THE OLD MOTHER GOOSE

NURSERY RHYME BOOK

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
NEW YORK
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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.
She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad;
He was not very good
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought;
"Here, mother," says he,
"It won't go for nought."

Jack's Goose and the 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 rascal named Hugh
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

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

Then Hugh and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.
And then the gold egg
Was thrown in the sea,
When Jack he jumped in
And got it presently.

Hugh 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.
HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

LADY Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, and your children
all gone—
All but the youngest, and her name is Anne,
And she has crept under the dripping-pan.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, “What a good boy am I!”

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.
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?

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrowbone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed;
I took up a broomstick and flung it at his head.

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.

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

I LOVE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
I won't pull her tail, nor drive her away,
And Pussy and I together will play.

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir; yes, sir—three bags full:
One for the master, one for the dame,
One for the little boy that lives in our lane.

IN the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

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.
I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE.

I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE,
NOTHING WOULD IT BEAR
BUT A SILVER NUTMEG
AND A GOLDEN PEAR.

I SKIPP'D OVER WATER
I DANCED OVER SEA,
AND ALL THE BIRDS IN THE AIR COULDN'T CATCH ME.
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.

Little Tom Tucker
Sang for his supper.
What shall we give him?
Brown bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?
was an Apple-pie:
bit it,
cut it,
dealt it,
eat it,
fought for it,
got it,
had it,
joined it,
kept it,
longed for it,
mourned for it,
nodded at it,
opened it,
peeped in it,
quartered it,
rans for it,
stole it,
took it,
viewed it,
wanted it,
X, Y, Z, and & all wished for
a piece in hand.
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me... and all was because of my little nut-tree.
LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And doesn’t know 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;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they’d left their tails behind them.
Some in rags and some in tags.
And one in a velvet gown...
This little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed at home.
This little pig had a bit of meat.
This little pig had none!
This little pig went wee, wee, wee all the way home.
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 away he flew.

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year—that’s the time
When February’s days are twenty-nine.
A was an Archer, who shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, who kept a bull-dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drummer, who played with much grace.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck,
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse,
J was a Joiner, who 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 gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Organ boy, who played about town,
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people,
R was a Robin, who perched on a steeple.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, who mended a pot.
U was an Usher, who loved little boys,
V was a Veteran, who sold pretty toys.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, who did not love school,
Z was a Zany, who looked a great fool.
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one.
The mouse ran down.
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.
A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
And three little piggies had she,
And she waddled about saying “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
While the little ones said “Wee! wee!”
And she waddled about saying “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
While the little ones said “Wee! wee!”

“My dear little piggies,” said one of the brats,
“My dear little brothers,” said he,
“Let us all for the future say ‘Grumph! grumph! grumph!’
Tis so childish to say ‘Wee! wee!’
Let us all for the future say ‘Grumph! grumph! grumph!’
’Tis so childish to say ‘Wee! wee!’”

These three little piggies grew skinny and lean,
And lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn’t say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
And they wouldn’t once say “Wee! wee!”
For somehow they couldn’t say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
And they wouldn’t once say “Wee! wee!”
So after a time these little pigs died,
    They all died of fe-lo-de-see,
From trying too hard to say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
    When they only could say “Wee! wee!”
From trying too hard to say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
    When they only could say “Wee! wee!”

A moral there is to this little song,
    A moral that’s easy to see:
Don’t try when you’re young to say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
    When you only can say “Wee! wee!”
Don’t try when you’re young to say “Grumph! grumph! grumph!”
    When you only can say “Wee! wee!”

OLD Abram Brown is dead and gone,
    You’ll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
    That buttoned down before.
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do;

So she gave them some broth without any bread;
Then whipped them all soundly & put them to bed.
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 stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

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

AS I was going up Pippen-hill—
Pippen-hill was dirty—
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsy.

"Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half a crown a day
I'd spend it gladly on you."
The Man in the Moon

The man in the moon got up too soon
to ask the way to Norwich.

He went by the south,
and burnt his mouth
with supping cold pea porridge.
THE MAN IN THE MOON
GOT UP TOO SOON
TO ASK THE WAY TO NORWICH.
Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair.

Says Simple Simon to the pieman

"Let me taste your ware."
SIMP ASE 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."
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.
There came by a pedlar 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 daisy on me, this can't be I!"
“But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I have a little dog at home,
and he’ll know me;
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he will 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 daisy on me, this is none of I!”
THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?—
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet.

HERE am I, little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.
WHAT are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
That's what little girls are made of.

