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MOTHER GOOSE.

MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY

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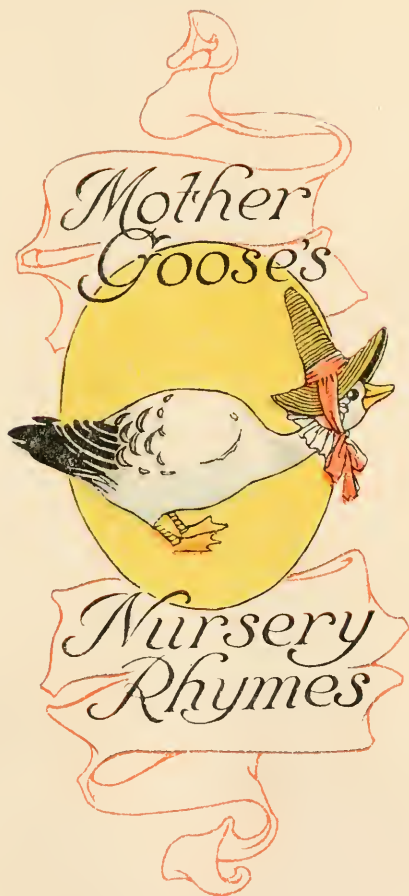


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LITTLE BO-PEEP.

From



Mother
Goose's



Nursery
Rhymes

Here Mother Goose on winter nights
The old and young she both delights.

Chap Book, 1817.



MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

Edited by

L. EDNA WALTER

MBE. B.Sc. A.C.G.I.



Illustrated by
CHARLES FOLKARD



A. & C. BLACK, LTD., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

And if thou dost buy this book,
Be sure that you do on it look,
And read it o'er, then thou wilt say
Thy money is not thrown away.



First published in November 1919; reprinted in April 1922.

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To
A LITTLE GIRL & A LITTLE BOY
OF LANCASHIRE

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

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PREFACE FOR GROWN-UPS

ABOUT two hundred years ago a Frenchman named Perrault brought out a book which he called *Stories of Mother Goose*. They were translated into English, and when it is remembered that amongst those stories are Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood it will surprise no one to learn that they became immensely popular in our country. From that time onward "Mother Goose" has been a term specially associated with nursery literature; so when John Newbury, a famous printer of London Town, thought he would put together for children a few well-known rhymes, he called the little book *Mother Goose's Melody*, and that was the first book of nursery rhymes ever published. Newbury's own books have disappeared, but some went to America, where they were at once copied, and, fortunately, a couple of those copies still exist. They are about one hundred and thirty-five years old.

Only fifty rhymes were printed then, and those fifty have formed the basis of this, as of every, copy of "Mother Goose" published in modern times. In some cases, however, Newbury only printed a few lines, and an attempt has here been made to obtain from chap-books or other sources as full a version as possible. *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, brought out by Ritson in 1810, has provided a great many more rhymes for this edition, as have also the chap-books in the British Museum and in the libraries of Manchester. Especially do I owe a great debt to Halliwell's collections.

A search has been made among all books of nursery rhymes and songs brought out fifty years ago or more, in order that this edition should be as complete as possible. It is not claimed that there is any finality in a collection of nursery rhymes, for just as "Oh, dear! What can the Matter be?" took root in the affections of children from being a popular song less than a century ago, so other rhymes are constantly being added to the children's chosen literature, or other verses to an older rhyme.

Time is of no account in children's minds. So "The House that Jack Built," supposed to owe its origin to a Chaldee hymn, is put on the same footing as "Humpty Dumpty" of the Plantagenets, "Hickory Dickory Dock" of the Stuarts, or "The North Wind doth Blow" of Victorian times.

If one or two of the rhymes strike a modern ear as being somewhat crude, it must be remembered that they are old, and it was felt that they ought not to be omitted from so comprehensive an edition.

L. EDNA WALTER.

MANCHESTER, August, 1919.



Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes

LD Mother Goose when
She wanted to wander,
ould ride through the air
On a very fine gander.



ther Goose had a house,
Twas built in a wood,
ere an owl at the door
For a sentinel stood.

e had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
was not very good
Nor yet very bad.

e sent him to market,
A live goose he bought ;
ee, mother," says he,
I have not been for nought."

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
ey'd both eat together
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one fine morning,
As I have been told,
The 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 rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
A half of his due.

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

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

Then old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea
Was thrown out amain,
When Jack he jumped in
And got the egg back again.

The Jew 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.



There was a Little Man

THERE was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
So will you, aye or nay?
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

Then replied the little maid,
"Little Sir! you've little said
To induce a little maid for to wed, wed, wed,
You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore,
Ere I to the church will be led, led, led."

Then the little man replied,
"If you'll be my little bride,
I will raise my love notes a little higher, higher, higher;
Though my offers are not meet,
Yet my little heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on fire, fire, fire."

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"Pray, what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

The little man he sighed,
And, some say, a little cried,
For his little heart was big with sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;
"As I am your little slave,
If the little that I have,
Be too little, little, we will borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow."

Then the little man so gent,
Made the little maid relent,
And set her little heart a-thinking, king, king, king;
Though his offers were but small,
She took his little all,
She could have her little cat and her skin, skin, skin.

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

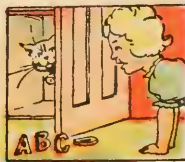
See-saw, Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?
Put on your shoes, and away you
trudge,
That is the way to London Bridge.



HEY! diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laughed
To see such craft,*
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B.
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see.



A, B, C,
Tumble down D.
The cat's in the cupboard
And can't see me.

* "Craft" is the older word—"sport" is often substituted nowadays.



DING, dong bell,
The cat's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's
barn.

"WE'RE three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane."
"My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering tongue."

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

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful
knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."
"Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not
bought."

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten;

Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky,
"Oh! brother Richard,
The sun's very high;

"You go before,
With bottle and bag,
And I will come after
On little Jack Nag."

Nor in this town they won't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day."

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





RIDE a cock-horse
 To Banbury Cross,
 To see a fair lady ride on a white horse ;
 Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
 She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse
 To Banbury Cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy ;
 A penny white loaf,
 A penny white cake,
 And a twopenny apple pie.



Ride a cock-horse
 To Banbury Cross,
 To buy little Johnny a gallop-
 ing horse ;
 It trots behind and it ambles
 before,
 And Johnny shall ride till he
 can ride no more.

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

Oh, had these children been at school
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not then been drowned.

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

THERE were two blackbirds sat upon
a hill,

The one named Jack, the other
named Jill.

Fly away, Jack, fly away, Jill;
Come again, Jack, come again,
Jill.



“PAT a cake, pat a cake,
Baker’s man.”

“That I will, master,
As fast as I can.”

“Pat it and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And put in the oven
For Tommy and me.”



WHEN I was a little boy
I had but little wit;
’Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet,
Nor ever, ever shall
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

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.

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



WHEN I was a little boy
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow,
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife got a fall,
Farewell, wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog are thou?
Little Tommy Tinker’s dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

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

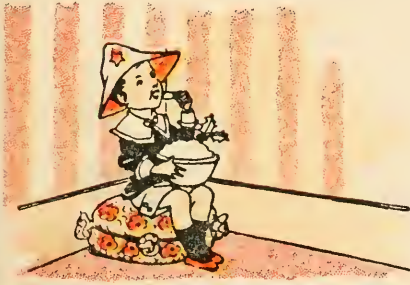


COCK-a-doodle-doo!
 My dame has lost her shoe,
 And master's lost his fiddling stick,
 And doesn't know what to do.

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 found 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.



LITTLE Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating of Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pulled out a plum,
 And cried, "What a good boy
 am I!"



