

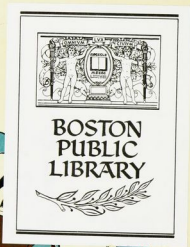
THE  
TEENIE WEENIE  
MAN'S



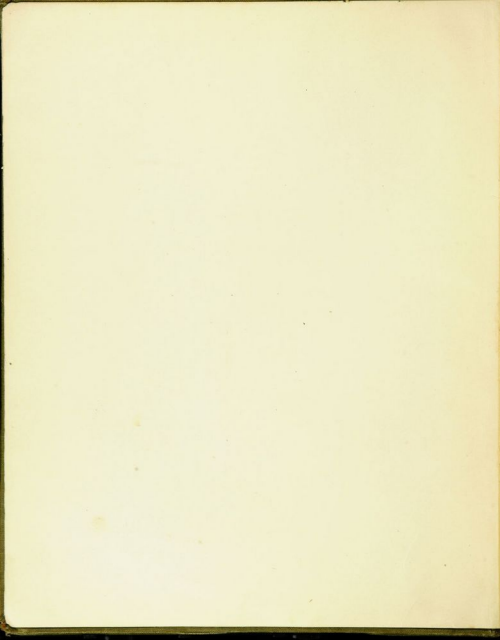
MOTHER  
GOOSE

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
WM. DONAHEY  
THE  
TEENIE WEENIE  
MAN

Russel Rehloch.  
624, east first street.







The Teenie Weenie Man's  
Mother Goose





**NOTICE!**

THIS BOOK BELONGS

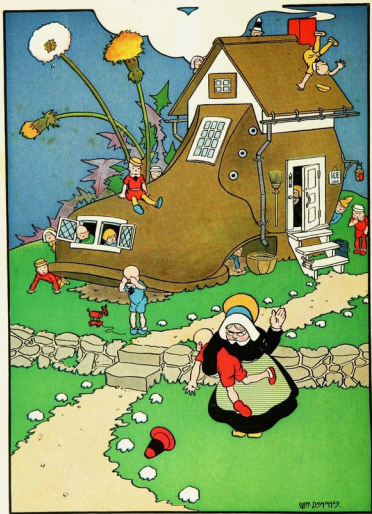
TO \_\_\_\_\_

BY ORDER OF  
MOTHER GOOSE.









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,  
And whipped them all well, and put them  
to bed.

# THE TEENIE WEENIE MAN'S MOTHER GOOSE

*The Most Complete Mother Goose  
Published in America — 700 Rhymes*



Illustrated by  
**WILLIAM DONAHEY**  
*Creator of The Teenie Weenies*

The Reilly & Lee Co.  
Chicago

Jordan  
P28.3  
.M85 Dn  
1921x

Copyright, 1921  
By  
The Reilly & Lee Co.

*All Rights Reserved  
Made in U. S. A.*



A LITTLE HISTORY OF  
THE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Long long ago, in far away France, lived a man named Perrault, who printed a little book of verses for children, called "The Stories of Mother Goose."

The book was taken to England and the children there liked it so much John Newbury published "Mother Goose" in English. One of these books, in its turn, traveled across the ocean to America and was copied here. American children liked the stories too, and children all over the world liked them more and more, so that many other books were printed, and as the years went on Mother Goose grew and grew.

Many other stories were added to the first ones, some very old, some new ones, as they were written. "The House that Jack Built" was told to children in Chaldea thousands of years ago. "Humpty Dumpty" is hundreds of years old, and "The North Wind Doth Blow" is a real baby verse, for it is not one hundred years of age yet.

Many people wrote these verses, but their names have been forgotten. The stories all belong to Mother Goose. Some of the lines may not seem to us to rhyme very well, but we must remember that they were written long ago, when English was not pronounced as it is today.

So Mother Goose has gone on growing bigger and better and more beloved by the children, until now that little French book of two hundred years ago, with its fifty rhymes, has grown into this book, the biggest and best "Mother Goose" thus far published.

No other "Mother Goose" published in America has so many verses in it. There are all the well known ones, that mother and daddie and their mothers and daddies, knew when they were small. There are others, printed in some collections of verses, left out of others, and now gathered here in one big volume.

It's the best "Mother Goose" as to stories, and the one you'll like best as to pictures. For the pictures have been planned to give the greatest pleasure to children, by an artist who draws for children all the time, and does everything he can to please them. Not once did he think of what grown folks might like while making these pictures. They are easy to understand and all of them are funny. If you are so small you can't yet tell A from Z, you can enjoy the pictures, and from them almost know what the rhyme is about without having it read to you. This is truly the children's "Mother Goose."

Look at the book from the frontest front to the last corner of the back cover and see if it isn't the best and the funniest book of "Mother Goose" stories you ever saw, and one that would please and surprise the man who made the first book, so long ago, if he too could see it.

MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY.



### Old Mother Goose

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

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

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

She sent him to market,  
A live goose he bought;  
"See, mother," says he,  
"I have not been for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander  
Grew very fond,  
They'd both eat together  
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one fine morning,  
As I have been told,

His goose had laid him  
An egg of pure gold.

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

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

Then old Mother Goose  
That instant came in,  
And turned her son Jack  
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand  
Touched the lady so fine,  
And turned her at once  
Into sweet Columbine.

Then old Mother Goose  
The goose saddled soon  
And mounting its back  
Flew up to the moon.

### See-Saw

See-saw, Sacaradown,  
Which is the way to London town?  
One foot up, the other foot down,  
That is the way to London town.



See-saw, Jack in the hedge,  
Which is the way to London Bridge?  
Put on your shoes, and away you trudge,  
That is the way to London Bridge.

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

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

### Counting-out Rhymes

Onery, twoery,  
Ziccary zan,  
Hollow bone, crack-a-bone,  
Ninery, ten,  
Spitt, spot,  
It must be done,  
Twiddlum, twaddlum,  
Twenty-one.  
Hinx, minx, the old witch winks,  
The fat begins to fry,  
Nobody at home but jumping Joan,  
Father, mother, and I.  
Stick, stock, stone dead,  
Blind man can't see,  
Every knave will have a slave,  
You or I must be he.

Three children sliding on the ice  
Upon a summer's day,  
As it fell out they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.  
Oh, had these children been at school  
Or sliding on dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,  
They had not then been drowned.  
You parents that have children dear,  
And eke you that have none,  
If you would have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them all at home.

A long-tailed pig or a short-tailed pig,  
Or a pig without any tail;  
A sow pig or a boar pig,  
Or a pig with a curling tail;  
Take hold of the tail and cut off his head,  
And then you'll be sure the pig-hog is dead.





## Hey! Diddle, Diddle!

Hey! 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.

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

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
 What is my dame to do?  
 Till master finds his fiddling stick  
 She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
 My dame has found her shoe,  
 And master's found his fiddling stick,  
 Sing doodle, doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
 My dame will dance with you,  
 While master fiddles his fiddling stick  
 For dame and doodle-doo.

See-saw, Margery Daw,  
 Jacky shall have a new master;  
 Jacky must have but a penny a day,  
 Because he can work no faster.

---

Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top,  
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,  
 When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,  
 Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

---

Dance a baby, diddy,  
 What can mammy do wid'e?  
 But sit in a lap,  
 And give 'un a pap,  
 Sing dance a baby, diddy.



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

If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
 I never would cry young lambs to sell;  
 Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;  
 I never would cry young lambs to sell.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
 I never would cry old clothes to sell;  
 Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;  
 I never would cry old clothes to sell.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,  
 I never would cry old chairs to mend;  
 Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;  
 I never would cry old chairs to mend.

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

There was an old man,  
 And he had a calf,  
 And that's half;  
 He took him out of the stall  
 And put him on the wall,  
 And that's all.

Hickup, hickup, go away!  
 Come again another day:  
 Hickup, hickup, when I bake,  
 I'll give you a butter-cake.

My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,  
 Went round about the house, to find  
 A chink to get her foot in;  
 She tried the keyhole in the door,  
 She tried the crevice in the floor,  
 And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,  
 She blew up such a tiny spark,  
 That all the house was pothered;  
 From it she raised up such a flame,  
 As flamed away to Belting Lane,  
 And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,  
 A whisper reaches itching ears,—  
 The same will come, you'll find,—  
 Take my advice, restrain your tongue,  
 Remember what old nurse has sung  
 Of busy Lady Wind.

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

### Baby's Face

Brow, brow, brinkie,  
Eye, eye, winkie,  
Mouth, mouth, merry,  
Cheek, cheek, cherry,  
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.  
Eye winker,  
Tom Tinker,  
Nose dropper,  
Mouth eater,  
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.

---

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.

You shall have an apple,  
You shall have a plum,  
You shall have a rattle-basket  
When Papa comes home.

---

There were two blackbirds sat upon a hill,  
The one named Jack, the other named Jill.  
Fly away, Jack, fly away, Jill;  
Come again, Jack, come again, Jill.

---

Bow, wow, wow,  
Whose dog are thou?  
Little Tommy Tinker's dog,  
Bow, wow, wow.



Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see a fair lady ride on a white horse;  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy;  
A penny white loaf,  
A penny white cake,  
And a twopenny apple pie.

Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury 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.

---

There were two birds sat on a stone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
One flew away and then there was one,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
The other flew after and then there was none,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
And so the poor stone was left all alone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de.

## There Was a Little Man

There was a little man,  
And he wooed a little maid,  
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?  
I have little more to say,  
So will you, aye or nay?  
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

Then replied the little maid,  
"Little Sir! you've little said  
To induce a little maid for to wed, wed, wed;  
You must say a little more,  
And produce a little ore,  
Ere I to the church will be led, led, led."

Then the little man replied,  
"If you'll be my little bride,  
I will raise my love notes a little higher, higher, higher;  
Though my offers are not meet,  
Yet my little heart is great,  
With the little God of Love all on fire, fire, fire."

The little maid replied,  
Some say a little sighed,  
"Pray, what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?  
Will the flame that you're so rich in  
Make a fire in the kitchen?  
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

The little man sighed,  
And, some say, a little cried,  
For his little heart was big with sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;  
"As I am your little slave,  
If the little that I have,  
Be too little, little, we will borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow."

Then the little man so gent,  
Made the little maid relent,  
And set her little heart a-thinking, king, king, king;  
Though his offers were but small,  
She took his little all,  
She could have her little cat and her skin, skin, skin.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?  
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:  
And tho' victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,  
This plaguey old woman could never be quiet.  
She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,  
And when she came home her old husband was dead;  
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,  
And when she came home her old husband was well.

---

See-saw, Margery Daw,  
The old hen flew over the malt-house;  
She counted her chickens one by one,  
Still she missed the little white one,  
And this is it, this is it, this is it.

(The Toes)

---

Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for its living;  
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day  
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay.

---

Rock-a-by, 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.



" Pat a cake, pat a cake,  
Baker's man."  
" That I will, master,  
As fast as I can."  
" Pat it and prick it,  
And mark it with a T,  
And put in the oven  
For Tommy and me."

---

Hush thee, my babby,  
Lie still with thy Daddy,  
Thy Mammy is gone to the mill,  
To grind thee some wheat to make thee some meat,  
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

---

A nick and a nock,  
A hen and a cock,  
And a penny for my master.

### Sing a Song of Sixpence

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,  
There came a little blackbird,  
And snapped off her nose.

---

O my kitten, a kitten !  
And O my kitten, my deary !  
Such a sweet pet as this  
There is not far nor near-y.  
There we go, up, up, up,  
There we go, down, down, down,  
There we go, backwards and forwards,  
And here we go, round, round, round.

---

"Come, let's to bed," says Sleepyhead;  
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;  
"Put on the pan," says Greedy Nan,  
"Let's sup before we go."

---

One, two, three, four, and five,  
I caught a hare alive;  
Six, seven, eight, nine, and ten,  
I let him go again.

"We're three brethren out of Spain,  
Come to court your daughter Jane."  
"My daughter Jane she is too young,  
She has no skill in a flattering tongue."

"Be she young, or be she old,  
It's for her beauty she must be sold;  
So fare you well, my lady gay,  
We'll call again another day."

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,  
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."  
"Of my spurs take you no thought,  
For in this town they were not bought."

Nor in this town they won't be sold,  
Neither for silver nor for gold.  
So fare you well, my lady gay,  
We'll call again another day."

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,  
And take the fairest in your sight."  
"The fairest maid that I can see  
Is pretty Nancy; come to me."

"Here comes your daughter, safe and sound,  
Every pocket with a thousand pound,  
Every finger with a gay, gold ring;  
Please to take your daughter in."

---

The man in the moon  
Came tumbling down,  
And asked his way to Norwich;  
He went by the south,  
And burnt his mouth,  
With supping hot pease-porridge.

---

Three straws on a staff,  
Would make a baby cry and laugh.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE!







When I was a little boy I lived by myself.  
 And all the bread and cheese I got I laid  
 upon the shelf;  
 The rats and the mice they made such a  
 strife  
 I was forced to go to London to buy me a  
 wife.  
 The roads were so bad, and the lanes were  
 so narrow,  
 I was forced to bring my wife home in a  
 wheelbarrow,  
 The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife got a  
 fall,  
 Farewell, wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

Pease-porridge hot,  
 Pease-porridge cold,  
 Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.  
 Spell me *that* without a p  
 And a clever scholar you will be.  
 (*Bean-Porridge*)

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

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,  
 Prithee, love, play me  
 T'other little tune.

The sow came in with the saddle,  
 The little pig rocked the cradle,  
 The dish jumped over the table  
 To see the pot wash the lade.  
 The spit that stood behind the door,  
 Called dish-cloth dirty, o'er and o'er.  
 "What!" said the gridiron, "can't you  
 agree?"  
 I'm the head constable; come along with me."

### Little Jack Horner



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

This pig went to market;  
This pig stayed at home;  
This pig had roast meat;  
This pig had none;  
This pig went to the barn door,  
And cry'd, "Week, week," for more.

---



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

---

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.

---

I'll tell my own Daddy, when he comes home,  
All the good work my Mammy has done;  
She has earned a penny, and spent a groat,  
And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.

---

Hannah Bantry in the pantry,  
Eating a mutton bone;  
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,  
When she found she was alone.

---

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."

---

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck three,  
The mouse ran away,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck ten,  
The mouse came again,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.



As I was going up Pippin Hill,  
Pippin Hill was dirty;  
There I met a pretty miss,  
And she dropped me a curtsy.  
Little miss, pretty miss,  
Blessings light upon you!  
If I had half a crown a day,  
I'd spend it all upon you.

---

If wishes were horses,  
Beggars would ride;  
If turnips were watches,  
I would wear one by my side.

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
Yes, marry, have I,  
Three bags full:  
One for my master,  
One for my dame,  
But none for the little boy  
Who cries in the lane.

---

There was an old man, and he lived in a  
wood,  
And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon,  
Nor followed his trade although it was good,  
With a ball and a stump for making of  
brooms, green brooms,  
With a ball and a stump for making of  
brooms.

One morn in a passion and sore with  
vexation,  
He swore he would fire the room,  
If he did not get up and go to his work,  
And fall to the cutting of brooms, green  
brooms,  
And fall to the cutting of brooms.

Then Jack he arose and slipt on his clothes,  
And away to the woods very soon,  
Where he made up his pack and put it on  
his back,  
Crying, " Maids, do you want any brooms,  
green brooms ?  
Maids, do you want any brooms ? "

---

The children of Holland  
Take pleasure in making,  
What the children of England  
Take pleasure in breaking.

(Toys)



There was a man of our town,  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He jumped into a bramble bush,  
And scratched out both his eyes;  
And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main,  
He jumped into another bush,  
And scratched them in again.

---

Dingle, dingle, doosey,  
The cat's in the well,  
The dog's away to Bellingier,  
To buy the bairn a bell.

---

Boys and girls, come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day,  
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,  
Come with your play-fellows into the street.  
Come with a whoop, come with a call,  
Come with a goodwill or not at all,  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A penny loaf will serve us all.  
But when the loaf is gone, what will you do?  
Those who would eat must work, that's true.



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

The miller did swear  
By the point of his knife,  
He never took toll  
Of a mouse in his life.

---

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

Oh, all you little blackey tops,  
Pray, don't you eat my father's crops,  
While I lie down to take a nap.  
Shua-O!  
Shua-O!

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

If father he perchance should come,  
With his cocked hat, and his long gun,  
Then you must fly, and I must run.  
Shua-O!  
Shua-O!

---

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

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

I'll sing you a song,  
The days are long;  
The woodcock and the sparrow,  
The little dog he has burnt his tail,  
And he must be hanged to-morrow.



"We'll go a-shooting," says Robin to Bobbin,

"We'll go a-shooting," says Richard to Robin,

"We'll go a-shooting," says John all alone,  
"We'll go a shooting," says every one.

"What shall we kill?" says Robin to Bobbin,

"What shall we kill?" says Richard to Robin,

"What shall we kill?" says John all alone,  
"What shall we kill?" says every one.

"We'll shoot at that wren," says Robin to Bobbin,

"We'll shoot at that wren," says Richard to Robin,

"We'll shoot at that wren," says John all alone,

"We'll shoot at that wren," says every one.

"She's down, she's down," says Robin to Bobbin,

"She's down, she's down," says Richard to Robin,

"She's down, she's down," says John all alone,

"She's down, she's down," says every one.

"How shall we get her home?" says Robin to Bobbin,

"How shall we get her home?" says Richard to Robin,

"How shall we get her home?" says John all alone,

"How shall we get her home?" says every one.

"We'll hire a cart," says Robin to Bobbin,

"We'll hire a cart," says Richard to Robin,

"We'll hire a cart," says John all alone,

"We'll hire a cart," says every one.

"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says Robin to Bobbin,

"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says Richard to Robin,

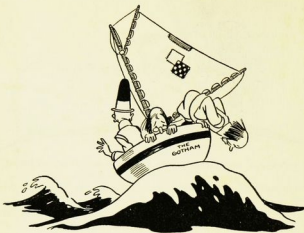
"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says John all alone,

"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says every one.

So they brought her away, after each plucked a feather,

And when they got home shared the booty together.

## The Three Wise Men of Gotham



Three wise men of Gotham  
They went to sea in a bowl,

And if the bowl had been stronger  
My song had been longer.

---

Oh that I was where I would be,  
Then would I be where I am not.  
But where I am I must be,  
And where I would be I cannot.

---

One, two, three,  
I love coffee,  
And Billy loves tea.  
How good you be,  
One, two, three;  
I love coffee,  
And Billy loves tea.

---

Clap hands, clap hands!  
Till father comes home;  
For father's got money,  
But mother's got none.  
Clap hands, clap hands!  
Till father comes home.  
Clap hands; daddy comes  
With his pocket full of plums,  
And a cake for Johnny.

---

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.

## To Brush the Cobwebs Off the Sky

There was an old woman tossed up in a  
basket,

Nineteen times as high as the moon;  
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"  
quoth I,

"Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so  
high?"