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

He will sit in the barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

FRIDAY night's dream,
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true,
Be it never so old.
Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe;
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he,
Had a fiddle;
And a very fine fiddle
Had he,
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Went the fiddlers.
Oh, there’s none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole & his fiddlers three.
THERE was an old woman  
   Lived under a hill;  
   And if she's not gone,  
       She lives there still.

THE cock doth crow  
   To let you know,  
   If you be wise,  
       'Tis time to rise.
DEEDLE DEEDLE DUMPLING
MY SON JOHN
WENT TO BED WITH
HIS TROUSERS ON
ONE SHOE OFF ONE
SHOE ON
DEEDLE DEEDLE
DUMPLING
MY SON JOHN

TO BED TO BED SAID SLEEPY NED
LET'S WAIT A BIT SAID SLOW

"PUT ON THE POT" SAID GREEDY TOT
LET'S SUP BEFORE WE GO
SING a song of six-pence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn’t that a dainty dish
To set before a king?
The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down flew a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.
MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

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

And so the teacher turned him out,
   But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her, and laid
   His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
   You'll shield me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.
Goosie - Goosie - Gander!
Where do you wander:
Upstairs & downstairs
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
That wouldn't say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.
MATHHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head—
One to sing, and one to pray,
And two to carry my soul away.

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

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.
TOM he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But all the tunes 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 boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.
As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs;
He used his pipe, and she used her legs.
She danced about till 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.

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

The King of Hearts  
Called for the tarts,  
And beat the Knave full sore;  
The Knave of Hearts  
Brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he’d steal no more.
GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London Town.

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

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

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin’s.

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

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

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at White-chapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.
You owe me ten shillings,  
Say the bells at St. Helen’s.

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

Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells at St. Ann’s.

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

When I grow rich,  
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

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

I am sure I don’t know,  
Says the great bell at Bow.

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

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'alent, 
And when he squeaked 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.

PUNCH and Judy 
Fought for a pie; 
Punch gave Judy 
A sad blow on the eye.
THREE BLIND MICE,
SEE HOW THEY RUN!
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S
WIFE WHO CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH THE
CARVING KNIFE.

DID EVER YOU SEE SUCH
A SIGHT IN YOUR LIFE?
AS THREE BLIND MICE...
J O H N  C O O K  he had a little grey mare,  
hee, haw, hum;  
Her legs were long, and her back was bare,  
hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Bank,  
hee, haw, hum;  
The mare she began to kick and to prank,  
hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Hill,  
hee, haw, hum;  
The mare she fell down and made her will,  
hee, haw, hum.

The saddle and bridle were laid on the shelf,  
hee, haw, hum.

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

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

I'LL tell you a story  
About Jack-a-Nory,—  
And now my story's begun;  
I'll tell you another  
About Jacky his brother,—  
And now my story's done.
IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE PIE.
IF ALL THE SEAS WERE INK.
IF ALL THE TREES WERE BREAD & CHEESE.
WHAT SHOULD WE DO FOR DRINK?

IF IF & ANDS WERE POTS & PANS.
THEN THERE WOULD BE NO WORK FOR THE TINKERS...
RIDE A COCK HORSE

to Banbury Cross

To see a fine lady on her own horse

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes

She shall have music wherever she goes
TO BANBURY CROSS
THERE was a monkey climbed 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 ate two, she had ate a couple.

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

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

There was a jockey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

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

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

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came back again.
JENNY was a pretty girl,
    But Fanny was a better;
Jenny looked like any churl,
    When little Fanny let her.

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

Jenny had a pretty doll,
    But Fanny had a better;
Jenny chattered like a poll,
    When little Fanny let her.

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

SEE a pin and pick it up,
    All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
    Bad luck you'll have until you die.
MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY,
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?
WITH COCKLE SMELLS & SILVER BELLS
AND PRETTY MAIDS ALL A-ROW.
LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds
and whey;

There came a great
spider,
And sat down beside
her,
And frightened
Miss Muffet away.
ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men,  
They lay 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.”

ONE to make ready, and two to prepare;  
Good luck to the rider, and away goes the mare.

GOD bless the master of this house,  
The mistress bless also,  
And all the little children  
That round the table go.

And all your kin and kinsmen,  
That dwell both far and near,  
I wish a merry Christmas,  
And a happy, glad New Year!