ROUND about, round about,
 Maggoty pie,*
 My father loves good ale,
 And so do I.

* Note.—Maggot-pie is the old word
 for magpie.



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 ;
 Went to bed and bound his head
 With vinegar and brown paper.

When Jill came in how she did grin
 To see Jack's paper plaster ;
 Mother vexed, did whip her next
 For causing Jack's disaster.



O MY kitten, a kitten!
 And O my kitten, my deary!
 Such a sweet pet as this
 There is not far nor near-y.
 There we go, up, up, up,
 There we go, down, down, down,
 There we go, backwards and forwards,
 And here we go, round, round, round.

THERE was an old woman
 Sold puddings and pies ;
 She went to the mill,
 And dust flew in her eyes.
 Hot pies to sell,
 Cold pies to sell ;
 You may follow her
 By their smell.

THIS pig went to market ;
 This pig stayed at home ;
 This pig had roast meat ;
 This pig had none ;
 This pig went to the barn door,
 And cry'd, Weck, weck, for more.



PEASE-porridge hot,
 Pease-porridge cold,
 Pease-porridge in the pot, nine
 days old.
 Spell me *that* without a p
 And a clever scholar you will be.



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.





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.



BAA, baa, black sheep,
 Have you any wool?
 Yes, marry, have I,
 Three bags full:
 One for my master,
 One for my dame,
 But none for the little boy
 Who cries in the lane.

UP hill and down dale;
 Butter is made in every vale;
 And if that Nancy Cook
 Is a good girl,
 She shall have a spouse,
 And make butter anon,
 Before her old grandmother
 Grows a young man.

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.



HUSH-A-BY, 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.

THERE was a man of Thessaly,
 And he was wondrous wise,
 He jumped into a quickset hedge,
 And scratched out both his eyes;
 And when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main,
 He jumped into another hedge,
 And scratched them in again.



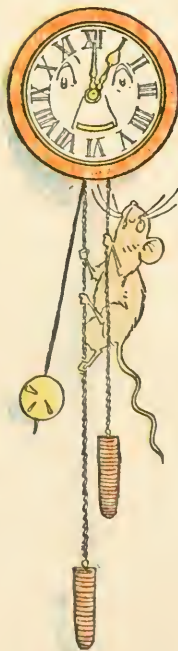
A LONG-TAILED pig or a short-tailed pig,
 Or a pig without any tail;
 A sow pig or a boar pig,
 Or a pig with a curling tail;
 Take hold of the tail and cut off his head,
 And then you'll be sure the pig-hog is dead.



HICKORY, dickory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down,
 Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck three,
 The mouse ran away,
 Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck ten,
 The mouse came again,
 Hickory, dickory, dock.



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

HERE stands a post,
 Who set it there?
 A better man than you;
 Touch it if you dare!

OH, rare Harry Parry,
 When will you marry?
 When apples and peas are ripe,
 I'll come to your wedding
 Without any bidding,
 And dance and sing all the night.

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



The miller did swear
 By the point of his knife,
 He never took toll
 Of a mouse in his life.

CROSS patch
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup
 And drink it up,
 Then call your neighbours in.

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,
 And that's all.



THREE wise men of Gotham
 They went to sea in a bowl,

And if the bowl had been stronger
 My song had been longer.

I **WON'T** be my father's Jack,
 I won't be my mother's Jill,
 I will be the fiddler's wife,
 And have music when I will.
 T'other little tune,
 T'other little tune,
 Prithee, love, play me
 T'other little tune.



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

A Frog He would A-Wooing go

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mister Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

They came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs Mouse, are you within?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley.
"Oh! yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"Let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs Mouse," replied Mr Frog,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Since you have a cold, Mr Frog," Mousey said,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But while they were all a-merry-making,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley, etc.





The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
 Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
 The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
 With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put Mr Frog in a terrible fright,
 Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
 He took up his hat and he wished them good-night.
 With a rowley, powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
 Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
 A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
 With a rowley, powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two and three,
 Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
 The rat, the mouse, and the little frog-gee.
 With a rowley, powley, etc.

I'LL tell my own Daddy, when he comes home,
 All the good work my Mammy has done;
 She has earnt a penny, and spent a groat,
 And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.



THE sow came in with the saddle,
 The little pig rocked the cradle,
 The dish jumped over the table
 To see the pot wash the ladle.
 The spit that stood behind the door,
 Called dish-clout dirty, o'er and o'er.
 "What!" said the gridiron, "can't you agree?
 I'm the head constable; come along with me."

AS I was going up Pippin Hill,
 Pippin Hill was dirty;
 There I met a pretty miss,
 And she dropped me a curtsy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
 Blessing light upon you!
 If I had half a crown a day,
 I'd spend it all upon you.



OLD Father Greybeard,
 Without tooth or tongue,
 If you'll give me your finger,
 I'll give you my thumb.

T
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TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
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.

MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.



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.

THOMAS a Tattamus took two T's
To tie two tups to two tall trees.
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus,
Tell me how many T's there are in all THAT.



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.



LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Betsy Baker,
Take her up and shake her.



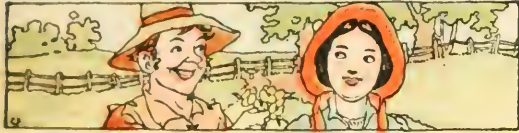
SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie.
 When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not that a dainty dish,
 To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
 Counting out his money;
 The queen was in the parlour
 Eating bread and honey;
 The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 There came a little blackbird,
 And snapped off her nose.

Jack Sprat

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

Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat;
The bone they picked clean,
Then gave it to the cat.



When Jack Sprat was young,
He dressed very smart;
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart.

In his fine leather doublet
And old greasy hat,
Oh, what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat!

Joan Cole had a hole
In her petticoat;
Jack Sprat to get a patch
Gave her a goat.

The goat bought a patch
Which stopped the hole;
"I thank you, Jack Sprat,"
Says little Joan Cole.

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,
Joan Cole was the bride;
Jack said from the church
His Joan home should ride.

But no coach could take her,
The lane was so narrow;
Said Jack, "Then I'll take her
Home in a wheel barrow."



Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch;
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch.

Says Jack, "She'll be drowned,"
But Joan did reply,
"I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry."

Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat,
Which had got but one ear.

Says Joan, "I'm come home, Puss,
Pray, how do you do?"
The cat wagged her tail,
And said nothing but "mew."



Jack Sprat took his gun,
And went to the brook;
He shot at a drake,
But he killed the duck.

He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roast the fat duck
While Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail;
Jack Sprat went to shoot him
But happened to fail.

He let off his gun,
 But, missing the mark,
 The drake flew away
 Crying, "Quack, Quack, Quack."



Jack Sprat to live pretty,
 Now bought him a pig;
 It was not very little,
 It was not very big.

It was not very lean,
 It was not very fat,
 It will serve for a grunter
 For little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market
 To buy her some fowls;
 She bought a jackdaw
 And a couple of owls.

The owls they were white,
 The jackdaw was black;
 "They'll make a rare breed."
 Says little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow,
 His Joan for to please;
 For Joan she could make
 Both butter and cheese,



Or pancakes or puddings
 Without any fat;
 A notable housewife
 Was little Joan Sprat.

Joan Sprat went a-brewing
 A barrel of ale;
 She put in some hops
 That it might not turn stale.

But as for the malt
 She forgot to put that;
 "This is brave, sober liquor,"
 Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market,
 And bought him a mare;
 She was lame of three legs,
 And as blind as she could stare.



Her ribs they were bare,
 For the mare had no fat;
 "She looks like a racer,"
 Says little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad,
 Puss took care of the house;
 She caught a large rat,
 And a very small mouse.

She caught a small mouse,
 And a very large rat;
 "You're an excellent hunter,"
 Says little Jack Sprat.

