

Mother Goose's NURSERY RHYMES



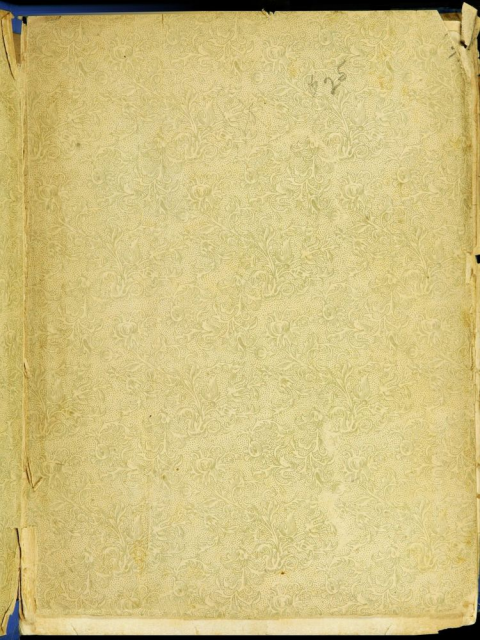
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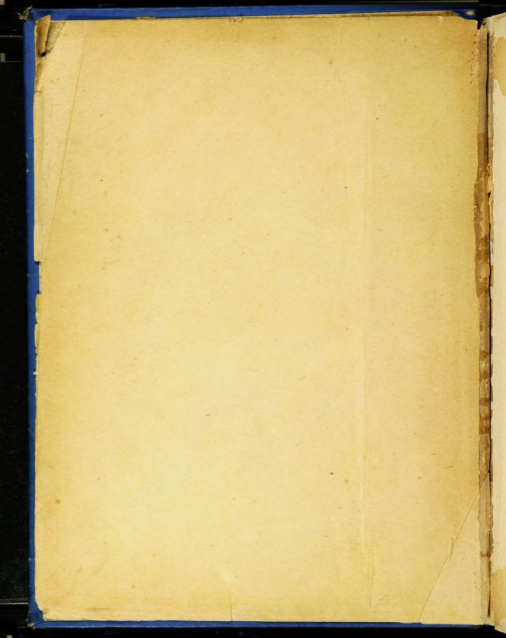


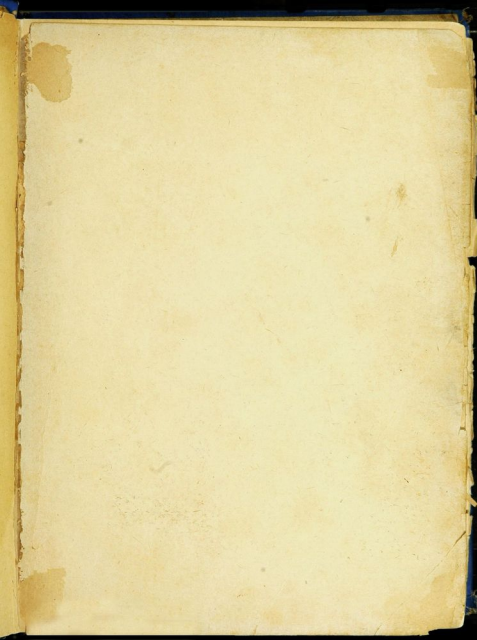
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"Hey diddle diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle." (page 189.)

MOTHER GOOSE'S
NURSERY RHYMES.

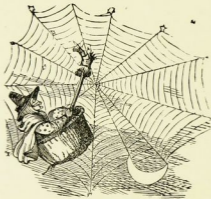
A COLLECTION OF

Alphabets, Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles.

With 350 Illustrations.



NEW YORK:
McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS.



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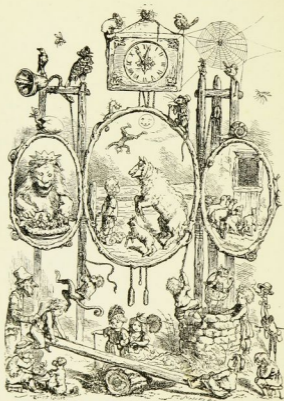
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OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

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 sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market—
A live goose he bought:
“Here, mother,” says he,
“It will not go for naught.”



SHE SENT HIM TO MARKET—A LIVE GOOSE HE BOUGHT.

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.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rascally knave,
Not half of its value
To poor Jack he gave.

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



The knave and the Squire
Came up at his back,
And began to belabor
The sides of poor Jack.



And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea,
When Jack he jumped in,
And got it back presently.
The knave got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.
Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.



A is Ann,
with milk from the cow.



B is Benjamin,
making a bow.



C is Charlotte,
gathering flowers.



D is Dick,
one of the mowers.



E is Eliza,
feeding a hen.



F is Frank,
mending his pen.



G is Georgiana,
shooting an arrow.



H is Harry,
wheeling a barrow



I is Isabella,
gathering fruit.



J is John,
playing the flute.



K is Kate,
nursing her dolly.



L is Lawrence,
feeding poor Polly.



M is Maria,
learning to draw.



N is Nicholas,
with a jackdaw.



O is Octavius,
riding a goat.



P is Penelope,
sailing a boat



Q is Quintus,
armed with a lance.



R is Rachel,
learning to dance.



S is Sarah,
talking to cook.



T is Tommy,
reading a book.



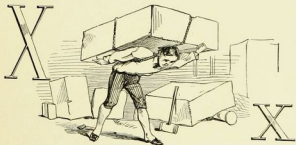
U is Urban,
rolling the green.



V is Victoria,
reading she's seen.



W is Walter,
flying a kite.



X is Xerxes,
a boy of great might



Y is Miss Youthful,
eating bread.



Z is Zachariah,
going to bed.



Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor Pussy Cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.



1. This little pig went to market.

2. This little pig
stayed at home.



3. This little pig
got roast beef.



4. This
little
pig got
none.



5. This
little pig
cried
wee, wee,
all the
way home.





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

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.



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.

My little old man
and I fell out,
I'll tell you what
t'was all about :
I had money, and
he had none,
And that's the way
the noise begun.





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

[An Egg.]

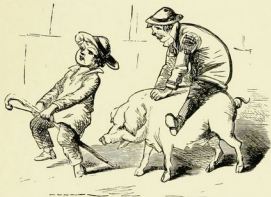
Tommy Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws ;
Sold the straw, and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.



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



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



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.

I would if I cou'd
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?
Cou'd ye, cou'd ye?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?

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

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

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.

How many days has my baby to play ?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



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 take a birds' nest—
 I was built upon a bough,
A branch gave way, and Simon fell
 Into a dirty slough.

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

Simon he to market went,
 To buy a joint of meat;
He tied it to his horse's tail,
 To keep it clean and sweet.



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 for to eat honey
Out of the mustard-pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried—
That was all the good he got.

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

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

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



Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.
He wash'd himself with blacking-ball,
Because he had no soap ;
Then said unto his mother,
"I'm a beauty now, I hope."
He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all run through,
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

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

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
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 look'd behind him.



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

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.

[A Chimney.]

Black within, and red without;
Four corners round about.

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



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



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

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



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 vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

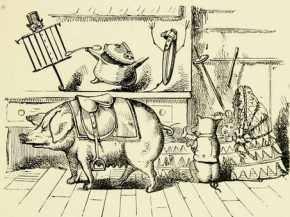
What care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me :
If twenty won't, forty shall—
I am my mother's bouncing girl!



