

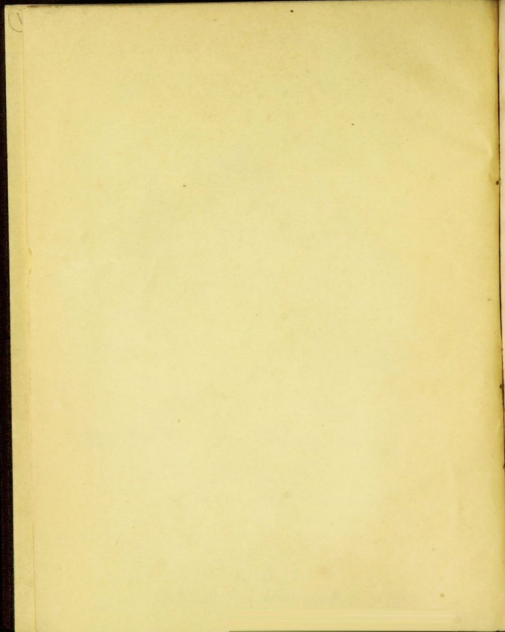
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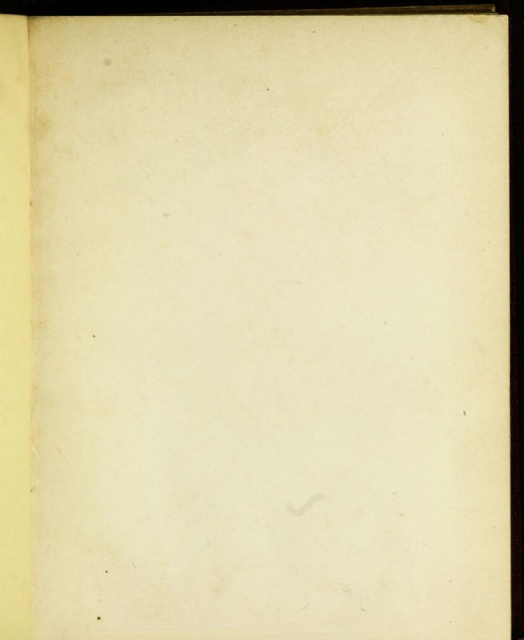


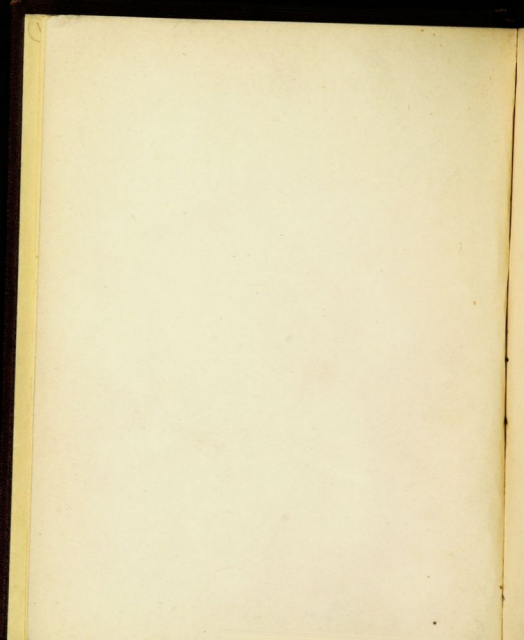
*William H. Whitmore,
Boston, Mass.*

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Very different from standard version
wtw







MOTHER GOOSE'S
NURSERY RYHMES.



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OF THE
PUBLISHED BY
ALLEN BROTHERS,
NEW YORK

1869.

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NOV. 28, 1902.

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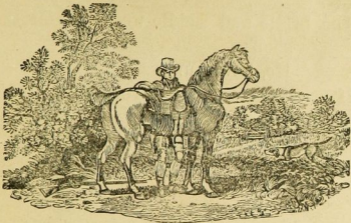
REPUBLICAN
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON



I HAD a little dog, and they call'd him
Buff,
I sent him to the shop to buy me some
snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spill'd the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.



I HAD a dog, and his name was Blue Bell ;
I gave him work, and he did it very well ;
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepp'd in a coal-scuttle up to his chin.
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
But he tumbled down, and fell in a rage ;
I sent him to the cellar to draw some beer,
He came up, and said it was not there.