Now I have told you the story
 Of little Jack Sprat,
 And little Joan Cole,
 And the poor one-eared cat.

Now Jack has got rich,
 And has plenty of pelf;
 If you know any more,
 You may tell it yourself.



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,
 And whipped them all well, and put them to bed.

THE man in the moon
 Came tumbling down,
 And asked his way to Norwich;
 He went by the south,
 And burnt his mouth,
 With supping hot pease-porridge.

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
 But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy;
 Would he know a sheep's head from
 a carrot,
 He should learn to drink cider and
 brandy.

HANNAH Bantry in the pantry,
 Eating a mutton bone;
 How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
 When she found she was alone.

THE children of Holland
 Take pleasure in making,
 What the children of England
 Take pleasure in breaking.
 (*Toys*)

THERE was an old woman, and
 what do you think?
 She lived upon nothing but victuals
 and drink:
 And tho' victuals and drink were the
 chief of her diet,
 This plaguey old woman could never
 be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her
 some bread,
 And when she came home her old
 husband was dead;
 She went to the clerk to toll the
 bell,
 And when she came home her old
 husband was well.

THERE was a lady loved a swine;

“Honey,” quoth she,
“Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?”
“Hoogh,” quoth he.

“I’ll build thee a silver sty,
Honey,” quoth she,
“And in it thou shalt lie;”
“Hoogh,” quoth he.

“Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey,” quoth she,
“That you may go out and in;”
“Hoogh,” quoth he.

“Wilt thou have me now,
Honey?” quoth she;
“Hoogh, Hoogh, Hoogh,” quoth he,
And went his way.



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn’t but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,”
quoth I,
“Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so
high?”
“To brush the cobwebs off the sky!”
“Shall I go with thee?” “Aye, ly-and-
by.”

He often squeaked and sometimes
v’ilent,
And when he squeaked he ne’er was
silent;
Tho’ 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.

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.

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.



The Merry Bells of London

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'.

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 Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

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

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St Anne's.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin's.

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

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

I'm 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.



LONDON Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

See, a prisoner I have got,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
See, a prisoner I have got,
With a gay lady.

What's the prisoner done to you,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
What's the prisoner done to you,
With a gay lady.

Stole my watch and broke my chain,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Stole my watch and broke my chain,
With a gay lady.

What will you take to set him free?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
What will you take to set him free?
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds will set him free,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
A hundred pounds will set him free,
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds I have not got,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
A hundred pounds I have not got,
With a gay lady.

Then off to prison he must go,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Then off to prison he must go,
With a gay lady.



“WE’LL go a-shooting,” says Robin to Bobbin,

“We’ll go a-shooting,” says Richard to Robin,

“We’ll go a-shooting,” says John all alone,

“We’ll go a-shooting,” says every one.

“What shall we kill?” says Robin to Bobbin,

“What shall we kill?” says Richard to Robin,

“What shall we kill?” says John all alone,

“What shall we kill?” says every one.

“We’ll shoot at that wren,” says Robin to Bobbin,

“We’ll shoot at that wren,” says Richard to Robin,

“We’ll shoot at that wren,” says John all alone,

“We’ll shoot at that wren,” says every one.

“She’s down, she’s down,” says Robin to Bobbin,

“She’s down, she’s down,” says Richard to Robin,

“She’s down, she’s down,” says John all alone,

“She’s down, she’s down,” says every one.

“How shall we get her home?” says Robin to Bobbin,

“How shall we get her home?” says Richard to Robin,

“How shall we get her home?” says John all alone,

“How shall we get her home?” says every one.

“We’ll hire a cart,” says Robin to Bobbin,

“We’ll hire a cart,” says Richard to Robin,

“We’ll hire a cart,” says John all alone,

“We’ll hire a cart,” says every one.

“Then hoist, boys, hoist,” says Robin to Bobbin,

“Then hoist, boys, hoist,” says Richard to Robin,

“Then hoist, boys, hoist,” says John all alone,

“Then hoist, boys, hoist,” says every one.

So they brought her away, after each plucked a feather,

And when they got home shared the booty together.

‘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.”

The Horse

UP the hill take care of me;
Down the hill take care of thee;
Give me no water when I am hot;
On level ground spare me not.



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 wasn’t at home;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a mutton bone.

I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a silver pin.

I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was in bed;
I took up a poker,
And flung it at his head.



TO make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear O!
To put them out is the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

OH 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.

Counting-out Rhymes

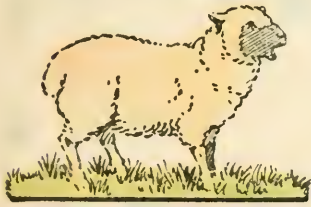
ONERY, twoery,
Ziccary zan,
Hollow bone, crack-a-bone,
Ninery, ten,
Spitt, spot,
It must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum,
Twenty-one.

Hinx, minx, the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry,
Nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can’t see,
Every knave will have a slave,
You or I must be he.

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 bleat-
ing;
But when she awoke, she found it a
joke,
For they still were all fleeting.



She heaved a sigh, and wiped her
eye,
Then went over hill and dale, O!
And tried what she could, as a
shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail, O!



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 espy'd their tails, side by
side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

IF I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to
sell;
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to
sell;
I never would cry young lambs to
sell.

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.

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.

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.
To market, to market, to buy a plum
bun,
Home again, home again, market is
done;
To market, to market, to buy a plum
cake,
Home again, home again, ne'er a one
baked,—

The baker is dead, and all his men,
And we must go to market again.

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

The Lover's Tasks

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never sprung water, nor rain
ever fell?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Which never had blossom since Adam
was born?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Now you have asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea
sand?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you plough it with a sailor's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And sow it all over with one pepper-
corn?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

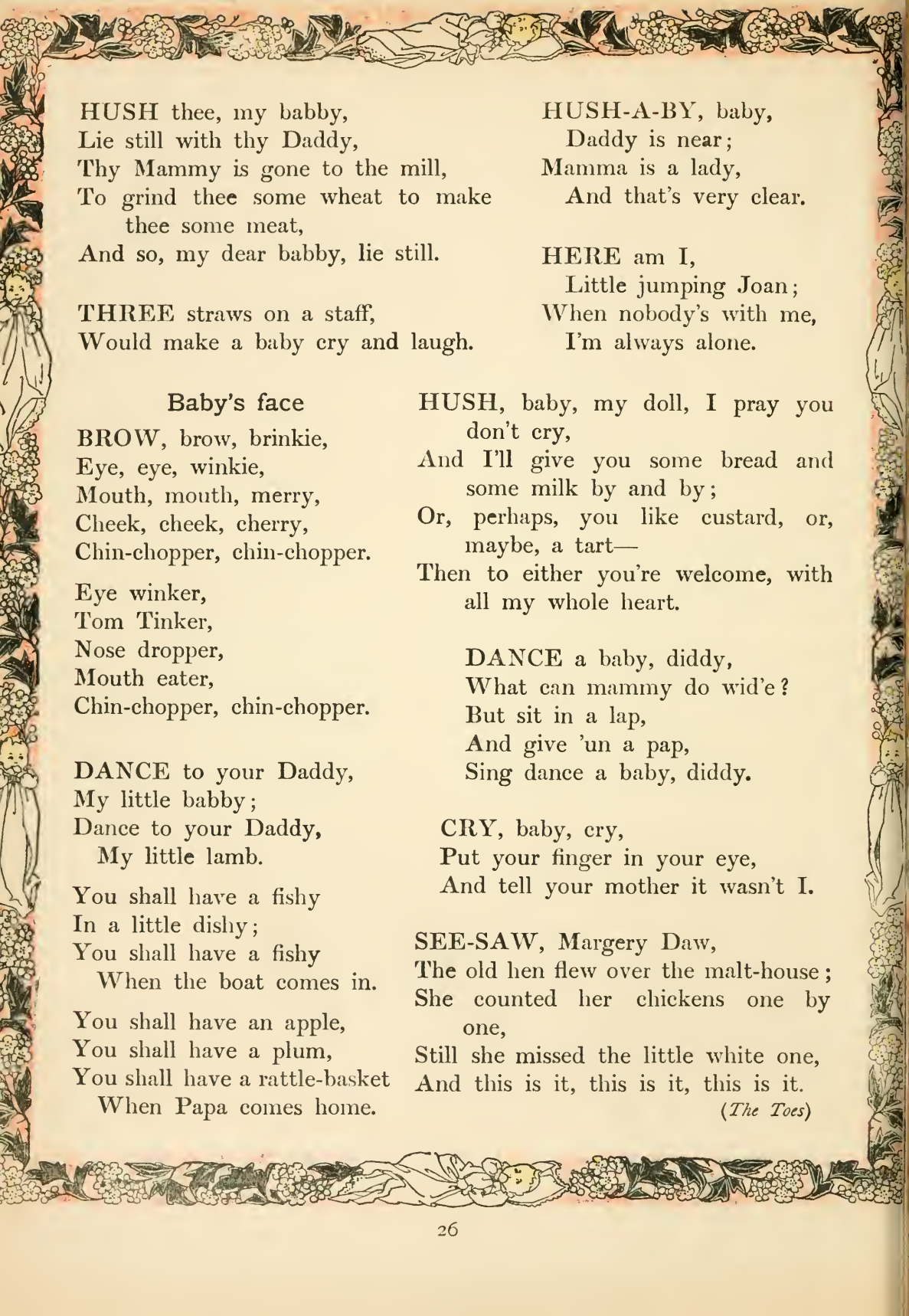
Can you reap it with a sickle of
leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And bind it all up with a peacock's
feather?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

