAR
BUT·A·SILVER·NUTMEG·
AND·A·GOLDEN·PEAR·
I·SKIPP'D·OVER·WATER·
I·DANCED·OVER·SEA,
AND·ALL·THE·BIRDS·IN·THE
AIR·COULD'NT·CATCH·
ME·





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.

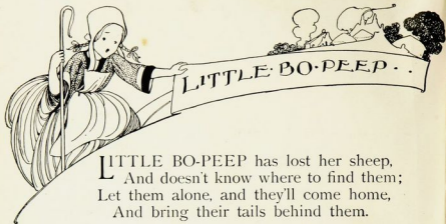
LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper.
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?



A was an Apple-pie:
B bit it,
C cut it,
D dealt it,
E eat it,
F fought for it,
G got it,
H had it,
J joined it,
K kept it,
L longed for it,
M mourned for it,
N nodded at it,
O opened it,
P peeped in it,
Q quartered it,
R ran for it,
S stole it,
T took it,
V viewed it,
W wanted it,
X, Y, Z, and & all wished for
a piece in hand.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER
CAME TO VISIT ME . . .
AND ALL WAS BECAUSE OF MY
LITTLE NUT-TREE . . .



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

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

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



THE BEGGARS ARE COME TO TOWN



SOME IN RAGS AND SOME
IN TAGS
AND ONE IN A VELVET
GOWN . . .



THIS LITTLE PIG
WENT TO MARKET.

THIS LITTLE PIG
STAYED AT HOME.

THIS LITTLE PIG
HAD A BIT OF
MEAT..



THIS LITTLE PIG
HAD NONE!!!



THIS LITTLE PIG
WENT...
WEE-K...WEE-K
WEE-K...
ALL THE WAY HOME.

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

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

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



A was an Archer, who shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, who kept a bull-dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drummer, who played with much
grace.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck,
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse,
J was a Joiner, who built up a house.
K was a King, so mighty and grand,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Organ boy, who played about
town,
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people,
R was a Robin, who perched on a steeple.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, who mended a pot.
U was an Usher, who loved little boys,
V was a Veteran, who sold pretty toys.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, who did not love school,
Z was a Zany, who looked a great fool.



HICKORY · DICKORY · DOCK ·
THE · MOUSE · RAN · UP · THE · CLOCK ·
THE · CLOCK · STRUCK · ONE · · ·
THE · MOUSE · RAN · DOWN · ·
HICKORY · DICKORY · DOCK · ·

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

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

While the little ones said "Wee! wee!"

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

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

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

These three little piggies grew skinny and
lean,

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

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

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

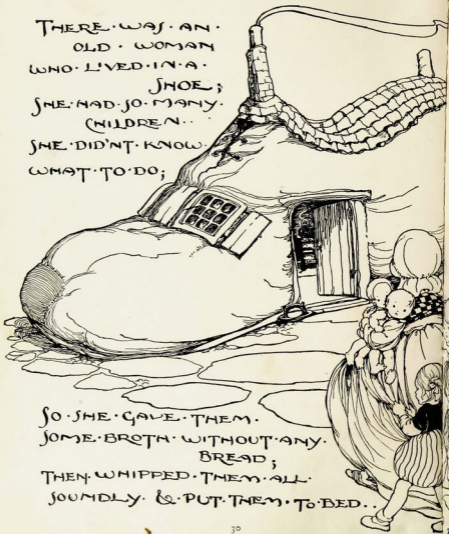
So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of fe-lo-de-see,
From trying too hard to say "Grumph! grumph!
grumph!"
When they only could say "Wee! wee!"
From trying too hard to say "Grumph! grumph!
grumph!"
When they only could say "Wee! wee!"

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see:
Don't try when you're young to say "Grumph!
grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "Wee! wee!"
Don't try when you're young to say "Grumph!
grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "Wee! wee!"

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

THERE WAS AN OLD

THERE WAS AN
OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A
SHOE;
SHE HAD SO MANY
CHILDREN..
SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO;



SO SHE GAVE THEM
SOME BROTH WITHOUT ANY
BREAD;
THEN WHIPPED THEM ALL
SOUNDLY & PUT THEM TO BED..

WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE



WHEN good King Arthur ruled this
land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding.

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

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

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

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

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE MAN IN
THE MOON
COT UP TOO SOON
TO ASK THE WAY
TO NORWICH.

HE WENT BY THE
SOUTH,
AND BURN'T HIS
MOUTH
WITH SIPPING COLD
PEAS-PORRIDGE.