TELL-TALE tit!  
Your tongue shall be slit  
And all the dogs in the town  
Shall have a little bit.
A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Roly!
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

So off he set in his coat and hat,
Heigho, says Roly!
And on the way he met a Rat,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

"Please, Mr. Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigho, says Roly!
"Good Mrs. Mousie for to see?"
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

When they came to the door of Mousie's hole,
Heigho, says Roly!
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!
“Please, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”
Heigho, says Roly!
“Oh yes, dear sirs, I am sitting to spin,”
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

“Please, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?”
Heigho, says Roly!
“For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,”
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

“Please, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?”
Heigho, says Roly!
“But let it be something that’s not very long,”
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But while they were making a terrible din,
Heigho, says Roly!
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Roly!
They sat she seized Mr. Rat by the crown,
    Heigho, says Roly!
The kittens they pulled Mrs. Mousie down,
    With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
    Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
    Heigho, says Roly!
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night,
    With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
    Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
    Heigho, says Roly!
A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up,
    With a roly-poly, gammon and spinach,
    Heigho, says Anthony Roly!

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
    Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
    And then he came out hop, hop, hop.
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
This is the house that Jack built.

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

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

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

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

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

This is the cock that crowed
in the morn
And waked the priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man, all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden, all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
The Lion & the Unicorn were fighting for the crown; the Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
SOME GAVE THEM WHITE BREAD,
AND SOME GAVE THEM BROWN;
SOME GAVE THEM PLUM CAKE,
AND SENT THEM OUT OF TOWN.
THERE was a jolly miller
   Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
   No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
   For ever used to be,—
“I care for nobody—no! not I,
   Since nobody cares for me.”

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 bridled him and saddled him, and sent him out of town;
I gave him little garters to garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief to wipe his pretty nose.

PEASE-PUDDING hot, pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.
HERE we go round the jingo-ring,
The jingo-ring, the jingo-ring,
Here we go round the jingo-ring,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

Twice about and then we fall,
Then we fall, then we fall,
Twice about and then we fall,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

Choose your maidens all around,
All around, all around,
Choose your maidens all around,
With a merry-ma, merry-ma-tanzie.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

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.
The Fox and the Goose

A fox went out in a hungry plight,
And begged of the moon to give him light;
For he had a long way to travel that night
Before he reached his den O!
Den O! Den O!
For he had a long way to travel that night
Before he reached his den O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O! Fox O! Fox O!
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest be marred
By a visit from Mr. Fox O!
He seized the gray goose by the sleeve;  
Says he, "Mrs. Goose, and by your leave,  
I'll carry you off without reprieve,  
And take you away to my Den O!  
Den O! Den O!"
I'll carry you off without reprieve,
And take you away to my Den O!

Old Mrs. Flipper Flapper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
Crying, “John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his Den O!
Den O! Den O!”

Crying, “John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his Den O!”

Then John went up to the top of the hill,
And he blew a blast both loud and shrill.
Says the Fox, “That’s very pretty music; still
I’d rather be in my Den O!
Den O! Den O!”

Says the Fox, “That’s very pretty music; still
I’d rather be in my Den O!”
At last Mr. Fox got home to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten.
Says he, “We’re in luck! here’s a big fat duck,
With his legs all dangling down O!
Down O! Down O!”
Says he, “We’re in luck! here’s a big fat duck,
With his legs all dangling down O!”

Then Mr. Fox sat down with his wife;
They did very well without fork and knife.
They never ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!
Bones O! Bones O!
They never ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!
Georgey-Porgey
and pie
Kissed the girls & made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgey-Porgey ran away...
THERE were two birds sat on 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 was left all alone,
   Fa-la-la-la, lal-de.

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

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

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
   Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
   "To-morrow will be Monday."
“CROAK!” said the Toad, “I’m hungry, I think; To-day I’ve had nothing to eat or to drink. I’ll crawl to a garden and jump through the pales, And there I’ll dine nicely on slugs and on snails.”

“Ho, ho!” quoth the Frog, “is that what you mean? Then I’ll hop away to the next meadow stream; There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too, And then I shall have a good dinner like you.”

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.

THERE was a man of Thessaly, And he was wondrous wise. He jumped into a quickset hedge, And scratched out both his eyes; But when he saw his eyes were out, With all his might and main He jumped into another hedge, And scratched ’em in again.
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!"
“ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?”
“Yes, good sir, 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.”

MARY had a pretty bird—
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs: upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she’d ever sit
To hear her own canary.

THE Cuckoo’s a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds’ eggs
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings “Cuckoo!”
The summer is near.
Father's gone a' hunting,
To fetch a little bunny skin
To wrap baby bunting in...