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

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.

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.



The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor
Odsplut! said the gridiron,
Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me.



I had a little dog, his name was Buff,
I sent him to the store for an ounce of snuff,
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.



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

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy

Where was a jewel and pretty,
Where was a sugar and spicey?
Hush a bye babe in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey.

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

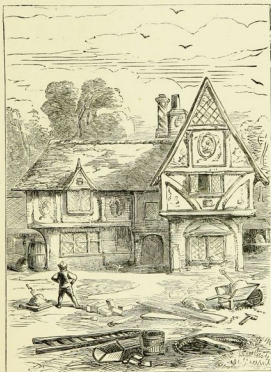
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.



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.

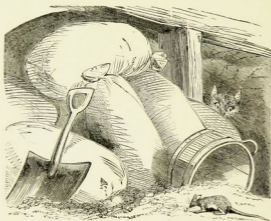
A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds ;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

Yeow mussent sing a' Sunday,
Becaze it is a sin ;
But yeow may sing a' Monday,
Till Sunday cums agin.



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



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



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



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



THIS IS THE FARMER WHO SOW'D THE CORN.

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

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful 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.

“Jacky, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.”

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

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

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single; and liv'd with his
wife.



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

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



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

Peas pudding hot,
Peas pudding cold,
Peaspudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.





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

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd 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.



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

Miss one, two and three could never agree.
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.



Clap hands, clap hands !
Till father comes home :
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands, &c.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Baby and me.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



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



Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in our
lane.

Cock a doodle doo !
My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don'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 lost 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.

Cock a doodle doo !
Dame has lost her shoe ;
Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
And can't tell what to do.



A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

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 carol, ding, ding, ding !

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

[Imitate a Pigeon.]

If wishes were horses, | Currahoo, curr dhoo,
 Beggars would ride ! | Love me, and I'll love
 you !

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

Snail, snail, come put out your horn,
 To-morrow is the day to cut the corn.

Johnny's too little to whittle,
 Give him some raspberry jam,
 Take off his bib, put him into his crib,
 And feed him on doughnuts and ham.

1 2 3 4 5 I caught a hare alive :
 6 7 8 9 10 I let her go again.



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.

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



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

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



When Mrs. Duck waddled out
She kept wheezing and puffing,
Which her friends said arose
From over-eating and stuffing;
She observed other ducks,
As she passed along, stop,

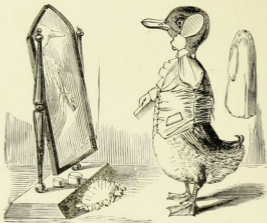
And make vulgar remarks
 On the size of her crop ;
Every day she added something
 Very rich to her dinner,
But to her friends she declared
 She got thinner and thinner.

One day she had scarce returned
 From the gutter a minute,
Having found and gobbled up
 Many rich morsels in it,
When she felt very queer—
 Her head swimming round—
And could hardly help falling
 Quite flat on the ground ;

She tried this and that,
 But was compelled in the end,
As she kept getting worse,
 For a Doctor to send.



Dr. Drake kept a shop,
Of dimensions not large,
In a hole in the dung-hill
By the side of the yard,
Where he dispensed certain small stones,
And one or two gravels,
With sundry rare herbs
He'd found in his travels:



And this Dr. Drake,
By very good luck,
Was called in to prescribe
For rich Mrs. Duck.
So brushing his clothes
And putting his feathers in order,
He waddled off to advise
For the lady's disorder;



On entering her house
He found his patient extended
Quite back in her chair,
And her crop much distended.
“Dr. Drake,” she exclaimed,
“I feel greatly depressed—
Dizzy sight, very faint,
And such a load at my chest;

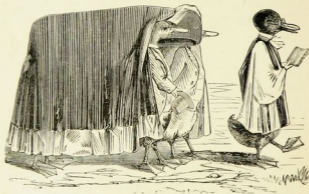
“You must know, my dear sir,
I never exceed
The simplest ingredients
To take in my feed;
And it certainly is
To my delicate feelings most hard
To suffer so oft
Such racking pains in my gizzard:
But I strongly suspect
It proceeds from the cramp,
For I remember being out
The other day in the damp.”

The Doctor looked wisely—
Then shook his learn'd head,
And, taking her cold flabby paw
In his own, he thus said,
“Permit me, dear Madam,
Your tongue now to see;”



Then feeling her pulse,
 "I'm thinking," said he,
"Your disorder arises
 From over-eating and drinking,
And your pulse is so low,
 Without care you'll be sinking!"

But the Doctor at once,
Without more ado,
Commenced blistering and bleeding,
With an emetic or two;
And, just as he thought
His patient looked better,
She gave a roll of the eyes
And a terrible flutter—
Then fell on her back,
And then on her side,
Gave an awful loud quack—
A struggle—and died.





Her friends all assembled
Near a neighboring swamp,
And buried the rich lady
With much funeral pomp;
On her tombstone, I'm told,
This inscription they placed on,



“ Here lies Mrs. Duck,
The nasty old glutton ;”
And old Ducks oft bring here
Their young Ducklings to see
The disgrace and sad end
Of filthy gluttony.



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

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



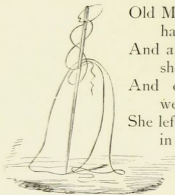
There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.



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

[To be read rapidly.]

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



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.

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

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?
[One.]



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

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



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.



Cock a doodle doo !
My dame has
Lost her shoe ;
My master's lost
His fiddle stick,
And don't know
What to do.

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



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

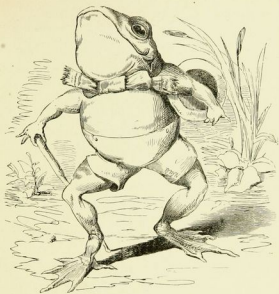
By came a peddler, whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and
freeze.

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

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

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I."

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!



A FROG he would a-woeing go,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
Whether his mother would let him or no :
With a rowley, powley, gammon, and
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley. [spinach.
So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
And on the road he met a rat,
With a rowley, powley, &c.



“Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?”
With a rowley, powley, &c.



When they came to the door at Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley, powley, &c.



"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"

Heigho, says Rowley;

"Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin."

With a rowley, powley, &c.



"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,

Heigho, says Rowley,

That Froggy and I am fond of good cheer."

With a rowley, powley, &c.



"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley, powley, &c.



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



“Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,”
Mousey said, [Heigho, says Rowley ;
“I’ll sing you a song that I have just made.
With a rowley, powley, &c.



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



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



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



As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lilywhite Duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley, powley, &c.



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

[Coals.]

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.

[Teeth and Gums.]

Thirty white horses
Upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ,
Now they stand still.

[A Star.]

Higher than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be ?

There was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name ;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold,
Three times I've named his name.

[A Bed.]

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

There was a little
man, and he
had a little
gun,

And his bullets
were made
of lead, lead,
lead;

He shot Johnny
King thro'
the middle
of his wig,

And knocked
it right off
his head,
head, head.



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

1. I went up one pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair or 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 then I saw a monkey,
2. Just like me.

All of a row,	The cock doth crow,
Bend the bow,	To let you know,
Shot at a pigeon,	If you be well,
And killed a crow.	'Tis time to rise.

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



A Fox went out in a hungry plight,
And he begg'd of the moon to give him light,
For he'd many miles to trot that night
 Before he could reach his den, O!
At first he came to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their
 rest be marr'd,
By the visit of Mister Fox, O!