"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"

"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by-and-  
by."

---

Old Father Greybeard,  
Without tooth or tongue,  
If you'll give me your finger,  
I'll give you my thumb.

---

Mistress Mary,  
Quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells,  
And cockleshells,  
And prettv maids all in a row.

---

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:  
That is the end  
Of Solomon Grundy.

---

Bo-peeper,  
Nose dreeper,  
Chin chopper,  
White lopper,  
Red rag,  
And little gap.

---

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

---

Pretty John Watts,  
We are troubled with rats,  
Will you drive them out of the house?  
We have mice, too, in plenty,  
That feast in the pantry;  
But let them stay,  
And nibble away;  
What harm in a little brown mouse.



## Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark!

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!  
Beggars are coming to town,  
Some in jags, some in rags,  
And some in velvet gown.

---

Moss was a little man, and a little mare did  
buy,  
For kicking and for sprawling none her  
could come nigh:  
She could trot, she could amble, and could  
canter here and there,  
But one night she strayed away—so Moss  
lost his mare.

Moss got up next morning to catch her fast  
asleep,  
And round about the frosty fields so nimbly  
he did creep:  
Dead in a ditch he found her, and glad to  
find her there,  
So I'll tell you by and by how Moss caught  
his mare.

"Rise! stupid, rise!" he thus to her did say;  
"Arise! you beast, you drowsy beast, get up  
without delay,  
For I must ride you to the town, so don't lie  
sleeping there:"  
He put the halter round her neck—so Moss  
caught his mare.

---

Oh, rare Harry Parry,  
When will you marry?  
When apples and peas are ripe,  
I'll come to your wedding  
Without any bidding,  
And dance and sing all the night.

A man of words and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds ;  
And when the weeds begin to grow,  
It's like a garden full of snow ;  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall ;  
And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky ;  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door ;  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a stick across your back ;  
And when your back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife in your heart ;  
And when your heart begins to bleed,  
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

---

There was a King, and he had three daugh-  
ters,  
And they all lived in a basin of water;  
The basin bended,  
My story's ended:  
If the basin had been stronger,  
My story would have been longer.

---

There was a king met a king  
In a narrow lane.  
Says this king to that king,  
"Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a-hunting  
With my dog and my doe."  
"Pray, lend him to me,  
That I may do so."

"There's the dog, take the dog."  
"What the dog's name?"  
"I've told you already."  
"Pray, tell me again."





HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK!



## The Ballad of Jack Sprat

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

Jack ate all the lean,  
Joan ate all the fat;  
The bone they picked clean,  
Then gave it to the cat.

When Jack Sprat was young,  
He dressed very smart;  
He courted Joan Cole,  
And he gained her heart.

In his fine leather doublet  
And old greasy hat,  
Oh, what a smart fellow  
Was little Jack Sprat !

Joan Cole had a hole  
In her petticoat;  
Jack Sprat to get a patch  
Gave her a groat.

The groat bought a patch  
Which stopped the hole;  
" I thank you, Jack Sprat,"  
Says little Joan Cole.

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,  
Joan Cole was the bride;  
Jack said from the church  
His Joan home should ride.

But no coach could take her,  
The lane was so narrow;  
Said Jack, " Then I'll take her  
Home in a wheel barrow."

Jack Sprat was wheeling  
His wife by the ditch;  
The barrow turned over,  
And in she did pitch.



Says Jack, " She'll be drowned,"  
But Joan did reply,  
" I don't think I shall,  
For the ditch is quite dry."

Jack brought home his Joan,  
And she sat in a chair,  
When in came his cat,  
Which had got but one ear.

Says Joan, " I'm come home, Puss,  
Pray, how do you do?"  
The cat wagged her tail,  
And said nothing but " mew."

Jack Sprat took his gun,  
And went to the brook;  
He shot at a drake,  
But he killed the duck.

He brought it to Joan,  
Who a fire did make,  
To roast the fat duck  
While Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming,  
With his curly tail;

Jack Sprat went to shoot him  
But happened to fail.

He let off his gun,  
But, missing the mark,  
The drake flew away  
Crying, " Quack, Quack, Quack."

Jack Sprat to live pretty,  
Now bought him a pig;  
It was not very little,  
It was not very big.

It was not very lean,  
It was not very fat,  
It will serve for a grunter  
For little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market  
To buy her some fowls;  
She bought a jackdaw  
And a couple of owls.

The owls they were white,  
The jackdaw was black;  
" They'll make a rare breed,"  
Says little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow,  
His Joan for to please;  
For Joan she could make  
Both butter and cheese,

Or pancakes or puddings  
Without any fat;  
A notable housewife  
Was little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market,  
And bought him a mare;  
She was lame of three legs,  
And as blind as she could stare.

Her ribs they were bare,  
For the mare had no fat;

" She looks like a racer,"  
Says little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad,  
Puss took care of the house;  
She caught a large rat,  
And a very small mouse.

She caught a small mouse,  
And a very large rat;  
" You're an excellent hunter,"  
Says little Jack Sprat.

Now I have told you the story  
Of Little Jack Sprat,  
And little Joan Cole,  
And the poor one-eared cat.

Now Jack has got rich,  
And has plenty of pelf;  
If you know any more,  
You may tell it yourself.

---

Hie, hie! says Anthony,  
Puss in the pantry.  
Gnawing, gnawing,  
A mutton, mutton-bone.  
See how she tumbles it,  
See how she mumbles it,  
See how she tosses  
The mutton, mutton-bone.

---

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



There was a man and he had nought,  
And robbers came to rob him;  
He crept up to the chimney-pot,  
And then they thought they had him.

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

---

I'll sing you a song  
Nine verses long,  
For a pin.  
Three and three are six,  
And three are nine;  
You are a fool,  
And the pin is mine.

---

Bye, O my baby!  
When I was a lady,  
O! then my poor baby didn't cry;  
But my baby is weeping,  
For want of good keeping;  
O! I fear my poor baby will die.

Oh, mother, I shall be married to  
Mr. Punchinello,  
To Mr. Punch,  
To Mr. Joe,  
To Mr. Nell,  
To Mr. Lo,  
Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,  
Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,  
To Mr. Punchinello.

---

Taffy was a Welshman,  
Taffy was a thief;  
Taffy came to my house,  
And stole a piece of beef.

I went to Taffy's house,  
Taffy wasn't at home;  
Taffy came to my house,  
And stole a mutton bone.

I went to Taffy's house,  
Taffy was not in;  
Taffy came to my house,  
And stole a silver pin.

I went to Taffy's house,  
Taffy was in bed;  
I took up a poker,  
And flung it at his head.



## London Bridge

London Bridge is broken down,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
London Bridge is broken down,  
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
How shall we build it up again ?  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with silver and gold,  
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Silver and gold will be stole away,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with iron and steel,  
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Iron and steel will bend and bow,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Build it up with wood and clay,  
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Wood and clay will wash away,  
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,  
With a gay lady.

See, a prisoner I have got,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
See, a prisoner I have got,  
With a gay lady.

What's the prisoner done to you,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
What's the prisoner done to you,  
With a gay lady.

Stole my watch and broke my chain,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Stole my watch and broke my chain,  
With a gay lady.

What will you take to set him free ?  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
What will you take to set him free ?  
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds will set him free,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
A hundred pounds will set him free,  
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds I have not got,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
A hundred pounds I have not got,  
With a gay lady.

Then off to prison he must go,  
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;  
Then off to prison he must go,  
With a gay lady.

## A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go



A frog he would a-woosing go,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
Whether his mother would let him or no.  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley!

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

"Pray, Mister Rat, will you go with me?"  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

They came to the door of Mousey's hall,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley.  
"Oh! yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
"Let it be something that's not very long."  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied Mr. Frog,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog."  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

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

But while they were all a-merry-making,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

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

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.  
With a rowley, powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two and three,  
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,  
The rat, the mouse, and the little frog-gee.  
With a rowley, powley, etc.



## The Lover's Tasks

Can you make me a cambric shirt,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
Without any seam or needlework?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
Where never sprung water, nor rain ever  
fell?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
Which never had blossom since Adam was  
born?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Now you have asked me questions three,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
I hope you'll answer as many for me,  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
Between the salt water and the sea sand?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you plough it with a sailor's horn,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
And bind it all up with a peacock's feather?  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

When you have done and finished your work,  
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,  
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,  
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

## Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

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

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

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

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
Then went over hill and dale, O!  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess  
should,  
To tack to each sheep its tail, O!

## To Market, To Market To Buy a Fat Pig

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jig;  
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.  
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,  
Home again, home again, market is done;  
To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,  
Home again, home again, ne'er a one  
baked,—  
The baker is dead, and all his men,  
And we must go to market again.

---

Little Betty Pringle she had a pig.  
It was not very little and not very big;  
When he was alive he lived in clover,  
But now he's dead, and that's all over.

Johnny Pringle he sat down and cry'd,  
Betty Pringle she laid down and dy'd;  
So there was an end of one, two and three;  
Johnny Pringle he, Betty Pringle she,  
And Piggy Wiggie.

---

There was a man who had no eyes,  
He went abroad to view the skies;  
He saw a tree with apples on it,  
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

---

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a rail,  
Niddle naddle went his head, wiggle waggle  
went his tail.  
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a hurdle,  
With a pair of speckled legs and a green  
girdle.

## The Merry Bells of London

Gay go up and gay go down,  
To ring the bells of London town.

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

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

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

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

Two sticks and an apple,  
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,  
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

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

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

You owe me five farthings,  
Say the bells of St Martin's.

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

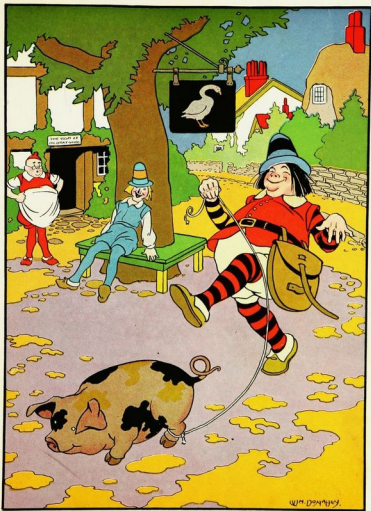
When I grow rich,  
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?  
Say the bells at Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,  
Says the great bell at Bow.

---

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,  
And here comes a chopper to chop off your  
head.



TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BUY A FAT PIG.



Cry, baby, cry,  
Put your finger in your eye,  
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

---

A diller, a dollar,  
A ten o'clock scholar;  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
And now you come at noon.

---

Johnny Armstrong kill'd a calf,  
Peter Henderson got the half;  
Willy Wilkinson got the head,—  
Ring the bell, the calf is dead!

---

I had a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb ;  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And there I bade him drum.

I bought a little horse,  
That galloped up and down ;  
I bridled him, and saddled him,  
And sent him out of town.

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

---

" 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 dog of the kiln,  
He went to the mill,  
To lick mill-dust.  
The miller, he came  
With a stick on his back—  
Home, dog, home!  
The foot behind,  
The foot before:  
When he came to a stile,  
Thus he jumped o'er.

---

When Jack'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.

---

Robin the Bobbin, the big-belted Ben,  
He ate more meat than fourscore men;  
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,  
He ate a butcher and a half;  
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,  
He ate 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 complained that his stomach  
wasn't full.



## Little Boy Blue



Little Boy Blue, come, blow up your horn,  
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep's in the  
corn;  
But where is the little boy tending the sheep?

He's under the haycock fast asleep.  
Will you wake him? No, not I!  
For if I do, he's sure to cry.

---

A little old man and I fell out,  
How shall we bring the matter about?  
Bring it about as well as you can,  
Get you gone, you little old man!

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

---

Rowsty dowl,  
My fire's all out,  
My little dame's not at home;  
Come, bridle my hog,  
And saddle my dog,  
And fetch my little dame home.  
Home she came,  
Tritty, trot,  
She called for the porridge she left in the  
pot;  
Some she ate,  
And some she shod,  
And some she gave to the truckler's dog.  
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,  
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead.

---

Riddle me, riddle me, ree,  
A hawk sate up on a tree;  
And he says to himself, says he,  
"Oh! dear, what a fine bird I be!"

---

Thomas a Tattamus took two T's  
To tie two tups to two tall trees.  
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus,  
Tell me how many T's there are in all THAT.



A fox jumped up one winter's night,  
And begged the moon to give him light,  
For he'd many miles to trot that night  
Before he reached his den O!

Den O! den O!

For he'd many miles to trot that night  
Before he reached his den O!

The first place he came to was a farmer's  
yard,

Where the ducks and the geese declared it  
hard

That their nerves should be shaken and their  
rest so marr'd

By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

Fox O! Fox O!

That their nerves should be shaken and their  
rest so marr'd

By a visit from Mr. Fox O!

He took the gray goose by the neck,  
And swung him right across his back;

The gray goose cried out, "Quack, quack,  
quack,"

With his legs hanging dangling down O!  
Down O! down O!

The gray goose cried out, "Quack, quack,  
quack,"

With his legs hanging dangling down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out  
of bed,

And out of the window she popped her head:  
"Oh! John, John, John, the gray goose is  
gone,

And the Fox is off to his den O!

Den O! den O!

Oh! John, John, John, the gray goose is  
gone,

And the Fox is off to his den O!"

John ran up to the top of the hill,

And blew his whistle loud and shrill;

Said the Fox, "That is very pretty music;  
still —

I'd rather be in my den O!

Den O! den O!"

Said the Fox, "That's very pretty music;  
still —

I'd rather be in my den O!"

The Fox went back to his hungry den,

And his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten;

Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go  
there again,

If you bring such good cheer from the farm  
O!

Farm O! farm O!"

Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go  
there again,

If you bring such good cheer from the farm  
O!"

The Fox and his wife, without any strife,  
Said they never ate a better goose in all  
their life:

They did very well without fork or knife,  
And the little ones picked the bones O!

Bones O! bones O!

They did very well without fork or knife,  
And the little ones picked the bones O!



### The Little Cock Sparrow

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,  
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry  
was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and  
arrow,  
Says he, "I will shoot this little cock spar-  
row;

His body will make me a nice little stew,  
And his g'blets will make me a little pie too."  
"Oh, no," said the sparrow, "I won't make  
a stew."

So he clapped his wings and away he flew.

---

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.

---

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

---

There was an old woman who had three  
sons —

Jerry and James and John:  
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,  
John was lost and never was found;  
And there was an end of all three sons—  
Jerry and James and John.

"Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-  
shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick of  
hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, shall I love you  
dearly?"

"Thank you, very kindly, sir, I hear you  
very clearly."

---

If all the world were paper,  
And all the seas were ink,  
And all the trees were bread and cheese,  
What could we have for drink?

If all the world were sand-o,  
Oh, then, what should we lack-o?  
If, as they say, there were no day,  
How should we take tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,  
And none but had a crack,  
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,  
How should we do for sack?





Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,  
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall,  
And slated with pancakes — you ne'er saw  
the like.

---

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,  
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;  
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;  
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if  
you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jump'd upon a wall,  
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got  
a fall;  
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did  
Pussy say?  
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin jump'd  
away.

---

There was an old woman lived under a hill,  
And if she's not gone — she lives there still.

Sing jig my jole, the pudding-bowl,  
The table and the frame;  
My master he did cudgel me,  
For speaking of my dame.

---

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

---

Who stand yonder?  
Little Betsy Baker,  
Take her up and shake her.



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?  
I've been to London to look at the Queen.  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

---

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,  
And what do you think it was all about?  
She loved coffee and I loved tea,  
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

---

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!

---

Little Jack Dandy Prat was my first suitor,  
He had a dish, and a spoon, and he'd some pewter,  
He'd linen and woolen, and woolen and linen,  
A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

---

Little Bob Robin,  
Where do you live?  
Up in yonder wood, sir,  
On a hazel twig.

---

Two, four, six, eight,  
Mary at the cottage gate,  
Eating cherries off a plate,  
Two, four, six, eight;  
O-u-t spells out goes she.

The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,  
The mistress snored loud as a pig;  
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,  
And struck up a bit of a jig.

---

I had a little pony,  
They called 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.





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 he saw a little duck,  
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,  
To his old wife Joan,  
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;  
To roast the little duck,

He'd shot in the brook,  
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake,  
drake.

The drake was swimming,  
With his curly tail,  
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark;  
But he let off his gun,  
And he fired too soon,  
And the drake flew away with a quack,  
quack, quack.

---

High, ding, cockatoo-moody,  
Make a bed in a barn, I will come to thee;  
High, ding, straps of leather,  
Two little puppy-dogs tied together;  
One by the head, and one by the tail,  
And over the water these puppy-dogs sail.

---

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

---

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

---

The rose is red, the grass is green,  
Serve Queen Bess, our noble queen.  
Kitty the spinner,  
Will sit down to dinner,  
And eat the leg of a frog.  
All good people,  
Look over the steeple,  
And see the cat play with the dog.

---

Oh! the grand old Duke of York,  
He had ten thousand men;  
He marched them up to the top of a hill,  
And he marched them down again!  
And when they were up, they were up,  
And when they were down, they were down,  
And when they were only half way up,  
They were neither up nor down.

## Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog

Old Mother Hubbard,  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor Dog a bone,  
But when she came there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog had none.

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

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

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's  
To buy him some fish,  
But when she came back  
He was licking the dish.

She went to the alchouse  
To get him some beer,  
But when she came back  
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red,  
But when she came back  
The Dog 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 the flute.

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

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes,  
But when she came back  
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress  
To buy him some linen,  
But when she came back  
The Dog was a-spinning.

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

The Dame made a curtsy,  
The Dog made a bow;  
The Dame said, "Your servant,"  
The Dog said, "Bow-wow."

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

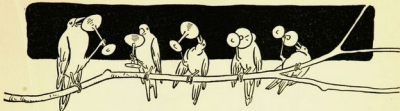
She gave him rich dainties  
Whenever he fed,  
And erected a monument  
When he was dead.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.



## The Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren



It was on a merry time  
When Jenny Wren was young,  
So neatly as she danced,  
And so sweetly as she sung.

Robin Redbreast lost his heart,  
He was a gallant bird;  
He doffed his hat to Jenny,  
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,  
If you will but be mine,  
You shall dine on cherry pie,  
And drink nice currant wine;

"I'll dress you like a goldfinch,  
Or like a peacock gay;  
So if you'll have me, Jenny,  
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,  
And thus declared her mind:  
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,  
I take your offer kind;

"Cherry pie is very good,  
So is currant wine;

But I'll wear my russet gown,  
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early  
At the break of day,  
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,  
To sing a roundelay.

He sang of Robin's love  
For little Jenny Wren,  
And when he came unto the end,  
Then he began again.

The birds were asked to dine ;  
Not Jenny's friends alone,  
But every pretty songster  
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry pie,  
Besides some currant wine ;  
And every guest brought something,  
That sumptuous they might dine.

