

The Little

*Mother
Goose*

An illustration of Mother Goose, a woman with a large, pointed, yellow and blue patterned hat and a blue dress with yellow polka dots. She has a long, yellow beak. She is sitting on the ground with two children, a young girl on the left and a young woman on the right, both wearing white dresses. The background is a plain, light color.

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Title: The Little Mother Goose

Author: Anonymous; Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature, Children's literature

Publisher: World Public Library Association

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



World Public Library

The World Public Library, www.WorldLibrary.net is an effort to preserve and disseminate classic works of literature, serials, bibliographies, dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other reference works in a number of languages and countries around the world. Our mission is to serve the public, aid students and educators by providing public access to the world's most complete collection of electronic books on-line as well as offer a variety of services and resources that support and strengthen the instructional programs of education, elementary through post baccalaureate studies.

This file was produced as part of the "eBook Campaign" to promote literacy, accessibility, and enhanced reading. Authors, publishers, libraries and technologists unite to expand reading with eBooks.

Support online literacy by becoming a member of the World Public Library, <http://www.WorldLibrary.net/Join.htm>.

(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



www.worldlibrary.net

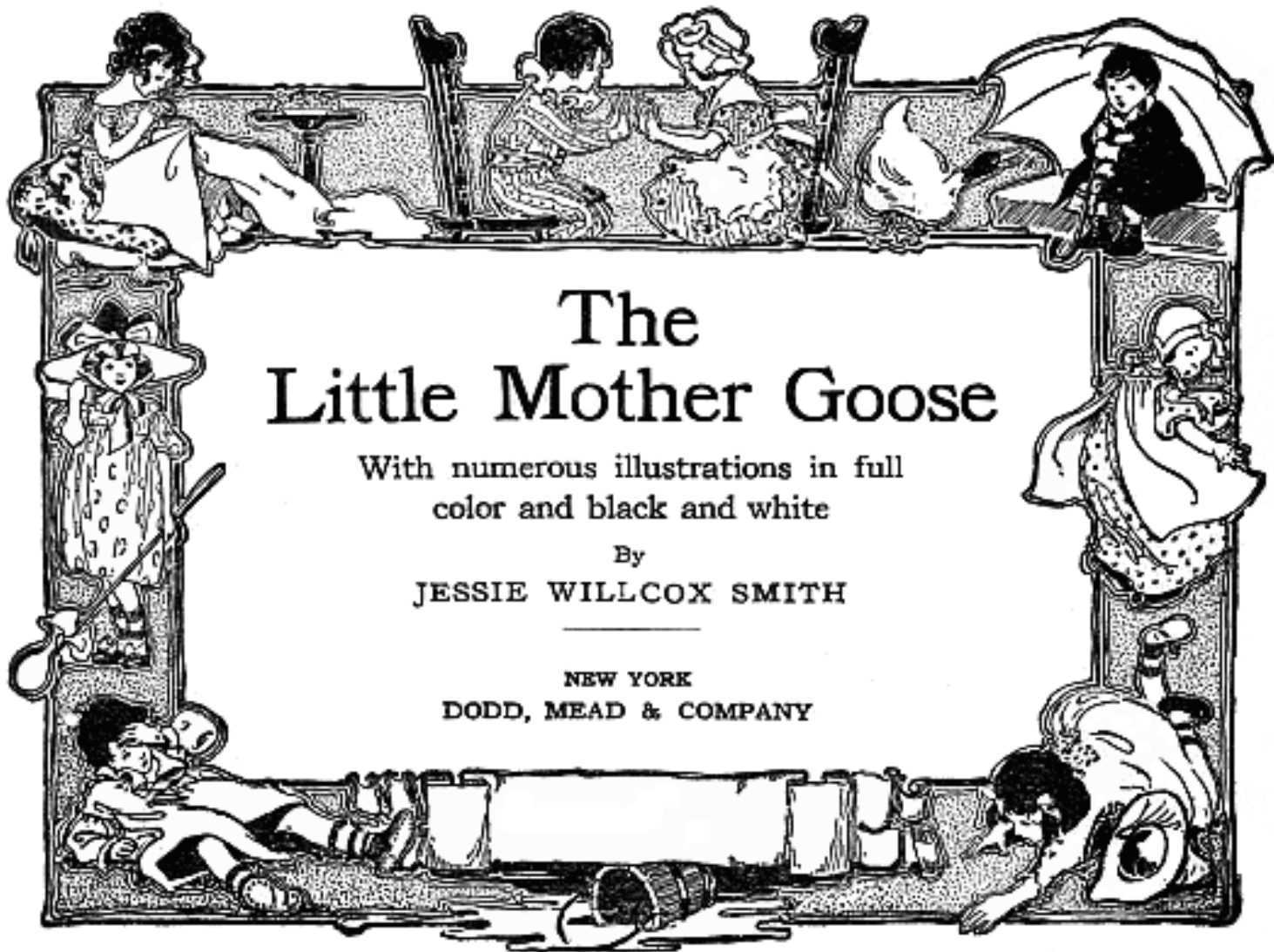
This eBook has certain copyright implications you should read.

This book is copyrighted by the World Public Library. With permission copies may be distributed so long as such copies (1) are for your or others personal use only, and (2) are not distributed or used commercially. Prohibited distribution includes any service that offers this file for download or commercial distribution in any form, (See complete disclaimer <http://WorldLibrary.net/Copyrights.html>).

World Public Library Association
P.O. Box 22687
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823
info@WorldLibrary.net



(c) **worldLibrary.net**tm



The Little Mother Goose

With numerous illustrations in full
color and black and white

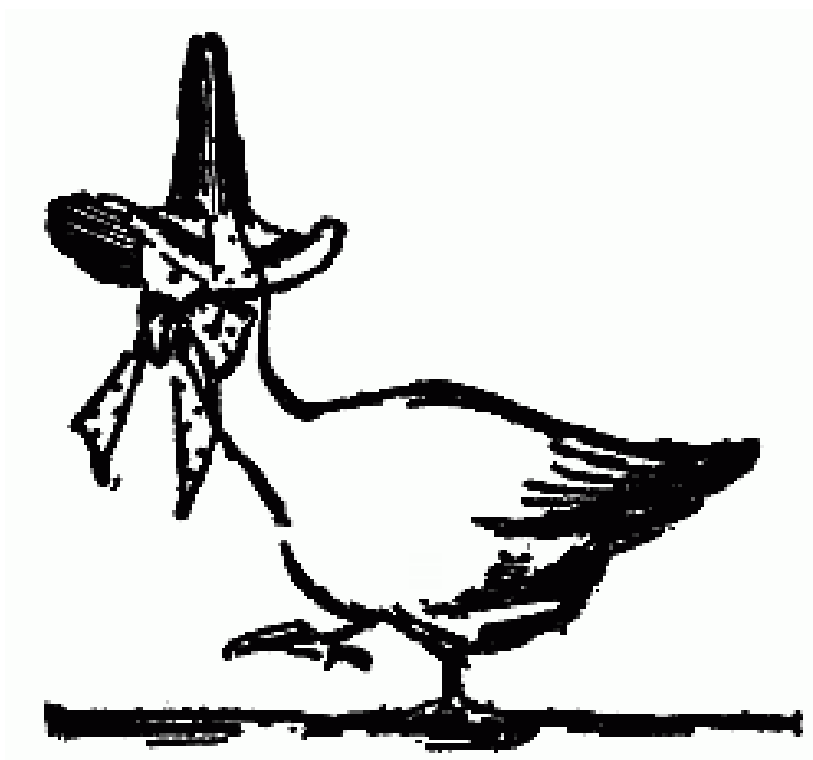
By

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

NEW YORK

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

The Little Mother Goose





*Hush-a-by, baby, on the treetop
When the wind blows the cradle will rock*

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Copyright, 1912, 1913, 1914
By GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Copyright, 1914
By DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

Copyright, 1918
By DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America



A List of the Rhymes

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| A, B, C, tumble down D | 165 |
| A carrion crow sat on an oak | 136 |
| A cat came fiddling out of a barn | 49 |
| A diller, a dollar | 173 |
| A duck and a drake | 9 |
| Aena, deena, dina, duss | 73 |
| A frog he would a-woeing go | 147 |
| A glass of milk and a slice of bread | 138 |
| A good child, a good child | 31 |
| A hill full, a hole full | 79 |
| All of a row | 6 |
| A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig | 97 |
| An old woman lived in Nottingham town | 47 |
| A red sky at night | 30 |
| A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose | 93 |
| As high as a castle | 27 |
| As I was going o'er London Bridge | 116 |
| As I was going to St. Ives | 2 |
| As I was going up and down | 107 |
| As I was going up Pippin Hill | 15 |
| As the days grow longer | 50 |
| As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks | 3 |
| A sunshine shower | 105 |
| [vi]A sunshiny shower | 135 |
| A swarm of bees in May | 48 |
| At the siege of Belleisle | 65 |
| Awake, arise, pull out your eyes | 87 |
| A was an archer | 166 |
| A water there is | 53 |
| | |
| Baa, baa, black sheep | 26 |
| Bat, bat, come under my hat | 52 |
| Bell horses, bell horses, what time of day | 122 |
| Birds of a feather flock together | 137 |