THE-MAN-IN-THE-MOON



THE-MAN-IN-THE-MOON-
GOT-UP-TOO-SOON-
TO-ASK-THE-WAY-TO-NORWICH-

SIMPLE·SIMON·



SIMPLE·SIMON·MET·A·PIE·MAN· ·
GOING·TO·THE·FAIR· · ·
SAYS·SIMPLE·SIMON·TO·THE·PIE·MAN
"LET·ME·TASTE·YOUR·WARE "

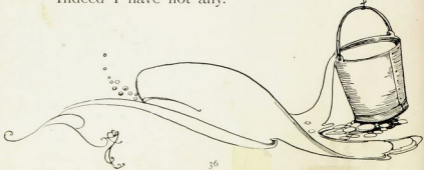
SIMPLE SIMON



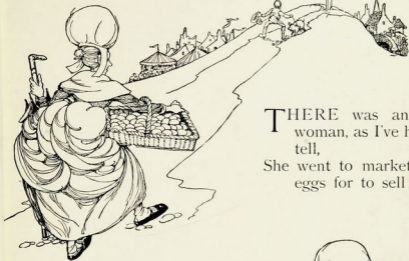
SIMPLE Simon
met a pieman
Going to the fair.
Says Simple Simon
to the pieman,
“Let me taste your
ware.”

Says the pieman to
Simple Simon,
“Show me first your
penny.”

Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”



THERE WAS AN OLD
WOMAN.



THERE was an old
woman, as I've heard
tell,
She went to market her
eggs for to sell;

She went to market all
on a market day,
And she fell asleep on
the king's highway.





There came by a pedlar
whose name was
Stout,
He cut her petticoats all
round about ;
He cut her petticoats up
to the knees,
Which made the old
woman to shiver and
freeze.

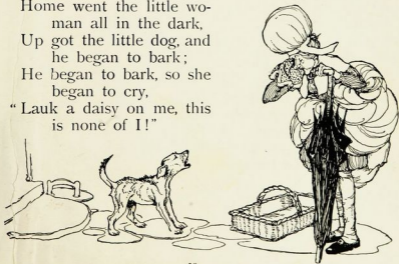
When the little old woman
first did wake,
She began to shiver, and
she began to shake ;
She began to wonder, and
she began to cry,
“Lauk a daisy on me, this
can't be I!”





“ But if it be I, as I hope
it be,
I have a little dog at home,
and he'll know me;
If it be I, he will wag his
little tail,
And if it be not I, he will
loudly bark and wail.”

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





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;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

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

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

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

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He will sit in the barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!


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

OLD KING COLE



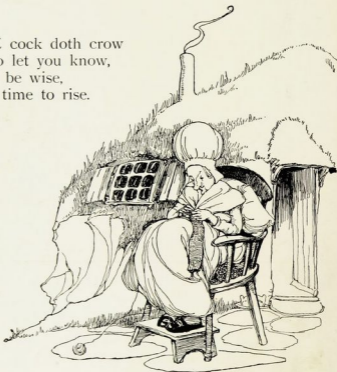
OLD KING COLE WAS
A MERRY OLD SOUL
AND A MERRY OLD SOUL
WAS HE . . .
HE CALLED FOR HIS
PIPE,
AND HE CALLED FOR
HIS BOWL.
AND HE CALLED FOR
HIS FIDDLER & THREE



EVERY FIDDLER, HE
 HAD A FIDDLE, . . . 
 AND A VERY FINE FIDDLE
 HAD HE, . . .
 TWEE TWEEDE DEE TWEEDE
 DEE, WENT THE FIDDLER . . .
 OH, THERE'S NONE SO RARE,
 AS CAN COMPARE . . .
 WITH KING COLE & HIS FIDDLER THREE

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

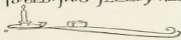
THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.





DEEDLE DEEDLE DUMPLING
MY SON JOHN . .
WENT TO BED WITH
HIS TROUSERS ON.
ONE SHOE OFF & ONE
SHOE ON . .
DEEDLE DEEDLE
DUMPLING,
MY SON JOHN

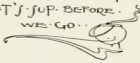
TO BED TO BED SAID SLEEPY NED.



LET'S WAIT A BIT SAID SLOW.



"PUT ON THE POT."
SAID GREEDY TOT
LET'S SUP BEFORE
WE GO . .

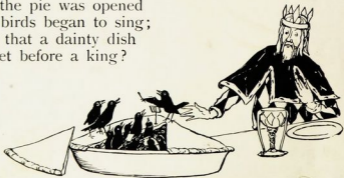


SING-A-SONG-O'-SIXPENCE.