They each took a bumper,  
And drank to the pair,—  
Cock Robin the bridegroom,  
And Jenny the fair.

I see the moon and the moon sees me:  
God bless the moon and God bless me.

See, see. What shall I see?  
A horse's head where his tail should be.



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"  
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"  
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."  
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said,  
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,  
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

---

To make your candles last for aye,  
 You wives and maids give ear O!  
 To put them out is the only way,  
 Says honest John Boldero.

---

Warm hands, warm, the men are gone to  
 plough;  
 If you want to warm your hands, warm your  
 hands now.

---

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.

---

Oh dear! what can the matter be?  
 Two old women got up in an apple tree;  
 One came down,  
 The other stayed 'til Saturday.





I had a little cow; to save her,  
I turned her into the meadow to graze her:  
There came a heavy storm of rain,  
And drove the little cow home again.  
The church doors they stood open,  
And there the little cow was croupen;  
The bell-ropes they were made of hay,  
And the little cow ate them all away:  
The sexton came to toll the bell,  
And pushed the little cow into the well!

Polly, put the kettle on,  
Polly, put the kettle on,  
Polly, put the kettle on,  
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,  
Sukey, take it off again,  
Sukey, take it off again,  
They're all gone away.

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

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Where shall I wander?  
Upstairs, downstairs,  
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 downstairs.

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.

Dickery, dickery, dare,  
The pig flew up in the air;  
The man in brown soon brought him down,  
Dickery, dickery, dare.

"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."

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





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

Rain, rain, go to Spain,  
Fair weather come again.

Rain, rain, go away,  
Come again another day,  
Little Willie wants to play.

When I brew and when I bake  
I'll give you a figgy cake.

Robert Barnes, fellow fine,  
Can you shoe this horse of mine?  
Yes, 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.

I had a little hobby-horse, and it was well  
shod,  
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod,  
trod!

When I got there I gave a great shout,  
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.  
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,  
He would not come to my house, I made a  
little feast;

I had but little, but I would give him some,  
For playing of his bagpipes and beating of  
his drum.

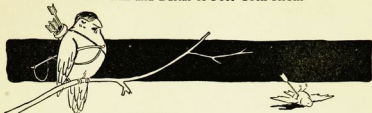
Bell horses, bell horses,  
What time o' day,  
One o'clock, two o'clock,  
Time to away.

The Mackerel's cry,  
Is never long dry.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away did run!  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
Till he ran crying down the street.



## The Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin



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 shou'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,  
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll carry the link ?

" I," said the Linnet,  
" I'll fetch it in a minute,  
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 bear the pall ?

" We," says the Wren,  
Both the cock and the hen,  
" We'll bear the pall."

" Who'll sing a psalm ?

" I," said the Thrush,  
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

Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,  
When they heard the bell tolling  
For poor Cock Robin.



Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross buns!

If you have no daughters,

Give them to your sons,

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross buns!

But if you have none of these little elves,

Then you may eat them all yourselves.

---

Pit, pat, well-a-day!

Little Robin flew away;

Where can little Robin be?

Gone into the cherry tree?

---

Little General Monk

Sat upon a trunk,

Eating a crust of bread;

There fell a hot coal

And burnt in his clothes a hole,

Now General Monk is dead.

Keep always from the fire:

If it catch your attire,

You too, like Monk, will be dead.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;  
Pussy came by, and popped her head in;

"What are you doing my little men?"

"Weaving coats for gentlemen."

"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"

"Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads  
off!"

Says Puss: "You look so wondrous wise,  
I like your whiskers and bright black eyes;

Your house is the nicest house I see,

I think there is room for you and me."

The mice were so pleased, that they opened  
the door,

And Pussy soon laid them all dead on the  
floor.

---

Little Brown Betty lived at the Golden Can,

Where she brewed good ale for gentlemen:

And gentlemen came every day,

Till little Brown Betty she hopped away:

She hopped upstairs to make her bed,

And she tumbled down and broke her head.

---

Barnaby Bright he was a sharp cur,

He always would bark if a mouse did but  
stir,

But now he's grown old, and can no longer  
bark,

He's condemned by the parson to be hanged  
by the clerk.

---

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!"



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.

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the  
sun,  
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan,  
King John has sent you letters three,  
And begs you'll read them unto me,  
You must read one, if you can't read all,  
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the ball.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonnie lasses:  
They built a house upon the lea,  
And covered it with rushes.

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

A little boy went into a barn,  
And lay down on some hay;  
An owl came out and flew about,  
And the little boy ran away.

Shall I tell you a tale  
About a snail?  
He jumped in the fire,  
And burnt his tail.

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.

Shall I tell you another  
About his brother?  
Shall I begin it?  
That is all that's in it.

## Jack and Jill

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;  
Went to bed and bound his head  
With vinegar and brown paper.

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

---

"Jacky, come give me thy fiddle,  
If ever thou 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'm gone mad;  
For many a joyful day  
My fiddle and I have had."

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

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

---

When the wind is in the East,  
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;  
When the wind is in the North,  
The skillful fisher goes not forth;  
When the wind is in the South,  
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;  
When the wind is in the West,  
Then 'tis at the very best.

## Tom Thumb's Alphabet

A was an archer, who shot at a frog;  
B was a butcher, he had a great dog;  
C was a captain, all covered with lace;  
D was a drunkard, and had a red 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;  
I an innkeeper, who loved to carouse;  
J was a joiner, and built up a house;  
K was King William, once governed this  
land;  
L was a lady, who had a white hand;  
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;  
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold;  
O was an oyster girl, and went about town;  
P was a parson, and wore a black gown;  
Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip;  
R was a robber, and wanted a whip;  
S was a sailor, and spent all he got;  
T was a tinker, and mended a pot;  
U was an 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 zany, a poor harmless fool.

---

Charley, Charley, stole the barley,  
Out of the Baker shop;  
The Baker came out, and gave him a clout,  
And made poor Charley hop.

---

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,  
You'll never see him more;  
He used to wear a long brown coat,  
That button'd down before.



JACK AND JILL.





## The Tailor and the Crow



A carrion crow sat upon an oak,  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,  
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;  
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

Wife, come bring me my old bent bow,  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,  
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;  
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

The tailor he shot, but he missed his mark,  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,  
And he shot his old sow right through the  
heart;

---

"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."

---

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;  
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;  
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley  
rolled round?

Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

Come, wife, come bring me brandy in a  
spoon,  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,  
For our old sow's fallen in a swoon;  
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

But the old sow died, and the bells did toll,  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,  
An the little pigs prayed for the old sow's  
soul;  
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!  
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

---

As I was going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with bandy legs:  
Bandy legs and crooked toes,  
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his  
nose.

---

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?  
The cat has eaten the pudding-string.  
Do, do, what shall I do?  
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

### The Old Market Woman

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,  
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;  
She went to market all on a marketday,  
And she went to sleep on the King's  
highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was  
Stout,

He cut her petticoats all around about ;  
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,  
Which made the old woman to shiver and  
freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,  
She began to shiver and she began to shake ;  
She began to wonder and she began to cry,  
" Oh ! deary, deary me, this is none of I !  
" But if it be I, as I do 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,  
" Lawk a mercy on me, this is none of I !"

---

Little Dickie Dilver  
Had a wife of silver;  
He took a stick and broke her back,  
And sold her to the miller;  
The miller wouldn't have her,  
So he threw her in the river.

---

A sunshiny shower  
Won't last half an hour.

### The Ten Little Niggers

Ten little Nigger Boys went out to dine;  
One choked his little self, and then there  
were Nine.

Nine little Nigger Boys sat up very late;  
One overslept himself, and then there were  
Eight.

Eight little Nigger Boys travelling in  
Devon;  
One said he'd stay there, and then there  
were Seven.

Seven little Nigger Boys chopping up  
sticks;  
One chopped himself in halves, and then  
there were Six.

Six little Nigger Boys playing with a hive;  
A Bumble Bee stung one, and then there  
were Five.

Five little Nigger Boys going in for law;  
One got in Chancery, and then there were  
Four.

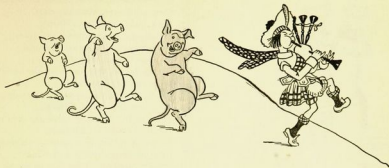
Four little Nigger Boys going out to sea;  
A Red Herring swallowed one, and then  
there were Three.

Three little Nigger Boys walking in the  
" Zoo ";  
The big Bear hugg'd one, and then there  
were Two.

Two little Nigger Boys sitting in the sun;  
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.

One little Nigger Boy living all alone;  
He got married, and then there was None.

## Tom, the Piper's Son



Tom, he was a piper's son,  
He learnt to play when he was young,  
But all the tune that 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.

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

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

---

The evening red and the morning gray  
Are the tokens for a bonny day.

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

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

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

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.



Barber, barber, shave a pig,  
 How many hairs will make a wig?  
 "Four and twenty, that's enough."  
 Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

---

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

---

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,  
 In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.

---

I had a little Hen, the prettiest ever seen,  
 She washed me the dishes, and kept the house  
 clean.  
 She went to the mill to fetch me some flour;  
 She brought it home in less than an hour;  
 She baked me my bread, she brewed me my  
 ale,  
 She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.



A for the ape, that we saw at the fair;  
 B for a blockhead, who ne'er shall go there;  
 C for a cauliflower, white as a curd;  
 D for a duck, a very good bird;  
 E for an egg, good in pudding or pies;  
 F for a farmer, rich, honest, and wise;  
 G for a gentleman, void of all care;  
 H for the hound, that ran down the hare;  
 I for an Indian sooty and dark;  
 K for the keeper, that look'd to the park;  
 L for a lark, that soar'd in the air;  
 M for a mole, that ne'er could get there;  
 N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault;  
 O for an otter, that ne'er could be caught;  
 P for a pudding, stuck full of plums;  
 Q was for quartering it, see here he comes;  
 R for a rook, that croak'd in the trees;  
 S for a sailor, that plough'd the deep seas;  
 T for a top, that doth prettily spin;  
 V for a virgin of delicate mien;  
 W for wealth, in gold, silver, and pence;  
 X for old Xenophon, noted for sense;  
 Z for the zebra, that belongs to the queen.

---

He that would thrive,  
 Must rise at five;  
 He that has thriven,  
 May lie till seven;  
 And he that by the plough would thrive,  
 Himself must either hold or drive.



Jack be nimble,  
And Jack be quick,  
And Jack jump over  
The candlestick.

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,  
And a long tail, which she let fly;  
And every time she went over a gap,  
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

*(A Needle and Thread)*

Snail, snail, shut out your horns,  
Father and mother are dead;  
Brother and sister are in the backyard,  
Begging for barley bread.

There were three sisters in a hall,  
There came a knight amongst them all;  
Good morrow, aunt, to the one,  
Good morrow, aunt, to the other.  
Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the third,  
If you were my aunt,  
As the other two be,  
I would say good morrow,  
Then, aunts, all three.

I had a little dog, and they called him Buff;  
I sent him to the shop for a ha'p'orth of  
snuff;  
But he lost the bag and spilled the snuff,  
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

Come, dance a jig,  
To my Granny's pig,  
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy;  
Come, dance a jig,  
To my Granny's pig,  
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

The North wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do then?  
Poor thing!

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



## The House That Jack Built

This is the HOUSE that Jack built.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

A Woman, a dog, and walnut tree,  
The more you beat them the better they be.

Charley Wag, Charley Wag,  
Ate the pudding, and left the bag.



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

---

I had two pigeons bright and gay,  
They flew from me the other day;  
What was the reason they did go?  
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

---

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three perplexes me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

---

There was an old Crow  
Sat upon a clod;  
There's an end of my song,  
That's very odd.

---

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 bring us some hot in the morn.

One misty moisty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather,  
I met a little old man,  
Clothed all in leather.

Clothed all in leather,  
With a strap below his chin,—  
How do you do? and how do you do?  
And how do you do again?

---

Poor old Robinson Crusoe! poor old Robin-  
son Crusoe!  
They made him a coat of an old Nanny-goat,  
I wonder how they could do so!  
With a ring-a-ting-a-tang, and a-ting-a-  
tang,  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

---

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.



### Little Tom Tucker

Little Tom Tucker,  
Sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter;  
How will he cut it  
Without e'er a knife?  
How will he be married  
Without e'er a wife?

---

There was a piper, he'd a cow,  
And he'd no hay to give her;  
He took his pipes and played a tune,  
"Consider, old cow, consider!"

The cow considered very well,  
For she gave the piper a penny,  
That he might play the tune again,  
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie!"

---

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, some gave  
them brown;  
Some gave them plum cake, and sent them  
out of town.

---

There was an old woman sat spinning,  
And that's the first beginning.  
She had a calf,  
And that's half;  
She took it by the tail,  
And threw it over the wall,  
And that's all.

There was a monkey climbed a tree;  
When he fell down, then down fell he.

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

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

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

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

There was a lackey ran a race;  
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

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

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

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

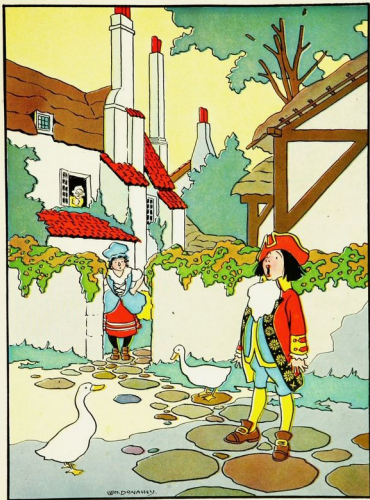
---

"Lend me thy mare to ride a mile."  
"She is lamed, leaping over a stile."  
"Alack! and I must keep the fair,  
I'll give thee money for thy mare."  
"Oh! oh! say you so,  
Money will make the mare to go."

---

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,  
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.





Wm. DUNN.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER.



## The Ballad of Little Tom Thumb



In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,  
A man of mickle might,  
The best of all the table round,  
And eke a doughty knight,

His stature but an inch in height,  
Or quarter of a span;  
Then think you not this little knight  
Was proved a valiant man?

His father was a plowman plain,  
His mother milked the cow,  
Yet how that they might have a son,  
They knew not what to do:

Until such time this good old man  
To learned Merlin goes,  
And there to him his deep desires  
In secret manner shows.

How in his heart he wished to have  
A child, in time to come  
To be his heir, though it might be  
No bigger than his thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,  
That he his wish should have;  
And so this son of stature small  
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,  
In shape and being such  
That men should hear him speak, but not  
His wandering touch.

But so unseen to go or come,—  
Whereas it pleased him still;  
Begot and born in half an hour,  
To fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,  
That he became so tall  
As was the plowman's thumb in height,  
And so they did him call—

Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen  
There gave him to his name,  
Who, with her train of goblins grim,  
Unto his christening came.

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,  
In garments fine and fair,  
Which lasted him for many years  
In seemly sort of wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,  
His shirt a spider's web,  
Both light and soft for those his limbs  
That were so smally bred;

His hose and doublet thistle-down,  
Together weaved full fine;  
His stockings of an apple green,  
Made of the outward rind;

His garters were two little hairs  
Pulled from his mother's eye;  
His boots and shoes, a mouse's skin,  
Were tanned most curiously.

Thus like a lusty gallant, he  
Adventured forth to go,  
With other children in the streets,  
His pretty tricks to show;

Where he for counters, pins, and points,  
And cherry-stones did play,  
Till he amongst those gamesters young  
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,  
For then most nimbly he  
Would dive into their cherry-bags,  
And their partaker be,

Unseen or felt by any one,  
Until a scholar shut  
This nimble youth into a box,  
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be revenged, he took,  
In mirth and pleasant game,  
Black pots and glasses, which he hung  
Upon a bright sunbeam.

The other boys to do the like,  
In pieces broke them quite;  
For which they were most soundly whipt,  
Whereat he laughed outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was,  
From these his sports and play;  
And by his mother after that,  
Compelled at home to stay.

Until such time his mother went  
A-milking of her kine;  
Where Tom unto a thistle fast  
She linked with a twine,—

A thread that held him to the same,  
For fear the blustering wind  
Should blow him hence,— that so she might  
Her son in safety find.

But mark the 'hap! a cow came by,  
And up the thistle eat;  
Poor Tom withal, that, as a dock,  
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who, being missed, his mother went  
Him calling everywhere:  
"Where art thou, Tom? Where art thou,  
Tom?"  
Quoth he, "Here, mother, here!

"Within the red cow's stomach here,  
Your son is swallowed up:"  
The which into her fearful heart,  
Most direful dolours put.

Meanwhile the cow was troubled much,  
And soon released Tom Thumb;  
No rest she had till out her mouth,  
In bad plight he did come.

Now after this, in sowing time,  
His father would him have  
Into the field to drive his plow,  
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of barley-straw,  
To drive the cattle on;  
Where, in a furrowed land new sown,  
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,  
Away he thence was borne,  
And carried in the carrion's beak,  
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a Giant's castle top,  
In which he let him fall;  
Where soon the Giant swallowed up  
His body, clothes and all.

But soon the Giant spat him out,  
Three miles into the sea;  
Whereat a fish took him up,  
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught,  
And to King Arthur sent;  
Where Tom was found and made his dwarf,  
Whereas his days he spent

Long time in lively jollity,  
Beloved of all the court;  
And none like Tom was then esteemed,  
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,  
His Highness did command,  
That he should dance a galliard brave  
Upon his Queen's left hand.

The which he did, and for the same  
The King his signet gave,  
Which Tom about his middle wore,  
Long time a girdle brave.

How, after this, the King would not  
Abroad for pleasure go,  
But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,  
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Whereon a time when, as it rained,  
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept  
In at a button-hole, where he  
Within his bosom slept.

And being near His Highness's heart,  
He craved a wealthy boon,  
A liberal gift, the which the King  
Commanded to be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,  
And mother's, being old;  
Which was, so much of silver coin  
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,  
With threepence on his back,  
A heavy burthen, which might make  
His wearied limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and night,  
With labor and great pain,  
He came into the house wherein  
His parents did remain;

Which was but half a mile in space  
From good King Arthur's court,  
The which in eight and forty hours,  
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,  
He there such entrance had,  
As made his parents both rejoice,  
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took  
Her gentle son in haste,  
And, by the fireside, within  
A walnut shell him placed;

And then they feasted him three days  
Upon a hazel nut,  
Whereon he rioted so long,  
He them to charges put;

And thereupon grew wondrous sick,  
Through eating too much meat,  
Which was sufficient for a month  
For this great man to eat.

But now his business called him forth,  
King Arthur's court to see,  
Because, no longer from the same  
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,  
Which settled in the way,  
His long and weary journey forth  
Did hinder and so stay:

Until his careful father took  
A birding trunk in sport,  
And with one blast blew, this, his son,  
Into King Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments,  
Was entertained so,  
That all the best of Arthur's knights  
Did him much pleasure show;

As good Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy:  
Yet none compared with brave Tom Thumb  
For knightly chivalry.