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go! | 145 |
| Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea | 109 |
| Bossy-cow, bossy-cow, where do you lie? | 108 |
| Bow-wow-wow | 3 |
| Brow brinky | 129 |
| Bryan O'Lin and his wife | 47 |
| Bryan O'Lin had no breeches to wear | 23 |
| Burnie bee, burnie bee | 53 |
| Butterfly, butterfly, whence do you come? | 94 |
| Buz, quoth the blue fly | 57 |
| Bye, baby bunting | 3 |
| | |
| Cantaloupes! Cantaloupes! What is the price? | 1 |
| Charley Warley had a cow | 90 |
| Christmas comes but once a year | 135 |
| Clap, clap handies | 65 |
| Cock a doodle doo | 103 |
| Cocks crow in the morn | 21 |
| Come hither, sweet robin | 131 |
| Come, let's to bed! | 66 |
| Come, my dear children | 74 |
| Come to the window | 117 |
| Come when you're called | 29 |
| Cross Patch | 90 |
| Cry, baby, cry | 79 |
| Curly locks! Curly locks! wilt thou be mine? | 49 |
| Currahoo, curr dhoo | 1 |
| | |
| Daffy-Down-Dilly | 25 |
| Dance to your daddy | 105 |
| Darby and Joan were dress'd in black | 85 |
| [vii]Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John | 42 |
| Dickory, dickory, dock | 67 |
| Ding, dong, bell | 14-103 |
| Ding, dong, darrow | 21 |
| Doctor Faustus was a good man | 91 |
| Doctor Foster went to Gloster | 169 |
| Dogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser | 23 |
| Donkey, donkey, old and gray | 58 |
| Draw a pail of water | 54 |
| | |
| Eggs, butter, cheese, bread | 27 |

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess | 63 |
| Elsie Marley has grown so fine | 18 |
| Father, may I go to war? | 127 |
| F for a fig | 176 |
| For every evil under the sun | 107 |
| Friday night's dream on Saturday told | 39 |
| Georgy Porgey , pudding and pie | 55 |
| God bless the master of this house | 132 |
| Good horses, bad horses | 57 |
| Goosey, goosey, gander | 118 |
| Great A, little a, Bouncing B | 101 |
| Great A, little A | 10 |
| Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy | 45 |
| Hark! hark! the dogs do bark | 107 |
| Hector Protector was dressed all in green | 58 |
| Heigh, diddle, diddle | 100 |
| Here am I, little jumping Joan | 62 |
| Here sits the Lord Mayor | 19 |
| Here's Sulky Sue | 158 |
| Here stands a post | 9 |
| Here we go round the mulberry bush | 134 |
| Hickery Dickery 6 and 7 | 106 |
| Hickory Dickory, sackory down | 50 |
| Hickety, pickety, my black hen | 95 |
| Higher than a house | 17 |
| Hink minx! the old witch winks | 32 |
| Hiram Gordon, where's your pa? | 144 |
| Hot cross buns | 76 |
| How many miles is it to Babylon? | 104 |
| Hub-a-dub-dub | 122 |
| [viii]Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall | 76 |
| Hush-a-bye, baby, Daddy is near | 125 |
| Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top | 1 |
| Hush, baby, my doll | 46 |
| I am a gold lock | 81 |
| I bought a dozen new-laid eggs | 107 |
| I do not like thee, Dr. Fell | 89 |
| If all the seas were one sea | 106 |

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| If all the world was apple-pie | 119 |
| If all the world were water | 123 |
| If ifs and ands | 79 |
| I had a little husband | 118 |
| I had a little nut-tree | 35 |
| I had a little pony | 84 |
| I had four brothers over the sea | 155 |
| I have a little sister | 139 |
| I'll tell you a story | 9 |
| I like little pussy, her coat is so warm | 69 |
| I love you well, my little brother | 133 |
| In fir tar is | 57 |
| Intery, mintery, cutery, corn | 55 |
| I saw a peacock with a fiery tail | 61 |
| It costs little Gossip her income for shoes | 157 |
| It's raining, it's pouring | 169 |
| I went to the wood and got it | 85 |
| I went up one pair of stairs | 146 |
| I will sing you a song | 109 |
| I won't be my father's Jack | 50 |
| | |
| Jack and Jill went up the hill | 80 |
| Jack, be nimble; Jack, be quick | 84 |
| Jack Spratt could eat no fat | 97 |
| Jack Spratt had a cat | 10 |
| Jack Spratt's pig | 125 |
| Jerry Hall, he is so small | 39 |
| Jockey was a piper's son | 40 |
| John, come sell thy fiddle | 14 |
| Joseph Smith bought a rake | 27 |
| | |
| Ladies and gentlemen, come to supper | 152 |
| Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home | 87 |
| Lady-bug, lady-bug | 48 |
| Lazy Tom, with jacket blue | 53 |
| Little Betty Blue | 39 |
| Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep | 16 |
| [ix]Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn | 8 |
| Little Cock Robin peeped out of his cabin | 32 |
| Little drops of water | 31 |
| Little girl, little girl, where have you been? | 33 |
| Little Jack Horner | 100 |

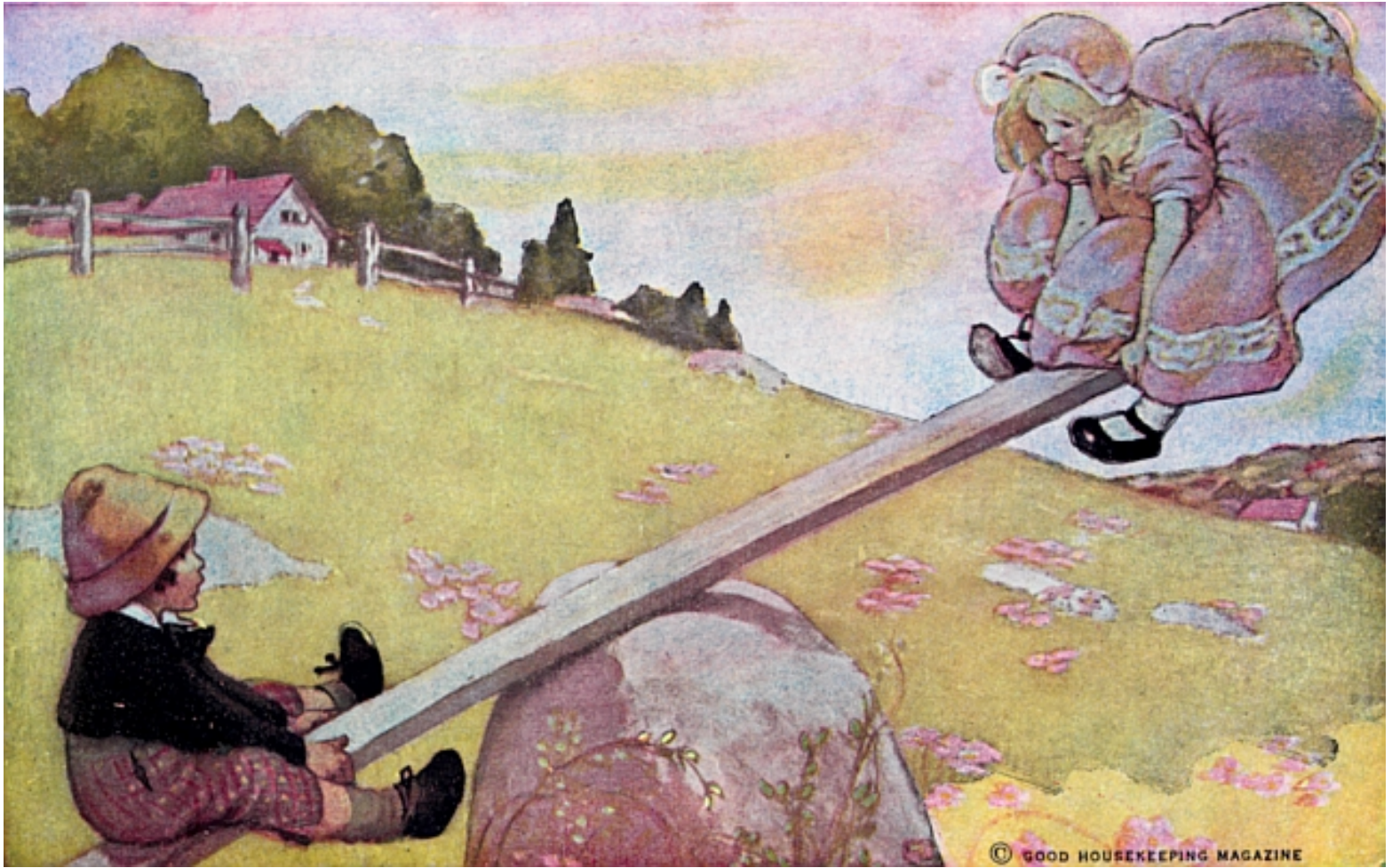
| | |
|--|-------------------------|
| Little King Boggen he built a fine hall | 173 |
| Little lad, little lad | 32 |
| Little maid, little maid | 50 |
| Little maid, pretty maid | 34 |
| Little Miss Donnet | 41 |
| Little Miss Lily | 47 |
| Little Miss Muffet | 32 |
| Little Nancy Etticote | 30 |
| Little Poll Parrot | 41 |
| Little Polly Flinders | 119 |
| Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a rail | 29 |
| Little Tommy Grace | 43 |
| Little Tommy Tittlemouse | 77 |
| Little Tommy Tucker | 99 |
| Little Tom Twig | 132 |
| Love your own, kiss your own | 40 |
| Lucy Locket lost her pocket | 24 |
| | |
| Made in London | 31 |
| Make three-fourths of a cross | 71 |
| Margaret wrote a letter | 11 |
| Margery Mutton-pie and Johnny Bopeep | 82 |
| Mary had a little lamb | 68 |
| Mary had a pretty bird | 86 |
| Mary, Mary, quite contrary | 73 |
| Merry are the bells | 130 |
| Miss Jane had a bag | 93 |
| Monday's bairn is fair of face | 139 |
| Multiplication is vexation | 60 |
| My little old man and I fell out | 77 |
| My maid Mary, she minds the dairy | 5 |
| My mother, and your mother | 71 |
| My pussy-cat has got the gout | 129 |
| My story's ended | 28 |
| | |
| Nancy Dawson has grown so fine | 128 |
| Needles and pins | 169 |
| Nose, nose, jolly red nose | 108 |
| Now go to sleep, my little son | 104 [x] |
| | |
| Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see | 114 |
| Oh, dear, What can the matter be? Johnny's so long | 62 |