JOHN COOK had a little gray mare ;
 He, haw, hum ;
Her back stood up, and her bones they
 were bare ;
 He, haw, hum.

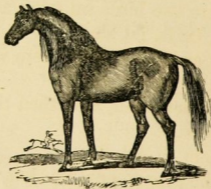
John Cook was riding up Shooter's hill ;
 He, haw, hum.
His mare fell down, and she made her will ,
 He, haw, hum.

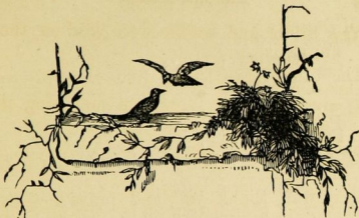
The bridle and saddle were laid on the
shelf;

He, haw, hum ;

If you want any more, you may sing it
yourself ;

He, haw, hum.





THERE were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
The other flew after, and then there was
none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;
And so the poor stone it was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de !

Of these two birds one back again flew,

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;

The other came after, and then there
were two,

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;

Said one to the other, pray how do you do ?

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de ;

Very well, thank you, and pray how do
you ?

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de !





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.



IN a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife,
Who, believe me, were comical folk ;
For to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they
spoke.

When quite fast asleep,
I've been told that to keep

Their eyes open they scarce could contrive
They walk'd on their feet,
And 'twas thought what they eat
Help'd, with drinking, to keep them alive.





OF all the birds that ever I see,
The Owl is the fairest in her degree.
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she!
Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou!
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.



JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time ;
In came Robin Red-breast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine ;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopped on a twig.
Saying, Out upon you,
Fy upon you, bold fac'd jig!





WHEN a very little boy,
They sent me first to school,
My master said, though least of all
I was the biggest fool :

They tried with cakes and cunning
To put learning in my head ;
But I ne'er could tell which was great A,
Or which was crooked Z.



WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if that I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them
mowing,
I'm going to help them to make hay.



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.

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



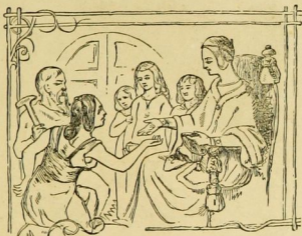
LITTLE Tom Twig bought a fine bow and
arrow ;
And what did he shoot? Why, a poor
little sparrow.
Oh, fie, little Tom! with your fine bow
and arrow,
How cruel to shoot a poor little sparrow!



HERE comes a woman from Baby-land,
With a pretty baby in her hand,
She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make a pretty round cake ;
She can sit in the garden and spin,
And can make a fine bed for the king.
Please your majesty, take me in.



PICKABACK! Pickaback! Go along, Joe.
Oh! Mastèr Harry! you weigh me down so,
My bones you will break, my legs you
will crack,
With your "Go along, Joe! Pickaback!
Pickaback!"



FAIR lady, fair lady,
My father is poor ;
Oh ! give us an alms
From your plentiful store.
Sweet charity brings
Its own guerdon to all ;
May Heaven's own grace on your family
fall.



ROBIN was passing
The rosy hours,
Sweetly reposing
On beds of flowers,
When the bright fairies brought him
A basket of fruit,
Rich enough even
For kings to suit.

Why brought the fairies
To Robin such joy?
Because Robin Roundabout
Was a good boy.





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.



Goosy, goosy gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Jenny baker,
Take her up and shake her.

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



THE QUEEN of the Fairies from Fairy
Land

Comes flying abroad with all her com-
mand.

She is drawn in her chariot by birds of
the air,

With flowers and butterflies rich and rare.

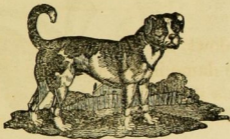


LITTLE Tommy Titmouse
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.



Rowsty dowl, my fire's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my cock and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!

Home she came, tritty trot,
She asked for the porridge she left in the
 pot;
Some she ate some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the griddle and knocked its
 head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!



BARNY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but
 stir ;
But now he's grown old, and can no longer
 bark,
He's condemn'd by the parson to be
 hang'd by the clerk.



THERE was a monkey climb'd up a tree :
When he fell down, then down fell he.

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

THERE was an old wife did eat an apple :
When she had eat two, she had eat a
couple.