In honor of which noble day,  
And for his lady's sake,  
A challenge in King Arthur's court  
Tom Thumb did bravely make:

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,  
Sir Chinon and the rest,  
Yet still Tom Thumb, with matchless might,  
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
In manly sore came in,  
And with this stout and hardy knight  
A battle did begin,

Which made the courtiers all aghast;  
For there that valiant man,  
Through Lancelot's steed, before them all,  
In nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with spear and shield,  
As hardly he was seen,  
But only by King Arthur's self  
And his admired queen;

Who from her finger took a ring,  
Through which Tom Thumb made way,  
Not touching it, in nimble sort,  
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair  
From his fair lady's head,  
Not hurting her, whose even hand  
Him lasting honors bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts;  
In Arthur's court there shone,  
As like in all the world beside  
Was hardly seen or known.

Now at all these sports he toiled himself,  
That he a sickness took,  
Through which all manly exercise  
He carelessly forsook.

When lying on his bed sore sick,  
King Arthur's doctor came,  
With cunning skill, by physic's art,  
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,  
This cunning doctor took  
A fine perspective glass, with which  
He did in secret look—

Into his sickened body down,  
And therein saw that Death  
Stood ready in his wasted frame  
To cease his vital breath.

His arms and legs consumed as small  
As was a spider's web,  
Through which his dying hour grew on,  
For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,  
Which hardly could be seen;  
The loss of which renowned knight  
Much grieved the King and Queen.

And so with peace and quietness,  
He left this earth below,  
And up into the Fairy-land  
His ghost did fading go:

Whereon the Fairy Queen received,  
With heavy mourning cheer,  
The body of this valiant knight,  
Whom she esteemed so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,  
She fetched him from his bed,  
With music and sweet melody,  
So soon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his knights  
Full forty days did mourn;  
And, in remembrance of his name,  
That was so strangely born —

He built a tomb of marble gray,  
And year by year did come  
To celebrate ye mournful death  
And burial of Tom Thumb:

Whose fame still lives in England here,  
Amongst the country sort;  
Of whom our wives and children small  
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

---

Up street and down street,  
Each window's made of glass;  
If you go to Tommy Tucker's house,  
You'll find a pretty lass.

---

The south wind brings wet weather,  
The north wind wet and cold together,  
The west wind always brings us rain,  
The east wind blows it back again.

Our saucy boy Dick,  
Had a nice little stick,  
Cut from a hawthorn tree;  
And with this pretty stick,  
He thought he could beat  
A boy much bigger than he.

But the boy turned round,  
And hit him a rebound,  
Which did so frighten poor Dick;  
That, without more delay,  
He ran quite away,  
And over a hedge he jumped quick.

---

Hickety Pickety, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen;  
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,  
Hickety Pickety, my fat hen.

---

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on!  
All the four corners round about,  
When I get in, when I get out.

Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels round my head;  
One to watch and one to pray,  
And two to bear my soul away.



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

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

Pemmy had a pretty doll,  
But Fanny had a better;  
Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,  
When little Fanny let her.

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

Pemmy lov'd a pretty lad,  
And Fanny lov'd a better;  
And Pemmy wanted for to wed,  
But Fanny would not let her.

---

Ring-a-ring-a-roses,  
A pocket full of posies;  
Hush! Hush! Hush!  
We'll all tumble down.

---

Come when you're called,  
Do as you're bid,  
Shut the door after you,  
Never be chid.

Speak when you're spoken to,  
Come for one call,  
Shut the door after you,  
Turn to the wall.

Here goes my lord,  
A trot! a trot! a trot! a trot!  
Here goes my lady,  
A canter! a canter! a canter! a canter!

Here goes my young master,  
Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch!  
Jockey-hitch!  
Here goes my young miss,  
An amble! an amble! an amble! an amble!

The footman lags behind to tippie ale and wine,  
And goes gallop! a gallop! a gallop! to make up his time.

---

One to make ready,  
And two to prepare;  
Good luck to the rider,  
And away goes the mare.

One for the money,  
And two for the show,  
Three to make ready,  
And four to go.

---

A cow and a calf,  
An ox and a half,  
Forty good shillings and three;  
Is that not enough tocher  
For a shoemaker's daughter,  
A bonny lass with a black e'e?

---

I can make diet bread,  
Thick and thin;  
I can make diet bread,  
Fit for the King.



## Mary Had a Little Lamb



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

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

---

A-milking, a-milking, my maid,  
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;  
"And you shall have some nice new hay,  
If you'll quietly let me milk away."

---

Pussy sits beside the fire,  
How did she come there?  
In walks a little dog,  
Says — "Pussy, are you there?"

"How do you do, Mistress Pussy?  
Mistress Pussy, how do you do?"  
"I thank you kindly, little dog,  
I fare as well as you."

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.

---

The robin and the redbreast,  
The robin and the wren —  
If you take out of their nest,  
You'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,  
The martin and the swallow —  
If you touch one of their eggs,  
Bad luck will sure to follow.

---

Ring the bell!  
Knock at the door!  
Draw the latch!  
And walk in!

## Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman  
Going to the fair ;  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
" Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
" Show me first your penny";  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
" Indeed, I have not any."

He went to catch a dickey-bird,  
And thought he could not fail,  
Because he'd got a little salt  
To put upon its tail.

He went to shoot a wild duck,  
But wild duck flew away ;  
Says Simon, " I can't hit him,  
Because he will not stay."

He went to slide upon the ice,  
Before the ice would bear ;  
Then he plunged in above his knees,  
Which made poor Simon stare.

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,  
What do you do ?  
In April  
I open my bill ;  
In May  
I sing night and day ;  
In June  
I change my tune ;  
In July  
Away I fly ;  
In August  
Away I must.

He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Simple Simon went a-fishing  
For to catch a whale ;  
All the water he had got,  
Was in his mother's pail.

He went to ride a spotted cow,  
That had a little calf ;  
She threw him down upon the ground,  
Which made the people laugh.

Simple Simon went a-hunting,  
For to catch a hare ;  
He rode an ass about the street,  
But couldn't find one there.

Once Simon made a great snowball,  
And brought it in to roast ;  
He laid it down before the fire,  
And soon the ball was lost.

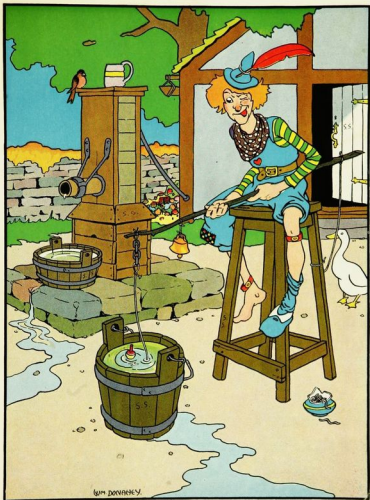
He went for water in a sieve,  
But soon it all ran through ;  
And now poor Simple Simon  
Bids you all adieu.

---

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

---

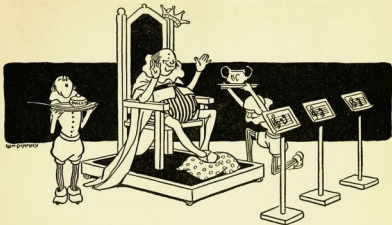
A man went a-hunting at Reigate,  
And wished to jump over a high gate ;  
Says the owner, " Go round  
With your gun and your hound,  
For you never shall leap over my gate."



SIMPLE SIMON.



## Old King Cole



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
Every fiddler he had a fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he;  
    Twee, tweedle-de, tweedle-de went the fiddlers.  
    Oh, there's none so rare as can compare  
    With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his harpers three.  
Every harper he had a fine harp,  
And a very fine harp had he.  
    Twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,  
    Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.  
    Oh, there's none so rare as can compare  
    With King Cole and his harpers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his pipers three.  
Every piper he had a fine pipe,  
And a fine pipe had he.

Then tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,  
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,  
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.  
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare  
With King Cole and his pipers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his drummers three.  
Every drummer he had a fine drum,  
And a very fine drum had he.

Then rub-a-dub, a-dub, rub-a-dub went the drummers,  
Tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,  
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,  
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.  
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare  
With King Cole and his drummers three!

---

"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you go-  
ing?"

I will go with you, if I may."

"I'm going to the meadow, to see them  
a-mowing,

I'm going to help them make the hay."

When a Twister a-twisting will twist him a  
twist;

For the twisting of his twist, he three times  
doth intwist;

But if one of the twines of the twist do  
untwist,

The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the  
twist.

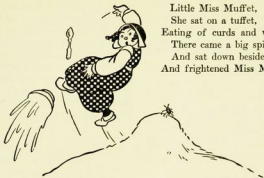
---

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?

---

Jack Sprat  
Had a cat.  
It had but one ear;  
It went to buy butter  
When butter was dear.

### Little Miss Muffet



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

### Tommy O'Linn

Tommy O'Linn is a Scotsman born,  
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn:  
He has a cap made of a hare's sin,—  
An alderman is Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no boots to put on,  
But two calves' skins with the hair all gone:  
They are split at the side, and the water  
goes in,—  
"It's damp to the feet," says Tommy  
O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no breeches to wear,  
So he bought him a sheep's skin, and made  
him a pair:  
With the skinny side out, and the woolly  
side in,—  
"Ah, ha! this is warm," said Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no bridle to put on,  
But two mice's tails that he hung on:  
The bridle broke, and the horse ran away,—  
"I'm not so well bridled," says Tommy,  
"to-day."

Tommy O'Linn has no saddle to put on,  
But two sea-urchins' skins, and them he put  
on:  
The urchins' prickles were sharp as a pin,—  
"I've got a sore seat," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tom O'Linn's daughter sat on the stair,  
"Oh, dear father, gin I be not fair?"  
The stairs they broke, and she fell in,—  
"You're fair enough now," says Tommy  
O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no watch to put on,  
So he scooped out a turnip to make himself  
one:  
He caught a cricket, and put it within,—  
"It's my own ticker," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn, his wife and wife's mother,  
They all fell into the fire together:  
"Oh," says the topmost, "I've got a hot  
skin"—  
"It's hotter below," says Tommy O'Linn.

## The Five Toes

1. "Let us go to the woods," says this pig;
2. "What to do there?" says that pig;
3. "To look for mother," says this pig;
4. "What to do with her?" says that pig;
5. "To kiss her, to kiss her," says this pig.

---

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 plate's empty.

---

Higgledy, piggledy,  
Here we lie,  
Pick'd and pluck'd,  
And put in a pie.

My first is snapping, snarling, growling,  
My second's industrious, romping and  
prowling.

Higgledy, piggledy,  
Here we lie,  
Pick'd and pluck'd,  
And put in a pie. (*Currants*)

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 that 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!

---

I had a little moppet,  
I put it in my pocket,  
And fed it with straw and hay;  
There came a proud beggar,  
And swore he would have her,  
And stole little moppet away.

---

Snail, Snail, come out of your hole,  
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.  
Snail, Snail, put out your horns,  
And I'll give you bread and barley corns.

Sneel, Snaul,  
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall;  
Sneel, Snaul,  
Put out your horn,  
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,  
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

---

Doodle, doodle, doo,  
The princess lost her shoe;  
Her highness hopped,  
The fiddler stopped,  
Not knowing what to do.





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.

Little Tee Wee,  
He went to sea,  
In an open boat;  
And while afloat  
The little boat bended,  
And my story's ended.

Friday night's dream  
On the Saturday told,  
Is sure to come true,  
Be it ever so old.

This is the cat  
That killed the cock,  
For waking her  
At five o'clock.

And this is the dog  
That bit the thief,  
For stealing all  
His master's beef.

If a man who turnips cries,  
Cries not when his father dies,  
It is proof that he would rather  
Have a turnip than his father.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle, daugh-  
ter, 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.

Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings;  
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.  
Mamma stood by  
And cried, "Oh, fie!  
Why did you eat the dumplings?"

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 you ever see such a thing in your life?  
As three blind mice.





I had a little dog, and his name was Blue  
Bell,

I gave him some work, and he did it very  
well;

I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin,  
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin;  
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,  
He tumbled on his nose and fell into a rage;  
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,  
He came up again and said there was none  
there.

---

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,  
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they  
stand still. (Teeth)

---

Rainbow in the morning,  
Skipper's warning;  
Rainbow at night,  
Skipper's delight.

---

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



A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
With his daughter behind him so rosy and  
fair,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried, "Croak!" and they all tum-  
bled down,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
The mare broke her knees and the farmer  
his crown,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

---

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

---

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks  
Were walking out on Sunday;  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks:  
"Wilt marry me on Monday?"  
To-morrow will be Monday.

---

If you are a gentleman,  
As I suppose you be,  
You'll neither laugh nor smile  
For a tickling of the knee.

---

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."

This is the way the ladies ride,  
Trie, tre, tre, tree!  
Trie, tre, tre, tree!  
This is the way the ladies ride,  
Tri, tre, tre, tri-tre-tree!

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

This is the way the farmers ride,  
Hobbledy-boy, hobbledy-hoy!  
This is the way the farmers ride,  
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

---

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.

---

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



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.

---

Little Betty Blue  
Lost her holiday shoe,  
What can little Betty do?  
Give her another,  
To match the other,  
And then she may walk in two.

---

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

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

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

## Early to Bed; Early to Rise

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

For early to bed  
And early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy  
And wealthy and wise.

---

Willy, Willy Wilkin,  
Kissed the maids a-milking,  
Fa, la, la!  
And with his merry daffing,  
He set them all a-laughing,  
Ha, ha, ha!

---

There was an old woman,  
And nothing she had;  
And so this old woman  
Was said to be mad.  
She'd nothing to eat,  
She'd nothing to wear,  
She'd nothing to lose,  
She'd nothing to fear,  
She'd nothing to ask,  
And nothing to give,  
And when she did die,  
She'd nothing to leave.

---

There was an old man of Tobago,  
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;  
Till, much to his bliss,  
His physician said this:  
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."

## The Horse

Up the hill take care of me;  
Down the hill take care of thee;  
Give me no water when I am hot;  
On level ground spare me not.

---

Say in one breath:—  
My father he left me, just as he was able,  
One bowl, one bottle, one table,  
Two bowls, two bottles, two tables,  
Three bowls, three bottles, three tables,  
Four bowls, four bottles, four tables,  
Five bowls, five bottles, five tables,  
Six bowls, six bottles, six tables.

---

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.

---

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.

---

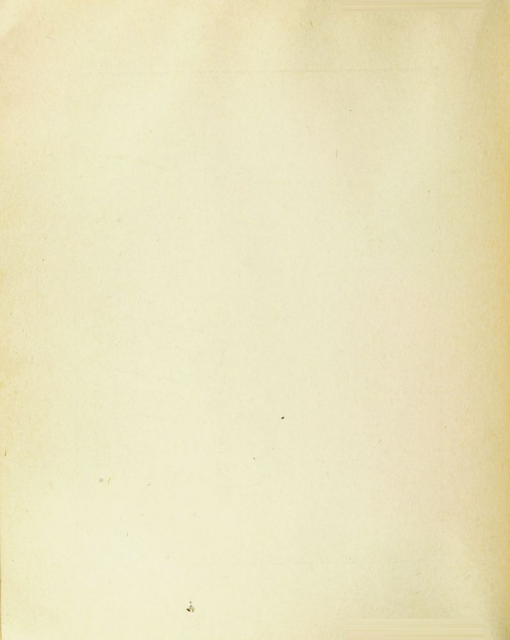
The cuckoo's a fine bird,  
He sings as he flies;  
He brings us good tidings,  
And tells us no lies.

---

He sucks little birds' eggs,  
To make his voice clear;  
And when he says "Cuckoo!"  
The summer is near.



EARLY TO BED; EARLY TO RISE.



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.

---

Come, butter, come!  
Come, butter, come!  
Peter stands at the gate,  
Waiting for a butter'd cake;  
Come, butter, come!

---

Black we are, but much admired;  
Men seek for us till they are tired.  
We tire the horse, but comfort man:  
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(*Coals*)

---

There was a fat man of Bombay,  
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,  
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with  
his pipe,  
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.



They that wash on Monday  
Have all the week to dry;  
They that wash on Tuesday  
Are not so much awry;  
They that wash on Wednesday  
Are not so much to blame;  
They that wash on Thursday  
Wash for shame;  
They that wash on Friday  
Wash in need;  
And they that wash on Saturday,  
Oh! they're lazy indeed.

---

Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan!  
I'll have a piper to be my good man;  
And if I get less meat, I shall get game,  
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan!

---

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pep-  
per;  
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper  
picked;  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pep-  
per,  
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter  
Piper picked?

## Frog He Would A'Wooing Ride

There was a frog lived in a well,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
There was a frog lived in a well,  
Kitty alone and I.  
There was a frog lived in a well,  
And a merry mouse in a mill,  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a'wooing ride,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
This frog he would a'wooing ride,  
Kitty alone and I.  
This frog he would a'wooing ride,  
And on a snail he got astride,  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse  
Hall,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse  
Hall,  
Kitty alone and I.  
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse  
Hall,  
And there he did both knock and call,  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,"  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,"  
Kitty alone and I.  
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,  
To see if thou can fancy me,"  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee none,"  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;



Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none,"  
Kitty alone and I.  
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give you none,  
Until my Uncle Rat comes home,"  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
And when her Uncle Rat came home,  
Kitty alone and I.  
And when her Uncle Rat came home,  
"Who's been here since I've been gone?"  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,"  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,"  
Kitty alone and I.  
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,  
That's been here since you've been gone,"  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

The frog he came whistling through the  
brook,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;



The frog he came whistling through the  
brook,  
Kitty alone and I.  
The frog he came whistling through the  
brook,  
And there he met with a dainty duck,  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

The duck she swallowed him up with a  
pluck,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
The duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,  
Kitty alone and I.  
So there's an end of my history book,  
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.



My father left me three acres of land,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
My father left me three acres of land,  
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!  
I ploughed it with a ram's horn,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
And sowed it all over with one peppercorn,  
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!  
I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;

And reaped it with my little penknife,  
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!  
I got the mice to carry it to the barn,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
And thrashed it with a goose's quill,  
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!  
I got the cat to carry it to the mill,  
Sing ivy, sing ivy;  
The miller he swore he would have her paw,  
And the cat she swore she would scratch his  
face,  
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!



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!

---

Great A, little a,  
 Bouncing B.  
 The cat's in the cupboard  
 And she can't see.  
 A, B, C,  
 Tumble down D.  
 The cat's in the cupboard  
 And can't see me.

---

A thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet  
 a-thatching;  
 Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to  
 Thatchet a-thatching?  
 If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to  
 Thatchet a-thatching,  
 Where's the thatching the thatcher of  
 Thatchwood has thatched?