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Old Father Grey Beard | 40 |
| Old Grimes is dead | 128 |
| Old King Cole was a merry old soul | 175 |
| Old Mother Hubbard | 162 |
| One, he loves; two, he loves | 46 |
| One for the money | 96 |
| One misty, moisty morning | 37 |
| One, two, buckle my shoe | 51 |
| One, two, three, four, Mary at the cottage door | 114 |
| One, two, three, four, five, catching fishes all alive | 114 |
| 1, 2, 3, 4, 5! I caught a hare alive | 67 |
| On Saturday night it shall be my whole care | 25 |
| Over the water and under the water | 15 |
| | |
| Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake | 2 |
| Pease-porridge hot | 4-158 |
| Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater | 57 |
| Peter Piper picked a peck | 129 |
| Peter White will ne'er go right | 165 |
| Phoebe rode a nanny-goat | 13 |
| Pickeleem, pickeleem pummis-stone | 35 |
| Pit, pat, well-a-day | 31 |
| Pitty Patty Polt | 27 |
| Play, play every day | 29 |
| Please to remember | 5 |
| Polly, put the kettle on | 13 |
| Polly, Dolly, Kate and Molly | 12 |
| Poor Dog Bright | 6 |
| Pussy Cat Mole | 88 |
| Pussy-Cat, pussy-cat, where have you been? | 109 |
| Pussy sits beside the fire | 37 |
| | |
| Rain, rain, go away | 65 |
| Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady | 89 |
| Ride a cock-horse to Shrewsbury Cross | 44 |
| Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree | 91 |
| Ring-a-round-a roses | 40 |
| [xi]Ring the bell! | 4 |
| Robert Barnes, fellow fine | 94 |
| Robin and Richard were two pretty men | 101 |
| Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben | 138 |
| Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green | 74 |

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Rosemary green, and lavender blue | 44 |
| Rowley Powley, pudding and pie | 175 |
| Rub-a-dub-dub | 5 |
| See a pin and pick it up | 83 |
| See-saw Jack in the hedge | 29 |
| See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master | 101 |
| See-saw, Margery Daw, Jenny shall have a new master | 9 |
| See-saw, sacaradown , sacaradown | 25 |
| Shoe the colt | 36 |
| Shoe the horse and shoe the mare | 27 |
| Sing a song of sixpence | 70 |
| Sing, sing! What shall I sing? | 10 |
| Smiling girls, rosy boys | 129 |
| Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger | 157 |
| Solomon Grundy | 76 |
| Some little mice sat in a barn to spin | 20 |
| Speak when you're spoken to | 137 |
| St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain | 114 |
| Swan, swam over the sea | 107 |
| Taffy was a Welshman | 145 |
| Tell-tale-tit! | 99 |
| Ten little Injuns standing in a line | 124 |
| The calf, the goose, the bee | 69 |
| The cock doth crow | 6 |
| The cock's on the housetop blowing his horn | 33 |
| The cuckoo's a fine bird | 74 |
| The dove says, "Coo, coo, what shall I do?" | 6 |
| The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain | 34 |
| The greedy man is he who sits | 45 |
| The King of France went up the hill | 7 |
| The lion and the unicorn | 174 |
| [xii]The man in the moon came tumbling down | 121 |
| The man in the moon looked out of the moon | 93 |
| The man in the wilderness asked me | 92 |
| The North wind doth blow | 152 |
| The old woman must stand at the tub | 54 |
| The Queen of Hearts | 146 |
| The rose is red, the violet is blue | 20 |
| The two gray kits | 17 |
| The winds they did blow | 78 |

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| There dwelt an old woman at Exeter | 85 |
| There was a crooked man | 71 |
| There was a little boy and a little girl | 31 |
| There was a little girl who had a little curl | 45 |
| There was a little girl who wore a little hood | 23 |
| There was a little green house | 79 |
| There was a little man and he had a little gun | 116 |
| There was a little one-eyed gunner | 80 |
| There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise | 63 |
| There was an old crow | 29 |
| There was an old woman, and what do you think | 28 |
| There was an old woman, as I've heard tell | 153 |
| There was an old woman and nothing she had | 117 |
| There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all | 73 |
| There was an old woman had three cows | 44 |
| There was an old woman, her name it was Peg | 38 |
| There was an old woman in Surrey | 43 |
| There was an old woman lived under a hill, and if she's not gone | 19 |
| There was an old woman lived under a hill, she put a mouse in a bag | 14 |
| There was an old woman of Harrow, | 87 |
| There was an old woman of Leeds, | 82 |
| [xiii]There was an old woman tossed up in a basket | 75 |
| There was an old woman who lived in a shoe | 88 |
| There was an owl lived in an oak | 127 |
| There was a rat for want of stairs | 62 |
| There once were two cats of Kilkenny | 115 |
| There's a neat little clock | 96 |
| There were two blackbirds | 52 |
| Thirty days hath September | 83 |
| This is the house that Jack built | 140 |
| This is the way the ladies ride | 126 |
| This little pig went to market | 7 |
| This pig went to the barn | 115 |
| Three Blind Mice | 64 |
| Three children sliding on the ice | 102 |
| Three little kittens they lost their mittens | 159 |
| Three wise men of Gotham | 71 |
| Tit, tat, toe | 56 |
| To market, to market a gallop, a trot | 173 |
| To market, to market, to buy a plum cake | 22 |
| Tommy Trot, a man of laws | 95 |

| | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, he learnt to play when he was young, | 20 |
| Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig | 123 |
| Toss up my darling | 9 |
| Trip and go, heave and ho | 10 |
| Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee | 122 |
| Twinkle, twinkle, little star | 120 |
| Two little dogs | 65 |
| Up at Piccadilly, oh! | 67 |
| Up hill and down dale | 67 |
| Upon my word and honor | 172 |
| Was ever heard such noise and clamor | 60 |
| Wash the dishes | 36 |
| Wasn't it funny | 58 |
| Wear you a hat, or wear you a crown | 52 |
| Wee Willie Winkie | 56 |
| What do they call you? | 73 |
| What God never sees | 53 |
| What is the rhyme for porringer | 82 |
| [xiv] | |
| When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself | 98 |
| When I was taken from the fair body | 13 |
| When Jacky's a very good boy | 133 |
| When little Fred went to bed | 59 |
| When the days begin to lengthen | 1 |
| Where are you going, my pretty maid? | 72 |
| Whistle, daughter, whistle | 38 |
| Who comes here? | 59 |
| Who killed Cock Robin? | 170 |
| "Will you walk into my parlor?" | 110 |
| Willy boy, Willy boy | 79 |
| Yankee Doodle went to town | 174 ^[xv] |



*See saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master*

[1]

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, cradle, and all.

CURRAHOO, curr dhoo,
Love me, and I'll love you!
[Imitate a Pigeon]

WHEN the days begin to lengthen
The cold begins to strengthen.

CANTALOUPES! Cantaloupes! What is the
price?

Eight for a dollar, and all very nice[2].

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 there will be enough for Baby and me.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,

Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?
[One]

BYE, baby, bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

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



BOW-WOW-WOW,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.

[4]



PEASE-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Spell me *that* in four letters.
I will.
T-H-A-T.

RING the bell!
Knock at the door!
Lift up the latch!
And walk in!

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they
be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all
three!

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

MY maid Mary she minds the dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Gaily run the reel and the little spinning wheel,
While I am singing and mowing my corn.

POOR Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after
him—
Poor Dog Bright!

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a
crow.

Poor Cat Fright
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after
her—
Poor Cat Fright!

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

THE dove says, "Coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two."