He took the gray goose by the sleeve,
Says he, "Madam Goose, and by your leave,
I'll take you away without reprieve,
And carry you home to my den, O!"
He seized the black duck by the neck,
And swung her all across his back,
The black duck cried out "Quack! quack!
quack!"
With her legs hanging dangling down, O!



Then old Mrs. Slipper-Slopper jump'd out
of bed,
And out of the window she popp'd her head,—
“John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den, O!”
Then John he went up to the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill,
Says the fox, “This is very pretty music—still
I'd rather be at my den, O!”



At last the fox got home to his den ;
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten,
Says he, "You're in luck, here's a good fat
duck,

With her legs hanging dangling down, O!"
He then sat down with his hungry wife,
They did very well without fork or knife,
They never ate a better goose in all their life,
And the little ones pick'd the bones. O?



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

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

[The "Three Knights of Spain" is a game in which the children form themselves in two parties, one representing a courtly dame and her daughters, the other the suitors of the daughters. The last party, moving lockwards and forwards, with their arms entwined, approach and recede from the mother party, which is stationary, singing to a very sweet air.]

SUITORS.

We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

MOTHER.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother tongue.

SUITORS.

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

MOTHER.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

SUITORS.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought—
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

MOTHER.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

SUITOR.

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.

GAME OF THE GIPSEY.

[One child is selected for Gipsy, one for Mother, and one for Daughter Sue. The Mother says:

I charge my daughters, every one,
To keep good house while I am gone.
You and you, (*points*) but specially *you*,
(*Or sometimes*, but specially *Sue*),
Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

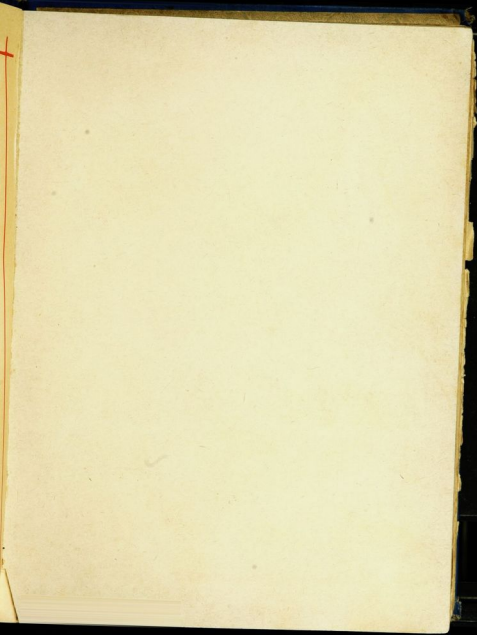
During the Mother's absence the Gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the Mother has to find them.



Hot cross buns,
Hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If your daughters
Don't like 'em,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

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







Three little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mammy dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!"

The three little kittens
Washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry,
"Oh, Mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed!"





Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,

 " Oh! mammy dear,
 We sadly fear,

 Our mittens we have lost!"

"What! lost your mittens
You naughty kittens,

 Then you shall have no pie."

 Miew, miew, miew, miew,
 Miew, miew, miew, miew.



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



The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;

“Oh! mammy dear,

We greatly fear,

Our mittens we have soil'd.”

“What! soil'd your mittens

You naughty kittens!”

Then they began to sigh,

Miew, miew, miew, miew,

Miew, miew, miew, miew.



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



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



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

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 tumbled
 down,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump;
The mare broke her knees and the Farmer
 his crown,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump;
And vowed he would serve them the same
 next day,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

We are all in the dumps,
 For diamonds and 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.



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

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?



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.



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



A FROG among some rushes dwelt,
A bachelor was he;
No Frog was ever so polite,
Or such a beau could be.
In passing near a cottage, once,
He chanced to look above,
And there beheld a pretty Mouse,
With whom he fell in love.

Her eyes and whiskers he admired,
Her coat of softest fur,
And wished to make her feel for him
The love—he felt for her.

So he put on his scarf of red,
His opera hat he wore;
And, hopping to the house, he gave
A rat-tat at the door.

Mousey, as bashful as a miss,
Retired from Froggy's view,
But peeped at him, from out her hole,
As Froggy nearer drew.

Froggy approached and doffed his hat,
Then, bending on one knee,
Said—"Fairest Mouse, pray listen to
My tale of love for thee.

"In me, the wretchedest of Frogs,
You see a love-sick swain;
Oh say—you'll Mistress Froggy be,
And make me well again.



“A tiny house I have, hard by,
’Tis built among the rushes:
You shall have dainties, every day,
With hips from wild-rose bushes.”

Miss Mousey simpered and looked prim,
Then, modestly, she said,
“I do admire your yellow dress,
And handsome scarf of red.



“Oh, how can I resist that tongue?
Those eyes of golden red;
Your offer I accept at once,
And will no other wed.”

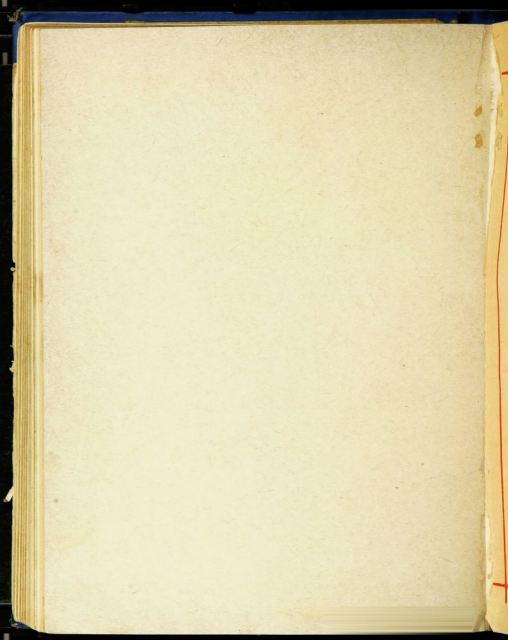
No more was said, but arm in arm,
To church they hopped away,
Got married, and prepared a feast
To grace their wedding day.
And to that wedding feast there came
Some Frogs of high degree,



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.



Three wise
men of
Gotham
Went to sea
in a bowl.
If the bowl had been stronger, my song had been longer.



And Mice of birth illustrious,
And first-rate pedigree.
But what it was they feasted on,
We will not here record,
But, be assured they had the best
The season could afford.

The feast concluded, toasts went round,
In water from the rills;
And then eight merry Frogs and Mice
Got up to dance quadrilles.



[Mind your Punctuation.]

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

Every body in this land
- Has twenty nails upon each hand ;
Five and twenty hands and feet—
All this is true without deceit.

Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by—
Each took a pear,
And yet left eleven there.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a brown horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

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



I had a little pony?
I call'd him Willie 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.

Peter White
Will ne'er go right,
Would you know the rea-
son why?
He follows his nose,
Wherever he goes,
And that stand all awry.

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





Ring the bell!



Knock at the door!



Lift up the latch!



And walk in!

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

How many miles is it to Babylon?

Threescore miles and ten.

Can I get there by candle-light?

Yes, and back again!

If your heels are nimble and light,

You may get there by candle-light.