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

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

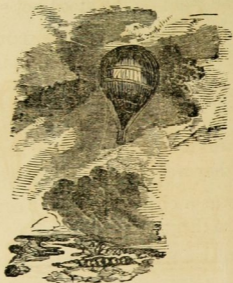
There was a lackey ran a race ;
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

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

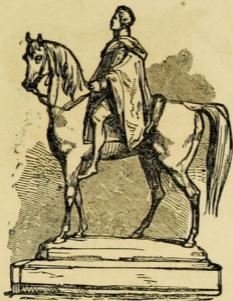
There was a chandler making candle ;
When he them stript, he did them handle

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

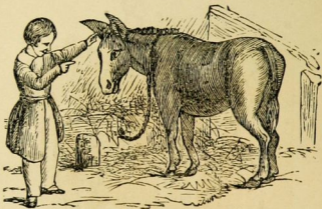




WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.



As I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a white horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First,
Oh dear! my heart was ready to burst!



A DONKEY walks on four legs,
And I walk on two;
The last donkey I saw
Was very like you.

As I went through the garden-gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Redcap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat -
'f you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you
a groat.



TOMMY TROT a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw :
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

THEOPHILUS Thistlethwate
Thrust three thousand thistles
Through the thick of his thumb.



My pretty little sister
Bought a parrot and a dolly;
She set her parrot on a chair,
And call'd it Pretty Polly.



HERE am I, little jumping Joan ;
When nobod'ys with me,
I'm always alone.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy ;
A penny white cake, and a galloping-horse
And a hugey penny pie.



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

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



PEASE porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge best when it is nine days
old.

HERE we come a piping,
First in spring and then in May ;
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand ;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me :
We can't read one without them all,
So pray Miss Mary, deliver the ball.



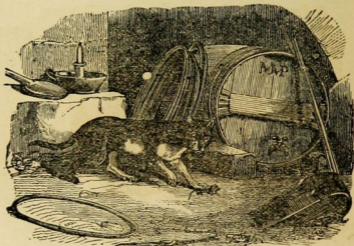
LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen :
Gentlemen came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her
head.

Cuckoo, cherry-tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, or rain, or snow.



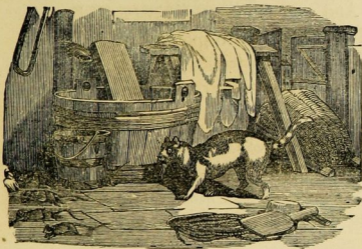
Poor Tabby's dead that good old cat,
We ne'er shall see her more
She used to eat both lean and fat,
And lie upon the floor.

She was as kind as cat could be,
And never evil thought:
But did with other cats agree,
Which made her company sought.



When winter came with biting cold,
She'd in the corner lay ;
Around her legs her tail she'd fold,
And sleep the livelong day.

She always staid about the house,
As good cats ought to do ;



And every day she caught a mouse,
And Sunday she caught two.

Her fame was spread both far and near,
And every cat would bow,
Just like old neighbor Sampson's steer
Would bow to Grime's cow.

And ever since poor spotty died,
She seem'd to pine away,
To think that friends whom time had tried
Should moulder into clay.

But now she's gone, we'll let her rest,
The last of Grimes's train ;
She'll sleep in peace on spotty's breast
Far down the muddy lane.





FIDDLE-DE-DEE, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble bee.
They went to the church, and married
was she,

The fly has married the humble bee.

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.



A SEMPSTRESS that sows,
And would make her work redde,
Must use a long needle
And a short thread.

ROUND about, round about, maggoty pie :
My father loves good beer, so do I.



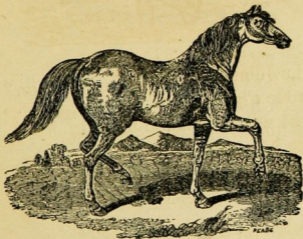
HUB a dub dub,
Two men with a tub,
A walking out to take the air;
The gingerbread-baker,
And candlestick-maker,
They both jumped out of a rotten potato.
'Twas enough to make a man stare!



LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
He rode a penny nag,
 And went to Wigan to woo;
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
 Johnny, how dost thou now?