"Pooh! pooh!" says the wren; "I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen."

THIS little pig went to
market.
This little pig stayed home.
This little pig had roast meat.
This little pig had none.
This little pig went to the barn
door
And cried week, week, for
more.
THE King of France went up
the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came
down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.





LITTLE boy blue, come blow 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's under the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

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.

A DUCK and a drake,
And a halfpenny cake,
With a penny to pay the
old baker.
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take
her.

TOSS up my darling, toss him up high,
Don't let his head, though, hit the blue sky[10]

HERE stands a
post,—
Who put it there?
A better man than
you:
Touch it if you dare?

I'LL tell you a story,
About John-a-Nory:
And now my story's
begun.
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his
brother,
And now my story's
done.

TRIP and go, heave and ho!
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two, let us rove,
A-maying, a-playing;
Love hath no gainsaying!
So merrily trip and go!
So merrily trip and go!

SING, sing!—What shall I
sing?
The cat's run away with the
pudding-bag string!

GREAT A, little
A,
This is pancake
day;
Toss the ball
high,
Throw the ball
low,
Those that come
after
May sing Heigh-
ho!

JACK Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one
ear;
It went to buy
butter
When butter was
dear[11]

MARGARET wrote a
letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.

Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the siller,
Dusty was the kiss
I'd from the dusty miller.

If I had my pockets
Full of gold and siller,
I would give it all
To *my dusty miller*.



POLLY, Dolly, Kate and Molly,
All are filled with pride and folly.



Polly rattles,
Dolly
wiggles,
Katy rattles,
Molly
giggles;

Whoe'er knew such constant
rattling,
Wriggling, giggling, noise, and
tattling

WHEN I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered.
It's I that make peace between King and ring,
And many a true lover glad.
All this I do, and ten times more,
And more I could do still;
But nothing can I do
Without my guider's will.

[A quill pen]

| | |
|--|--|
| POLLY put the kettle on, Susy took it off; Aunt Jemima's little girl Has got the whooping cough. | PHOEBE rode a nanny goat, Susy broke her leg, Father took his wedding coat And hung it on a peg. |
|--|--|

THERE was an old
woman
Lived under a hill;
She put a mouse in a
bag,
And sent it to the
mill.

The miller declar'd
By the point of his
knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his
life.

"**JOHN**, come sell
thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a
gown."

"No, I'll not sell my
fiddle,
For ne'er a wife in
town."

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green;
Who pulled her out,
Big Tom Stout;
What a naughty boy was
that
To try and drown poor
pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
And killed the mice in his
father's barn.

AS I was going up Pippen
Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me a
curtsy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessing light upon you;
If I had half a crown a-
day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

OVER the water,
And under the water,
And always with its head
down.

[Icicle]



LITTLE BO-PEEP

has lost her sheep,
And can't tell 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
fleeing.

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

It happened one day, as
Bo-Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their
tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



*Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them*

[17]

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can it be?
[A Star]

THE two gray kits
And the gray kits' mother
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in;
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Robin.





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.

[Game on a child's features]

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| HERE sits the Lord Mayor | <i>forehead</i> |
| Here sit his two men | <i>eyes</i> |
| Here sits the cock | <i>right cheek</i> |
| Here sits the hen | <i>left cheek</i> |
| Here sit the little chickens | <i>top of nose</i> |
| Here they run in | <i>mouth</i> |
| Chinchopper, chinchopper, Chinchopper, chin! | <i>chuck the chin</i> |

THERE was an old woman she lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

THE rose is red, the violet is blue,
The gillyflower is sweet and so are you:
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young.
He with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys.

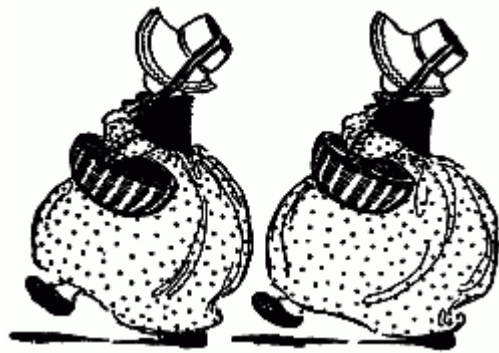
SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

COCK crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise.
And he who lies late
Will never be wise:

For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his
tail,
And he shall be hanged to-
morrow.





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.

THERE was a little girl who wore a little hood,
And a curl down the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

BRYAN O'LIN had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a
pair.

With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
"Ah, ha, that is warm!" said Bryan O'Lin.

DOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run, girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

[24]

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it:
Not a penny in it,
But a ribbon 'round it.



SEE-SAW, sacaradown, sacaradown.
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, and the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

ON Saturday night, it shall be my care
To powder my locks and curl my hair.
On Sunday morning, my love will come in,
When he will marry me with a gold ring.

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



*One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London town*



BAA, baa, black
sheep,
Have you any
wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full:

One for the master,
One for the dame,
But none for the
little boy
Who cries in the
lane.



PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt;
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

EGGS, butter, cheese,
bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.
Stick him up, stick him
down,
Stick him in the old man's
crown.

AS high as a castle,
As weak as a wastle;
And all the king's
horses
Cannot pull it down.
[Smoke]

JOSEPH Smith bought a
rake,
And sold it for some corn;
He lived a week on johnny
cake,
And now he's dead and
gone.

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.



THERE was an Old
Woman,
And what do you
think?
She lived upon nothing
but
Victuals and drink;
And though victuals
and drink
Were the chief of her
diet,
This little Old Woman
Could never be quiet.

MY story's ended,
spoon is bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

COME when you're
called,
Do what you're bid;
Shut the door after
you,
Never be chid.

THERE was an old
crow
Sat upon a clod;
There's an end of my
song,
That's odd!

SEE-saw-Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?

LITTLE Robin Red-
breast
Sat upon a rail,
Needle, naddle, went his
head,
Wiggle, waggle, went his
tail.

PLAY, play every day,
Harry throws his time
away.
He must work and he
must read,
And then he'll be a man
indeed.

[30]

LITTLE Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

[A Candle]



A RED sky at night
Is the shepherd's delight.
A red sky in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.

THERE was a little boy and
a little girl
Lived in our 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!"

A GOOD child, a good
child,
As I suppose you be;
Never laugh nor smile,
At the tickling of your knee.

LITTLE drops of
water,
Little grains of
sand,
Make the mighty
ocean,
And the pleasant
land.

MADE in London,
Sold at New York,
Stops a bottle,
And is a cork.

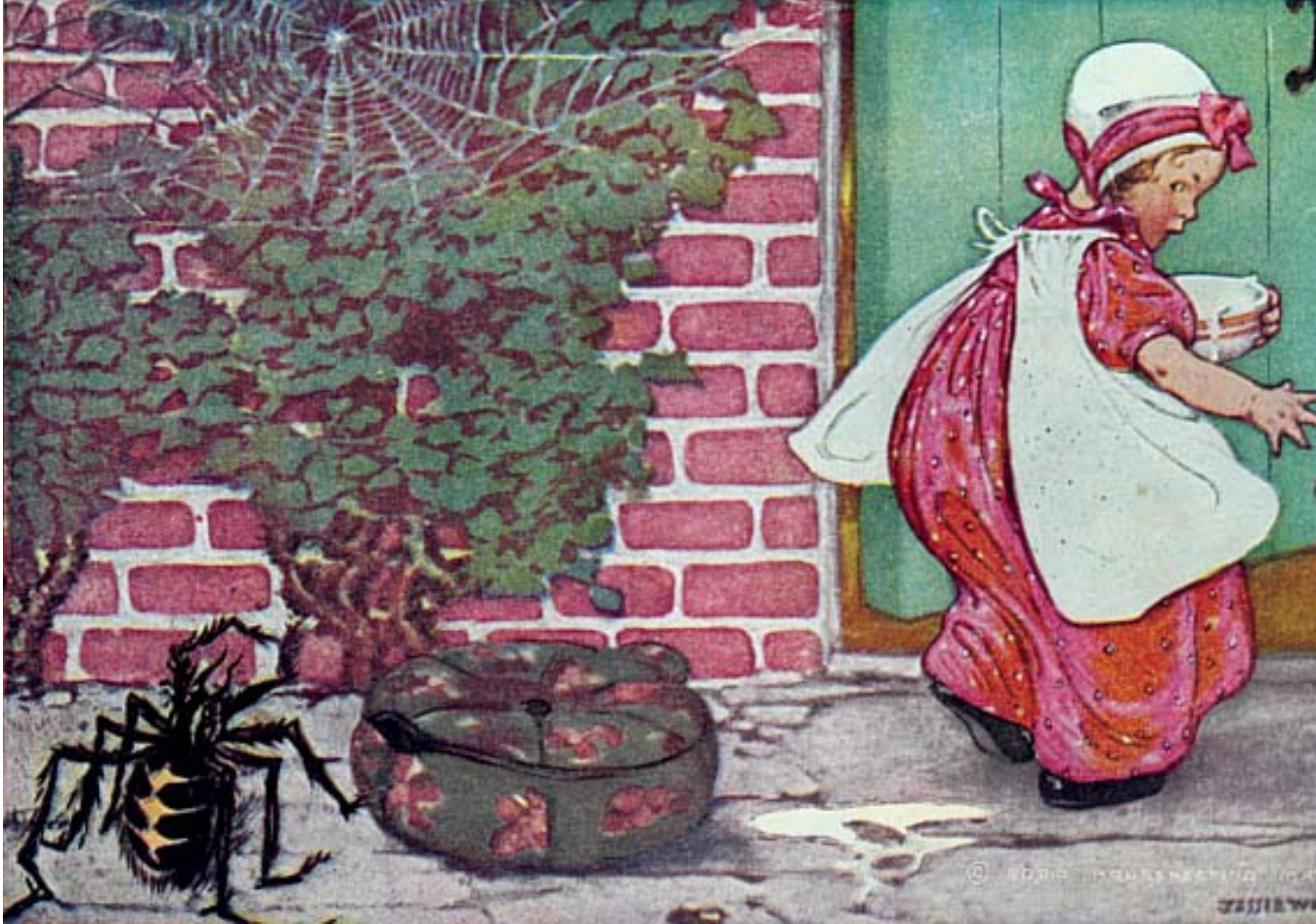
PIT, pat, well-a-
day,
Little Robin flew
away;
Where can little
Robin be?
Gone into the
cherry-tree.

LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss
Muffet away.

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

HINK minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody home but jumping Joan,
Father, Mother, and I.

LITTLE Cock Robin peeped out of his cabin
To see the cold winter come in.
Tit for tat, what matter for that?
He'll hide his head under his wing![33]



*Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey*

[33]

LITTLE girl, little girl, where
have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the
queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she
you?
She gave me a diamond as big as
my shoe.



THE cock's on the housetop

blowing his horn;
The bull's in the barn a-threshing
of corn;
The maids in the meadows are
making of hay;
The ducks in the river are
swimming away.

LITTLE maid, pretty maid,
whither goest thou?"

"Down in the forest to milk
my cow."

"Shall I go with thee?" "No,
not now;

When I send for thee, then
come thou."



THE girl in the lane, that
couldn't speak plain,
Cried, "Gobble, gobble,
gobble:"

The man on the hill, that
couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

I HAD a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

PICKELEEM, [pickeleem](#), pummis-stone!
What is the news, my beautiful one?
My pet doll-baby, Frances Maria,
Suddenly fainted, and fell in the fire;
The clock on the mantle gave the alarm,
But all we could save was one china arm.

WASH the dishes, wipe the dishes,
Ring the bell for tea;
Three good wishes, three good kisses,
I will give to thee.



SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

PUSSY sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy—Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy, how do you do?
Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in
leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin.
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

THERE was an old woman, her name it was Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork leg.
The neighbors all pitched her into the water,
Her leg was drown'd first, and her head follow'd
a'ter.

WHISTLE, daughter, whistle; whistle, daughter
dear.
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle clear.
Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a pound.
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a sound.

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.



JERRY Hall, he is so
small,
A rat could eat him, hat
and all.

FRIDAY night's dream, on Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it ever so old.

RING-a-round-a
roses,
A pocket full of
posies;
Hush—hush—
hush—
We'll all tumble
down.

OLD father Grey Beard,
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your
finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

JOCKEY was a piper's son,
And he fell in love when he was young,
And the only tune he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away";
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

LOVE your own, kiss your own,
Love your own mother, hinny,
For if she was dead and gone,
You'd ne'er get such another, hinny.



*Ring-a-ring-a roses,
A pocket full of posies*

LITTLE Poll Parrot
Sat in her garret,
Eating toast and tea;
A little brown mouse
Jumped into the house,
And stole it all away.



LITTLE Miss Donnet
Wears a huge bonnet;
And hoops half as wide
As the mouth of the Clyde.

[42]



DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon and night in a hurry;
Called her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The worrying old woman of Surrey.

LITTLE Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad he could not learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long,
Singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much
better.

THERE was an old woman had three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun;
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke his head in a fit of despair;
And there was the end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride—till he can ride no more.

ROSEMARY green, and lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet marjorum, hyssop and rue.

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

THERE was a little girl who had a
little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very,
very good,
And when she was bad she was
horrid.



THE greedy man is he who sits
And bites bits out of plates,
Or else takes up an almanac
And gobbles all the dates.

ONE, he loves; two, he loves;
Three, he loves, they say;
Four, he loves with all his heart;
Five, he casts away.
Six, he loves; seven, she loves;
Eight, they both love.
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;
Eleven, he courts; twelve, he
marries.



HUSH, baby, my doll, I pray you,
don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and
some milk by-and-bye;
Or, perhaps, you like custard, or,
maybe, a tart,
Then to either you are welcome,
with all my heart.

AN old woman lived in Nottingham town,
Who owned a small house, and painted it brown;
And yet this old woman grew crazy with fright,
Lest some one should burn her house in the night.

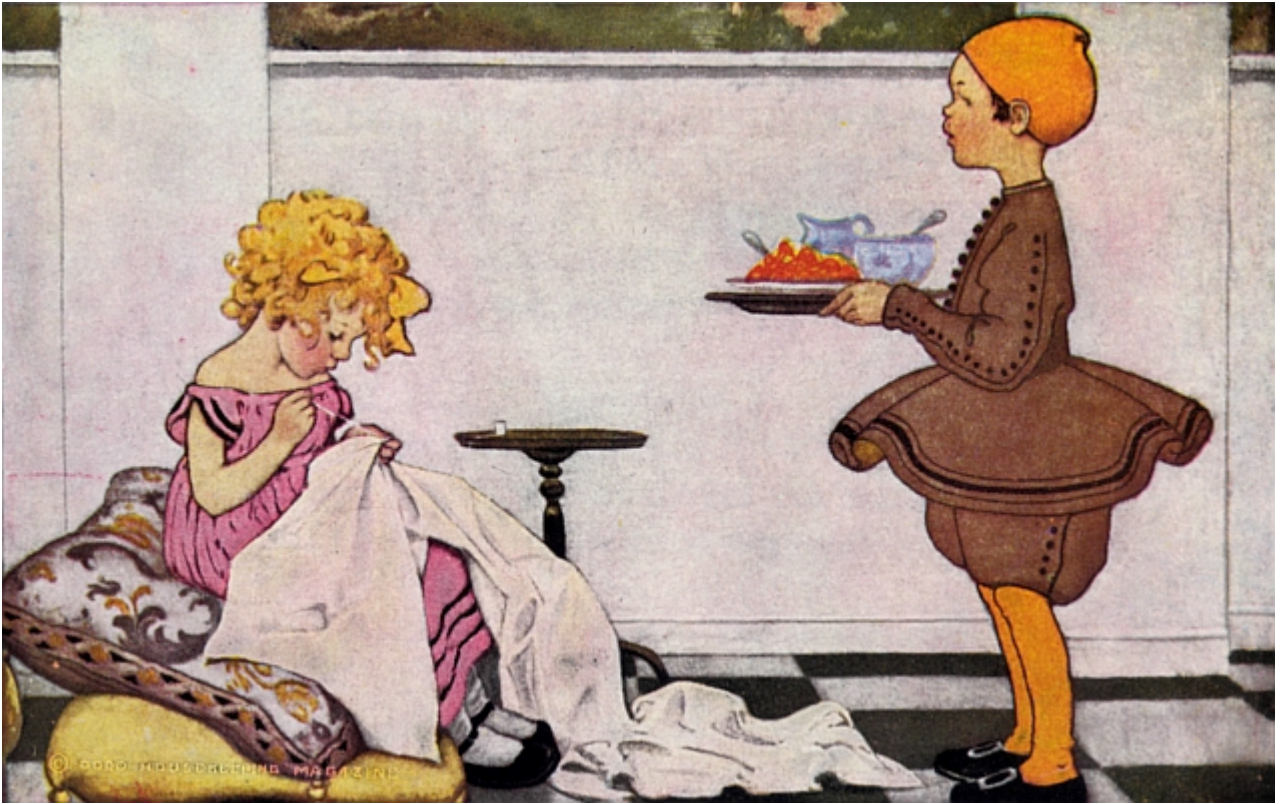
BRYAN O'Lin and his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over the bridge together:
The bridge broke down, and they all fell in,—
The deuce go with all! said Bryan O'Lin.

LITTLE Miss Lily, you're dreadfully silly
To wear such a very long skirt:
If you take my advice, you would hold it up nice
And not let it trail in the dirt.



LADY-BUG, lady-bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

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.



*Curly locks! Curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the
swine*

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!

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn.

With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm:
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

I WON'T be my father's
Jack,
I won't be my mother's
Jill,
I will be the fiddler's
wife,
And have music when I
will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me
T'other little tune.

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

AS the days grow
longer
The storms grow
stronger.

HICKORY, dickory, sackory down
How many miles to Richmond town?
Turn to the left and turn to the right,
And you may get there by Saturday night.

ONE, two, buckle my
shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them
straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will
delve;
Thirteen, fourteen, maids
a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-
kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my
stomach's empty.



WEAR you a hat, or wear you a crown,
All that goes up must surely come down.



THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill.
The one named Jack,
And the other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

WHAT God never sees,
What the King seldom
sees,
What we see every day:
Read my riddle, I pray.
[An Equal]

LAZY Tom, with jacket
blue,
Stole his father's gouty
shoe;
The worst of harm we
can wish him,
Is, his gouty shoe may
fit him.

BURNIE bee, burnie
bee,
Tell me when your
wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly
away.

A WATER there is, I
must pass,
A broader water never
was;
And yet of all waters I
ever did see,
To pass over with less
jeopardy.
[The Dew]

DRAW a pail of water
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green,
Slumping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One rush! Two rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my rush.

THE old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean, and fit to be seen,
She'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

GEORGEY Porgey, pudding
and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them
cry;
When the girls come out to
play,
Georgey Porgey runs away.

INTERY, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple seed, and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
And one flew over the goose's
nest.



TIT, tat, toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All in a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one on the old man's
crown.



WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs,
In his night gown;
Rapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the children in their
beds,
For now it's ten o'clock?"



*Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her*

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater; [Say quick]
Had a wife, and couldn't keep
her;

He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very
well.

IN fir tar is.
In oak none is.
In mud eel is.
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater;

Had another and didn't love
her;
Peter learned to read and
spell,
And then he loved her very
well.

[The following lines are sung
by children when
starting for a race]

GOOD horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

Mare eat oats.
BUZ, quoth the
blue fly,
Hum, quoth the
bee,
Buz and hum they
cry,
And so do we:
In his ear, in his
nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the
dormouse,
Else it was me.

WASN'T it funny? hear it all people!
Little Tom Thum has swallowed a steeple!
How did he do it?
I'll tell you, my son:
'Twas made of white sugar—and easily done!

HECTOR Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King:
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

DONKEY, donkey, old and gray,
Ope your mouth, and gently bray;
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

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

WHO comes here?
"A grenadier."
What do you want?
"A pot of beer."
Where is your money?
"I've forgot."
Get you gone,
You can't have a drop.



[60]



MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Fractions drive me mad.
WAS ever heard such noise and clamor!
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer!

[Mind your Punctuation]

I SAW a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
I saw an oak creep on the ground,
I saw a snail swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea brimful of ale,
I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher,
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night,
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.



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

THERE was a rat, for want
of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his
prayers.

OH dear, what can the
matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair,
He promised to buy me a
bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown
hair.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.



THREE Blind
Mice,



See how they run!
They all ran after
the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their
tails with a carving
knife;
Did ever you hear
such a thing in your
life
As three blind
mice?





*Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day*

RAIN, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to
play.

AT the siege of
Belleisle,
I was there all the
while,
All the while, all the
while,
At the siege of
Belleisle.

CLAP, clap handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap handies,
Daddie's comin' hame,
Hame till his bonny wee
bit laddie;
Clap, clap handies,
My wee, wee ain.

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-
dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
If you don't talk, why,
I must.

[66]

"COME, let's to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says Slow.



"Put on the pot,"
Says the Greedy one,
"Let's sup before we go."

UP at Piccadilly, oh!
The coachman takes his
stand,
And when he meets a
pretty girl
He takes her by the
hand;
Whip away forever, oh!
Drive away so clever,
oh!
All the way to Bristol,
oh!
He drives her four-in-
hand.

DICKERY, dickery,
dock;
The mouse ran up the
clock;
The clock struck One,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery, dock.

UP hill and down dale;
Butter is made in every
vale;
And if that Nancy
Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a
spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old
grandmother
Grows a young man.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let him go again.

MARY had a little lamb with fleece as white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day, that was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play, to see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out, but still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about till Mary did appear.
"Why does the lamb love Mary so," the eager children cry,
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know!" the teacher did reply.

I LIKE little pussy,
Her coat is so
warm,
And if I don't hurt
her,
She'll do me no
harm;
So I'll not pull her
tail,
Nor drive her
away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will
play.

THE calf, the
goose, the bee,
The world is ruled
by these three.
[Parchment, pens,
and wax]



[70]



SING a song of
sixpence,
A pocket 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
parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

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

THREE wise men of
Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been
stronger,
My song had been
longer.

MAKE three-fourths of
a cross,
And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular
meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.
[TOBACCO]

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

THERE was a crooked
man,
And he went a crooked
mile,
And 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.

"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 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 can't marry you, my pretty

maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.



*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?*

MARY, Mary quite
contrary,
How does your garden
grow?
Silver bells and cockle
shells,
And pretty maids all in
a row.

AENA, deena, dina,
duss,
Kattle, weela, wila, wuss,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum,
twenty-one.
O-u-t spells out!

THERE was an old
woman
Called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a
dwelling
Exceedingly small:
A man stretched his
mouth
To its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp
House and old woman
went.

"**WHAT** do they call
you?"
"Patchy Dolly."
"Where were you born?"
"In the cow's horn."
"Where were you bred?"
"In the cow's head."
"Where will you die?"
"In the cow's eye."

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| THE cuckoo's a fine bird, | COME , my dear |
| He sings as he flies; | children, |
| He brings us good | Up is the sun, |
| tidings, | Birds are all singing, |
| He tells us no lies. | And morn has begun. |

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| He sucks little birds' eggs, | Up from the bed, |
| To make his voice clear; | Miss, |
| And when he sings | Out on the lea; |
| "cuckoo!" | The horses are waiting |
| The summer is near. | For you and for me! |

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

THERE was an old
woman tossed up in a
basket,
Ninety times as high as
the moon:
And where she was
going, I couldn't but ask
her,
For in her hand she
carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman,
old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O
whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs
off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?"
"Aye, by-and-by."



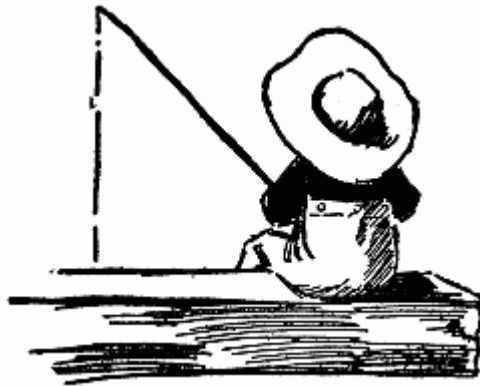
| | |
|--|---|
| SOLOMON Grundy, Born on a Monday, Christened on Tuesday, Married on Wednesday, Took ill on Thursday, Worse on Friday, Died on Saturday, Buried on Sunday: This is the end of Solomon Grundy. | HOT cross buns, HOT cross buns, One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns. If your daughters Don't like 'em, Give them to your sons, One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns. |
|--|---|

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

[An Egg]

MY little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

LITTLE Tommy
Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.



THE winds they did blow,
The leaves they did wag;
Along came a beggar boy,
And put me in his bag—



He took me up to
London,
A lady did me buy—
Put me in a silver cage
And hung me up on
high—

With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack,
Besides a little feather-
bed,
To rest my little back.

THERE was a little
green house,
And in the little green
house
There was a little
brown house,
And in the little brown
house
There was a little
yellow house,
And in the little yellow
house
There was a little
white house,
And in the little white
house
There was a little
heart.
[A Walnut]

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your
eye,
And tell your mother it

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 hay.

A HILL full—a hole full,
Yet you cannot catch a
bowl full.
[Mist]

IF ifs and ands
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need
for tinkers!

wasn't I.

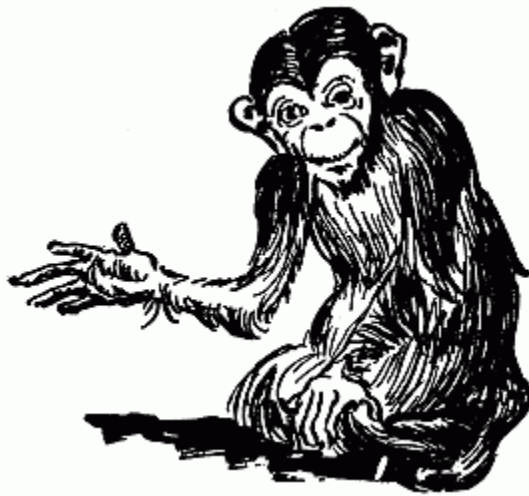


*Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after*

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.
Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner,
Who kill'd all the birds that died last summer.

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key.



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!

MARGERY Mutton-pie and Johnny Bopeep,
They met together in Gracechurch-Street;
In and out, in and out, over the way,
Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

WHAT is the rhyme for porringer?
The King he had a daughter fair.
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good
luck.

See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the
day.

THIRTY days hath
September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-
one—
Except February, alone,
Which has four and twenty-
four,
And every fourth year, one
day more.



[84]

JACK be nimble, Jack be
quick,
And Jack jump over the
candlestick.



I HAD a little pony
I call'd him Dapple Gray,
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.

I WENT to the wood and got it;
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And I brought it home because I couldn't help it.

[A Thorn]

DARBY and Joan were dress'd in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about Darby's company.

THERE dwelt an old woman at Exeter;
When visitors came it sore vexed her;
So for fear they should eat,
She locked up all her meat,
This stingy old woman of Exeter.