When I was a little girl, about seven years  
 old,  
 I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me from  
 the cold;  
 So I went into Darlington, that pretty little  
 town,  
 And there I bought a petticoat, a cloak, and  
 a gown.  
 I went into the woods, and built me a kirk,  
 And all the birds of the air, they helped me  
 to work;  
 The hawk, with his long claws, pulled down  
 the stone,  
 The dove, with her rough bill, brought me  
 them home;  
 The parrot was the clergyman, the peacock  
 was the clerk,  
 The bullfinch played the organ, and we  
 made merry work.

---

Jeremiah blow the fire,  
 Puff, puff, puff;  
 First you blow it gently,  
 Then you blow it rough.

---

The cock's on the wood pile a-blowing his  
 horn,  
 The bull's in the barn a-threshing of eorn,  
 The maids in the meadows are making of  
 hay,  
 The ducks in the river are swimming away.

---

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,  
 Met together in a shower of rain,  
 Put in a bag and tied round with a string,  
 If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a  
 ring. (A Plum Pudding)



Here come I,  
Little David Doubt;  
If you don't give me money,  
I'll sweep you all out.  
Money I want,  
And money I crave;  
If you don't give me money,  
I'll sweep you all to the grave!

---

Robin and Richard  
Were two pretty men,  
They lay in bed  
Till the clock struck ten;  
Then up starts Robin,  
And looks at the sky,  
"Oh! brother Richard,  
The sun's very high;  
" You go before,  
With bottle and bag,  
And I will come after  
On little Jack Nag."

---

There was a bee  
Sat on a wall;  
He said he could hum,  
And that was all.

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

---

What care I how black I be,  
Twenty pounds will marry me;  
If twenty won't, forty shall,  
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

---

Every lady in this land  
Has twenty nails upon each hand  
Five and twenty hands and feet,  
All this is true without deceit.  
*(Mind the stops!)*

---

Baby and I  
Were baked in a pie,  
The gravy was wonderful hot;  
We had nothing to pay  
To the baker that day,  
And so we crept out of the pot.



## Bobby Shafto

Bobby Shafto has gone to sea,  
With silver buckles at his knee;  
When he comes back he'll marry me,—  
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair;  
He's my love for evermore,—  
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto has a cow,  
Black and white about the mow;  
Open the gate and let her through,—  
Bobby Shafto's ain cow!

Bobby Shafto has a hen,  
Cockle button, cockle hen;  
She lays eggs for gentlemen,—  
But none for Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's looking out,  
All his ribbons flee about;  
All the ladies gave a shout,—  
Hey for Bobby Shafto!



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

---

Barney Bodkin broke his nose.  
Without feet we can't have toes;  
Crazy folk are always mad;  
Want of money makes us sad.

---

I went to the toad that lies under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,  
I tore the bat's wing, what would you have  
more?

---

Little cock robin peep'd 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!

## The Three Jovial Huntsmen



There were three jovial huntsmen,  
As I have heard them say,  
And they would go a-hunting  
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,  
But a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing with the wind.  
One said it was a ship,  
The other he said, nay;  
The third said it was a house,  
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,  
But the moon a-gliding,  
A-gliding with the wind.  
One said it was the moon,  
The other he said, nay;  
The third said it was a cheese,  
And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,

If "ifs" and "ans"  
Were pots and pans,  
There would be no need for tinkers!

But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,  
And that they left behind.  
The first said it was a hedgehog,  
The second he said, nay;  
The third said it was a pincushion,  
With the pins stuck in the wrong  
way.

And all the night they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,  
But a hare in a turnip field,  
And that they left behind.  
The first said it was a hare,  
The second he said, nay;  
The third said it was a calf,  
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,  
But an owl in a holly tree,  
And that they left behind.  
One said it was an owl,  
The other he said, nay;  
The third said 'twas an old man,  
And his beard a-growing grey.

Rabbit, Rabbit, Rabbit-pie!  
Come, my ladies, come and buy;  
Else your babies they will cry.

## A Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea;  
And oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for thee.

There were comfits in the cabin,  
And apples in the hold;  
The sails were made of satin,  
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors  
That stood between the decks,  
Were four-and-twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck, a duck,  
With a jacket on his back;  
And when the ship began to move,  
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

---

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

Shoe the wild horse,  
And shoe the grey mare,  
But for the little foal,  
Let her run bare.

---

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,  
He comes roaring up the land;  
The King of Scots, with all his power,  
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!  
(*The Wind*)

## The Face

Here sits the Lord Mayor,  
Here sit his two men;  
Here sits the cock,  
Here sits the hen;  
Here sit the little chickens,  
Here they run in;  
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper!  
Chin-chopper, chin!

---

Mary had a pretty bird,—  
Feathers bright and yellow;  
Slender legs, upon my word,  
He was a pretty fellow.  
The sweetest notes he always sang,  
Which much delighted Mary;  
And near the cage she'd ever sit,  
To hear her own canary.

---

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,  
And Johnny shall go to the fair,  
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon  
To tie up his bonny brown hair.  
And why may not I love Johnny?  
And why may not Johnny love me?  
And why may not I love Johnny,  
As well as another body?

And here is a leg for a stocking,  
And here is a leg for a shoe,  
And here is a kiss for his daddy,  
And two for his mammy, I trow.  
And why may not I love Johnny?  
And why may not Johnny love me?  
And why may not I love Johnny,  
As well as another body?



A SHIP A-SAILING.





As I walk'd by myself,  
And talked to myself,  
Myself said unto me,—  
Look to thyself,  
Take care of thyself,  
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,  
And said to myself,  
In the self-same repartee,—  
Look to thyself,  
Or not look to thyself,  
The self-same thing will be.

---

Blue is true,  
Yellow's jealous,  
Green's forsaken,  
Red's brazen,  
White is love,  
And Black is death.

---

As I was going up the hill,  
I met with Jack the piper;  
And all the tune that he could play  
Was, "Tie up your petticoats tighter."  
I tied them once, I tied them twice,  
I tied them three times over;  
And all the song that he could sing  
Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."



---

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 drowned first, and her head  
followed a'ter.



Saw ye aught of my wife  
Coming from the market—  
A peck of meal upon her back,  
A baby in her basket?  
Saw ye aught of my wife coming from the  
market?

---

Away, Birds, away!  
Take a little and leave a little,  
And do not come again;  
For if you do,  
I will shoot you through,  
And then there'll be an end of you.

---

I had a little cow;  
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!  
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;  
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle! and there's my song  
all!



A dog and a cat went out together  
To see some friends just out of town,  
Said the cat to the dog,  
"What d'ye think of the weather?"  
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down;  
But don't be alarmed, for I've an umbrella  
That will shelter us both," said this amiable  
fellow.

---

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
He went to bed with his stockings on,  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

---

I am a gold lock.  
I am a gold key.

I am a silver lock.  
I am a silver key.

I am a brass lock.  
I am a brass key.

I am a lead lock.  
I am a lead key.

I am a monk lock.  
I am a mon-key.

---

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,  
With a pair of bagpipes 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.

As I was going a long, long, long,  
A-singing a comical song, song, song,  
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,  
And the song that I sung was so long, long,  
long,  
And so I went singing along.

---

What's the news of the day,  
Good neighbor, I pray?  
They say the balloon  
Is gone up to the moon.

---

Margery Mutton-pie and Johnny Bo-peep,  
They met together in Gracechurch Street;  
In and out, in and out, over the way,  
"Oh!" says Johnny, "'tis Chop-nose Day."

---

- 1 — He loves me,
- 2 — He don't.
- 3 — He'll have me,
- 4 — He won't.
- 5 — He would if he could,
- 6 — But he can't.
- 7 — So he don't.

Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee,  
The fly has married the humble bee;  
Says the fly, says she, "Will you marry me,  
And live with me, sweet humble bee?"

Says the bee, says she,  
"I'll live under your wing,  
And you'll never know  
That I carry a sting."

So when the parson  
Had joined the pair,  
They both went out  
To take the air.

And the flies did buzz,  
And the bells did ring —  
Did ever you hear  
So merry a thing?

And then to think  
That of all the flies,  
The humble bee  
Should carry the prize.

---

Buzz, quoth the blue fly,  
Hum, quoth the bee;  
Buzz and hum they cry,  
And so do we.  
In his ear, in his nose,  
Thus, do you see?  
He ate the doormouse,  
Else it was he.

---

There was an old soldier of Bister,  
Went walking one day with his sister,  
When a cow at one poke,  
Tossed her into an oak,  
Before the old gentleman missed her.



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

---

I'll sing you a song,  
Though not very long,  
Yet I think it as pretty as any;  
Put your hand in your purse,  
You'll never be worse,  
And give the poor singer a penny.

---

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;  
Beside a little feather bed  
To rest my little back.

## The Old Man and His Wife

There was an old man who lived in a wood,  
As you may plainly see;  
He said he could do as much work in a day,  
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,  
"If that you will allow,  
To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,  
And I'll go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,  
For fear that she goes dry;  
And you must feed the little pigs,  
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she lay astray;  
And you must reel the spool of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her hand,  
And went to drive the plow;  
The old man took a pail in his hand,  
And went to milk the cow.

But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,  
And Tidy broke his nose;  
And Tidy gave him such a blow,  
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi, Tidy! ho, Tidy! hi!  
Tidy do stand still!  
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,  
"Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,  
That were within the sty;  
He hit his head against the beam,  
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,  
For fear she'd lay astray;  
And he forgot the spool of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the  
stars,  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,  
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

---

I have a little sister, they call her Peep,  
Peep;  
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;  
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;  
Poor little creature, she has but one eye!  
(A Star)

---

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

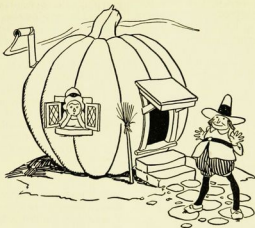
---

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,  
Employed while others sleep;  
What few would like to give away,  
Nor any wish to keep. (A Bed)

---

"Is John Smith within?"  
"Yes, that he is."  
"Can he set a shoe?"  
"Aye, marry, two.  
Here a nail, there a nail,  
Tick, tack, too."

## Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater



Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,  
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;  
He put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well.

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

---

When I was a little boy  
I had but little wit;  
'Tis a long time ago,  
And I have no more yet,  
Nor ever, ever shall  
Until that I die,  
For the longer I live  
The more fool am I.

---

Purple, yellow, red and green,  
The King cannot reach it nor the Queen;  
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:  
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

(A Rainbow)

---

Black within and red without;  
Four corners round about.  
(A Chimney)

---

Old Mother Niddy Nod swore by the pud-  
ding-bag,  
She would go to Stoken Church Fair:  
And then old Father Peter said he would  
meet her,  
Before she got half-way there.

## The Frog and the Crow

A jolly fat frog lived in the river swim, O!  
A comely black crow lived on the river brim,  
O!

"Come on shore, come on shore,"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite me,"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

"O! there is sweet music on yonder green  
hill, O!  
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,  
All in yellow, all in yellow,"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"All in yellow, all in yellow,"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

"Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river  
swim, O!  
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."  
"O beware! O beware!"  
Said the fish to the frog, and then, O!  
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"  
Said the frog to the fish again, O!

The frog began a-swimming, a-swimming  
to land, O!  
And the crow began jumping to give him  
his hand, O!  
"Sir, you're welcome! Sir, you're welcome!"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"Sir, I thank you! Sir, I thank you!"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

"But where is the sweet music on yonder  
green hill, O?  
And where are all the dancers, the dancers  
in yellow,  
All in yellow, all in yellow?"

Said the frog to the crow, and then, O!  
"Sir, they're here! Sir, they're here!"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O! . . .  
The crow swallowed the frog.

---

There was an old woman  
Sold puddings and pies;  
She went to the mill,  
And dust flew in her eyes.  
Hot pies to sell,  
Cold pies to sell;  
You may follow her  
By their smell.

---

Tommy kept a chandler's shop,  
Richard went to buy a mop;  
Tommy gave him such a knock,  
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

---

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

---

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

---

Hush-a-by, baby,  
Daddy is near;  
Mamma is a lady,  
And that's very clear.

The Old Woman Who Rode on a Broom



There was an old woman who rode on a broom,

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
And she took her old cat behind for a groom,  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

They travelled along till they came to the sky,

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
But the journey so long made them very hungry,  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

Says Tom cat, "I can find nothing here to eat,"

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
"So let's go back again, I entreat,"  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

The old woman would not go back so soon,

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
For she wanted to visit the man in the moon,  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

Says the cat "I'll go back myself to our house,"

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
"For there I can catch a good rat or a mouse,"  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

But says the woman, "How will you go?"

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
"You shan't have my nag I protest and vow,"  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

"No, no," says Tom, "I've a place of my own,"

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
So he slid down the rainbow and left her alone,  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

So now if you happen to visit the sky,

With a high gee ho, gee humble;  
And want to come back, you Tom's method may try,  
With a bumble, bumble, bumble.

## Some Funny Riddles

What God never sees,  
What the King seldom sees,  
What we see every day.  
Read my riddle, I pray.

(*An Equal*)

---

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.

(*Dew*)

---

A hill full, a hole full,  
Yet you cannot catch a bowl full.

(*Mist*)

---

As high as a castle,  
As weak as a wastle;  
And all the King's horses  
Cannot pull it down.

(*Smoke*)

---

I've seen you where you never were,  
And where you ne'er will be,  
And yet you in that very same place,  
May still be seen by me.

(*Reflection in a Mirror*)

---

Hoddy Doddy,  
With a round body,  
Three feet and a wooden hat.  
What's that?

(*A Three-legged Iron Pot*)

The calf, the goose, the bee,  
The world is ruled by these three.  
(*Parchment, Pens and Wax*)

---

Riddle me, riddle me, what is that  
Over the head, and under the hat?  
(*Hair*)

---

I'm in everyone's way,  
But no one I stop;  
My four horns every day  
In every way play,  
And my head is nailed on at the top.  
(*A Turnstile*)

---

The land is white,  
The sea is black,  
It'll take a good scholar  
To riddle me that.  
(*Paper and Writing*)

---

As I went over Lincoln Bridge,  
I met Mister Rusticap,  
Pins and needles on his back,  
A-going to Thorney Fair.  
(*A Hedgehog*)

---

Two brothers we are,  
Great burdens we bear,  
All day we are bitterly pressed;  
Yet this I must say,  
We are full all the day,  
And empty when we go to rest.  
(*Shoes*)



Robin Hood, Robin Hood,  
Is in the mickle wood;  
Little John, little John,  
He to the town is gone.

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

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

---

The robin and the wren,  
They fought upon the porridge pan;  
But ere the robin got a spoon,  
The wren had ate the porridge down.

---

The pettitoes are little feet,  
And the little feet not big;  
Great feet belong to the grunting hog,  
And the pettitoes to the little pig.

---

Eat, Birds, eat, and make no waste,  
I lie here and make no haste;  
If my Master chance to come,  
You must fly and I must run.

---

As I went through the garden gap,  
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!  
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,  
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a  
groat. (A Cherry)



One, two, three, four, five,  
Once I caught a fish alive;  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
I let him go again.  
Why did you let him go?  
Because he bit my finger so;  
Which finger did he bite?  
The little finger on the right.

---

Nievie, nievie, nicknack,  
Which hand will ye tak'?  
Tak' the right, or tak' the wrang,  
I'll beguile ye, if I can.

---

Burnie bee, burnie bee,  
Say, when will your wedding be?  
If it be to-morrow day,  
Take your wings and fly away.

---

The white dove sat on the castle wall,  
I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;  
I put her in my glove both feathers and all;  
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,  
If you want any more, sing it yourself.

In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear.  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

(An Egg)

---

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 grand-  
mother,  
To see her grandmother,  
To see her grandmother.

---

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



Dance, Thumbkin, dance,  
Dance, ye merry men, every one;  
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,  
Thumbkin, he can dance alone.

Dance, Foreman, dance,  
Dance, ye merry men, every one;  
For Foreman, he can dance alone,  
Foreman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Longman, dance,  
Dance, ye merry men, every one;  
For Longman, he can dance alone,  
Longman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Ringman, dance,  
Dance, ye merry men, every one;  
For Ringman, he can dance alone,  
Ringman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Littleman, dance,  
Dance, ye merry men, every one;  
For Littleman, he can't dance alone,  
Littleman, he can't dance alone.

---

Did you see my love, did you see, did you  
see?

Did you see my love looking for me?  
She wears a straw bonnet, with white rib-  
bands on it,  
And a dimity petticoat down to the knee.

---

Hick-a-More, Hack-a-more,  
On the King's kitchen-door;  
All the King's horses,  
And all the King's men,  
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,  
Off the King's kitchen-door!

(Sunshine)

Catch him, crow! carry him, kite!  
Take him away till the apples are ripe;  
When they are ripe, and ready to fall,  
Home comes Johnny, apples and all.

---

My maid Mary,  
She minds her dairy,  
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each  
morn;  
Merrily run the reel,  
And the little spinning-wheel,  
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

---

Robin-A-Bobbin bent his bow,  
And shot at a woodcock and kill'd a ewe;  
The ewe cried Ba, and he ran away,  
But never came back 'till midsummer day.

---

Here comes a poor woman from Baby-land,  
With three small children in her hand:  
One can brew, the other can bake,  
The other can make a pretty round cake;  
One can sit in the garden and spin,  
Another can make a fine bed for the king.  
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?

---

Three crooked cripples went through Crip-  
plegate,  
And through Cripplegate went three crooked  
cripples.

---

Rompty-iddity, row, row, row!  
If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.



The little priest of Felton,  
The little priest of Felton,  
He killed a mouse within his house,  
And ne'er a one to help him!

---

Thumbikin, Thumbikin, broke the barn;  
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn;  
Long-back'd Gray  
Carried it away;  
Old Mid-man sat and saw;  
But Peesy-weesy paid and a'.

This broke the barn;  
This stole the corn;  
This got none;  
This went pinky-winky  
All the way home.

---

Little Jack Jingle  
He used to live single;  
But when he got tired of this kind of life,  
He left off being single and lived with his  
wife.  
Now what do you think of little Jack Jingle?  
Before he was married he used to live single.



I lost my mare in Lincoln Lane,  
 And couldn't tell where to find her,  
 Till she came home both lame and blind,  
 With never a tail behind her.

---

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 upon the ground  
 I saw an ant 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.

*(Mind your stops!)*

---

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

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,

Noddle 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!

---

A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap

I met in the streets t'other day;

She gave me such a thump,

That my heart it went bump;

I thought I should have fainted away!

I thought I should have fainted away!

---

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)*

Tit-tat-toe,  
My first go,  
Three jolly butcher boys  
All in a row;  
Stick one up, stick one down,  
Stick one in the old man's crown!

Eggs, butter, bread,  
Stick, stock, stone dead!  
Stick him up, stick him down,  
Stick him in the old man's crown!

---

I am become of flesh and blood,  
As other creatures be;  
Yet there's neither flesh nor blood  
Doth remain in me.  
I make kings that they fall out,  
I make them agree;  
And yet there's neither flesh nor blood  
Doth remain in me.