[A Well.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

1. I am a gold lock.

2. I am a gold key.

1. I am a silver lock.

2. I am a silver key.

1. I am a brass lock.

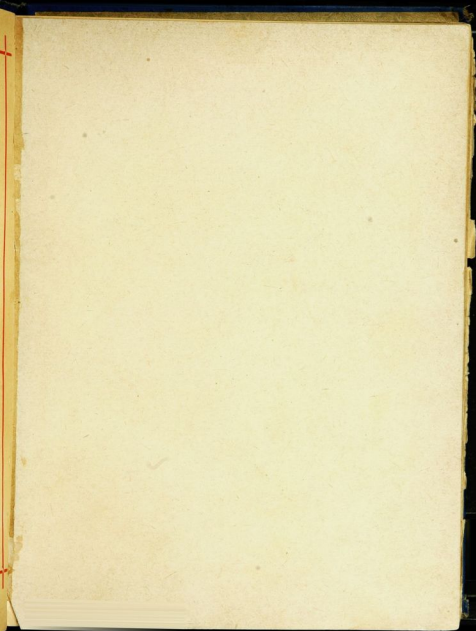
2. I am a brass key.

1. I am a lead lock.

2. I am a lead key.

1. I am a monk lock.

2. I am a monk key!





Little Bo-Peep. (page, 127.)



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



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



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



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



Then she heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale-o, [should
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess
To tack to each sheep its tail-o.

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

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's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has 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.

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.



Come, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head:
Stop a while, say Slow:
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut;
Let's sup before we go.

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



[A Cherry.]

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.

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



I had a little husband, no bigger than my
thumb;

I put him in a pint-pot, and there I bid
him drum

I bought a little horse, that galloped up
and down;

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

I gave him some garters, to garter up his
hose,

And a little pocket handkerchief to wipe
his pretty nose.

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.

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.





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 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 to-night.”

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.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said—



"FIRE, FIRE, BURN STICK."

"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 :
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 ;



"BUTCHER, BUTCHER, KILL OX."

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 ;
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 ;



"RAT, RAT, GNAW ROPE."

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—

"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;
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, and said—



"COW, COW, GIVE ME A SAUCER OF MILK."

"Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk ;
Cat won't 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;
And I shan't get home to-night."

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 the old woman went to the haymakers, and said—

"Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay;
Cow won't give me milk;
Cat won't kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;



"HAYMAKERS, GIVE ME A WISP OF HAY."

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 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 bottom 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 away 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 rat began to gnaw the rope ;



"THE CAT BEGAN TO KILL THE RAT."

The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;

The ox began to drink the water ;
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 little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ;
And so the old woman got home that night.

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.

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

Cold and raw the North winds blow,
Bleak in the morning early,
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.



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

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





I had a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray,
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to
My baby wants to play every day. [play :



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

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



See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed, and lay
upon straw.
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and live
in dirt.



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

Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick
o'-hearing.

Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you
dearly?

Thank you, kind sir, I hear very clearly.

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

There was a man and he was mad,
And he jump'd into a pea-swad ;*
The pea-swad was over-full,
So he jump'd into a roaring bull ;
The roaring bull was over-fat,
So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat ;
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,
So he jump'd into a bottle of wine ;
The bottle of wine was over-dear,
So he jump'd into a bottle of beer ;
The bottle of beer was over-thick,
So he jump'd into a club-stick ;
The club-stick was over-narrow,
So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow ;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jump'd on to a hay-stack ;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze !

* The pod or shell of a pea.

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

[A cinder-sifter.]



Four and twenty tailors,
Went to kill a snail;
The best man amongst them,
Durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns,
Like a little Keyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run,
Or she'll kill you all just now.

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

When V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I with 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.

"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."

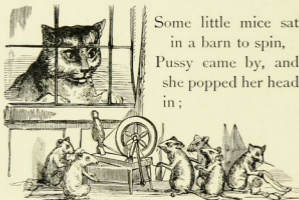
Rowley Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Powley runs away.

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.



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

There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race;
The bull did fight the humble-bee,
And scratched him in the face.



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

“ Shall I come in and cut your threads off ? ”
‘ Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off . ”

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 !



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

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

OF

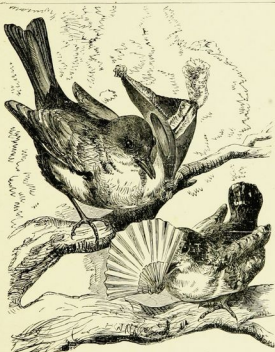
COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

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 doff'd 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 blush'd 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,
Before the break of day;
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He met the Cock and Hen,
And bade the Cock declare,
This was his wedding day,
With Jenny Wren the fair.
The Cock then blew his horn,
To let the neighbors know
This was Robin's wedding day,
And they might see the show.
And first came Parson Rook,
With his spectacles and band;
And one of Mother Hubbards book's
He held within his hand.



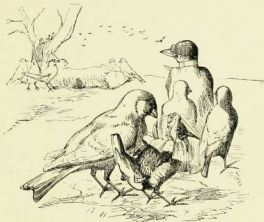
The Sparrow and Tom-Tit,
And many more, were there;
All came to see the wedding
Of Jenny Wren, the fair.

Then follow'd him the Lark,
For he could sweetly sing,
And he was to be the clerk
At Cock Robin's wedding.

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

The Goldfinch came on next,
To give away the bride;
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,
Walk'd by Jenny's side;

And as she was a-walking,
Said, "Upon my word,
I think that your Cock Robin
Is a very pretty bird."



The Blackbird and the Thrush,
And charming Nightingale,
Whose soft "jug" sweetly echoes
Through every grove and dale:

The Bullfinch walk'd by Robin,
And thus to him did say:
"Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,
That Goldfinch dress'd so gay;

"What though her gay apparel
Becomes her very well,
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look
Must bear away the bell."

Then came the bride and bridegroom
Quite plainly was she dress'd,
And blush'd so much, her cheeks were
As red as Robin's breast.

But Robin cheer'd her up:
"My pretty Jen," said he,
"We're going to be married,
And happy we shall be."

"Oh, then," says Parson Rook,
"Who gives this maid away?"

"I do," says the Goldfinch,
"And her fortune I will pay:

"Here's a bag of grain of many sorts,
And other things beside:
Now happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!"



“And will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?”

“Yes, I will,” says Robin,
“And love her all my life!”

“And you will have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?”

“Yes, I will,” says Jenny,
“And love him heartily!”

Then on her finger fair
Cock Robin put the ring;
"You're married now," says Parson Rook,
While the Lark aloud did sing:

"Happy be the bridegroom,
And happy be the bride!
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast,
This happy pair divide!"

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

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

Now they all sat or stood,
To eat and to drink;
And every one said what
He happen'd to think.



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

The dinner things removed,
They all began to sing;
And soon they made the place
Near a mile around to ring.

The concert it was fine,
And every bird tried



Who best should sing for Robin,
And Jenny Wren the bride.

When in came the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout;
He caught hold of Jenny,
And pull'd her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow,
Who fetch'd in a hurry
His bow and his arrow.



His aim then he took,
 But he took it not right ;
His skill was not good,
 Or he shot in a fright ;
For the Cuckoo he miss'd,
 But Cock Robin he kill'd !
And all the birds mourn'd
 That his blood was so spill'd.



There was an old woman tossed up in a
basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon ;
And where she was going, I could'nt but
ask her,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Aye, by-and-by."



As I was going up Primrose Hill,
Primrose 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.

“John, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown.”
“No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
For ne'er a wife in town.”