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.

LADYBIRD, ladybird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding pan.

AWAKE, arise, pull out your eyes,
And hear what time of day;
And when you have done,
Pull out your tongue,
And see what you can say.

THERE was an old woman of Harrow,
Who visited in a wheelbarrow;
And her servant before,
Knocked loud at each door,
To announce the old woman of Harrow.



*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what
to do*

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what
to do.

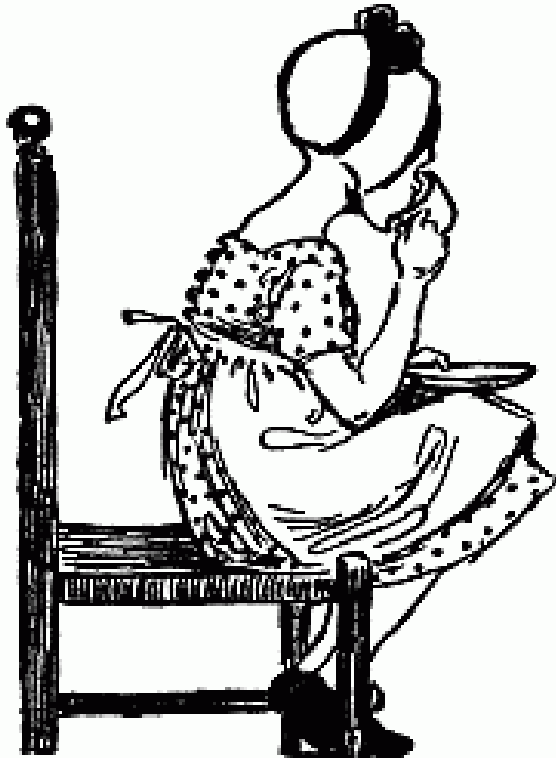
She gave them some broth, without any bread,
She whipped them all around, and sent them to
bed.

PUSSY Cat Mole,
Jump'd over a Coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

RIDE a cock-horse to
Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon
a white horse;
With rings on her
fingers and bells on her
toes,
She shall have music
wherever she goes.

I DO not like thee, Dr.
Fell,
The reason why I
cannot tell;
But this I know, and
know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr.
Fell.





CROSS Patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.

CHARLEY Warley had a
cow,
Black and white about the
brow,
Open the gate and let her
through,
Charley Warley's old cow!

DOCTOR 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!

RIDDLE-me riddle-me riddle-me-ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be:
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't draw it up.
[A Well]

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.



MISS Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, Catch him, puss, soon as you're
able.

THE Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,
Looked out of the moon and said,
"Tis time for all children on the earth
To think about getting to bed!"

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

[A cinder-sifter]

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, whence do you come?
I know not, I ask not, I never had home.
Butterfly, butterfly, where do you go?
Where the sun shines, and where the buds grow.

"**ROBERT** Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man:
Here a nail, and there a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod."

TOMMY Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws;
Sold the straw, and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.
HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays good eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.



ONE for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go.



THERE'S a neat little clock,
In the schoolroom it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

JACK Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

MORAL:

Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

A **LONG-TAILED** pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

MORAL:

Take hold of his tail,
And eat off his head,
And then you will be sure
The pig-hog is dead.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a
shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to market, 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 wheel-barrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheel-barrow, little wife, and all.
MORAL:
Provide against the world, and hope for the best.

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?



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

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

HEIGH, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

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!

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new master;
Jacky must have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing **B**!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

Ye parents who have children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

DING, dong, bell,
The cat is in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green;
What a naughty boy was
that
To try to drown poor pussy
cat,
Who never did any harm,
And killed the mice in his
father's barn.
MORAL:
He that injures one
threatens a hundred.



COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his
fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

[104]

[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arm—if possible.]

HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

NOW go to sleep, my little son,
Or I shall have to spank you;
How do you do? says uncle John—
I'm pretty well, I thank you.

DANCE to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

A SUNSHINE shower
Won't last half an hour.
As the day lengthens,
So the cold strengthens.
The fishes' cry
Is never long dry.



HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone, crackabone, 10 and 11;
Spin, spun, muskidem,
Twiddle 'em, twaddle 'em, 21.

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish, splash *that* would be!

HARK! hark! the
dogs do bark,
The beggars have
come to town;
Some in rags, and
some in tags,
And some in velvet
gowns.

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

AS I was going up and
down,
I met a little dandy,
He pulled my nose, and
with two blows
I knocked him down
quite handy.

I BOUGHT a dozen new-
laid eggs,
Of good old farmer
Dickens;
I hobbled home upon two
legs,
And found them full of
chickens.

SWAN, swam over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim,
Swan, swam back again;
Well, swum, swan.

BOSSY-COW, bossy-cow, where do you lie?
In the green meadow under the sky.
Billy-horse, billy-horse, where do you lie?
Out in the stable with nobody nigh.
Birdies bright, birdies sweet, where do you lie?
Up in the tree-tops,—oh, ever so high!
Baby dear, baby love, where do *you* lie?
In my warm crib, with Mamma close by.

NOSE, nose, jolly red nose;
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

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 frighten'd a little
mouse under her
chair.

BOBBY Shaftoe's
gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his
knee;
He'll come back and
marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



Bobby Shaftoe's fat
and fair,
Combing down his
yellow hair;
He's my love for
evermore;
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

[110]



"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the spider
to the fly;

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did
spy.

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;

[111]

And I have many curious things to show you
when you're there."

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in
vain;

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er
come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring
up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider
to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the
sheets are fine and thin;

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you

in!"

"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "for I've often
heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon
your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly,—
"Dear friend, what can I do
[112]

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for
you?"

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what
you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call
another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into
his den,
For well he knew the silly fly would soon come
back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily
did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and
silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest
upon your head!

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine
are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly
flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and
nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and
purple hue,—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish
thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held
her fast!
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his
dismal den,
Within his little parlor,—but she ne'er came out
again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story
read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er
give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and
eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and
the Fly.

ONE, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage
door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a
plate;
O-U-T spells out!

ONE, two, three, four,
five,
Catching fishes all alive.
Why did you let them go?
Because they bit my
finger so.
Which finger did they
bite?
The little finger on the
right.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she.

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.

THERE once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

- 1 This pig went to the barn;
- 2 This ate all the corn;
- 3 This said he would tell;
- 4 This said he wasn't well;
- 5 This went week, week, week, over the door sill.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!
[Gloves.]

COME to the window, THERE was an old
My baby, with me, woman
And look at the stars And nothing she had;
That shine on the sea! And so this old woman
There are two little Was said to be mad.
stars She'd nothing to eat,
That play at bo-peep She'd nothing to wear,
With two little fish She'd nothing to lose,
Far down in the deep; She'd nothing to fear,
And two little frogs She'd nothing to ask,
Cry neap, neap, neap; And nothing to give,
I see a dear baby And when she did die,
That should be asleep. She'd nothing to leave.

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 saddled him and bridled him, and sent him out
of town.

I gave him some garters, to garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief to wipe his
pretty nose.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander, wither dost thou
wander?

Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's
chamber.

There I met an old man, who would not say his
prayers;

I took him by the left leg, and threw him down
stairs.

LITTLE Polly
Flinders
Sat among the
cinders,
Warming her pretty
little toes;
Her mother came and
caught her,
And whipped her
little daughter
For spoiling her nice
new clothes.
IF all the world was
apple-pie,
And all the sea was
ink,
And all the trees were
bread and cheese,
What should we have
to drink?



[120]

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
How could he see where to go

[121]

If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich.
He went by the South,
And he burnt his mouth,
With eating cold pease porridge.

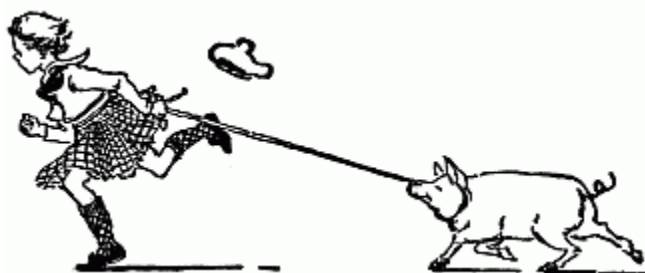
HUB a dub, dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker;
All jumped out of an
Irish potato.

BELL-HORSES, bell-
horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two
o'clock,
Off and away.

TWEEDLE-DUM and tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

[123]

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.



IF all the world were water,
And all the water were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

[124]

TEN little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home, and then there were nine.

Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.

Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven—
One kicked the bucket, and then there were
seven.

Seven little Injuns cutting up tricks—
One went to bed and then there were six.

Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck, and then there were five.

Five little Injuns on a cellar door—

[125]

One tumbled off, and then there were four.

Four little Injuns climbing up a tree—
One fell down, and then there were three.

Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One fell overboard, and then there were two.

Two little Injuns fooling with a gun—
One shot the other, and then there was one.

One little Injun living all alone—
He got married, and then there was none!