Pat a cake, pat a cake, Baker's man,
Bake me a cake as quick as you can,
Pat it and dot it and mark it with a P,
And bake it in the oven for baby and me.
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 right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
to his old wife Joan,
and bid her a fire to make it make, make.
AND HE HAD A LITTLE GUN.

To roast the little duck,
he had shot in the brook,
and he'd go & 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.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast  
Sat upon a rail;  
Niddle naddle went his head,  
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonny lasses;  
They built a house upon the lea,  
And covered it o'er with rashes.

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

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,  
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.
ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather.

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

DR. FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again.

AS I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse.
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh dear, my heart was ready to burst!
THERE were a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you!"

HECTOR PROTECTOR was dressed all in green,
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
Nor more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

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 the hay.

WHEN little Fred did go to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.
Hey! Diddle Diddle

Hey! Diddle Diddle
The cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon.

The little dog laugh'd
To see such sport.
And the dish ran away with the spoon.
OLD Mother Hubbard,
she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She went to the baker's to buy
him some bread,
But when she came back the poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
And when she came back the dog was laughing.

She went to the draper's to buy him some linen,
And when she came back the good dog was spinning.
She went to the hosier’s to buy him some hose,
And when she came back he was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow;
The dame said, “Your servant,” the dog said “Bow-wow.”

She went to the hatter’s to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.
She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came home he was riding the goat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.
She went to the butcher's to get him some tripe,  
And when she came back he was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fish-shop to buy him some fish,  
And when she came back he was washing the dish.

She went to the tavern for white wine and red,  
And when she came back the dog stood on his head.
ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore!

WHEN I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London 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 wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife and all.
FOUR AND TWENTY TAILORS

FOUR AND TWENTY TAILORS
WENT TO KILL A SNAIL;
THE BEST MAN AMONG THEM
DURST NOT TOUCH HER TAIL.
SHE PUT OUT HER HORN
LIKE A LITTLE KYLE COW;
RUN, TAILORS, RUN, OR SHE'LL
KILL YOU ALL E'EN NOW.
HERE we go round the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush,
Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we sweep our rooms,
Sweep our rooms, sweep our rooms,
This is the way we sweep our rooms,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we mend our shoes,
Mend our shoes, mend our shoes,
This is the way we mend our shoes,
On a cold and frosty morning.
This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we do our hair,
Do our hair, do our hair,
This is the way we do our hair,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we come home from school,
Home from school, home from school,
This is the way we come home from school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try to find it;
If there be none, never mind it.
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 try to drown poor
Pussy Cat!
WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
In his night-gown.
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
Are the children all in bed?
For it's past eight o'clock.
"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

SOLOMON GRUNDY, born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday, worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday—
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

ST. SWITHIN'S Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.
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.

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

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

And why may I not love Johnny?
   And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
   As well as another body?

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo’ster
   In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle
   Up to the middle,
And never went there again.
JACK & JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER
Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after.
Up Jack got, and home did trot
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in, and she did grin
To see his paper plaster;
Mother vexed did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.
I HAD A LITTLE HEN.

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 brew'd me my ale.
She sat by the fire
And told many a fine tale.
ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, knock at the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
crooked mile;
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.

RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again.
I had a little pony,
    His name was Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady
    To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
    She rode him thro’ the mire.
I wouldn’t lend my pony more
    For all the lady’s hire.

Tom, Tom, the piper’s son,
    Stole a pig and away he run;
Pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
    And Tom went roaring down the street.

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 then flew away.
A FARMER went trotting
Upon his gray mare:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him.
So rosy and fair:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

A raven cried "Croak!"
And they all tumbled down:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
And the farmer his crown:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

The mischievous raven
Flew laughing away:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them
The same the next day:
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

COME, let's to bed, says Sleepy Head;
Tarry awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pan, says Greedy Nan—
Let's sup before we go.
There was an old woman

Went up in a basket 90 times as high as the moon.

And where she was going 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 right out of the sky,

And I'll be with you by-and-by."
There was an old woman who went up in a basket to sweep the cobwebs right out of the sky.
HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

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

MONDAY'S bairn is fair of face;
  Tuesday's bairn is full of grace;
Wednesday's bairn is full of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living;
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.
PLEASE to remember the Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

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.

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 frightened a little mouse under the chair.

LITTLE Betty Blue
Has lost her holiday shoe.
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top:
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock.
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall.
Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.
EARLY to bed and early to rise
   Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise

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

THE END...
The old Mother Goose Nursery rhyme book

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