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

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

When I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.



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



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

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

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

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

Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy.



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

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

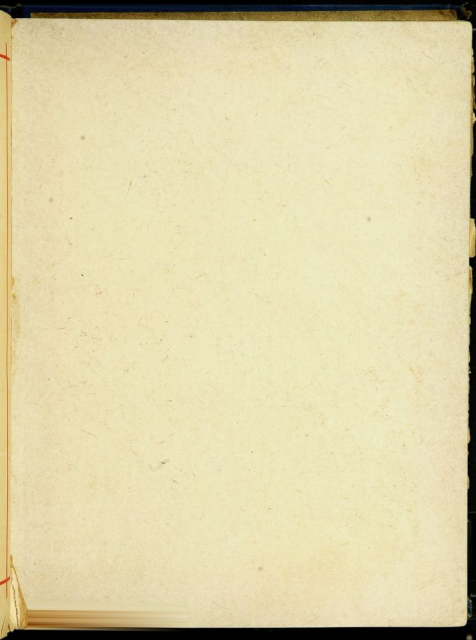


The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

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

[To be sung in a high wind.]

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land,
King of Scots with all his power
Never can turn Sir Arthur O'Bower.





Little Boy Blue. (page, 161.)



Little boy blue, come blow your horn ;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn. [sheep?
Where's the little boy that looks after the
He's under the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I ;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.



A was an Archer, and shot at a frog.
 B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.



C was a Captain, all covered with lace.
 D was a Dunce, with a very sad face.



E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plow.



G was a Gamester, who had but ill-luck,
H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.



I was an Innkeeper, who lov'd to house,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.



K was a King, so mighty and grand,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.



M was a Miser, who hoarded up his gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.



O was an Oysterman, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.



Q was a Quack, with a wonderful pill.
R was a Robber, who wanted to kill.



S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.



U was 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 Zan, a poor, harmless fool.

About the bush, Willie, about the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willie, I'll meet thee alive.

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

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.



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 after the spoon.



Thumb bold, Thibithy thold,
Langman, Lick pan, mamma's little man.

Shoe the wild horse, and shoe the gray mare;
If the horse won't be shod, let him go bare.



Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a rawdy, rowdy,
dowdy;

Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall
crowdy.



One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in
leather.

He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

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



Tom he was a Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and the 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 stand
still;

Whenever they heard him they began to
dance— [prance.
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him

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

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and
glass;

He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the Jackass's load was lightened full
soon.





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

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



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

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



This is the way the
farmers ride ;
Hobbledy-hop, hob-
bledy-hop ;

This is the way the farmers ride ;
Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop.



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



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



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



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



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



Five little Injuns on a cellar door—
One tumbled off, and then there were four.



Four little Injuns out on a spree—
One got drunk, and then there were three.



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



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



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

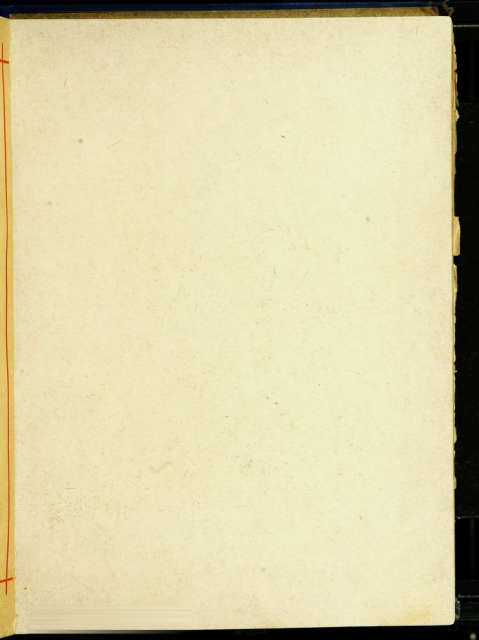


Hush-a-bye, baby, | Mamma is a lady,
Daddy is near; | And that's very clear.

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.



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





Jack and Jill. (page, 201)



Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

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

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !
There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.
The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack ! quack !"

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



There was a Piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He pull'd out his pipes and play'd her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the Piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."

[This is said to be a certain cure for the hiccough if repeated in one breath.]

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 un-
twist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the
twist.
Untwirling the twine that untwisteth be-
tween,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a
twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the
twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in
twain.
The twain that, in twining, before in the
twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth un-
twine:
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more
between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of
the twine.



Pussy sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?

In walks a little doggy—Pussy, are you there?

So, so, Mistress Pussy, how do you do?

Thank you, thank you, little dog,

I'm very well just now.



Two legs sat upon three
legs,
With one leg in his tap ;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one
leg ;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring
one leg back.

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



Hush-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down comes hush-a-bye,
Baby, and all.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know
what to do.
She gave them some broth, without any
bread,
She whipped them all round, and sent them
to bed.



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king ?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

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

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

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

Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a hurdle,
With a pair of speckled legs,
And a green girdle.

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

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

Who comes here? A Grenadier.
What do you want? A pot of beer.
Where is your money? I've forgot—
Get you gone, you drunken sot.

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

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

This is the SPARROW,
With his bow and arrow.



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



This is the little FLY,
Who saw Cock Robin die.



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



This is the Fish,
That held the dish.



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



This is the BEETLE,
With his thread and needle.



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



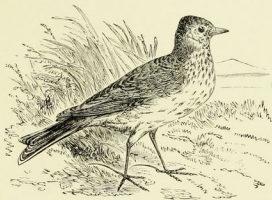
This is the OWL,
With his spade and show'l.



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



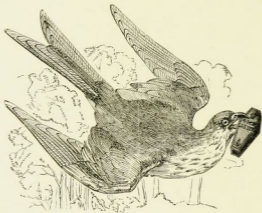
This is the Rook,
Reading his Book.



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



This is the LARK,
Saying "Amen," like a 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.



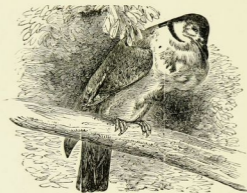
This is the KITE,
In the air in full flight.



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



This is the LINNET,
And a link with fire in it.



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



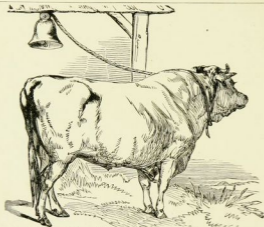
This is the DOVE,
Who Cock Robin did love



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



This is the THRUSH,
Singing psalms from a bush



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell.
This is the BULL,
Who the Bell-rope did pull.

*All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbin',
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.*



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



Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home.

[Pair of Tongs.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy ;
A penny white loaf, and a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

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



When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put
upon a shelf;

The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to market, to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes
were so narrow,

I could not get my wife home without a
wheel-barrow:

The wheel-barrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheel-barrow, little wife,
and all.

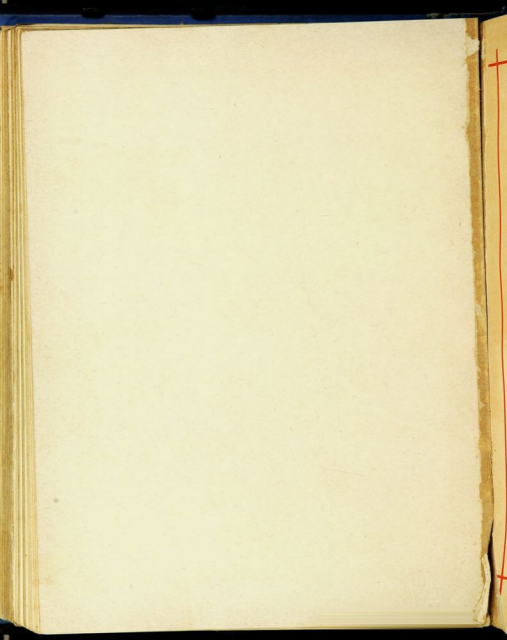


OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

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.