I made him a hat
Of my coat-lap,

And stockings of pearly blue ;
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather ;
So Johnny, how dost thou now ?





YANKEE DOODLE came to town,
How do you think they served him?
One took his bag, another his scrip,
The quicker for to starve him.

WHEN I was a little girl,
I wash'd my mother's dishes;
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out little fishes.



BRYAN O'LINN had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make
him a pair;
With the skinny side out, and the woolly
side in,
Oh! how nice and warm, cried Bryan
O'Linn.



DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity doe,
Give me a pancake, and I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditte,
Please to give me a bit of a fritter.

Be ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four-and-twenty—my stomach is empty;
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.



SEE saw, sack-a-day,
Monmouth is a pretty boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my only joy,
And why should I these three destroy
To please a pious brother?

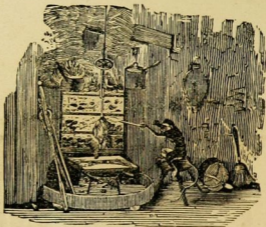


CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it was I.

Who goes round the house at night?
None but bloody Tom!
Who steals all the sheep at night?
None, but one by one.



If this young man should happen to die,
And leave this poor woman a widow,
The bells shall all ring, and the birds
shall all sing,
And we'll all clap hands together.

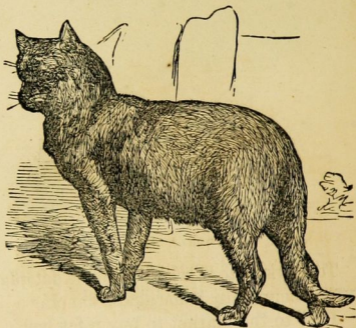


THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
Till much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
“To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.”
He set a monkey to baste the mutton,
And ten pounds of butter he put on.



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

O THAT I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not;
But where I am there I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.



Pussy cat, sit on a cushion,
And sew a silk seam.
And eat fine strawberries,
Sugar and cream.



Miss One Two and Three
Could never agree,
While they gossip'd round a tea-caddy



CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway
To buy a pound of woo'.

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



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

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



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.

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



HERRINGS, herrings, white and red
Ten a penny, Lent's dead.
Rise, dame, and give an egg,
Or else a piece of bacon.

One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Jack a Lent's all,
Away, Lent, away.

ALL hail to the moon! all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, declare to me
This night who my husband must be!



FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree,
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

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

NURSERY RHYMES.



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

(65)



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 Harry's a drummer, and drums for
the king.

(66)



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

(67)



DANCE to your daddy,
My bonny laddy,
Dance to your ninny,
My sweet lamb ;
You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy,
And a whirigiggy,
And some nice jam,
(68)



DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh ;
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 coral, ding, ding, ding !



DANTY baby diddy
What can mammy do wid'e?
Sit in her lap,
And she'll give you some pap,
Danty baby diddy!



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 ?



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb
And pull'd out a plumb,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"
(72)



d/ Cock a doodle doo!

My bame has lost her shoe;

Master's broke his fiddling stick,

And don't know what to do.

(73)



SNAIL! snail come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

FOUR little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by and she peeped in;
"What are you at, my fine little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in, and cut off your thread?"
"No! no! Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our
head."



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



THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day ;
It so 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.



THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?

Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.

Poor thing!



A LITTLE boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley.
Said the little boy to the little girl,
Shall I? oh, shall I?
Said the little girl to the little boy,
What will you do?
Said the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you.



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

(79)



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

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle de dee,
The mouse has married the humble bee.



ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men ;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half ;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people !

HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy
Be bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased, away went, hop, hop, hop.



- THE king of France, with twenty thousand
men,
● March'd up the hill, and then—march'd
back again. .
(62)



THERE was an old woman went up in a
basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
What she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“Old woman, old woman, old woman,”
said I,
“Whither, oh whither, oh whither, so
high ?”
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”



THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead ;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And he shot tt through the head, head.
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire to make, make ,
To roast the little duck.



GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon is shining bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the
street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.
Come, let us dance on the open green,
And she who holds longest shall be our
queen.



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

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.



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

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



WHEN I was a bachelor,
I lived by myself,
And was forced to go to London
To get myself a wife ;
The roads were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.