(*A Quill Pen*)

---

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry;  
When the girls came out to play,  
Georgie Porgie ran away.

---

Higher than a house, higher than a tree,  
Oh, whatever can that be?

(*A Star*)

---

A little old man of Derby,  
How do you think he served me?  
He took away my bread and cheese,  
And that is how he served me.



I married my wife by the light of the moon,  
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;  
She never gets up until it is noon,  
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

And when she gets up, she is slovenly laced,  
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;  
She takes up the poker to roll out the paste,  
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She churns her butter in a boot,  
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;  
And instead of a churn-staff she puts in her  
foot,  
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She lays her cheese on the scullery shelf,  
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;  
And she never turns it till it turns itself,  
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

---

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.

## Keep Watch for the Fox

To-morrow the fox will come to town,  
Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep;

To-morrow the fox will come to town,  
O keep you all well there.

I must desire you, neighbors all,  
To hallo the fox out of the hall,  
And cry as loud as you can call,  
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!

He'll steal the cock out from his flock,  
Keep watch, all the day;

He'll steal the cock out from his flock,  
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.

I must desire you, neighbors all, etc.

He'll steal the hen out of the pen,  
Keep watch, all the day;

He'll steal the hen out of the pen,

Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.

I must desire you, neighbors all, etc.

He'll steal the duck out of the brook,  
Keep watch, all the day;

He'll steal the duck out of the brook,  
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.

I must desire you, neighbors all, etc.

He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,  
Keep watch, all the day;

He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,  
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.

I must desire you, neighbors all,  
To hallo the fox out of the hall,

And cry as loud as you can call,  
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!

And cry as loud as you can call,  
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!

---

There was an old man who liv'd in Middle  
Row,

He had five hens, and a name for them, oh!  
Bill and Ned and Battock,  
Cut-her-foot and Pattock:  
Chuck, my lady Pattock,  
Go to thy nest and lay.

Millery, millery, dustipole,  
How many sacks have you stole;  
Four-and-twenty and a peck,  
Hang the miller up by his neck!

---

The hart he loves the high wood,  
The hare she loves the hill,  
The Knight he loves his bright sword,  
The Lady — loves her will.

---

Birch and green holly, boys,  
Birch and green holly;  
If you get beaten, boys,  
'Twill be your own folly.

---

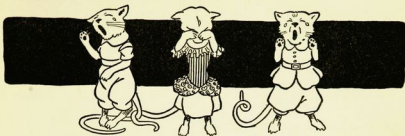
No weather is ill  
If the wind be still.

---

As white as milk and not milk;  
As green as grass and not grass;  
As red as blood and not blood;  
As black as soot and not soot.

(Blackberry)

## The Three Little Kittens



Three little kittens they lost their mittens,

And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear,

That we have lost our mittens."

"What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!

Then you shall have no pie."

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,

Then you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,

And they began to cry,

"Oh, mother, dear, see here, see here,

See, we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,

And you may have some pie."

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,

Oh, let us have some pie.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,

And soon ate up the pie;

"Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear

That we have soiled our mittens."

"What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!"

Then they began to sigh.

Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,

Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,

And hung them out to dry;

"Oh, mother, dear, do not you hear

That we have washed our mittens?"

"What! washed your mittens! then you're good kittens;

I smell a rat close by."

Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,

We smell a rat close by.

When V and I together meet,  
They make the number Six complete.  
When I and V doth meet once more,  
Then 'tis they two can make but Four.  
And when that V from I is gone,  
Alas! poor I can make but One.

Highty, tighy, paradigthy, clothed in green,  
The King could not read it, no more could  
the Queen;

They sent for a wise man out of the East,  
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast!

(Holly)

## The Babes in the Wood

My dear, do you know,  
How a long time ago,  
Two poor little children,  
Whose names I don't know,  
Were stolen away  
On a fine summer's day,  
And left in a wood,  
As I've heard people say.

Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!  
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?

And when it was night,  
So sad was their plight,  
The sun it went down,  
And the moon gave no light!  
They sobbed and they sighed,  
And they bitterly cried,  
And the poor little things,  
They lay down and died.

Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!  
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?

And when they were dead,  
The robins so red  
Brought strawberry leaves,  
And over them spread;  
And all the day long,  
The branches among,  
They mournfully whistled,  
And this was their song:

"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!  
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

Rosemary green, and lavender blue,  
Thyme and sweet marjoram, hyssop and rue.

Some up and some down,  
There's players in the town,  
You wot well who they be;  
The sun doth arise,  
To three companies,  
One, two, three, four, make we!

Besides we that travel,  
With pumps full of gravel,  
Made all of such running leather;  
That once in a week,  
New masters we seek,  
And never can hold together.

---

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.

---

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

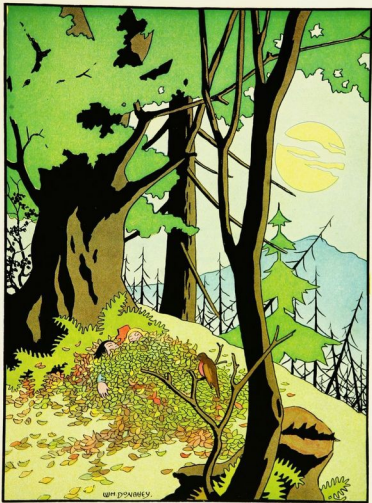
---

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!  
I smell the blood of an Englishman:  
Be he alive, or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

---

Tommy Trot, a man of law,  
Sold his bed and lay upon straw:  
Sold the straw and slept on grass,  
To buy his wife a looking-glass.





THE BARKS IN THE WOOD.



One old Oxford ox opening oysters;  
 Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to  
 trot to Tadbury;  
 Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea;  
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;  
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for  
 flies;  
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes;  
 Seven Severn salmon swallowing shrimps;  
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Eu-  
 rope;  
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils;  
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-  
 boxes with ten tenpenny tacks;  
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;  
 Twelve typographical topographers typi-  
 cally translating types.

---

Gilly Silly Jarter,  
 Who has lost a garter,  
 In a shower of rain;  
 The miller found it,  
 The miller ground it,  
 And the miller gave it to Silly again.

---

There was a man and his name was Dob,  
 And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,  
 And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,  
 And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.

"Cob," says Dob,  
 "Chitterabob," says Mob,  
 Cob was Dob's dog,  
 Chitterabob Mob's cat.

---

Long legs, crooked thighs,  
 Little head and no eyes.

(Tongs)



Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should  
 please me,  
 And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would  
 tease me;  
 He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue  
 ribbons  
 To tie up my bonnie brown hair.  
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of  
 posies,  
 A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,  
 A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons  
 That tie up my bonnie brown hair.  
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.

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

---

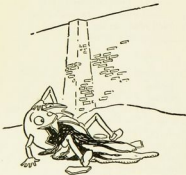
Heigh Ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?  
How many holes in a skimmer?  
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!  
Mother, pray give me some dinner.

---

Parson Darby wore a black gown,  
Every button cost half a crown;  
From port to port, and toe to toe,  
Turn the ship and away we go.

---

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



Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,  
And get it done by half-past two:  
If half-past two can't be done,  
Get it done by half-past one.

---

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,  
Give it a stitch and that will do:  
Here's a nail and there's a prod,  
And now my shoe is well shod.

---

If you love me, pop and fly;  
If you hate me, lay and die.  
*(Said to Pips in the Fire)*

---

Old Father of the Pye,  
I cannot sing, my lips are dry;  
But when my lips are very well wet,  
Then I can sing with the Heigh-go-Bet!

---

Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk,  
And I will give thee a gown of silk;  
A gown of silk and a silver tee,  
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

---

Lives in winter,  
Dies in summer,  
And grows with its root upwards!  
*(An Icicle)*

---

Hyder-iddle-diddle-dell,  
A yard of pudding's not an ell;  
Not forgetting tweedle-dye,  
A tailor's goose will never fly.

"Where have you been all the day,  
My boy, Willy?  
Where have you been all the day,  
My boy, Willy?"  
"I've been all the day  
Courting of a lady gay;  
But oh! she's too young  
To be taken from her Mammy."

"What work can she do,  
My boy, Willy?  
Can she bake and can she brew,  
My boy, Willy?"  
"She can brew and she can bake,  
And she can make our wedding-cake;  
But oh! she's too young  
To be taken from her Mammy."

"What age may she be,  
My boy, Willy?  
What age may she be,  
My boy, Willy?"  
"Twice two, twice seven,  
Twice ten, twice eleven;  
But oh! she's too young  
To be taken from her Mammy."

---

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,  
But the best man amongst them durst not  
touch her tail;  
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,  
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en  
now.

---

There was an old woman of Norwich,  
Who lived upon nothing but porridge;  
Parading the town,  
She turned cloak into gown,  
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.



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.

---

When the wind blows,  
Then the mill goes;  
When the wind drops,  
Then the mill stops.

---

Here's Sulky Sue;  
What shall we do?  
Turn her face to the wall  
Till she comes to.

## Bingo Was His Name



A farmer's dog leaped over a stile,  
His name was little Bingo.

B with an I  
I with an N  
N with a G  
G with an O

B-I-N-G-O.

His name was little Bingo.

The farmer loved a cup of good ale,  
And called it right good stingo.

S with a T  
T with an I  
I with an N  
N with a G  
G with an O

S-T-I-N-G-O.

He called it right good stingo.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,  
And gave her a wedding ring-o.

R with an I  
I with an N  
N with a G  
G with an O

R-I-N-G-O.

Gave her a wedding ring-o.

Now is not this a pretty song?

I think it is, by Jingo!

J with an I  
I with an N  
N with a G  
G with an O

J-I-N-G-O.

I think it is, by Jingo!

---

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,  
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,  
For want of the horse the rider was lost,  
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,  
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,  
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail.

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.

As I was going to market, upon a market day,

I met the finest ram, sir, that ever fed on hay;

On hay, on hay, on hay—

I met the finest ram, sir, that ever fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before;

This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no more.

No more, no more, no more—

This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no more.

The horns grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous high,

As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky;

The sky, the sky, the sky—

As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky.

The tail grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell,

And it was sent to market to toll the market bell;

The bell, the bell, the bell—

And it was sent to market to toll the market bell.

---

One, he loves; two, he loves;

Three, he loves, they say;

Four, he loves with all his heart;

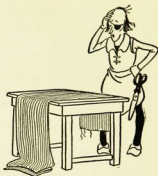
Five, he casts away.

Six, he loves; seven, she loves;

Eight, they both love.

Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;

Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries.



The tailor of Biester,  
He has but one eye;  
He cannot cut a pair of green galagaskins  
If he were to try.

---

Little John Jiggy Jag,  
He rode a penny nag,  
And went to Wigan to woo:  
When he came to a beck,  
He fell and broke his neck,—  
Johnny, how dost thou now?

I made him a hat,  
Of my coat lap,  
And stockings of pearly blue;  
A hat and a feather,  
To keep out cold weather,  
So Johnny, how dost thou now?

---

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

### There Was a Little Girl

There was a little girl, and she wore a little  
curl  
Right down the middle of her forehead;  
When she was good, she was very, very good,  
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs, while her par-  
ents, unawares,  
In the kitchen down below were occupied  
with meals;  
And she stood upon her head, on her little  
truckle-bed,  
And she then began hurray-ing with her  
heels.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought  
it was the boys



A-playing at a combat in the attic;  
But when she climbed the stair, and saw  
Jemima there,  
She took and she did whip her most  
emphatic.

---

There was a little woman, as I've been told,  
Who was not very young, nor yet very old;  
Now this little woman her living got  
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot!

---

Cackle, cackle, Madam Goose!  
Have you any feathers loose?  
Truly have I, little fellow,  
Half enough to fill a pillow;  
And here are quills, take one or ten,  
And make from each, pop-gun or pen.

---

Peg, Peg, with a wooden leg,  
Her father was a miller;  
He tossed the dumpling at her head,  
And said he could not kill her.

Dance, little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind, baby, mother is by;  
Crow and caper, caper and crow,  
There, little baby, there you go;  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
Backwards and forwards, round and round;  
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,  
With the merry choral, ding, ding, ding!

---

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,  
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,  
For when thou weepst thou wearies me,  
Hush-a-bye, lie still and be.

---

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,  
And all the King's horses can't pull it up.  
(A Well)



Clap hands, clap hands,  
Hie, Tommy Randy!  
Did you see my good man?  
They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs,  
Silver buckles glancin',  
A sky-blue bonnet on his head,  
And oh but he is handsome.

---

It's once I courted as pretty a lass,  
As ever your eyes did see;  
But now she's come to such a pass,  
She never will do for me.  
She invited me to her own house,  
Where oft I'd been before;  
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,  
And I'll never go there any more.

---

Jennie, come tie my,  
Jennie, come tie my,  
Jennie, come tie my bonnie cravat;  
I've tied it behind,  
I've tied it before,  
And I've tied it so often I'll tie it no more.

---

New moon, new moon, declare to me,  
Shall I this night my true love see?  
Not in his best, but in the array  
As he walks in every day.

---

Little Bob Snooks was fond of his books,  
And loved by his usher and master;  
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black eye,  
And carries his nose in a plaster.



Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,  
Upstairs and downstairs in his night-gown,  
Rapping at the window, crying through the  
lock  
"Are the children all in bed for it's now  
eight o'clock?"

---

There was a little nobby colt,  
His name was Nobby Gray;  
His head was made of pounce straw,  
His tail was made of hay;  
He could ramble, he could trot,  
He could carry a mustard-pot  
Round the town of Woodstock.  
Hey, Jenny, hey!

---

Little Johnny Morgan,  
Gentleman of Wales,  
Came riding on a nanny-goat,  
Selling of pigs' tails.

---

Jack in the pulpit, out and in,  
Sold his wife for a twopenny pin.

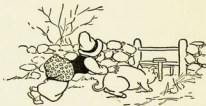
## The Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile; the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said —

"Water, water, quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;



She went a little farther and she met a dog. So she said to the dog —

"Dog, dog, bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home tonight."  
But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said —

"Stick, stick, beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said —

"Fire, fire, burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the fire would not.

And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said —

"Ox, ox, drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said —

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;

And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a  
rope. So she said —

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;  
Butcher won't kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;

"Cat, cat, kill rat;  
Rat won't gnaw rope;  
Rope won't hang butcher;  
Butcher won't kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;



Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a  
rat. So she said —

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;  
Rope won't hang butcher;  
Butcher won't kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a  
cat. So she said —

And I shan't get home to-night."  
But the cat said to her, "If you will go  
to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of  
milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow.  
But the cow said to her, "If you will go  
to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp  
of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to the hay-  
makers. But the haymakers said to her,  
"If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch  
us a bucket of water, we will give you the  
hay."

So away the old woman went; but when  
she got to the stream, she found the bucket  
was full of holes. So she covered the bot-  
tom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket  
with water, and away she went back with  
it to the haymakers; and they gave her a  
wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay,



she gave the old woman the milk; and she  
went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon  
as the cat had lapped up the milk —

The cat began to kill the rat;

The water began to quench the fire;  
The fire began to burn the stick;  
The stick began to beat the dog;  
The dog began to bite the pig;



The rat began to gnaw the rope;  
The rope began to hang the butcher;  
The butcher began to kill the ox;  
The ox began to drink the water;

The little pig in a fright jumped over the  
stile;  
And so the old woman got home that  
night.

There was an old woman who 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 an end of her three cows,  
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

Jackie boy, ho boy, news!  
The cat is in the well;  
Let us ring now for her knell,  
Ding dong, ding dong bell.

It's raining, it's raining,  
There is pepper in the box,  
And all the little ladies  
Are holding up their frocks.

Little Tom Tacket sits upon his cracket.  
Half-a-yard of cloth will make him a  
jacket —  
Make him a jacket and breeches to the knee;  
And if you will not have him, you may let  
him be.

## Rhymes for the Season

As the days lengthen,  
So the storms strengthen.

---

When the days begin to lengthen,  
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

---

Collop Monday,  
Pancake Tuesday,  
Ash Wednesday,  
Dark Thursday,  
Friday's lang but will be done,  
And hey for Saturday afternoon.

---

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

---

A-shroving, a-shroving,  
I be come a-shroving;  
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,  
A bit of your fat bacon,  
Or a dish of doughnuts,  
All of your own making.

---

ALL HALLOW-E'EN (October 31st)  
Hempseed I set,  
Hempseed I sow,  
The young man that I love,  
Come after me and mow.

Stand fast, root; bear well, top;  
God send us a youling sop!  
Every twig, apple big,  
Every bough, apple enow,  
Hats full, caps full,  
Fill quarter sacks full.

---

Harvest home, harvest home,  
Ne'er a load's been overthrown.

---

Here's a health unto our master,  
The founder of the feast;  
And I hope to God with all my heart,  
His soul in heaven may rest;  
That every thing may prosper,  
Whatever he takes in hand;  
For we be all his servants,  
And all at his command.

---

I sow, I sow,  
Then, my own dear,  
Come here, come here  
And mow and mow.

---

Winter's thunder  
Is the world's wonder.

---

A-shroving, a-shroving,  
I be come a-shroving;  
Nice meat in a pie,  
My mouth is very dry,  
I wish a wuz zoo well a-wet,  
I'd sing the louder for a nut.

## Rhymes for the Year

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
All the rest have thirty-one;  
But Leap Year coming once in four,  
February then has one day more.

---

ST. VALENTINE (February 14th)

Valentine, O Valentine!  
Curl your locks as I do mine;  
Two before and two behind,  
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

---

I saw three ships come sailing by,  
Sailing by, sailing by,  
I saw three ships come sailing by,  
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,  
Was in them then, was in them then?  
And what do you think was in them then,  
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,  
Were in them then, were in them then,  
Three pretty girls were in them then,  
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,  
And one could play on the violin,  
Such joy there was at my wedding,  
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

---

March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers.



The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
The honey's sweet, and so are you.  
Thou art my love, and I am thine,  
I drew thee for my Valentine.  
The lot was cast, and then I drew,  
And fortune said it should be you.

---

CANDLEMAS DAY (February 2nd)  
If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight;  
If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,  
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

---

NEW YEAR'S DAY.  
Little maid, pretty maid, turn the pin,  
Open the door and let us come in:  
God be here, God be there,  
I wish you all a Happy New Year.

---

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

TWELFTH NIGHT RHYMES (January 6th)  
Kernel come, kernel hop over my thumb,  
And tell me which way my true love will  
come;  
East, West, North, South,  
Kernel, jump into my true love's mouth.

---

March will search,  
April will try,  
May will tell ye  
If ye'll live or die.

---

An April flood  
Carries away the frog and his brood.

---

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.

---

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.

---

A cold May and a windy,  
Makes a full barn and a findy.

---

Calm weather in June,  
Sets corn in tune.

---

St. SWITHIN'S (July 15th)  
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.