When you have done and finished
your work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Then come to me for your cambric
shirt,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.



HARK, hark, the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town,

Some in jags, some in rags,
And some in velvet gown.



HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy Daddy,
Thy Mammy is gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat to make
thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

THREE straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

Baby's face

BROW, brow, brinkie,
Eye, eye, winkie,
Mouth, mouth, merry,
Cheek, cheek, cherry,
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.

Eye winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose dropper,
Mouth eater,
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.

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.

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

HUSH-A-BY, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

HERE am I,
Little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

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

DANCE a baby, diddy,
What can mammy do wid'e?
But sit in a lap,
And give 'un a pap,
Sing dance a baby, diddy.

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

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
The old hen flew over the malt-house;
She counted her chickens one by
one,
Still she missed the little white one,
And this is it, this is it, this is it.

(The Toes)

ROCK-A-BY, 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.

The Face

HERE sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sit his two men;
Here sits the cock,
Here sits the hen;
Here sit the little chickens,
Here they run in;
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper!
Chin-chopper, chin!

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

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath
day
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay.

LADYBIRD, ladybird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children all gone.
All but one, and her name is
Ann,
And she crept under the
pudding-pan.

WE are all in the dumps,
For diamonds are 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.

The Five Toes

1. "LET us go to the woods," says
this pig;
2. "What to do there?" says that pig;
3. "To look for mother," says this
pig;
4. "What to do with her?" says that
pig;
5. "To kiss her, to kiss her," says
this pig.

I'LL sing you a song
Nine verses long,
For a pin.
Three and three are six,
And three are nine;
You are a fool,
And the pin is mine.



A LITTLE old man and I fell out,
 How shall we bring the matter about?
 Bring it about as well as you can,
 Get you gone, you little old man!

ROWSTY dowt,
 My fire's all out,
 My little dame's not at home;
 Come, bridle my hog,
 And saddle my dog,
 And fetch my little dame home.

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

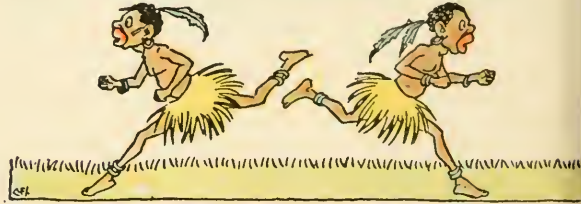


TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
 My mother sent me for some brawn, some harm;
 She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly
 For fear the boys should do me harm;
 Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
 What naughty tricks they played upon me?
 They broke my pitcher,
 And spilt the water,
 And huffed my mother,
 And chid her daughter,
 And kissed my sister instead of me.



I'LL sing you a song,
 The days are long;
 The woodcock and the sparrow,
 The little dog he has burnt his tail,
 And he must be hanged to-morrow.

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



TOM Brown's two little Indian boys;
 One ran away,
 The other wouldn't stay;
 Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

MISTRESS Mary,
 Quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With silver bells,
 And cockleshells,
 And pretty maids all in a row.

“LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where were you born?”

“In Lincolnshire, master; come, blow the cow’s horn,

A halfpenny pudding, a penny pie,
A shoulder of mutton and that love I.”

“Little lad, little lad, where wast thou born?”

“Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk in a ram’s horn.”



LITTLE Boy Blue, come, blow up your horn,

The cow’s in the meadow, the sheep’s in the corn;

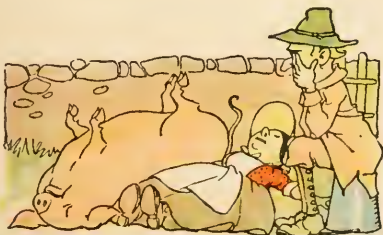
But where is the little boy tending the sheep?

He’s under the haycock fast asleep.

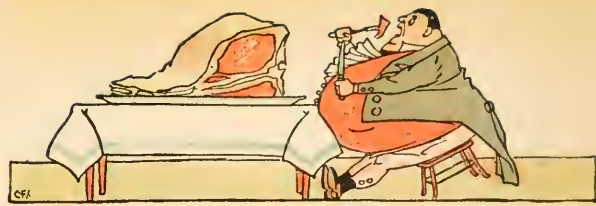
Will you wake him? No, not I!

For if I do, he’s sure to cry.

LITTLE Betty Pringle she had a pig.
It was not very little and not very big;
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he’s dead, and that’s all over.



Johnny Pringle he sat down and cry’d,
Betty Pringle she laid down and dy’d;
So there was an end of one, two and three;
Johnny Pringle he, Betty Pringle she,
And Piggy Wiggle.



ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-belted 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!

A cow and a calf,

An ox and a half,

A church and a steeple,

And all the good people,

And yet he complained that his stomach wasn’t full.

BYE, O my baby!

When I was a lady,

O! then my poor baby didn’t cry;

But my baby is weeping,

For want of good keeping;

O! I fear my poor baby will die.





A FOX jumped up one winter's night,

And begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!

Den O! den O!

For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!

The first place he came to was a
farmer's yard,

Where the ducks and the geese de-
clared it hard

That their nerves should be shaken
and their rest so marr'd

By a visit from Mr Fox O!

Fox O! Fox O!

That their nerves should be shaken
and their rest so marr'd

By a visit from Mr Fox O!

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung him right across his back;

The grey goose cried out, "Quack,
quack, quack,"

With his legs hanging dangling
down O!

Down O! down O!

The grey goose cried out, "Quack,
quack, quack,"

With his legs hanging dangling
down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped
out of bed,

And out of the window she popped
her head:

"Oh! John, John, John, the grey
goose is gone,

And the Fox is off to his den O!
Den O! den O!

Oh! John, John, John, the grey goose
is gone,

And the Fox is off to his den O!"