I HAD a little pony,
His name was
Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipp'd him,
She lash'd him,
She rode him
Through the mire;
I would not lend
My pony now
For all the lady's hire.



DID you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig?
It was not very little nor yet very big;
The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And there poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big;
This little piggy it lay down and died,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very
pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big.
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and little
Piggy.





LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.

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

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them ;

LITTLE BO-PEEP.



She found them indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,

For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happen'd 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.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess
should,
That each tail should be properly placed.





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

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on ;
One shoe off. the oihier shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling my son John.



My dears, do you know
That a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I dont know,
Wore stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, so I've heard people say.

(96)

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.



And when it was night,
How sad was their plight
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they
bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down
and died.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
 Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song
“Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in
 the wood!
Ah! don't you remember the babes in
 the wood?”





THE queen of hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day ;
The knave of hearts, he stole those tarts,
And with them ran away :
The king of hearts call'd for those tarts,
And beat the knave full sore ;
The knave of hearts brought back those
tarts,
And said he'd ne'er steal more.



THE king of spades he kiss'd the maids,
Which vex'd the queen full sore ;
The queen of spades she beat those maids
And turn'd them out of door ;
The knave of spades grieved for those jades,
And did for them implore ;
The queen so gent, she did relent,
And vow'd she'd ne'er strike more.



THE king of clubs he often drubs
His loving queen and wife;
The queen of clubs returns him snubs.
And all is noise and strife:
The knave of clubs gives winks and rubs,
And swears he'll take her part;
For when our kings will do such things,
They should be made to smart.

(101)



THE diamond king I fain would sing,
And likewise his fair queen,
But that the knave, a haughty slave,
Must needs step in between.
“Good diamond king, with hempen string
This haughty knave destroy,
Then may your queen, with mind serene,
Your royal love enjoy.”



COLD and raw the north wind doth blow
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are cover'd with snow,
And the winter's now come fairly.

GREAT A, little A, bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't
see.



A CARRION CROW sat upon an oak,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do
Watching a tailor cutting out his cloak;
Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.

(104)

THE CARRION CROW.



Wife, wife! bring me my bow,

Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;

Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,

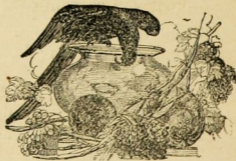
The tailor he shot and miss'd his mark,

Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
And shot his own sow quite through the
heart;

THE CARRION CROW.

Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol de rol, de rol, de ri do.

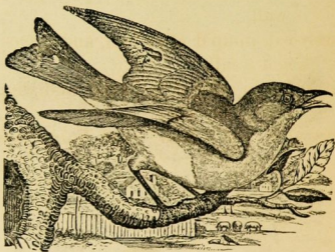
Wife, wife! bring me brandy in a spoon;
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
For our old sow has fall'n down in a swoon,
Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do





I'LL sing you a song,
It's not very long :
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow

(107)



LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin
ran :

Says little Robin Red-breast, " catch me
if you can."

(108)

ROBIN RED BREAST.

Little Robin Red-breast hopp'd upon a
wall,

Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost
got a fall.

Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what
did pussy say?

Pussy-cat said, "Mew," and Robin flew
away.





DAFFY-DOWN-BILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown
(110)



A DILLAR, 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.

(111)



As I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty,
(112)

THE PRETTY MISS.

There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropp'd me a curtesy.
Little miss, pretty miss!
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.





I HAD a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,
She wash'd all the dishes and kept the
house clean ;
She went to the mill to get me some flour,
She brought it safe home in less than half
an hour ;
She baked me my bread, she brew'd me
my ale,
She sat by the fire and told a fine tale.
(114)



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

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

(115)

THE GUINEA-PIG.

He often squeak'd, was sometimes violent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent:
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

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





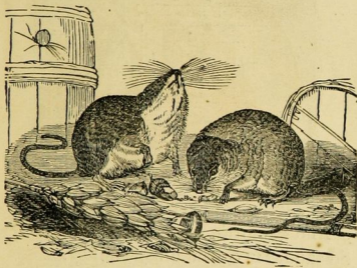
SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

(117)



BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full :
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.
(118)



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you
been ?