JACK Spratt's pig,
He was not very little,
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat—
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Spratt.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tri, tree, tri, tre, tri, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tri, tree, tri, tre, tri, tree!
This is the way the gentlemen ride!
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride!
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the farmers ride!
Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop!
This is the way the farmers ride!
Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop!

FATHER, may I go to war?
Yes, you may, my son;
Wear your woollen comforter,
But don't fire off your gun.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird."
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.



NANCY Dawson has grown so fine
She won't get up to serve the swine;
She lies in bed till eight or nine,
So it's Oh, poor Nancy Dawson.

And do ye ken Nancy Dawson, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey?
She won't get up to feed her swine,
And do ye ken Nancy Dawson, honey?

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
All buttoned down before.

[To be read rapidly.]

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?

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of
gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted
red.

MY pussy cat
Has got the gout,
And the rats and
mice
Can play about.

BROW brinky,
Eye winky,
Chin choppy,
Nose nopy,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry.

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they
ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noodle goes your pate, and purple is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

COME hither, sweet robin,
And be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet robin,
And pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you,
Poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty,
And drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs,
And don't mind me.

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 you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.

LITTLE Tom Twig bought a fine bow and arrow,
And what did he shoot? why, a poor little
sparrow,
Oh, fie, little Tom, with your fine bow and arrow,
How cruel to shoot at a poor little sparrow.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

I LOVE you well, my little brother,
And you are fond of me;
Let us be kind to one another,
As brothers ought to be.
You shall learn to play with me.
And learn to use my toys;
And then I think that we shall be
Two happy little boys.

[134]

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 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 wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,

[135]

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 out of school,
Come out of school, come out of school,
This is the way we come out of school,
On a cold and frosty morning.
CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

[136]

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat!
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
And shot the miller's sow right through the heart
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.

[137]

Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

SPEAK when you're spoken to,
Come when once called;
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall!

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.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a hog and a half;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat the priest and all the people!
A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complain'd that his stomach wasn't
full.

A GLASS of milk and a slice of bread,
And then good-night, we must go to bed.

I HAVE a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep.
She wades the water deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high—
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

[A Star]

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.

[140]

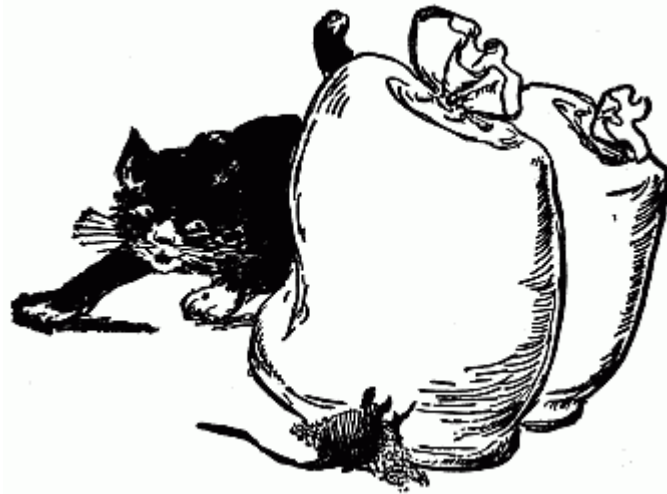
THIS is the House that Jack built
This is the Malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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.[141]



[142]

This is the Maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,

[143]

That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,

That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,

[144]

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

HIRAM Gordon, where's your pa?
He's gone with Uncle Peter,
To put a board across the fence,

So that we boys can teeter.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-
bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

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.

| | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| 1. I went up one pair of stairs, | THE Queen of Hearts |
| 2. Just like me. | She made some tarts, All on a summer's day. |
| 1. I went up two pair of stairs, | The Knave of Hearts, |
| 2. Just like me. | He stole the tarts, And took them clean away. |
| 1. I went into a room, | |
| 2. Just like me. | The King of Hearts, |
| 1. I looked out of a window, | Called for the tarts, And beat the Knave full sore. |
| 2. Just like me. | |
| 1. And then I saw a monkey, | The Knave of Hearts |
| 2. Just like me. | Brought back the tarts, And vow'd he'd steal no more. |

[147]

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley;
Whether his mother would let him
or no:
With a rowley, powley, gammon
and spinach.
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.



[148]

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley;
And on the road he met a rat,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

When they came to the door at Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley;
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,

[149]

With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"That Froggy and I am fond of good cheer."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"But let it be something that's not very long."
[150]

With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"A cold has made me as horse as a hog."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey
said,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But while they were all a-merrymaking,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A Cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

[151]

With a rowley, powley, etc.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley;
The kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley;
He took up his hat and he wished them good-
night.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A lilywhite Duck came and gobbled him up.

[152]

With a rowley, powley, etc.

So here is an end of one, two three—
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

LADIES and gentlemen, come to supper,
Hot boiled beans and very good butter.

THE North Wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

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.

By came a peddler, 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.



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

Home went the little woman 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 mercy on me, this is none of I."

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 mercy on me, this can't be I!"

[155]

I HAD four brothers over the sea.
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
And they each sent a present unto me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The first sent a chicken, without any bones;
The second sent a cherry, without any stones,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The third sent a book, which no man could read;
The fourth sent a blanket, without any thread.
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,

[156]

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How could there be a chicken without any bones?
How could there be a cherry without any stones?
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How could there be a book which no man could
read?

How could there be a blanket without a thread?
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the chicken's in the egg-shell, there are no
bones,
When the cherry's in the blossom, there are no
stones.

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
[157]

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the book's in ye press no man it can read;
When the wool is on the sheep's back, there is no
thread.

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

SNEEZE on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

IT costs little Gossip her income for shoes,
To travel about and carry the news.

HERE'S Sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.



PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot nine
days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot nine
days old.
Spell me *that* with a P
And a clever scholar you will
be.

[159]

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie."
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
[160]

And they began to cry.
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found."
"What! found your mittens,
You little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,

And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear,

[161]

Our mittens we have soil'd."
"What! soil'd your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have wash'd."
"What! wash'd your mittens,
You darling kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,

[162]

Miew, miew, miew, miew.

OLD Mother Hubbard

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Went to the cupboard | She took a clean |
| To get her poor Dog a bone; | dish, |
| But when she came there | To get him some |
| The cupboard was bare, | tripe, |

And so the poor Dog had
none.

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

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The sly dog was laughing.



But when she came
back
He was smoking his
pipe.

She went to the ale-
house,
To get him some
beer,
But when she came
back
The dog sat in a
chair.

She went to the
tavern,
[163]

For white wine and
red,
But when she came
back
He stood on his
head.

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



She went to the
barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came
back
He was dancing a
jig.

She went to the
fruiterer's
To buy him some
fruit,
But when she came
back
He was playing a
flute.

She went to the
tailor's,
To buy him a coat,
But when she came
back
He was riding a goat.
The Dame made a

She went to the cobbler's, curtsey,
To buy him some shoes, The Dog made a
But when she came back bow;
He was reading the news. The Dame said
"Your servant,"

She went to the sempstress, The Dog said "Bow

[164]

wow!"

To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back

[165]

He was dress'd in his
clothes.

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame
Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he
could dance,
He could read, he
could write.

She gave him rich
dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a
monument
When he was dead.

PETER White
Will ne'er go right.
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose,
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the [cupboard](#), and can't see me.

[166]

A was an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Dunce, with a very sad face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill-luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.

[167]

I was an Innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
J was a Joiner, and 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 his gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oysterman, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Quack, with a wonderful pill,

[168]

R was a Robber, who wanted to kill.

S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was a Usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zan, a poor harmless fool.

[169]



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

IT'S raining, it's
pouring,
The old man is
snoring.

DOCTOR Foster went to
Gloster,
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to the middle,
And never went there
again.

WHO killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.



Who'll make his shroud?
 I, said the Beetle,
 With my thread and
 needle,
 I'll make his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave?
 I, said the Owl,
 With my spade and
 show'l,
 I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the Parson?
 I, said the Rook,
 With my little book,
 I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?
 I, said the Lark,
 If it's not in the dark
 I'll be the Clerk.

Who'll carry him to the
 grave?
 I, said the Kite,
 If it's not in the night.

Who'll carry the link?
 I, said the Linnet,
 I'll fetch it in a minute,
 [172]

I'll carry the link.

Who'll be chief
 mourner?
 I, said the Dove,
 For I mourn for my
 love,
 I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, said the Trush,
 As she sat in a bush,
 I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?
 I, said the Bull,
 Because I can pull;
 So, Cock Robin,
 farewell.

All the birds of the air

I'll carry him to the
grave.

*Fell a-sighing and
sobbin',
When they heard the
bell toll
For Poor Cock Robin.*

UPON my word and honor,
As I went to Bonner
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall,
The windows were made of black puddings and
white,
And slated with pancakes,—you ne'er saw the
like.

TO market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot;
Five cents a quarter, ten cents a side,
If it hadn't been killed, it must have died.

A DILLER, 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.

[174]

YANKEE Doodle went to town
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers:
"Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

ROWLEY Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls come out to play
Rowley Powley runs away.

[176]



F for a fig,
I for a jig, and
N for knuckle-bones,
I for John the waterman, and
S for sack of stones.

The End.