John ran up to the top of the hill,
And blew his whistle loud and shrill;

Said the Fox, "That is very pretty
music; still—

I'd rather be in my den O!

Den O! den O!"

Said the Fox, "That's very pretty
music; still—

I'd rather be in my den O!"

The Fox went back to his hungry den,
And his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten;

Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go
there again,

If you bring such good cheer from the
farm O!

Farm O! farm O!"

Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go
there again,

If you bring such good cheer from the
farm O!"

The Fox and his wife, without any
strife,

Said they never ate a better goose in
all their life:

They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones picked the

bones O!

Bones O! bones O!

They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones picked the

bones O!

Tom Thumb's Alphabet



A was an archer, who shot at a frog;
B was a butcher, he had a great dog;



O was an oyster girl, and went about town;
P was a parson, and wore a black gown;



C was a captain, all covered with lace;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face;
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough;



Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip;
R was a robber, and wanted a whip;



G was a gamester, who had but ill luck;
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck;



S was a sailor, and spent all he got;
T was a tinker, and mended a pot;



I an innkeeper, who loved to carouse;
J was a joiner, and built up a house;



U was an usurer, a miserable elf;
V was a vintner, who drank all himself;



K was King William, once governed this land;
L was a lady, who had a white hand;



W was a watchman, and guarded the door;
X was expensive, and so became poor;



M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold;



Y was a youth, that did not love school;
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog

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.

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 joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was laughing.

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

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
But when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the alehouse
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
The Dog 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 the 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 a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But 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."

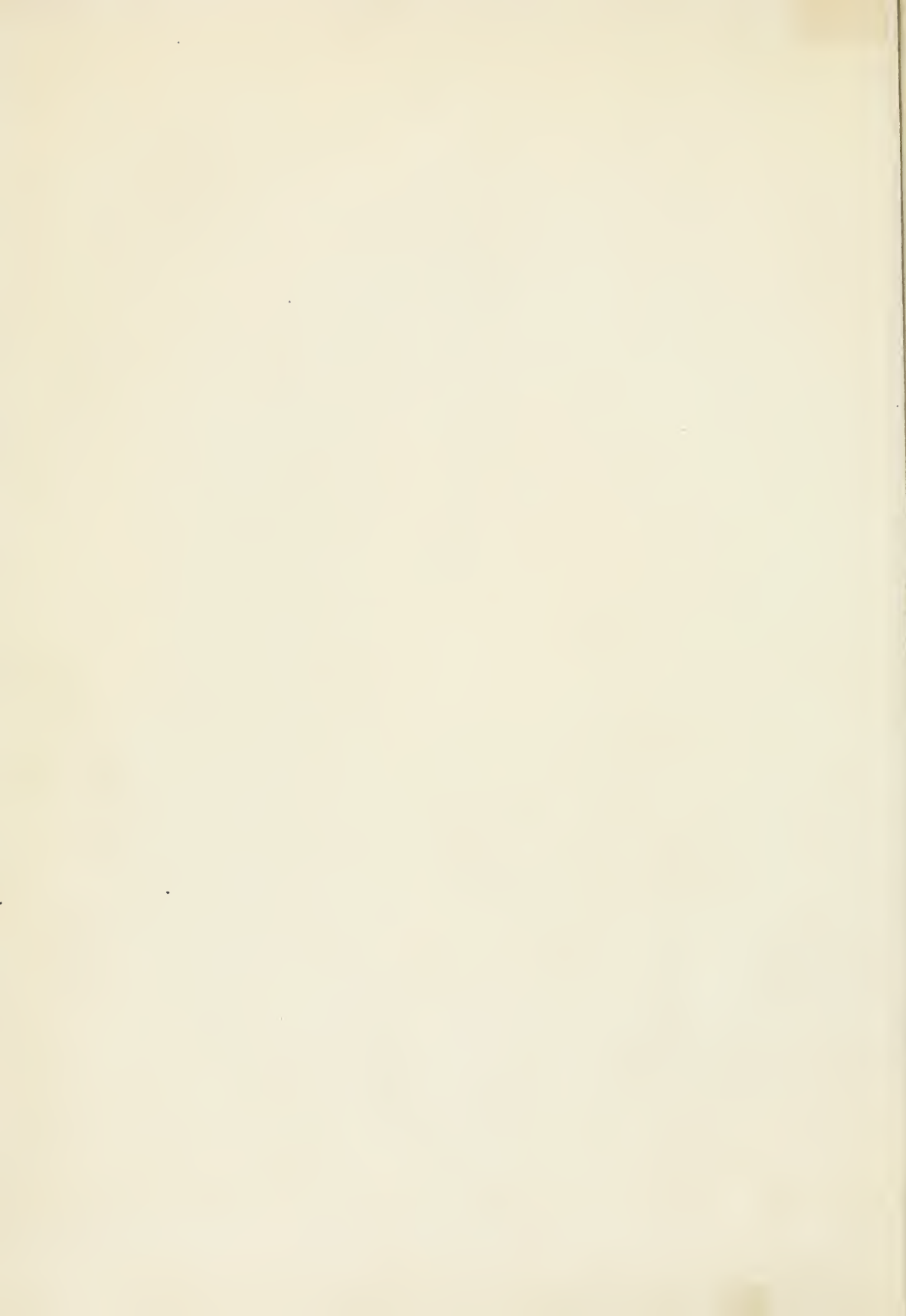
This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.



CHARLES
FOLKARD

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



MY father he died, but I can't tell
 you how ;
 He left me six horses to drive in my
 plough :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh !
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.

I sold my six horses, and I bought
 me a cow ;
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but did
 not know how :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh !
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.

I sold my cow, and bought me a calf ;
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but
 lost the best half :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh !
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.

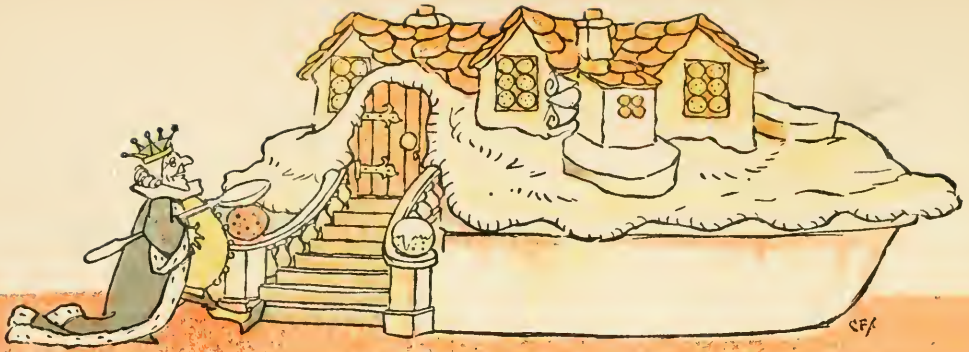
I sold my calf, and I bought me a
 cat ;
 A pretty thing she was, in my
 chimney corner sat :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh !
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a
 mouse ;
 Set fire to his tail, and he burnt
 down my house :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh !
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.

I sold my mouse, and I bought me
 a wife ;
 And she cut my throat with a rusty
 old knife :
 With a wim, wam, waddle oh ;
 Jack Straw, saddle oh !
 Blazey boys, bubble oh !
 Under the broom.



A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a
 green tree,
 And he chirruped, he chirruped, so
 merry was he.
 A naughty boy came with his wee
 bow and arrow,
 Says he, "I will shoot this little
 cock sparrow ;
 His body will make me a nice little
 stew,
 And his giblets will make me a little
 pie too."
 "Oh, no," said the sparrow, "I won't
 make a stew."
 So he clapped his wings and away he
 flew.



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.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.

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.

I HAD a little pony,
They called him Dapple-grey;
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.