---

Dry August and warm  
Doth harvest no harm.

---

September blow soft  
Till the fruit's in the loft.

---

November takes flail,  
Let ships no more sail.

---

ST. THOMAS' DAY (Dec. 21st)  
St. Thomas' Day is past and gone,  
And Christmas is a'most a-come.  
Maidens arise,  
And make your pies,  
And save poor Tailor Bobby some.

---

Pea-pod hucks,  
Twenty for a pin;  
If you don't like them,  
I'll take them agin.

---

A little bit of powdered beef,  
And a great net of cabbage;  
The best meal I have had to-day  
Is a good bowl of porridge.



Dame, get up and bake your pies,  
 Bake your pies, bake your pies;  
 Dame get up and bake your pies,  
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,  
 Maidens lie, maidens lie?  
 Dame, what makes your maidens lie,  
 On Christmas Day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,  
 Ducks to die, ducks to die?  
 Dame, what makes your ducks to die,  
 On Christmas Day in the morning?

Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,  
 Cannot fly, cannot fly;  
 Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,  
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

---

I had a little castle upon the seaside,  
 One half was water, the other was land;  
 I opened my little castle door, and guess  
 what I found;  
 I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand,  
 The cup was gold, filled with wine;  
 Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine!

As I passed by my little pig-sty,  
 I saw a petticoat hanging to dry,  
 Hanging to dry, hanging to dry,  
 I saw a petticoat hanging to dry.

I took off my jacket and laid it hard by,  
 To bear the petticoat company,  
 Company, company,  
 To bear the petticoat company.

The wind blew high and down they fell,  
 Jacket and petticoat into the well,  
 Into the well, into the well,  
 Jacket and petticoat into the well.

"Oh, oh!" says the jacket, "we shall be  
 drowned."

"Oh, no!" says the petticoat, "we shall be  
 found";

"Oh, yes!" says the jacket, "we shall be  
 drowned."

"Oh, no!" says the petticoat, "we shall be  
 found."

The miller passed, they gave a shout,  
 He put in his hand and he pulled them both  
 out,  
 Pulled them both out, pulled them both out,  
 He put in his hand and he pulled them both  
 out.

---

Dragon fly! dragon fly! fly about the brook,  
 Sting all the bad boys who for the fish look;  
 But let the good boys catch all that they  
 can,  
 And then take them home to be fried in a  
 pan;  
 With nice bread and butter they shall sup  
 upon their fish,  
 While all the little naughty boys shall only  
 lick the dish.





God bless the master of this house,  
Likewise the mistress too,  
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.

---

Speak of a person, and he will appear;  
Then talk of the devil, and he'll draw near.

---

If you love me as I love you,  
No knife shall cut our love in two!

---

Eat at pleasure,  
Drink by measure.

---

If you find even ash, or four-leaved clover,  
You will see your love afore the day's over.

---

Pussy cat high, pussy cat low,  
Pussy cat is a fine teaser of tow.

---

In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty;  
In time of adversity, not one in twenty.

---

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

---

Give a thing, take a thing;  
That's an old man's plaything.

## Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle went to town,  
Riding on a pony,  
Stuck a feather in his hat,  
And called him Macaroni.

---

The miller he grinds his corn, his corn;  
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn;  
The little Boy Blue comes winding his horn,  
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team;  
The carter he whistles aside his team;  
And Dolly comes tripping with the nice  
clouted cream,  
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The nightingale sings when we're at rest;  
The nightingale sings when we're at rest;  
The little bird climbs the tree for his nest,  
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds and  
whey;  
The damsels are churning for curds and  
whey;  
The lads in the fields are making the hay,  
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

---

Pippin, Pippin, fly away,  
Get me one another day.

---

Tripple Dick upon a stick,  
And Sandy on a sow,  
Riding away to Galloway,  
To buy a pound o' woo'.

A dog and a cock,  
A journey once took,  
They travelled along till 'twas late;  
The dog he made free  
In the hollow of a tree,  
And the cock on the bough of it sate.

The cock nothing knowing,  
In the morn fell a-crowing,  
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;  
Says he, "I declare,  
Your voice is above  
All the creatures I ever did see.

"Oh! would you come down,  
I the fav'rite might own."  
Said the cock, "There's a porter below;  
If you will go in,  
I promise I'll come down,"  
So he went—and was worried for it too.

---

A bridge between  
Keeps friendship green.

---

Pigeons never do know woe,  
Till they do a-benting go.

---

To-morrow come never,  
When two Sundays come together.

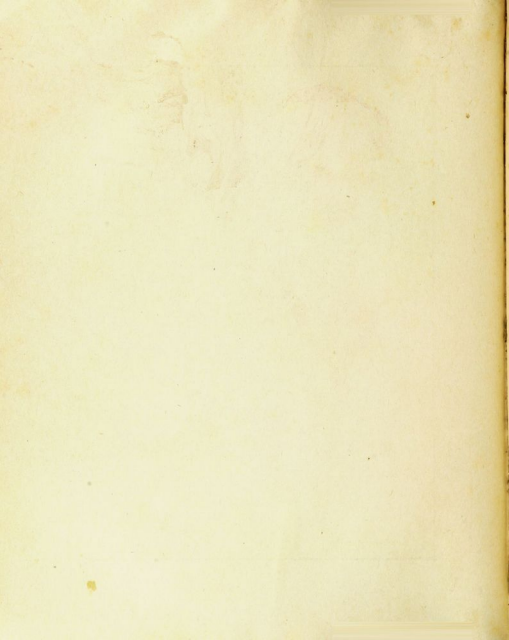
---

When I went up Sandy Hill,  
I met a sandy boy;  
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,  
And left his skin a-hanging-o.

(Gooseberry)



YANKEE DOODLE



## Magpies

One for anger,  
Two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding,  
Four for a birth,  
Five for rich,  
Six for poor,  
Seven for a witch,  
I can tell you no more.

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,  
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall to me.

---

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for  
health;  
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for  
wealth;  
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for  
news;  
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;  
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sor-  
row;  
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love  
to-morrow;  
Cut them on Sunday, ill luck will be with  
you all the week.

---

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

---

What shoemaker makes shoes without  
leather,  
With all the four elements put together?  
Fire and water, earth and air;  
Ev'ry customer has two pair.  
*(A Blacksmith)*

## Crows

One's unlucky,  
Two's lucky,  
Three is health,  
Four is wealth,  
Five is sickness,  
And six is death.

---

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

---

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.

---

As soft as silk, as white as milk,  
As bitter as gall, a thick wall  
And a green coat covers me all.  
*(A Walnut)*

---

Little ships must keep the shore;  
Larger ships may venture more.

---

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.

Here's a health to the barley mow;  
Here's a health to the man  
Who very well can  
Both harrow, and plough, and sow.  
When it is well sown,  
See it is well mown,  
Both raked and gravelled clean,  
And a barn to lay it in;  
Here's health to the man  
Who very well can  
Both thresh and fan it clean.

---

1. I went up one pair of stairs.  
2. Just like me.

1. I went up two pair of stairs.  
2. Just like me.

1. I went into a room.  
2. Just like me.

1. I looked out of a window.  
2. Just like me.

1. And there I saw a monkey.  
2. Just like me.

---

Hogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;  
Cows in the corn-field, run, boys, run;  
Cat's in the cream-pot, run, girls, run, girls;  
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

---

Mister East gave a feast;  
Mister North laid the cloth;  
Mister West did his best;  
Mister South burnt his mouth  
Eating cold potato.

What are little boys made of?  
Frogs and snails,  
And puppy-dogs' tails;  
And that's what little boys are made of.

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

What are young men made of?  
Sighs and leers,  
And erocodiles' tears;  
And that's what young men are made of.

What are young women made of?  
Ribbons and laces,  
And sweet pretty faces;  
And that's what young women are made of.

---

Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Three men in a tub;  
And who do you think they be?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candlestick-maker;  
They all jumped out of a rotten potato,  
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!  
An apple for the King, a pear for the Queen  
And a good toss over the Bowling Green.

---

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 in a tree,  
And when the night comes away flies she.

---

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



I'll buy you a tartan bonnet,  
And some feathers to put on it,  
Tartan trews and a philibeg,  
Because you are so like your daddy.

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



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

Intery, mintery, cutery-corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn;  
Wine, brier, limber-lock,  
Five geese in a flock  
Sit and sing by a spring,  
O-U-T, and in again.

In a cottage in Fife  
Lived a man and his wife,  
Who, believe me, were comical folk;  
For, to people's surprise,  
They saw with their eyes,  
And their tongues moved whenever they  
spoke!

When quite fast asleep,  
I've been told that to keep  
Their eyes open they scarce could contrive;  
They walked on their feet,  
And 'twas thought what they ate  
Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive!

## Birds' Names

Jack Snipe.  
Jenny Wren.  
Jack Daw.  
Tom Tit and Betty.  
Robin Redbreast.  
Poll Parrot.  
Jill Hooter.  
Jack Curlew.  
Jack Nicker.  
King Harry (goldfinch).  
Jacob (starling).  
Philip (sparrow).  
Ralph (raven).  
All birds — Dick.

---

At Brill-on-the-Hill  
The wind blows shrill,  
The cook no meat can dress;  
At Stow-in-the-Wold  
The wind blows cold —  
I know no more than this.

---

Dingty Diddledy, my mammy's maid,  
She stole oranges, I am afraid;  
Some in her pocket, and some in her sleeve,  
She stole oranges, I do believe.

---

Driddlety drum, driddlety drum,  
There you see the beggars are come;  
Some are here, and some are there,  
And some are gone to Chidley Fair.

---

Those that go my way — butter and eggs;  
Those that go your way — chop off their  
legs.

Bow-wow, says the dog;  
Mew, mew, says the cat;  
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;  
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;  
Caw, saw, says the crow;  
Quack, quack, says the duck;  
And what sparrows say you know.

So, with sparrows, and owls,  
With rats, and with dogs,  
With ducks, and with crows,  
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,  
To please you, my dear;  
And if it's well sung,  
'Twill be charming to hear.

---

"Fire! fire!" said the town crier;  
"Where? where?" said Goody Blair;  
"Down the town," said Goody Brown.  
"I'll go and see't," said Goody Fleet;  
"So will I," said Goody Fry.

---

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven.  
Penny on the water,  
Twopence on the sea,  
Threepence on the railway,  
Out goes she.

---

Snow, snow faster,  
The cow's in the pasture;  
Snow, snow, give over,  
The cow's in the clover!



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 miller,  
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.

Oh, the little, little,  
Rusty, dusty miller!

---

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.

---

He that hath it and will not keep it,  
He that wanteth it and will not seek it,  
He that drinketh and is not dry,  
Shall want money as well as I.

---

As foolish as monkeys till twenty and more,  
As bold as a lion till forty and four;  
As cunning as foxes till threescore and ten,  
We then become asses, and are no more men.

---

A Riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,  
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.  
(*A Sicre*)

The Quaker's wife sat down to bake,  
Wi' a' her bairns about her;  
She made them ev'ry one a cake,  
And the Miller he wants his mouther.

Sugar and spice and a' things nice,  
And a' things vera guid in it;  
And then the Quaker sat down to play  
A tune upon the spinet.

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,  
And merrily danced the Quaker;  
Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,  
And merrily danced the Quaker.

---

An apple a day  
Sends the doctor away.

Apple in the morning,  
Doctor's warning.

Roast apple at night,  
Starves the doctor outright.

Eat an apple going to bed,  
Knock the doctor on the head.

Three each day, seven days a week,  
Ruddy apple, ruddy cheek.

---

Queen, Queen, Caroline,  
Washed her hair in turpentine;  
Turpentine made it shine,  
Queen, Queen, Caroline.

---

A cat may look at a King,  
And surely I may look at an ugly thing.

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.

---

"How do you do, neighbor?  
Neighbor, how do you do?"  
"I am pretty well."  
"And how does Cousin Sue do?"  
"She's pretty well,  
And sends her duty to you;  
So does bonnie Nell."  
"Good luck! how does she do?"

---

WATER-SKIMMING

A duck and a drake,  
A nice barley cake,  
A hop and a scotch  
With a penny to pay the old baker;  
Is another notch,  
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

---

Pussy-cat, wussicat, with a white foot,  
When is your wedding, for I'll come to 't?  
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.

---

Buckee, Buckee, Biddy Bene,  
Is the way now fair and clean?  
Is the goosey gone to nest,  
And the foxy gone to rest?  
Shall I come away?

---

The miller he stole corn,  
The weaver he stole yarn,  
The little tailor he stole broadcloth  
To keep these three rogues warm.

---

The miller was drowned in his dam,  
The weaver was hanged in his farm,  
The devil ran off with the little tailor  
With his broadcloth under his arm.

---

Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,  
When bonny King Jemmy from Scotland  
came:  
We'll pepper their bodies,  
Their peaceable noddies,  
And give them a crack on the crown!

---

How many days has my baby to play?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

---

I saw a fight the other day;  
A damsel did begin the fray.  
She with her daily friend did meet,  
Then standing in the open street,  
She gave such hard and sturdy blows,  
He bled ten gallons at the nose;  
Yet neither seemed to faint nor fall,  
Nor gave her any abuse at all.

(A Pump)

---

If the cock molt before the hen,  
We shall have weather thick and thin;  
But if the hen molt before the cock,  
We shall have weather hard as a block.

Hixie, Dixie, hickory bow,  
Thirteen Dutchmen in a row;  
Two corporals hold a piece of twine  
To help the Dutchmen form a line.

---

Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

---

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

---

Burn ash-wood green,  
'Tis a fire for a queen;  
Burn ash-wood sear,  
'Twill make a man swear.

---

The Cuckoo comes in April,  
Stops all the month of May,  
Sings a song at Midsummer,  
And then he goes away.

---

Three times round goes our gallant, gallant  
ship,  
And three times round goes she;  
Three times round goes our gallant, gallant  
ship,  
And sinks to the bottom of the sea.

---

In good King Arthur's days,  
He was a merry king.  
He turned three servants out of doors  
Because they wouldn't sing.

---

The first he was a miller,  
The second he was a weaver,  
The third he was a little tailor;  
Three thieving rogues together.

---

I would if I could.  
If I couldn't, how could I?  
I couldn't without I could, could I?  
Could you without you could, could ye?

---

There was an old man in a velvet coat,  
He kissed a maid and gave her a groat.  
The groat it was crooked and would not go;  
"Ah! old man, d'ye serve me so?"

---

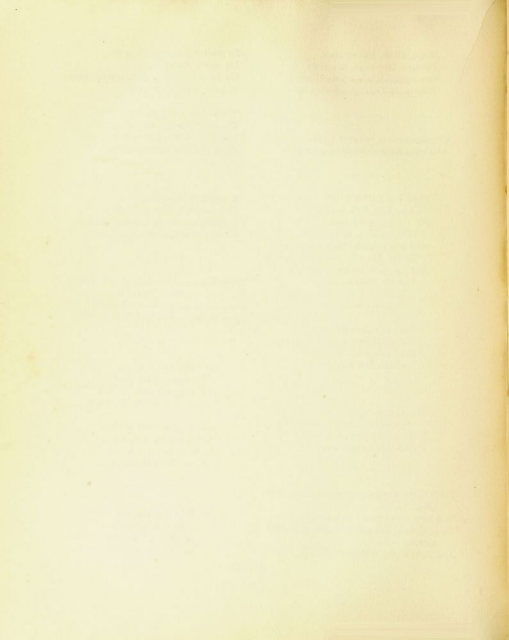
As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by her shed,  
She wagged with her tail,  
And nodded with her head.

---

She wagged with her tail,  
And nodded with her head,  
As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by the shed.

---

Blue eye, beauty;  
Gray eye, greedy;  
Black eye, blackie;  
Brown eye, brownie.



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

	PAGE	PAGE	
A bridge between .....	112	As I was going to market .....	101
A carrion crow sat upon an oak.....	49	As I was going to St. Ives.....	66
A cat came fiddling out of a barn.....	82	As I was going to sell my eggs.....	49
A cat may look at a king.....	117	As I was going up Pippin Hill.....	18
A cold May and a windy.....	109	As I was going up the hill.....	81
A cow and a calf.....	62	As I went over Lincoln Bridge.....	88
A diller, a dollar.....	33	As I went through the garden gap.....	89
A dog and a cat went out together.....	82	As I went to Bonner.....	86
A dog and a cock.....	112	As little Jenny Wren.....	119
A duck and a drake.....	118	As round as an apple, as deep as a cup.....	102
A farmer's dog leaped over a stile.....	100	As soft as silk, as white as milk.....	113
A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare.....	70	As the days lengthen.....	107
A for the ape, that we saw at the fair.....	52	As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks.....	70
A fox jumped up one winter's night.....	35	As white as milk and not milk.....	94
A frog he would a-wooing go.....	29	At Brill-on-the-Hill.....	116
A hill full a hole full.....	88	Awake, arise, pull out your eyes.....	113
A jolly fat frog lived in the river swim, O!.....	86	Away, birds, away!.....	81
A little bit of powdered beef.....	109		
A little boy went into a barn.....	47	Baa, baa, black sheep.....	19
A little cock sparrow.....	36	Baby and I were baked in a pie.....	77
A little old man and I fell out.....	34	Baby's face.....	13
A little old man of Derby.....	93	Barber, barber, shave a pig.....	52
A long-tailed pig or a short-tailed pig.....	10	Barnaby Bright he was a sharp cur.....	46
A man of words and not of deeds.....	24	Barney Bodkin broke his nose.....	78
A man went a-hunting at Reigate.....	64	Bat, bat, come under my hat.....	72
A nick and a nock.....	15	Bell horses.....	44
A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap.....	92	Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.....	47
A red sky at night.....	70	Betty Pringle's pig.....	32
A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose.....	117	Bingo was his name.....	100
A sunshiny shower.....	50	Birch and green holly, boys.....	94
A swarm of bees in May.....	109	Birds' names.....	116
A thatcher of Thatchwood.....	76	Birds of a feather flock together.....	47
A was an archer, who shot at a frog.....	48	Black we are, but much admired.....	73
A water there is I must pass.....	88	Black within and red without.....	85
A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree.....	54	Blow, wind, blow!.....	55
All of a row.....	52	Blue eye, beauty.....	119
A-milking, a-milking, my maid.....	63	Blue is true.....	81
An apple a day.....	117	Bobby Shafto has gone to sea.....	78
An April flood.....	109	Bo-peep.....	23
An old woman was sweeping her house.....	104	Bow wow, says the dog.....	116
Arthur O'Bower has broken his hand.....	80	Bow, wow, wow.....	13
As foolish as monkeys till twenty or more.....	117	Boys and girls, come out to play.....	19
As high as a castle.....	88	Buckee, buckee, biddy bene.....	118
A-shroving, a-shroving.....	107	Burn ash-wood green.....	119
As I passed by my little pig-sty.....	110	Burnie bee, burnie bee.....	89
As I walked by myself.....	81	Buzz, quoth the blue fly.....	83
As I was going along, long, long.....	82	Bye, baby bunting.....	86
As I was going by Charing Cross.....	98	Bye, O my baby!.....	27

