MOTHER GOOSE Illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY



Little maid, little maid, Whither goest thou? Down in the meadow To milk my cow. No. 1 M 948 m o g The Public Library of the City of Boston Young People's Room Central Library







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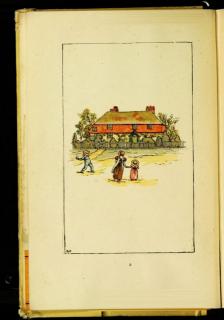
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Illustrated by

• KATE GREENAWAY •



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Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, Eating a Christmas pie; He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, And said, oh! what a good boy am I.



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



The cat ran up the plum tree;
Give her a plum, and down she'll come,
Diddlty, diddlty, dumpty



We're all jolly boys, and we're coming with a noise, Our stockings shall be made Of the finest silk, And our tails shall trail the ground.



To market, to market, to buy a plum cake, Home again, home again, market is late; To market, to market, to buy a plum bun, Home again, home again, market is done.



Elsie Marley has grown so fine, She won't get up to serve the swine; But lies in bed till eight or nine. And surely she does take her time.







Jack Sprat could eat no fat. His wife could eat no lean; And so between them both, They licked the platter clean.



Lucy Locket, lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it; There was not a penny in it, But a ribbon round it.



Cross Patch, lift the latch, Sit by the fire and spin; Take a cup, and drink it up, Then call your neighbours in.



Ichnny 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.



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



Draw a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter:
Wy father's a ding, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green,
Samping grans and partley,
Marigold leaves and dairies.
One rush! two rush!
Pay thee, fine lady, come under my bush.



Jack and Jill
Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling afte





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.



Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, We'll all have tea. Sukey take it off again, Sukey take it off again, Sukey take it off again, They're all gone away.

[K.c





Little Tommy Tittlemause, Lived in a little house; He caught fishes In other men's ditches.



Tell Tale Tit, Your tongue shall be slit; And all the dogs in the town Shall have a little bit.







Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?

I will go with you, if I may.

Pm going to the meadow to see them a

I'm going to help them make the hay.



KG.



Bonny lass, fretty lass, wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dishes, Nor yet serve the swine; Thou shalt sit on a cushion, and sew a

fine seam,
And thou shalt eat strawberries, sugar,
and cream!



A dillar, 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!



Little Betty Blue, Lost her holiday shoe. What will poor Betty do? Why, give her another, To match the other, And then she will walk in two.



Billy boy blue, come blow me your horn, The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn; Is that the way you mind your sheep, Under the haycock fast asleep!



Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon it shines as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come to your playmates in the street;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all;
Up the ladder and down the well,
A halfpenny loof will zero us all.







Thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen.
And Betty's a lady,
And wear's a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king.



Little Tom Tucker,
He sang for his supper.
What did he sing for?
Why, white bread and butter.
How can I cut it without a knife?
How can I marry without a wife?





Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away,







See-Saw-Jack in the hedge, Which is the way to London Bridge?





Where wast thou born?
Far off in Lancashire,
Under a thorn;
Where they sup sour milk
From a ram's horn.





Little maid, little maid, Whither goest thou? Down in the meadow To milk my cow.



My mother, and your mother. Went over the way; Said my mother, to your mother, "It's chop-a-nose day."





One foot up, the other foot down, That's the way to London town.



Georgie Peorgie, pudding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry; When the girls begin to play, Georgie Peorgie runs away.



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







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