

LITTLE MISS MUFFET



THE
MOTHER GOOSE
SERIES.

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NEW YORK

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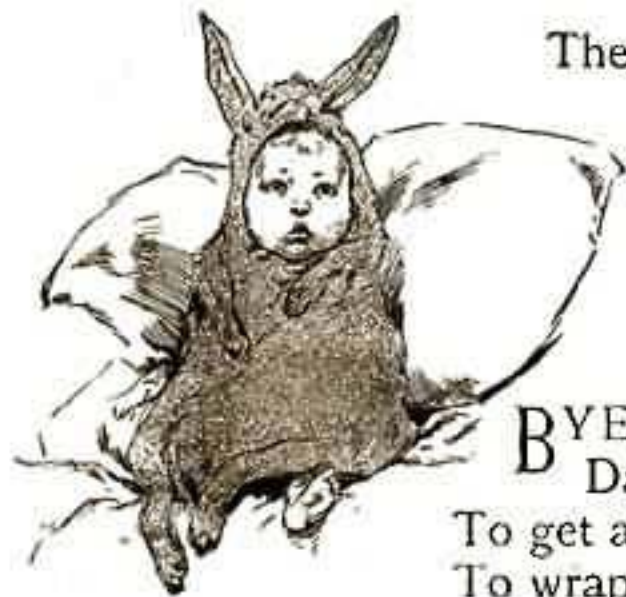
LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET,
Eating of curds and whey;

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

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this tiresome old woman could never be quiet.

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 pan-
cakes,—you ne'er
saw the like.



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



HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

"JACKY, come give me your
fiddle,
If ever you mean to
thrive."

"Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

"If I should give my fiddle
They'll think that I've
gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have
had."

LEG over leg.
As the dog went to Dover,
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

CHARLEY WAG. Charley Wag,
Ate the pudding, and left the bag!

WHENEVER the moon begins to peep,
Little boys should be asleep;
The great big sun shines all the day,
That little boys can see to play.





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.

SATURDAY night shall be my whole care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair,
On Sunday morning my love will come in
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

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

(A CINDER-SIFTER.)

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.



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.

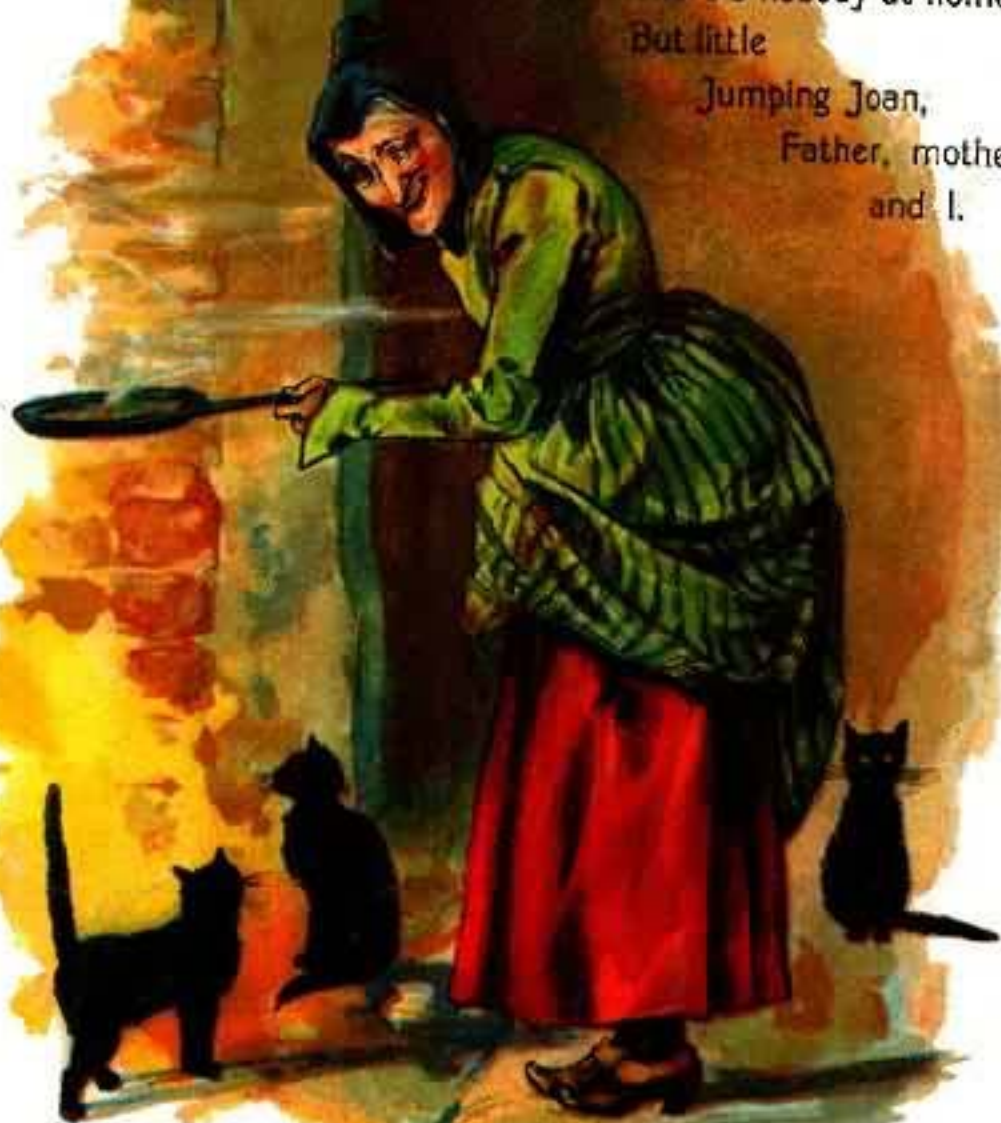
(AN EGG.)



WE are all in the
dumps,
For diamonds are
trumps;
The kittens have gone to
St. Pauls;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

DINGTY DIDDLEDY, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid:
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

HINX, MINX,
The old witch winks
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody at home
But little
Jumping Joan,
Father, mother,
and I.



RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little
puppy-dog tied to
her side,
And little pussy-cat
tied to the other,
And away she shall
ride, to see her
grandmother,
To see her
grandmother,
To see her
grandmother.



LITTLE Sallie Waters, sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for a young man;
Rise, Sallie, rise,
Wipe your eyes,
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to the one that you love best.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.



MARY, MARY,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

With silver bells,
And cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

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 gentle-
men ride,
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentle-
men 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!



The End.