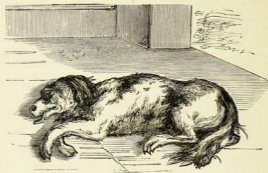


Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog. (page, 226.)





OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD.

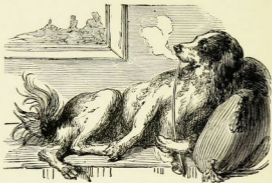




She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
She thought he was dead.



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





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



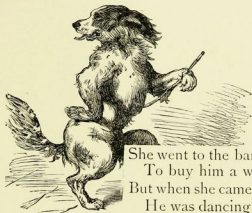
She went to the ale-house,
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
HE STOOD ON HIS HEAD.



She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
HE WAS FEEDING THE CAT.

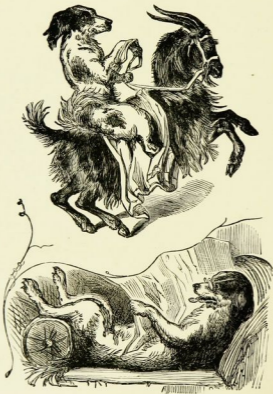




She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.



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





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



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 spinning.



She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd 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.



[The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.]

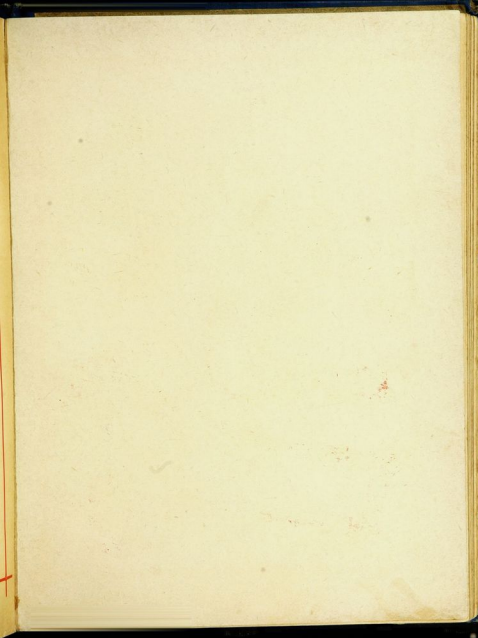
There was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

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.

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.



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





Goosey, Goosey, Gander. (page, 241.)



Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I
wander?

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

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

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



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

Go to bed Tom, go to bed Tom,
Merry or sober, go to bed Tom.



Dance a baby diddit,
What can a mother do
with it,
But sit in a lap,
And give him some pap,
Dance a baby diddit.



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

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble-bee.
They went to the church, and married washe,
The fly has married the humble-bee.

O 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.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B; A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

A. Who is going round my sheepfold;

B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.

A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.

B. No, no more I will, only by one,

Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole: A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

Here comes a poor woman from baby-land,
 With five small children on 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!



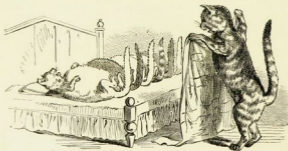
A moony old cat
That lived on the dew,
Had six little kittens
That never would mew.



She bought a big bellows
And blew in their ears,
Then all mewed so loud,
It brought her to tears.



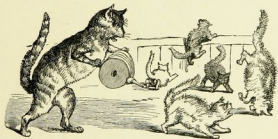
Now when they were bad,
She found it was good,
To blow them all up,
And give them no food.



It filled them so full,
They thought they were fed,
But it was only a hoax
To get them to bed.



She blew in their eyes,
To make them look bright;
But sad to relate,
They all lost their sight.



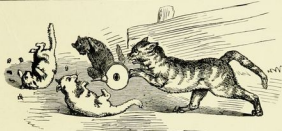
Their hair was not smooth,
So she blew them all over;
As she blew the wrong way,
They looked worse than ever.



For the hair with the wind
It was easy to fill,
Till it stuck right and left.
As stiff as a quill.



Now as they grew older,
Their tails had a quirk;
Down their throats went the bellows—
They flew stiff with a jerk.



To make them genteel
She blew off their toes,
But blowing too hard,
Each one lost its nose.



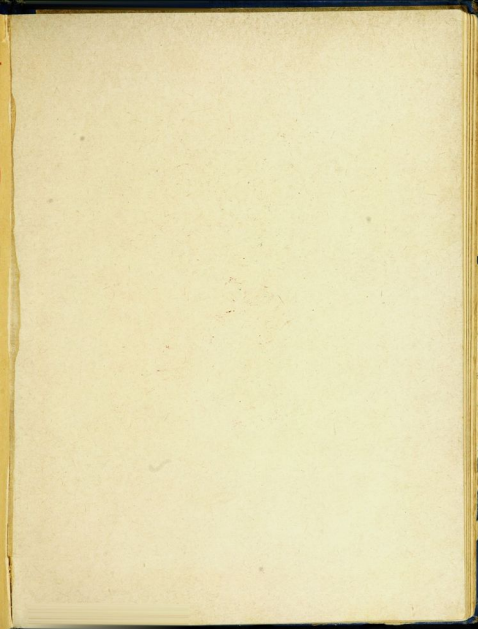
At last she got mad
And blew them so high,
They never came down,
But stuck in the sky.



There they turned into stars—
Any night that you please,
You can see them so easy,
They are called "Pliedes."

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

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





"Rain, Rain, go away,
Come again April day,
Little Johnny wants to play."



Rain, rain,
Go away,
Come again
April day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play

A little cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow,
Says he, I will shoot the little cock sparrow.

His body will make
me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will
make me a little
pie, too.

Says the little cock
sparrow, I'll be shot
if I stay,

So he clapped his
wings, and flew
away.



[Singsong.]

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 !

[A Star.]

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

[Played with pieces of paper stuck to fingers.]

Two little black birds, sitting on a rail,
One named Jack, the other named Jill.
Fly away Jack ! fly away Jill !
Come back Jack, come back Jill !

Hey, dorolot, dorolot !
Hey, dorolay, dorolay !
Hey my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away ! drag away !



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.



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

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.





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

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.

THE FROG'S CHORUS.

"YAUP, yaup, yaup!"

Said the croaking voice of a Frog:

"A rainy day

In the month of May,

And plenty of room in the bog."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"

Said the Frog as it hopped away:

"The insects feed

On the floating weed,

And I'm hungry for dinner to-day."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"

Said the Frog, as it splashed about:

"Good neighbors all,

When you hear me call,

It is odd that you do not come out."

"Yaup, yaup, yaup!"

Said the Frogs; "it is charming weather;

We'll come and sup,

When the moon is up,

And we'll all of us croak together."



QUIXOTE QUICKSIGHT, quiz'd a queerish
quidbox,
A queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight
quiz'd;
If Quixote Quicksight quiz'd a queerish
quidbox,
Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote
Quicksight quiz'd?

