LITTLE BO-PEEP

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

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

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.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Whither dost thou wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs  
And in my lady’s chamber.

There I met an old man  
Who wouldn’t say his prayers;  
I took him by the left leg,  
And threw him down the stairs.

THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK

Hickory, dickory, dock!  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck one,  
And down he run,  
Hickory, dickory, dock!
FINGERS AND TOES
Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true, without deceit.

A SEASONABLE SONG
Piping hot, smoking hot.
What I've got
You have not.
Hot gray pease, hot, hot, hot;
Hot gray pease, hot.

THE CLOCK
There's a neat little clock,—
In the schoolroom it stands,—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

WINTER
Cold and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.
DAME TROT AND HER CAT
Dame Trot and her cat
Led a peaceable life,
When they were not troubled
With other folks’ strife.
When Dame had her dinner
Near Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate.

CAESAR’S SONG
Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker’s dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

THE OLD WOMAN UNDER A HILL
There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she’s not gone,
She lives there still.

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE
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.
OH, DEAR!

Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple-tree;
One came down, and the other stayed till Saturday.

POLLY AND SUKEY

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.

PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker’s man!
So I do, master,
As fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it,
And mark it with T,
Put it in the oven
For Tommy and me.

MONEY AND THE MARE

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

Trip upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm,
some barm;
She bid me go lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.

Yet didn’t you see, yet didn’t you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?

They broke my pitcher
And spilt the water,
And huffed my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

JACK

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

GOING TO ST. IVES

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 going to St. Ives?
HUSH-A-BYE

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 will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

BURNIE BEE

Burnie bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

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

THE HUNTER OF REIGATE

A man went a-hunting at Reigate,
And wished to leap over a high gate.
Says the owner, “Go round,
With your gun and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate.”
PIPPEN HILL
As I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen 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.

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN
Robin-a-Bobbin
Bent his bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

PUSSY-CAT AND QUEEN
“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?”
“I’ve been to London
To look at the Queen.”
“Pussy-cat, pussy cat,
What did you there?”
“I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.”

THE WINDS
Mister East gave a feast;
Mister North laid the cloth;
Mister West did his best;
Mister South burnt his mouth
Eating cold potato.
ELIZABETH
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.

JUST LIKE ME
“I went up one pair of stairs.”
“Just like me.”
“I went up two pairs of stairs.”
“Just like me.”
“I went into a room.”
“Just like me.”
“I looked out of a window.”
“Just like me.”
“And there I saw a monkey.”
“Just like me.”

PLAY DAYS
How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.
HEIGH-HO, THE CARRION CROW

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!

The tailor he shot, and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!

Wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!
For our old sow is in a swoon;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle,
hi ding do!
BANBURY CROSS
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

THE MAN IN OUR TOWN
There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.

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

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