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

How good you be,
One, two, three;
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

“LITTLE girl, little girl, where have
you been?”
“Gathering roses to give to the
Queen.”
“Little girl, little girl, what gave she
you?”
“She gave me a diamond as big as
my shoe.”

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

JOHN Cook had a little grey
mare;

He, haw, hum!

Her back stood up, and her bones
they were bare;

He, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuters
Bank;

He, haw, hum!

And there his nag did kick and
prank;

He, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuters
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!

PIPING hot, smoking hot,
What I've got, you have not.
Hot, hot pease, hot, hot, hot,
Hot are my pease, hot.

THERE was a little boy and a little
girl

Lived in our 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."

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.

He carried it home,

To his old wife Joan,

And bid her a fire for to make,
make, make;

To roast the little duck,

He'd shot in the brook,

And he'd go and fetch her the drake,
drake, drake.



The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail,

The little man made it his mark,
mark, mark;

But he let off his gun,

And he fired too soon,

And the drake flew away with a
quack, quack quack.

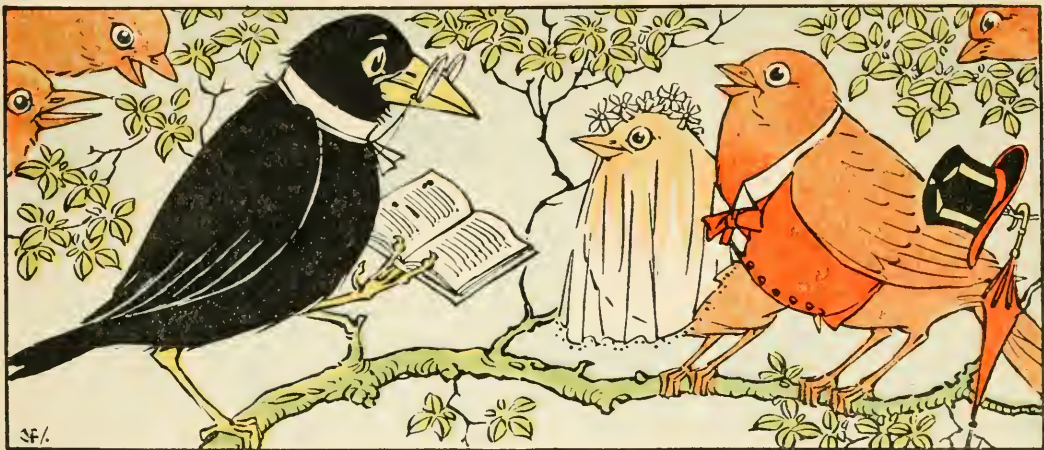
LITTLE Jack Dandy Prat was my
first suitor,

He had a dish, and a spoon, and he'd
some pewter,

He'd linen and woollen, and woollen
and linen,

A little pig in a string cost him five
shilling.

The 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 doffed 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 blushed 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
At the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

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

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

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

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

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.”

Who saw him die?

“I,” said the Fly,
“With my little eye,
I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood?

“I,” said the Fish,
“With my little dish,
I caught his blood.”

Who'll make his shroud?

“I,” said the Beetle,
“With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.”

Who'll dig his grave?

“I,” said the Owl,
“With my spade and shou'l,
I'll dig his grave.”

Who'll be the Parson?

“I,” said the Rook,
“With my little book,
I'll be the Parson.”

Who'll be the Clerk?

“I,” said the Lark,
“If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the 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.”

Who'll carry the link?

“I,” said the Linnet,
“I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link.”

Who'll be chief mourner?

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

Who'll bear the pall?

“We,” says the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
“We'll bear the pall.”

“Who'll sing a psalm?

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

Who'll toll the bell?

“I,” said the Bull,
“Because I can pull,
So, Cock Robin, farewell.”

All the birds of the air

Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell tolling
For poor Cock Robin.

THERE was an old man, and he
 lived in a wood,
 And his lazy son Jack would snooze
 till noon,
 Nor followed his trade although it was
 good,
 With a ball and a stump for making of
 brooms, green brooms,
 With a ball and a stump for making
 of brooms.

One morn in a passion and sore with
 vexation,
 He swore he would fire the room,
 If he did not get up and go to his
 work,
 And fall to the cutting of brooms,
 green brooms,
 And fall to the cutting of brooms.

Then Jack he arose and slipt on his
 clothes,
 And away to the woods very soon,
 Where he made up his pack and put
 it on his back,
 Crying, "Maids, do you want any
 brooms, green broom?"
 Maids, do you want any brooms?"

HIGH, diddle, ding!
 Did you hear the bells ring?
 The Parliament soldiers are gone to
 the King!
 Some they did laugh, some they did
 cry,
 To see the Parliament soldiers pass by.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon
 a rail,
 Niddle naddle went his head, wiggle
 waggle went his tail.
 Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a
 hurdle,
 With a pair of speckle legs and a
 green girdle.

"WHERE are you going to, my
 pretty maid?"
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.



"May I go with you, my pretty
 maid?"
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
 "Say, will you marry me, my pretty
 maid?"
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.
 "What is your father, my pretty
 maid?"
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty
 maid?"
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
 "Then I won't marry you, my pretty
 maid."
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
 "Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
 "Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

WHEN Jack's a very good boy,
 He shall have cakes and a custard;
 But when he does nothing but cry,
 He shall have nothing but mustard.

MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
 And what do you think it was all about?
 She loved coffee and I loved tea,
 And that was the reason we couldn't
 agree.

I HAD a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb;
 I put him in a pint pot,
 And there I bad 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 some garters,
 To garter up his hose,
 And a little handkerchief,
 To wipe his pretty nose.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
 Whisky, whaskey, weedle;
 And all the words he ever spoke
 Were fiddle, faddle, feedle.

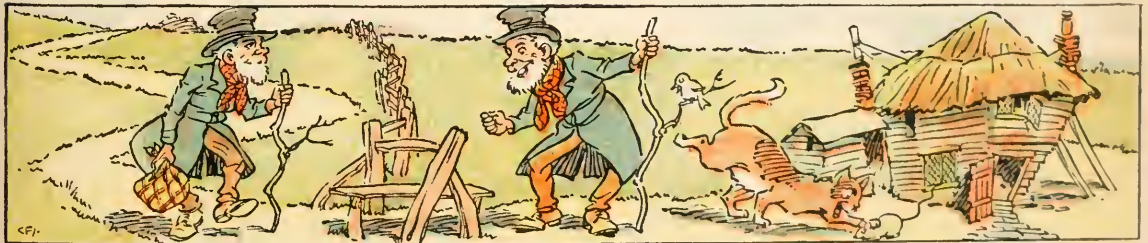
A sportsman chanced to come that
 way,
 Whisky, whaskey, weedle;
 Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,
 So fiddle, faddle, feedle!"

A MAN went a-hunting at Reigate,
 And wished to jump over a high gate;
 Says the owner, "Go round
 With your gun and your hound,
 For you never shall leap over my
 gate."



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

THERE was a jolly miller
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till
 night,
 No lark as 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."



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.

Simple Simon

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 catch a dickey-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

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 to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear ;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.



He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through ;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.



Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

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

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-hunting,
For to catch a hare ;
He rode an ass about the street,
But couldn't find one there.

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

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds ;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,

It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead
indeed.

THERE was an old woman lived
under a hill,
And if she's not gone — she lives
there still.

The Old Market Woman

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 went to sleep 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.

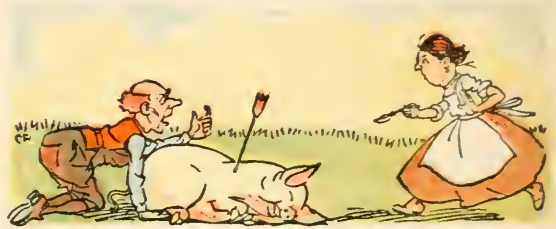
When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to
shake;
She began to wonder and she began
to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none
of I!