I've been to London to see the quēen.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

(119)



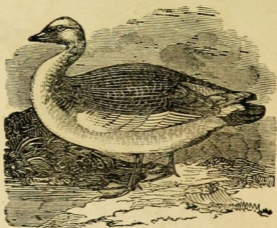
HIGH diddle doubt my candle's out,
And my little dame's not at home:
So saddle and bridle my donkey,
And fetch my little dame home.

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



Two little blackbirds sat upon a hill,
One named Jack, the other named Gill;
Fly away, Jack ; fly away, Gill ;
Come again, Jack ; come again, Gill.

(121)



GOOSEY goosey gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
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 the stairs.

(122)



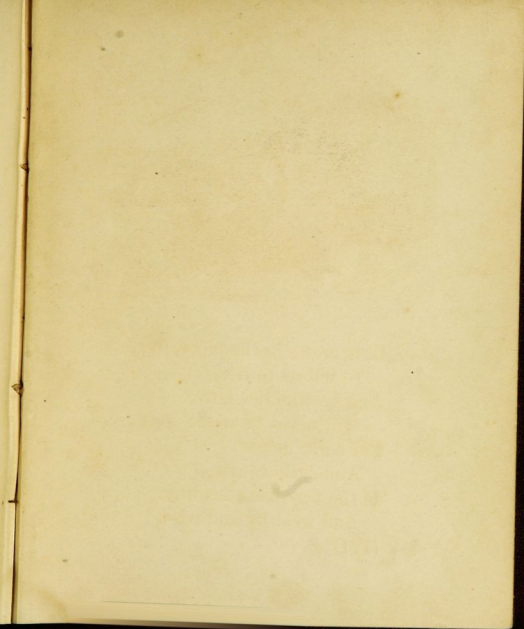
LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single ;
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and got him a
wife.

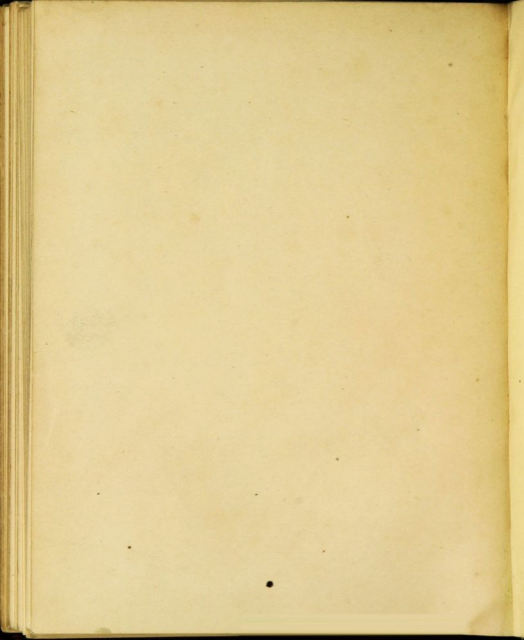
As I was going to sell my eggs
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripp'd up his heels, and he fell on his
nose.

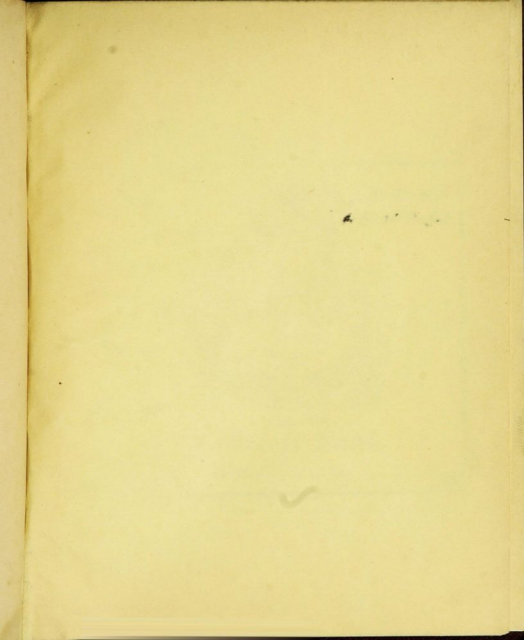


Cock crows in the morn, n
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise:
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

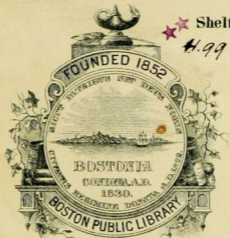
(124)







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