Thomas A' Tattamus took two Ts,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas A' Tattamus!
Tell me how many Ts there are in all *that*.



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

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

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

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



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.

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

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

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.



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

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



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

Molly put the kettle on,
Susy took it off;
Aunt Jemima's little girl,
Has got the whooping cough.



Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and
whey;
There came a little
spider,
Who sat down be-
side her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.



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

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."

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

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

You parents all, that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

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



A kitten once to its mother said,
"I'll never more be good;
But I'll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood,
And live in a dreary wood."

So off it went to the dreary wood,
And there it met a cock,
And blew its head, with a pistol, off,
Which gave it an awful shock!
Shock, shock, shock,
Which gave it an awful shock!



It climb'd a tree to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off and the kitten fell,
With six tremendous howls!
Howls, howls, howls,
With six tremendous howls!

Soon after that it met a cat:
"Now, give to me your purse;
Or I'll shoot you through, and stab you too,
And kill you, which is worse!
Worse, worse, worse,
And kill you, which is worse."



One day it met a Robber Dog,
And they sat down to drink;
The dog did joke, and laugh, and sing,
Which made the kitten wink!

Wink, wink, wink,

Which made the kitten wink!

At last they quarrell'd; then they fought,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
'Till puss was fell'd with an awful club,
Most terrible to see!

See, see, see,

Most terrible to see!



When puss got up, its eye was shut,
And swell'd, and black, and blue:
Moreover, all its bones were sore,
So it began to mew!

Mew, mew, mew,

So it began to mew!

Then up it rose, and scratch'd its nose,
And went home very sad;

"Oh! mother dear, behold me here,
I'll never more be bad,

Bad, bad, bad,

I'll never more be bad."



Poor old Robinsen Crusoe!
Poor old Robinsoe Crusoe!
They made him a coat,
Of an old Nanny Goat;
I wonder how they could do so!
 With a ring a ting, tang,
 And a ring a ting, tang,
Poor old Robinsen Crusoe!

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— [bell.

And it was sent to market to toll the market



Three Blind Mice,
See how they run!

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

Snail, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, pat out your head,
Or else I'll beat you till you're dead.

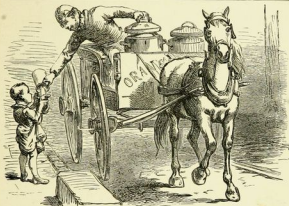
Away, birds, away!
Take a little, and leave
a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And then there will be
an end of you.



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



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



Jockey jog—jockey jog,
Over the hills, and over the bog.
Jockey jog—jockey jog,
Many a mile this day I've trod.
Jockey jog—jockey jog,
I'm the Milkman's horse, old Naggetty Nogg.
Jockey jog—jockey jog,
My Master's name is Reuney K. Rogg.
Jockey jog—jockey jog,
He's a good man—he drinks no grog.
Jockey jog—jockey jog,
Never does he old Naggetty flog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I'll bear him safe through all this fog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
How the darkness the way doth clog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I'm not afraid of the bark of a dog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I'm not afraid of the croak of a frog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I know a toad from a polliwog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I'm not afraid of the grunt of a hog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
I'll not stumble over that log.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
Over the hills, and over the bog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
Safe home through all the fog.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
Safe home—Reuney K. Rogg.

Jockety jog—jockety jog,
Safe home—old Naggetty Nog.



Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
 Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
 And meet your playfellows in the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
And come with a good will, or not at all!
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have pudding in half an hour.

Bye, baby, bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

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

[Hours of Sleep.]

Nature requires five,
Custom gives sever,
Laziness takes nine,
And wickedness eleven.

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.



"A Swarm of Bees in May." (page 278.)





I had a little doll,
The prettiest ever
seen ;
She washed up the
dishes,
And kept the house
clean.
She went to the mill,
To fetch me some
flour,
And always got home
In less than an
hour.
She baked my bread,
She brewed my ale,
She sat by the fire,
And told me a tale.

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

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

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.

[The following is used by school-boys when two are starting to run a race.]

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

Friday night's dream on the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it never so old.

A sunshine shower,
Won't last half-an-hour.

As the day lengthens,
So the cold strengthens.

The fishes cry
Is never long dry.

APPLE PIE A. B. C.



A was an Apple-pie:

B bit it; **C** cut it;



D dealt it; **E** eat it;

F fought for it;



G got it; **H** had it;

J jumped for it;



K kept it; **L** longed for it;
M mourned for it.



Nodded at it; **O**pened it;

Peeped in it;



Q quartered it;

R ran for it; **S** stole it;



T took it; **V** viewed it;
W wanted it;



X, Y, Z, and &,
All wished for a piece in hand.



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



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

[A Candle.]

Rosemary green, and
lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet ma-
jorum, hyssop and rue.

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.

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee,
He look'd upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea.
Oh! Mr. Flea,
You have bitten me,
And you must die:
So he crack'd his bones
Upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John!

There was an idle boy,
And he rode a little calf called Spotty.
Now that tells my story half:
But the calf kicked up his heels,
And rolled him in the fields.
And that tells my story all, little Totty.

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

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

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

[Game on a child's features.]

Here sits the Lord Mayor . . . *forehead.*
 Here sit his two men . . . *eyes.*
 Here sits the cock . . . *right cheek.*
 Here sits the hen . . . *left cheek.*
 Here sit the little chickens . . . *top of nose.*
 Here they run in . . . *mouth.*
 Chinchopper, chinchopper,
 Chinchopper, chin! . . . *chuck the chin.*

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

[In the following, the various parts of the countenance are touched as the lines are repeated; and at the close the chin is struck playfully, that the tongue may be gently bitten.]

Eye winker,
 Tom Tinker,
 Nose dropper.
 Mouth eater,
 Chinchopper,
 Chinchopper.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
 All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the 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 vow'd he'd steal no more.

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

[Say quick.]

Pitty Patty Polt,	In fir tar is.
Shoe the wild colt;	In oak none is.
Here a nail,	In mud eel is.
And there a nail,	In clay none is.
Pitty Patty Polt.	Goat eat ivy.
	Mare eat oats



LITTLE MARY had a lamb,
Its fleece was snowy white,
That followed her around all day,
And slept by her at night.



Once Mary's little lamb was small,
But now it is not so,
For Mary's pretty little pet
Has had a chance to grow.

One day it went with her to school;
They tried to put it out,
Which made the little girls all laugh—
The boys all raised a shout.

The teacher was a little man;
His face was cross and red;
And had but little hair upon
His bald and shiny head.

The scholars all enjoyed
the sport,
And thought it jolly
fun
To see the teacher jump
about—
He wasn't built to run.



He wiped his forehead, shook his cane,
Then roughing up his hair
He mutter'd, and a scholar said
"She thought she heard him swear."

An Inkstand at the lamb he threw,
Then a three legged stool;
And such an angry man before
Was never seen in school.

The fleece which once was snowy white,
With ink was covered o'er—
And Mary's lamb was never seen
In such a plight before.



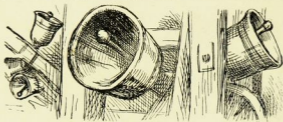
The teacher ran till out of breath,
And then could run no more;
While desks and benches round him lay
Upset upon the floor.



And when
he could not
catch the lamb,
He called upon the boys,
Who chased it all around the room,
And made a dreadful noise.