"But if it be I, as I do 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,
"Lawk a mercy on me, this is none
of I!"

The Tailor and the Crow

A CARRION crow sat upon an oak,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.
Wife, come bring me my old bent
bow,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.



The tailor he shot, but he missed his
mark,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
And he shot his old sow right
through the heart;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.
Come, wife, come bring me brandy
in a spoon,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
For our old sow's fallen in a swoon;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.
But the old sow died, and the bells
did toll,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
And the little pigs prayed for the old
sow's soul;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

“JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou 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.”

“Jacky, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown.”

“No; I’ll not sell my fiddle
For ne’er a wife in town.”

SING jig my jole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me,
For speaking of my dame.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
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 downstairs.

BELL horses, bell horses,
What time o’ day,
One o’clock, two o’clock,
Time to away.

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

Shoe the wild horse,
And shoe the grey mare,
But for the little foal,
Let her run bare.

“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.”

ONE’s none;
Two’s some;
Three’s a many;
Four’s a penny;
Five is a little hundred.

THE barber shaved the mason,
And, as I suppose,
Cut off his nose,
And popped it in a basin.

“OLD woman, old woman, shall
we go a-shearing?”

“Speak a little louder, sir, I’m
very thick of hearing.”

“Old woman, old woman, shall I
love you dearly?”

“Thank you, very kindly, sir, I
hear you very clearly.”

ONE, two,
 Buckle my shoe;
 Three, four,
 Shut the door;
 Five, six,
 Pick up sticks;
 Seven, eight,
 Lay them straight;
 Nine, ten,
 A good fat hen;
 Eleven, twelve,
 Who will delve?
 Thirteen, fourteen,
 Maids a-courting;
 Fifteen, sixteen,
 Maids a-kissing;
 Seventeen, eighteen,
 Maids a-waiting.
 Nineteen, twenty,
 My plate's empty.

IF all the world were paper,
 And all the seas were ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What could we have for drink?
 If all the world were sand-o,
 Oh, then, what should we lack-o?
 If, as they say, there were no day,
 How should we take tobacco?
 If all our vessels ran-a,
 And none but had a crack,
 If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,
 How should we do for sack?

HERE'S A, B, and C,
 D, E, F, and G,
 H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
 R, S, T, and U,
 V, W, X, Y, and Z,
 And here's the child's Dad,
 Who is sagacious and discerning,
 And knows this is the fount of
 learning.

LITTLE Brown Betty lived at the
 Golden Can,
 Where she brewed good ale for gentle-
 men:
 And gentlemen came every day,
 Till little Brown Betty she hopped
 away:
 She hopped upstairs to make her bed,
 And she tumbled down and broke
 her head.



OLD Dr Foster
 Went to Glo'ster
 In a shower of rain;
 He stepped in a puddle,
 Up to the middle,
 And never went there again.

DINGLE, dingle, doosey,
 The cat's in the well,
 The dog's away to Bellinger,
 To buy the bairn a bell.

BARNABY 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 condemned by the parson to be
 hanged by the clerk.



TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
 Stole a pig and away did run!
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
 Till he ran crying down the street.

BOYS and girls, come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as
 day,

Leave your supper and leave your
 sleep,
 Come with your play-fellows into the
 street.

Come with a whoop, come with a
 call,

Come with a goodwill or not at all,
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A penny loaf will serve us all.

But when the loaf is gone, what will
 you do?

Those who would eat must work,
 that's true.

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.

"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."

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by
 the pudding-bag,

She would go to Stoken Church
 Fair:

And then old Father Peter said he
 would meet her,

Before she got half-way there.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
 Serve Queen Bess, our noble queen.

Kitty the spinner,

Will sit down to dinner,

And eat the leg of a frog.

All good people,

Look over the steeple,

And see the cat play with the dog.

A DILLER, a dollar,

A ten o'clock scholar;

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

And now you come at noon.

DOCTOR 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!

“WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?

I will go with you, if I may.”

“I’m going to the meadow, to see them a-mowing,

I’m going to help them make the hay.”

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!

But if you have none of these little elves,

Then you may eat them all yourselves.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,

The mistress snored loud as a pig;

Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny’s desire,

And struck up a bit of a jig

WARM hands, warm, the men are gone to plough;

If you want to warm your hands, warm your hands now.

A **NICK** and a nock,

A hen and a cock,

And a penny for my master.

THE King of France went up the hill

With twenty thousand men;

The King of France came down the hill,

And ne’er went up again.

I **HAD** a little dog, and they called him Buff;

I sent him to the shop for a ha’p’orth of snuff;

But he lost the bag and spilled the snuff,

So take that cuff, and that’s enough.



OH, all you little blackey tops,
Pray, don’t you eat my father’s crops,
While I lie down to take a nap.

Shua-O!

Shua-O!

If father he perchance should come,
With his cocked hat, and his long gun,
Then you must fly, and I must run.

Shua-O!

Shua-O!

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’ll be an end of you.

I **HAD** a little moppet,

I put it in my pocket,

And fed it with straw and hay;

There came a proud beggar,

And swore he would have her,

And stole little moppet away.

I **SEE** the moon and the moon sees me;

God bless the moon and God bless me.

The Jolly Tester

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,

I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,

And I took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,

I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,

And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,

I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,

And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,

What will nothing buy for my wife?

I have nothing, I spend nothing;
I love nothing better than my wife.

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.

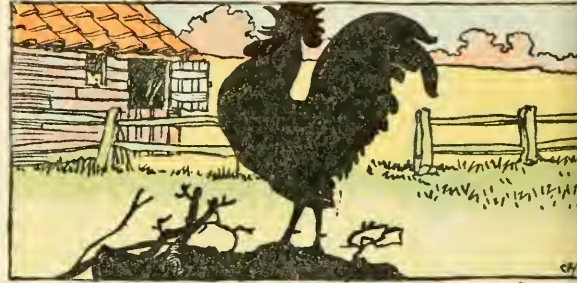
SNAIL, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

Snail, Snail, put out your horns,
And I'll give you bread and barley corns.

Sneel, Snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall;

Sneel, Snaul,
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,

Coming at four o'clock in the morn.



THE cock's on the wood pile a-blowing his horn,

The bull's in the barn a-threshing of corn,

The maids in the meadows are making of hay,

The ducks in the river are swimming away.

SAYS t'auld man to t'oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kened thee,

I was young and lusty, I was fair and dear,

Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;

But sair failed am I, sair failed now,
Sair failed am I sin I kened thou.



Tom, the Piper's Son

TOM, he was a piper's son,
 He learnt to play when he was young,
 But all the tune that he could play
 Was "Over the hills and far away."

Over the hills, and a great way off,
 And the wind will blow my top-knot
 off.

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;
 As soon as he played they began for
 to dance,
 Even pigs on their hind legs would
 after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one
 day,
 Tom took his pipe and began for to
 play;
 So Doll and the cow danced "The
 Cheshire Round,"
 Till the pail was broken 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 her eggs were
 all broke,
 She began for to fret, but he laughed
 at the joke.

Tom saw a cross fellow was beating
 an ass,
 Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes
 and glass;
 He took out his pipe and he played
 them a tune,
 And the poor donkey's load was
 lightened full soon.

The Ten Little Niggers

TEN little Nigger Boys went out to dine;

One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.

Nine little Nigger Boys sat up very late;

One overslept himself, and then there were Eight.

Eight little Nigger Boys travelling in Devon;

One said he'd stay there, and then there were Seven.

Seven little Nigger Boys chopping up sticks;

One chopped himself in halves, and then there were Six.