SING a song of six-
pence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty black-
birds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?



of six-
of rye,
black-
ie;



The king was in his
counting-house,
Counting out his
money;

The queen was in the
parlour,
Eating bread and
honey.



The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down flew a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.



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

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

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

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

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

GOOSIE-GOOSIE-GANDER



GOOSIE-GOOSIE-GANDER ·
WHERE-DO-YOU-WANDER ·
UPSTAIRS · & DOWNSTAIRS ·
AND · IN · MY · LADY'S · CHAMBER ·

GOOSIE · GOOSIE · GANDER



THERE · I · MET · AN · OLD · MAN ·
THAT · WOULD'NT · SAY · HIS · PRAYERS ·;
I · TOOK · HIM · BY · THE · LEFT · LEG ·,
AND · THREW · HIM · DOWNSTAIRS ·.

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

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

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

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

TOM HE WAS A PIPER'S SON.



TOM he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

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

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



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

He met old dame Trot with
a basket of eggs;
He used his pipe, and she
used her legs.
She danced about till the
eggs were all broke;
She began to fret, but he
laughed at the joke.



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

THE Queen of Hearts
 She made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
 The Knave of Hearts
 He stole those tarts,
And took them clean away.

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

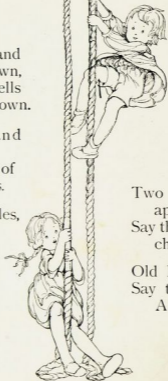


GAY go up and
 gay go down,
 To ring the bells
 of London Town.

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

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

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



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

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

Two sticks and an
 apple,
 Say the bells at White-
 chapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
 Say the slow bells at
 Aldgate.

You owe me ten shil-
lings,
Say the bells at St.
Helen's.

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

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

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shore-
ditch.

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.



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

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

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

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

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



THREE BLIND MICE,
 SEE HOW THEY RUN!
 THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S
 WIFE,
 WHO CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH THE
 CARVING KNIFE;



DID EVER YOU SEE SUCH
 A SIGHT IN YOUR LIFE?
 AS THREE BLIND MICE . . .



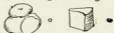
IF ALL THE WORLD WERE
APPLE-PIE.





IF ALL THE SEAS WERE
INK



IF ALL THE TREES
WERE
BREAD & CHEESE.



WHAT SHOULD WE DO
FOR DRINK?

IF  & 
WERE POT & PAN.



THEN THERE WOULD BE NO WORK
FOR THE TINKER.





RIDE · A · COCK · HORSE

RIDE · A · COCK · HORSE · TO · BANBU
CROSS · · †
TO · SEE · A · FINE · LADY · ON · A · WH
HORSE · ·

WITH · RINGS · ON · HER · FINGERS · &
BELLS · ON · HER · TOES
SHE · SHALL · HAVE · MUSIC · WHEN
EVER · SHE · GOES · ·

TO · BANBURY · CROSS ·



THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY! MARY! QUITE CONTRARY.



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY,
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?
WITH COCKLE SMELLS & SILVER BELLS
AND PRETTY MAIDS ALL A-ROW.



LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds
and whey;

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Good Mrs. Mousie for to see?"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

When they came to the door of Mousie's
hole,
Heigho, says Roly!
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a
loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Oh yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some
beer?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"But let it be something that's not very long,"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But while they were making a terrible din,
Heigho, says Roly!
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

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

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

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

He took up his hat and he wished them
good-night,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

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

A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

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

THE HOUSE THAT :
JACK BUILT





THIS is the house that
Jack built.

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



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

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





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

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





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

This is the man,
all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden,
all forlorn,
That milked the cow
with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.





This is the priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the
 crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
 that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed
 in the morn
And waked the priest, all
 shaven and shorn,



That married the man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



THE LION & THE UNICORN



THE LION & THE UNICORN
WERE FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN;
THE LION BEAT THE UNICORN
ALL ROUND THE TOWN.

THE LION & THE UNICORN



SOME GAVE THEM WHITE BREAD,
AND SOME GAVE THEM BROWN;
SOME GAVE THEM PLUM CAKE,
AND SENT THEM OUT OF TOWN.

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

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

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

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

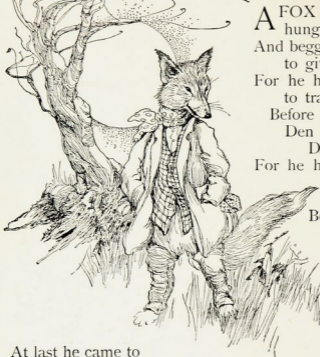
Twice about and then we fall,
Then we fall, then we fall,
Twice about and then we fall,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

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

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

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

THE FOX AND THE GOOSE



A FOX went out in a
hungry plight,
And begged of the moon
to give him light;
For he had a long way
to travel that night
Before he reached his
Den O!