And still it ran around the room,
And did not seem to tire,
Until at last the stove upset,
And set the house on fire.



The bells then rang, the firemen came
And made a dreadful noise ;



They quenched the fire, and saved the girls,
And nearly all the boys.



When Mary missed her little lamb,
She raised a dreadful wail;
Just then a fireman pulled it out,
And saved it by the tail.

Noah of old did build an Ark,
Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

Noah of old did build an Ark
Of spicy Gopher-wood and bark,
To float above the deluge dark.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

Now on this Ark they had no sail,
Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

Now on this Ark they had no sail,
For it was made—(and true the tale)
Without a mast to breast the gale.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

He built it high, he built it strong,
Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

He built it high, he built it strong,
He built it wide, he built it long,
To hold a jolly, motley throng.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

There were the Elephant and Bee,
Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

There were the Elephant and Bee,
The Hippopotamus and Flea,
The Giraffe and Chick-a-dee-dee.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

The Cock-a-doodle and the Ass,

Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

The Cock-a-doodle and the Ass,

And three young men, each with his lass,

Shem, Ham, and Japhet had a pass!

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

Noah of old, and Noah's dame,

Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

Noah of old, and Noah's dame,

I think I never heard her name,

But she went in tho' all the same.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

But best of all, my little dears,

Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

But best of all, my little dears,

'T will most delight your list'ning ears,

So give with me three hearty cheers.

CHO.—Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

To hear that sheltered by that truce,

Loddy, shoddy, whack fi oddy, ki a.

To hear that sheltered by that truce,

Loved more than Monkey, Owl, or Moose,

In walked *your precious* MOTHER GOOSE!

CHO.—Quack, quack, loddy sis quack whack

hoddy, ki a,

Repeat

A whale, I am told, swallowed Jonah of old,
And kept him three days in his belly;
I should think such a squeeze would have
made Jonah sneeze,
And mashed him all up to a jelly.

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

Hiram Gordon, where's your pa?
He's gone with Uncle Peter,
To put a board across the fence,
So that we boys can teeter.

John fought for his beloved land,
And when the war was over,
He kept a little cooky stand,
And lived and died in clover.

I've got a rocket in my pocket,
I cannot stop to play,
Away she goes, I've burnt my toes,
'Tis Independence day.

Phœbe rode a nanny goat,
Susy broke her leg,
Father took his wedding coat
And hung it on a peg.

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

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

If I had a mule sir, and he wouldn't start,
Do you think I'd harness him up to a cart;
No, no. I'd give him oats and hay,
And let him stay there all the day.

My aunt she lost her petticoat,
My uncie found a calf,
My sister told an anecdote,
That made my father laugh.

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

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

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

Arithmetic I studied so,
It taught me how to trade;
I sold a yard of calico,
And now my fortune's made.

There was a man in our town,
He couldn't pay his rent;
And so one lovely moonlight night,
To another town he went.

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 sluts indeed.

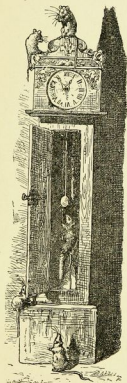
When little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went up-stairs.

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

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

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

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



Dickory, dickory, dock;
The mouse ran up the
clock;
The clock struck One,
The mouse ran down,
Dickory, dickory, dock.

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, play-mates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
H, I, J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not guard or die.
Z, and &
Gotoschoolatcommand.

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.

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

Tip, top, tower,
Tumble down in an hour

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

There were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy

So the poor stone was left all alone.
Fal de ral—a! de ral—laddy.

One of these little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

The other came after, and then there were two,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

Says one to the other, pray how do you do,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

Very well, thank you, and pray how are you.
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

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

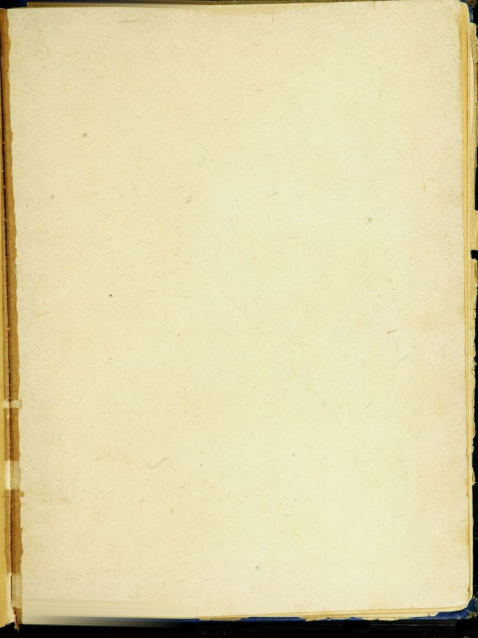
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Wooley Foster has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee ;
When he comes back he'll marry me—
 Boony Wooley Foster !

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow ;
Open the gates and let her through—
 Wooley Foster's own cow !

Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben ;
She lays eggs for gentlemen—
 But none for Wooley Foster !

There were three crows sat on a stone,
 Fal la, la la lal de,
Two flew away, and then there was one,
 Fal la, la la lal de,
The other crow finding himself alone,
 Fal la, la la lal de,
He flew away, and then there was none,
 Fal la, la la lal de.





"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" (page 313.)



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen!
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under her chair.

[A Horseshoer.]

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.

John Cook had a little gray mare ; he, haw,
hum !

Her back stood up, and her bones they were
bare ; he, haw, hum !

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank ;
he, haw, hum !

And there his nag did kick and prank ; he,
haw, hum !

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill ; he,
haw, hum !

His mare fell down, and she made her will ;
he, haw, hum !

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf ;
he, haw, hum !

If you want any more you may sing it
yourself ; he, haw, hum.

Give my horse a ton of hay,
And put him in the stable ;
And do your best the live-long day.
To make him comfortable.



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

We're all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't,
The piper kissed the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

High diddle doubt, my
candle's out,
My little maid is
not at home ;
Saddle my hog, and
bridle my dog,
And fetch my little
maid home.

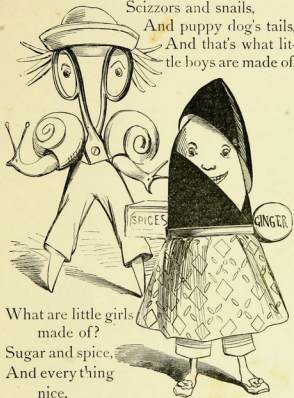


The two gray kits,
And the gray kits' mother
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in;
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Robin.

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

"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."

What are little boys made of?
Scissors and snails,
And puppy dog's tails,
And that's what little boys are made of.



What are little girls
made of?
Sugar and spice,
And every thing
nice,
And that's what little girls are made of.

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

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and got a little
fall.

Little Robin chirped and sung, and what
did Pussy say ?

Pussy-cat said mew, mew, mew—and Robin
flew away.

Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece
of beef ;

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-
bone ;

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his
head.

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

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

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!

Bossy-cow, bossy-cow, where do you lie?
In the green meadow under the sky.

Billy-horse, billy-horse, where do you lie?
Out in the stable with nobody nigh.

Birdies bright, birdies sweet, where do you lie?
Up in the tree-tops,—oh, ever so high!

Baby dear, baby love, where do *you* lie?
In my warm crib, with Mamma close by.

F for fig, I for jig,
And N for knuckle bones;
I for John, the waterman,
And S for sacks of stones.