	PAGE		PAGE
Cackle, cackle, Madam Goose!	102	Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie	93
Calm weather in June	109	Gilly silly Jarter	97
Can you make me a cambric shirt?	31	Give a thing, take a thing	111
Catch him, crow! carry him, kite!	91	God bless the master of this house	111
Charley, Charley, stole the barley	48	Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame	118
Charley Wag, Charley Wag	54	Goosey, goosey, gander	43
Christmas comes but once a year	119	Go to bed first, a golden purse	39
Clap, clap, handies	93	Great A, little a	76
Clap hands, clap hands	22 and 103		
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe	98	Handy-Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy	115
Cock-a-doodle-do!	11	Hannah Bantry in the pantry	18
Collop Monday	107	Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!	24
Come, butter, come!	73	Harvest home, harvest home	107
Come, dance a jig	53	Heigh ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?	98
Come, let's to bed	16	He loves me, he don't	82
Come when you're called	62	Hempseed I set	107
Cross patch draw the latch	18	Here come I	77
Crows	113	Here comes a poor woman from Baby-land	91
Cry, baby, cry	33	Here goes my lord	62
Cuckoo, cuckoo	64	Here's a health to the barley mow	114
Curly locks; curly locks! wilt thou be mine	73	Here's a health unto our master	107
Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk	98	Here's Sulky Sae	99
Cut them on Monday	113	Here sits the Lord Mayor	80
		He that bath it and will not keep it	117
Daffy-down-dilly	52	He that would thrive	52
Dame get up and bake your pies	110	Hey! diddle, diddle!	11
Dance a baby, diddy	11	Hick-a-more, Huck-a-more	90
Dance, little baby, dance up high	102	Hickory, dickory, sacara down!	113
Dance, thumbkin, dance	90	Hickety pickety, my black hen	61
Dance to your daddy	13	Hickory, dickory, dock	18
Darby and Joan were dressed in black	101	Hickup, hickup, go away!	12
Death and burial of poor Cock Robin	45	Hie, hie! says Anthony	26
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John	82	Higgledy piggledy, here we lie	68
Dickery, dickery, dare	43	High, ding, cockatoo-moody	39
Did you see my love, did you see, did you see?	90	Higher than a house, higher than a tree	93
Ding, dong bell	12	Highly, tightly, paradihty, clothed in green	95
Dingle, dingle, doosy	19	Hixie, dixie, hickory bow	119
Dingty Diddledy, my mammy's maid	116	Hoddy doddy	88
Doctor Faustus was a good man	38	Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towsers	114
Doodle, doodle, do	68	Hat boiled beans and very good butter	113
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan!	73	Hot-cross buns, hot-cross buns	46
Dragon fly! dragon fly! fly about the brook	110	How do you do, neighbor?	118
Driddley drum, driddley drum	116	How many days has my baby to play?	118
Dry August and warm	109	How many miles is it to Babybon?	100
		Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall	98
Early to bed	72	Hush-a-by, baby	86
Eat at pleasure	111	Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top	11
Eat, birds, eat, and make no waste	89	Hush-a-by, lie still and sleep	102
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess	36	Hush, baby, my doll	12
Every lady in this land	77	Hush thee, my baby	15
		Hyder-iddle-diddle-dell	98
Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum!	96		
Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee	83	I am a gold lock	82
"Fire! fire!" said the town crier	116	I am become of flesh and blood	93
Flour of England, fruit of Spain	76	I can make diet bread	62
For every evil under the sun	72	I had a little castle upon the sea-side	110
Formed long ago, yet made to-day	84	I had a little cow	81
For want of a nail, the shoe was lost	100	I had a little cow; to save her	43
Four and twenty tailors	99	I had a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell	70
Friday night's dream	69	I had a little dog, and they called him Buff	53

	PAGE
I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen.....	32
I had a little hobby-horse .....	44
I had a little husband .....	33
I had a little moppet .....	68
I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear.....	99
I had a little pony .....	38
I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep.....	84
I like little pussy, her coat is so warm.....	43
I lost my mare in Lincoln Lane.....	92
I married my wife by the light of the moon.....	93
I saw a fight the other day.....	118
I saw a peacock with a fiery tail.....	92
I saw a ship a sailing.....	80
I saw three ships come sailing by.....	108
I see the moon and the moon sees me.....	41
I sow, I sow.....	107
I went to the toad that lies under the wall.....	78
I went up one pair of stairs.....	114
I won't be my father's Jack.....	17
I would if I could.....	119
If all the seas were one sea.....	68
If all the world were paper.....	36
If a man who turns criers.....	69
If Candlemas Day be fair and bright.....	108
If "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans.....	79
If I'd as much money as I could tell.....	12
If the cock moult before the hen.....	118
If you are a gentleman.....	70
If you find even ash, or four-leaved clover.....	111
If you love me as I love you.....	111
If you love me, pop and fly.....	98
If wishes were horses.....	18
If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger.....	34
I'll buy you a tartan bonnet.....	115
I'll sing you a song nine verses long.....	27
I'll sing you a song, the days are long.....	20
I'll sing you a song, though not very long.....	83
I'll tell my own daddy.....	18
I'll tell you a story.....	17
I'm in everyone's way.....	88
In a cottage in Fife.....	115
In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.....	57
In good King Arthur's days.....	119
In marble walls as white as milk.....	90
In the month of February.....	108
In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty.....	111
Intery, mintery, cutery-corn.....	115
Is John Smith within?.....	84
It costs little Gossip her income for shoes.....	114
It's once I courted as pretty a lass.....	103
It's raining, it's raining.....	106
I've seen you where you never were.....	88
Jack and Jill.....	48
Jack in the pulpit, out and in.....	103
Jack be nimble.....	53
Jackie boy, ho boy, news!.....	106
Jack Snipe.....	116
Jack Sprat could eat no fat.....	25
Jack Sprat had a cat.....	66

	PAGE
Jacky, come give me thy fiddle.....	48
Jennie, come tie my.....	103
Jeremiah blow the fire.....	76
Jerry Hall, he is so small.....	115
Johnny shall have a new bonnet.....	80
Johnny Armstrong kill'd a calf.....	33
Kernel, come kernel, hop over my thumb.....	109
Ladybird, Ladybird.....	22
Leg over leg.....	84
Lend me thy mare to ride a mile.....	56
"Let us go to the woods," says this pig.....	68
Little Betty Blue.....	71
Little Betty Pringle she had a pig.....	32
Little Bob Robbin.....	38
Little Bob Snooks was fond of his books.....	103
Little Bo-Peep.....	31
Little Boy Blue.....	34
Little Brown Betty lived at the Golden Can.....	46
Little Cock Robin peeped out of his cabin.....	78
Little Dicky Diver.....	50
Little drops of water.....	96
Little General Monk.....	46
Little girl, little girl, where have you been?.....	33
Little Jack Dandy Prat was my first suitor.....	38
Little Jack Horner.....	17
Little Jack Jingle.....	91
Little John Jiggy Jag.....	101
Little Johnny Morgan.....	103
Little King Boggen he built a fine hall.....	37
Little maid, pretty maid.....	49
Little Miss Muffet.....	67
Little Nancy Etticoat.....	43
Little Poll Parrot.....	70
Little Polly Flinders.....	71
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a rail.....	32
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree.....	37
Little ships must keep the shore.....	113
Little Tee Wee.....	69
Little Tommy Tittlemouse.....	39
Little Tom Tackett sits upon his cricket.....	106
Little Tom Tucker.....	56
Lives in winter.....	98
London Bridge is broken down.....	28
Long legs, crooked thighs.....	97
Lucy Locket lost her pocket.....	83
Maggies.....	113
March winds and April showers.....	108
March will search.....	109
Margaret wrote a letter.....	117
Margery Mutton-pie and Johnny Bo-Peep.....	82
Mary had a little lamb.....	63
Mary had a pretty bird.....	80
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.....	61
Merry are the bells.....	92
Millery, millery, dustipole.....	94
Mister East gave a feast.....	114
Mistress Mary, quite contrary.....	23

	PAGE		PAGE
Molly, my sister, and I fell out.....	38	Pigeons never do know woe.....	112
Monday's child is fair of face.....	15	Pippin, pippin, fly away.....	112
Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy....	24	Pit, pat, well-a-day!.....	46
Multiplication is vexation.....	55	Polly, put the kettle on.....	43
My dear, do you know?.....	96	Poor old Robinson Crusoe!.....	55
My father he left me, just as he was able.....	72	Pretty John Watts.....	23
My father left me three acres of land.....	75	Punch and Judy.....	55
My lady wind, my lady wind.....	12	Purple, yellow, red and green.....	85
My maid Mary.....	91	Pussy cat ate the dumplings.....	69
My story's ended.....	43	Pussy cat high, pussy cat low.....	111
Needles and pins.....	71	Pussy cat Mole jumped over a coal.....	71
New moon, new moon, declare to me.....	103	Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?.....	38
Nievie, nievie, nicknack.....	89	Pussy-cat, wussicat, with a white foot.....	118
November takes flail.....	109	Pussy sits beside the fire.....	63
No weather is ill.....	94	Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun.....	47
Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see.....	114	Queen, Queen, Caroline.....	117
Oh, all you little blackey tops.....	20	Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit-pie!.....	79
Oh dear, what can the matter be?.....	42 and 97	Rainbow in the morning.....	70
Oh mother, I shall be married to Mr. Punchinello....	27	Rain, rain go to Spain.....	44
Oh, rare Harry Parry.....	24	Rhymes for the season.....	107
Oh the grand old Duke of York.....	39	Rhymes for the year.....	108-109
O my kitten, a kitten!.....	16	Riddle me, riddle me, ree.....	34
O that I was where I would be.....	22	Riddle me, riddle me, what is that?.....	88
Old Dr. Foster went to Glo'ster.....	44	Ride a cock-horse.....	13
Old Father of the Pye.....	98	Ride, baby, ride.....	90
Old Father Graybeard.....	23	Ring-a-ring-a-roses.....	62
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man.....	48	Ring the bell.....	63
Old King Cole was a merry old soul.....	65	Robert Barnes, fellow fine.....	44
Old Mother Goose.....	9	Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round.....	49
Old Mother Hubbard.....	40	Robin-a-bobbin bent his bow.....	91
Old Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag.....	85	Robin and Richard were two pretty men.....	77
Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye.....	53	Robin Hood, Robin Hood.....	89
Old woman, old woman.....	36	Robin the bobbin, the big-belted Ben.....	33
Once I saw a little bird.....	119	Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green.....	15
Onery, twoery.....	10	Rompty-iddity, row, row, row!.....	91
One for anger.....	113	Rosemary green, and lavender blue.....	96
One, he loves; two, he loves.....	101	Rowsty dow, my fire's all out.....	34
One misty moisty morning.....	55	Rub-a-dub-dub.....	114
One old Oxford ox opening oysters.....	97	St. Swithin's Day if thou dost rain.....	109
One's unlucky.....	113	St. Thomas' Day is past and gone.....	109
One to make ready.....	62	Saw ye aught of my wife?.....	81
One, two, buckle my shoe.....	68	See a pin and pick it up.....	64
One, two, three, four, and five.....	16	See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new mas- ter.....	11
One, two, three, four, five.....	89	See-saw, Margery Daw, the old hen flew over the malt-house.....	15
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.....	116	Se-saw, sacaradown.....	10
One, two, three, I love coffee.....	22	See, see. What shall I see?.....	41
On Saturday night it shall be my care.....	117	September blow soft.....	109
Our saucy boy, Dick.....	61	Shall I tell you a tale?.....	47
Parson Darby wore a black gown.....	98	Shoe the colt.....	80
Pat a cake, pat a cake.....	15	Simple Simon.....	64
Pea pod bucks.....	109	Sing a song of sixpence.....	16
Pease-porridge hot.....	17	Sing jig my jole.....	37
Peg, peg, with a wooden leg.....	102	Sing, sing, what shall I sing?.....	49
Pemmy was a pretty girl.....	62	Smiling girls, rosy boys.....	90
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper.....	73	Snail, snail, come out of your hole.....	68
Peter White will ne'er go right.....	55		
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater.....	85		



	PAGE
Snail, snail, shut out your horns.....	53
Snow, snow faster.....	116
Solomon Grundy.....	23
Some little mice sat in a barn to spin.....	46
Some up and some down.....	96
Speak of a person, and he will appear.....	111
Stand fast, root; bear well, top.....	107
Taffy was a Welshman.....	27
Tell-tale-tit.....	77
Ten little nigger boys.....	50
The babes in the wood.....	96
The calf, the goose, the bee.....	88
The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire.....	38
The children of Holland.....	19
The cock's on the wood pile a-blowing his horn.....	76
The cock doth crow.....	72
The cuckoo comes in April.....	119
The cuckoo's a fine bird.....	72
The death and burial of poor Cock Robin.....	45
The dog of the kiln.....	33
The dove says "coo, coo, what shall I do?".....	46
The evening red and the morning gray.....	51
The face.....	89
The fair maid who, the first of May.....	109
The five toes.....	68
The frog and the crow.....	86
The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain.....	95
The hart he loves the high wood.....	94
The horse.....	72
The house that Jack built.....	54
The King of France went up the hill.....	42
The land is white.....	88
The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown.....	56
The little priest of Felton.....	91
The lover's tasks.....	31
The mackerel's cry.....	44
The man in the moon came tumbling down.....	16
The man in the wilderness asked me.....	69
The marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.....	41
The merry bells of London.....	32
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn.....	112
The north wind doth blow.....	53
The old man and his wife.....	84
The old market woman.....	50
The old woman and the crooked sixpence.....	104
The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub.....	56
The petticoats are little feet.....	89
The quaker's wife sat down to bake.....	117
The queen of hearts.....	10
The robin and the redbreast.....	63
The robin and the wren.....	89
The rose is red, the grass is green.....	39
The rose is red, the violet's blue.....	108
The south wind brings wet weather.....	61
The sow came in with the saddle.....	17
The tailor and the crow.....	49
The tailor of Bicester.....	89
The white dove sat on the castle wall.....	101
The winds they did blow.....	83

	PAGE
There was a bee.....	77
There was a crooked man.....	47
There was a fat man of Bombay.....	73
There was a frog lived in a well.....	74
There was a jolly miller.....	26
There was a king, and he had three daughters.....	24
There was a king met a king.....	24
There was a little boy and a little girl.....	18
There was a little girl, and she wore a little curl.....	102
There was a little green house.....	92
There was a little guinea pig.....	20
There was a little man, and he had a little gun.....	39
There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid.....	14
There was a little nobby colt.....	103
There was a little woman, as I've been told.....	102
There was a man and he had nought.....	27
There was a man and his name was Dob.....	97
There was a man of our town.....	19
There was a man who had no eyes.....	32
There was a monkey climbed a tree.....	56
There was a piper, he'd a cow.....	56
There was a rat for want of stairs.....	12
There was an old crow sat upon a clod.....	55
There was an old man and he had a calf.....	12
There was an old man, and he lived in a wood.....	84
There was an old man in a velvet coat.....	119
There was an old man of Tobago.....	72
There was an old man who lived in a wood.....	19
There was an old man who lived in Middle Row.....	94
There was an old soldier of Bister.....	83
There was an old woman, and nothing she had.....	72
There was an old woman, and what do you think?.....	15
There was an old woman, as I've heard tell.....	50
There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all.....	78
There was an old woman her name it was Peg.....	81
There was an old woman in Surrey.....	113
There was an old woman lived under a hill.....	37
There was an old woman lived under a hill.....	20
There was an old woman of Leeds.....	76
There was an old woman of Norwich.....	99
There was an old woman sat spinning.....	86
There was an old woman sold puddings and pies.....	56
There was an old woman tossed up in a basket.....	23
There was an old woman who had three cows.....	106
There was an old woman who had three sons.....	35
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.....	..... Frontispiece
There was an old woman who rode on a broom.....	87
There were three jivvy huntsmen.....	79
There were three sisters in a hall.....	53
There were two birds sat on a stone.....	13
There were two blackbirds.....	13
They that wash on Monday.....	73
Thirty days hath September.....	108
Thirty white horses upon a red hill.....	70
This is the cat.....	69
This is the house that Jack built.....	54
This is the way the ladies ride.....	71
This pig went to market.....	18
This pig went to the barn.....	92

	PAGE		PAGE
Thomas a Tattamus.....	34	Warm, hand, warm.....	42
Those that go my way—butter and eggs.....	116	Water skimming.....	118
Three blind mice, see how they run.....	69	We are all in the dumps.....	23
Three children sliding on the ice.....	10	Wear you a hat, or wear you a crown?.....	111
Three crooked cripples went through Cripple-gate.....	91	Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town.....	103
Three little kittens they lost their mittens.....	95	"We'll go a-shooting," says Robin to Bobbin.....	21
Three straws on a staff.....	16	We're three brethren out of Spain.....	16
Three times round goes our gallant, gallant ship.....	119	What are little boys made of?.....	114
Three wise men of Gotham.....	22	What care I how black I be.....	77
Thumbikin, thumbikin, broke the barn.....	91	What do they call you?.....	43
Tit-tat-toe.....	93	What God never sees.....	88
To make your candles last for aye.....	42	What shoemaker makes shoes without leather?.....	113
To market, to market.....	32	What's the news of the day?.....	82
To-morrow come never.....	112	When a twister a-twisting.....	66
To-morrow the fox will come to town.....	94	When clouds appear like rocks and towers.....	51
Tom Thumb.....	57	When good King Arthur ruled the land.....	71
Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig.....	44	When I was a little boy I had but little wit.....	85
Tom Thumb's alphabet.....	48	When I was a little girl about seven years old.....	76
Tom, he was a piper's son, he learnt to play.....	51	When I went up Sandy Hill.....	112
Tommy kept a chandler's shop.....	86	When Jack's a very good boy.....	33
Tommy O'Linn is a Scotsman born.....	67	When little Fred went to bed.....	37
Tommy Trot, a man of law.....	96	When the days begin to lengthen.....	107
Tripple Dick upon a stick.....	112	When the wind blows.....	99
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.....	118	When the wind is in the east.....	48
Two brothers we are.....	88	When V and I together meet.....	95
Two, four, six, eight.....	38	Where are you going to my pretty maid?.....	42
Two little dogs.....	70	Where have you been all the day.....	99
		Whistle, daughter, whistle.....	69
Up at Piccadilly, oh!.....	36	Who killed cock robin?.....	45
Up hill and down dale.....	18	Willy boy, Willy boy.....	66
Up street and down street.....	61	Willy, Willy, Wilkin.....	72
Up the hill take care of me.....	72	Winter's thunder.....	107
Valentine, O Valentine!.....	108	Yankee Doodle went to town.....	112