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

At last he came to
the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese
declared it hard

That their nerves should be shaken and their
rest be marred

By a visit from Mr. Fox O! Fox O! Fox O!
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!



He seized the
gray goose
by the sleeve;
Says he, "Mrs. Goose,
and by your leave,
I'll carry you off without reprove,
And take you away to my Den O!
Den O! Den O!"



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

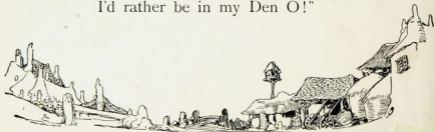
Old Mrs. Flipper Flapper
jumped out of bed,
And out of the window
she popped her head,
Crying, "John, John, John,
the gray goose is
gone,

And the Fox is off to his Den O!
Den O! Den O!"

Crying, "John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his Den O!"

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

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



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



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

GEORGEY-PORGEY..



GEORGIE-PORGIE-PUDDING-
AND-PIE-
KISSED-THE-GIRLS-&-MADE-
THEM-CRY..

GEORGEY · PORGEY ·



WHEN · THE · BOYS · CAME ·
OUT · TO · PLAY ·
GEORGEY · PORGEY · RAN ·
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 man and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

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

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

"Ho, ho!" quoth the Frog, "is that what you
mean?"

Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream;
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

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

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

I. SAW. A SHIP. A-SAILING.



9. A-SAILING ON THE SEA:



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!"

“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.”

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.

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

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



BABY. BABY. BUNTING.
FATHER'S GONE. A'HUNTING.
TO FETCH A LITTLE BUNNY SKIN.
TO WRAP BABY BUNTING IN . . .



PAT-A-CAKE PAT-A-CAKE BAKER'S MAN.

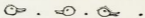
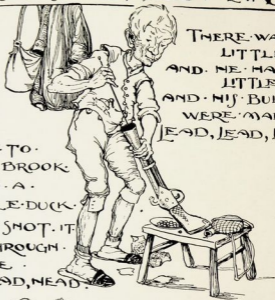
BAKE ME A CAKE AS QUICK
AS YOU CAN.
PAT IT AND DOT IT AND
MARK IT WITH A P.
AND BAKE IT IN
THE OVEN.
FOR BABY AND ME.



THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

THERE WAS A
LITTLE MAN
AND HE HAD A
LITTLE GUN
AND HIS BULLETS
WERE MADE
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 TO
MAKE, MAKE, MAKE.



AND · HE · HAD · A · LITTLE · GUN ·.



TO · ROAST · THE · LITTLE · DUCK,
HE · HAD · SHOT · IN · THE · BROOK,
AND · HE · D · GO · & · FETCH · HER
THE ·
DRAKE · DRAKE · DRAKE ·

CURLY locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes nor yet feed
the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

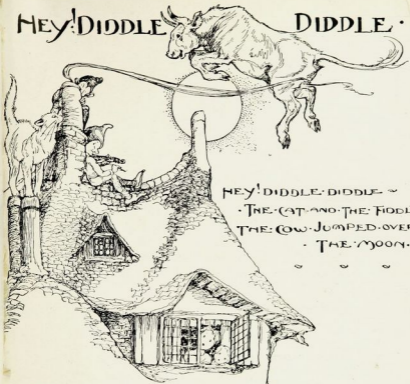
Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you!"

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

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

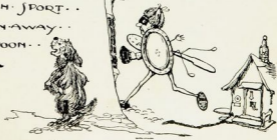
WHEN little Fred did go to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

HEY! DIDDLE DIDDLE ..



HEY! DIDDLE DIDDLE ~
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE,
THE COW JUMPED OVER
THE MOON;

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGH'D
TO SEE SUCH SPORT ..
AND THE DISH RAN AWAY ..
WITH THE SPOON ..



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



OLD Mother Hubbard,
she went to the
cupboard,
To get her poor dog
a bone.
When she got there
the cupboard was
bare,
And so the poor dog
had none.





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

She went to the undertaker's to
buy him a coffin,
And when she came back the
dog was laughing.

She went to the draper's to
buy him some linen,
And when she came back
the good dog was spin-
ning.





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

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

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





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

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

She went to the butcher's to get him some
tripe,

And when she came back he was smoking
a pipe.

