SECOND SERIES.—No 2.

FIGURES IN VERSE
AND
SIMPLE RHYMES,
FOR
LITTLE LEARNERS.

NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG
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28 JOHN STREET.
FIGURES IN VERSE,
AND
SIMPLE RHYMES.

1, 2,
One, Two,
I. II.
Fasten my shoe.

3, 4,
Three, Four,
III. IV.
Shut the door.
5, 6,
Five, Six,
V. VI.
Pick up sticks.
7, 8,
Seven, Eight,
VII. VIII.
Lay them straight.

9, 10,
Nine, Ten,
IX. X.
A good fat hen.
11, 12,
Eleven, Twelve,
XI. XII.
Who will delve.

13, 14,
Thirteen, Fourteen,
XIII. XIV.
Clerks reporting.

15, 16,
Fifteen, Sixteen,
XV. XVI.
Kate's a vixen.
17, 18,
Seventeen, Eighteen,
XVII. XVIII.
Maids a waiting.
FIGURES IN VERSE.

19, 20,

Nineteen. Twenty,

XIX. XX.

My stomach's empty.
“Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red, rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?”

“I’m going to the lake,
Gentle sir,” she said,
“To fill the jar with water,
That rests upon my head.”
THE PARADOX.

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 dollars to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

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.
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 very shame;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash what most they need;
But they that wash on Saturday,
Oh, they're sluts indeed!
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."

Simple Simon went to town,
To buy a piece of meat;
He tied it to his horse's tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,[whistle.
Which made poor Simon
I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comforts in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts of finest 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!”
Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag 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 with his banker,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird
And snap'd off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
She didn't know what to do;
She put her finger in her ear,
And crack'd it right in two.
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