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

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



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

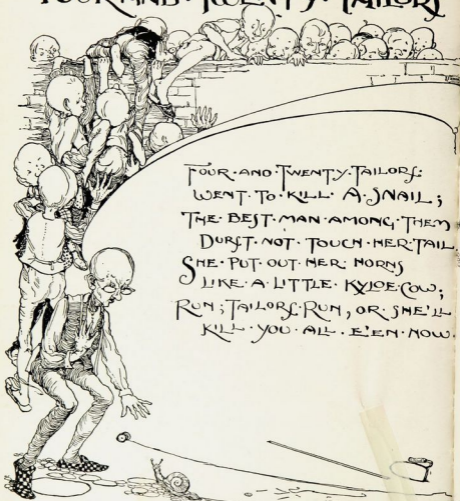
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

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

WHEN I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad and the lanes were
so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheel-
barrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

FOUR AND TWENTY TAILORS



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.

WENT TO KILL A SNAIL.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

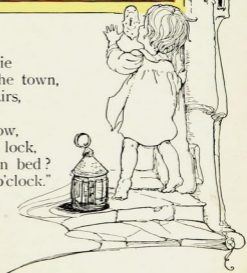


What a naughty boy
was that,
To try to drown poor
Pussy Cat!





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



"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

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.

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 wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea;
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

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

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

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

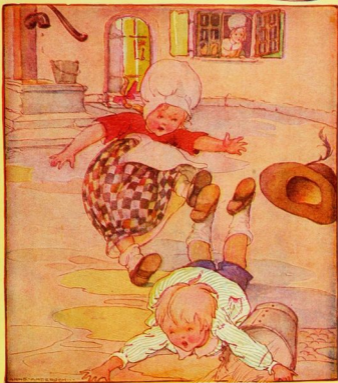
DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.

JACK & JILL -



JACK & JILL WENT UP
THE HILL
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER
- - - - -

JACK FELL DOWN . . .



JACK FELL DOWN . . .
AND BROKE HIS CROWN
AND JILL CAME TUMBLING
AFTER . . .



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



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



I · HAD · A · LITTLE ·
MEN ..



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:





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

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

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

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

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 thro' the mire.
I wouldn't lend my pony more
For all the lady's hire.

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

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow;
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too."
Says the little cock-sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay;"
So he clapped his wings and then flew away.

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

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

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

COME, let's to bed, says Sleepy Head;
Tarry awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan—
Let's sup before we go.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN



THERE WAS AN
OLD WOMAN
WENT UP IN A BASKET
90 TIMES AS HIGH AS
THE MOON.

AND WHERE SHE WAS GOING I COULD
NOT BUT ASK IT.

FOR IN HER HAND SHE CARRIED A BROOM.
"OLD WOMAN! OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN!"
SAID I.

"WHITHER OH WHITHER OH WHITHER
SO HIGH" . . .

"TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS RIGHT OUT
OF THE SKY,
AND I'LL BE WITH YOU BY-AND-BY".

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

• • WENT UP IN A BASKET • •



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
WENT UP IN A BASKET
TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS RIGHT
OUT OF THE SKY

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

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

MONDAY'S bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace;
Wednesday's bairn is full of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living;
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

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

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

PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-Cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen.
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

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

HUSH-A-BYE-BABY.



HUSH-A-BYE; BABY-ON-THE-
TREE-TOP:
WHEN-THE-WIND-BLOWS,
THE-CRADLE-WILL-ROCK-



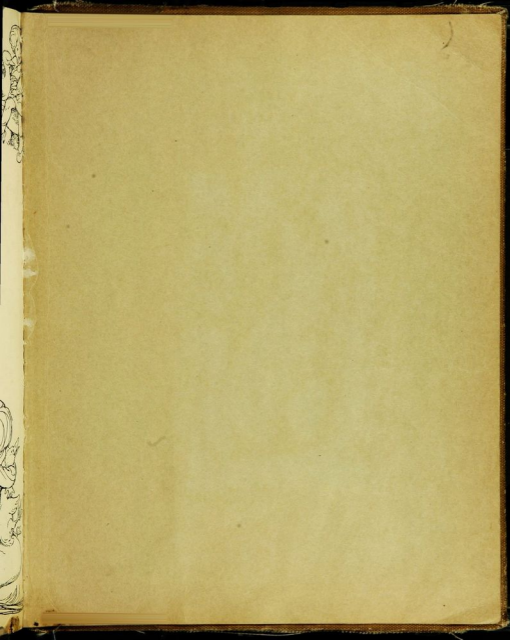
WHEN THE BOUGH BENDS, THE
CRADLE WILL FALL.,
DOWN WILL COME BABY, BOUGH,
CRADLE AND ALL.

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

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







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