Six little Nigger Boys playing with a hive;

A Bumble Bee stung one, and then there were Five.

Five little Nigger Boys going in for law;

One got in Chancery, and then there were Four.

Four little Nigger Boys going out to sea;

A Red Herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.

Three little Nigger Boys walking in the "Zoo";

The big Bear hugged one, and then there were Two.

Two little Nigger Boys sitting in the sun;

One got frizzled up, and then there was One.

One little Nigger Boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there was
None.

THERE was a man, and he was mad,
And he jumped into a pea-pod;
The pea-pod was over full,
So he jumped into a roaring bull;
The roaring bull was over fat,
So he jumped into a gentleman's hat;
The gentleman's hat was over fine,
So he jumped into a bottle of wine;
The bottle of wine was over dear,
So he jumped into a bottle of beer;
The bottle of beer was over thick,
So he jumped into a club stick;
The club stick was over narrow,
So he jumped into a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow began to crack,
So he jumped on to a haystack;
The haystack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and
sneeze.

ROSES are red, diddle, diddle,
Lavender's blue;
If you will have me, diddle, diddle,
I will have you.

Lilies are white, diddle, diddle,
Rosemary's green;
If you are king, diddle, diddle,
I will be queen.

Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to cut corn;
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,
Keep ourselves warm.



CHARLES
FOLKARD.

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS.

Illustration by Charles Folkard



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.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were two bonnie lasses:
 They built a house upon the lea,
 And covered it with rushes.

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

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

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."

QUEEN Anne, Queen Anne, she sits
 in the sun,
 As fair as a lily, as white as a swan,
 King John has sent you letters three,
 And begs you'll read them unto me,
 You must read one, if you can't read all,
 So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the
 ball.

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, some
 gave them brown;
 Some gave them plum cake, and sent
 them out of town.

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.

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.



PUSSY sits beside the fire,
 How did she come there?
 In walks a little dog,
 Says—"Pussy, are you there?"
 "How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
 Mistress Pussy, how do you do?"
 "I thank you kindly, little dog,
 I fare as well as you."

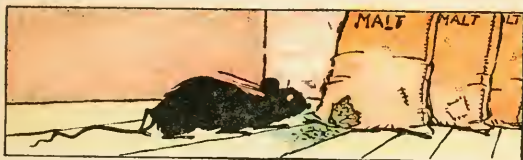
SEE, see. What shall I see?
 A horse's head where his tail should be.



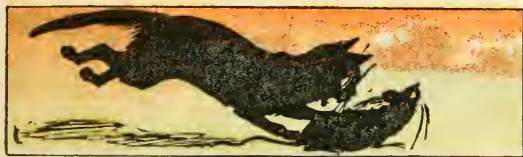
THIS is the HOUSE that Jack built.



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,
That 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.



This is the FARMER who sowed the corn,

That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That 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.

THERE was a monkey climbed 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 ate two, she had eaten a couple.

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

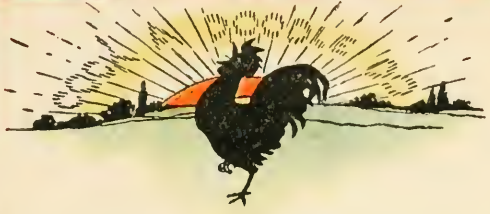
There was a butcher cut his thumb;
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey 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 handle.

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



THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

For early to bed
And early to rise,
Makes a man healthy
And wealthy and wise.

RAINBOW in the morning,
Skipper's warning;
Rainbow at night,
Skipper's delight.

NO weather is ill
If the wind be still.

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

WHEN clouds appear like rocks and
towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent
showers.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man,
Clothed all in leather.

Clothed all in leather,
With a strap below his chin,—
How do you do? and how do
you do?
And how do you do again?

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.

A RED sky at night
Is the shepherd's delight;
A red sky in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.

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:
That is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

MY Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house, to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered;
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were
smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,—
The same will come, you'll find,—
Take my advice, restrain your
tongue,
Remember what old nurse has
sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

THE south wind
brings wet weather,
The north wind
wet and cold together,
The west wind
always brings us rain,
The east wind
blows it back again.

THE evening red and
the morning grey
Are the tokens
for a bonny day.

PIT, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the Cherry tree?

JACK be nimble,
And Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over
The candlestick.

RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
Fair weather come again.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Willie wants to play.

When I brew and when
I bake
I'll give you a figgy cake.



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

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

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 bring us some hot in the morn.

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

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Pray, who do you woo,
My a dildin, my a daldin?
Pray, who do you woo,
Lily bright and shine a'?

For your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine a'.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come
up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green
gown.

JACK Sprat
Had a cat.
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

IF you are a gentleman,
As I suppose you be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile
For a tickling of the knee.

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



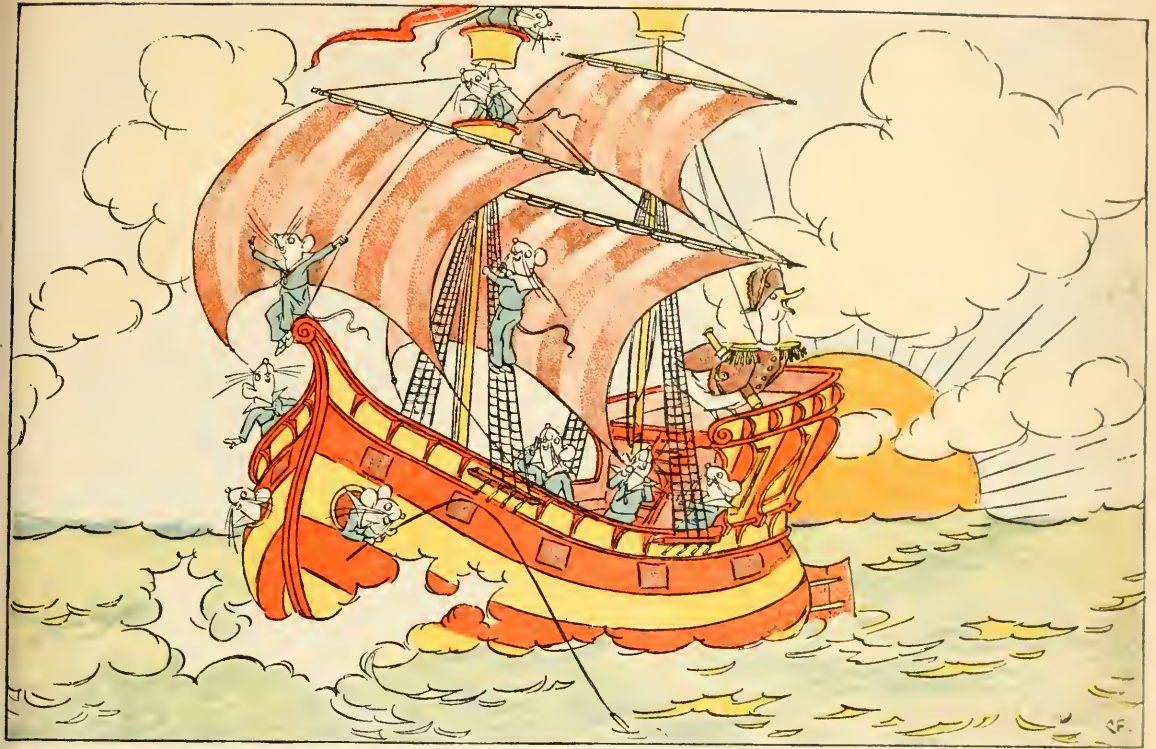
PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.

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

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.

THERE was an old Crow
Sat upon a clod;
There's an end of my song,
That's very odd.

A Ship A-Sailing

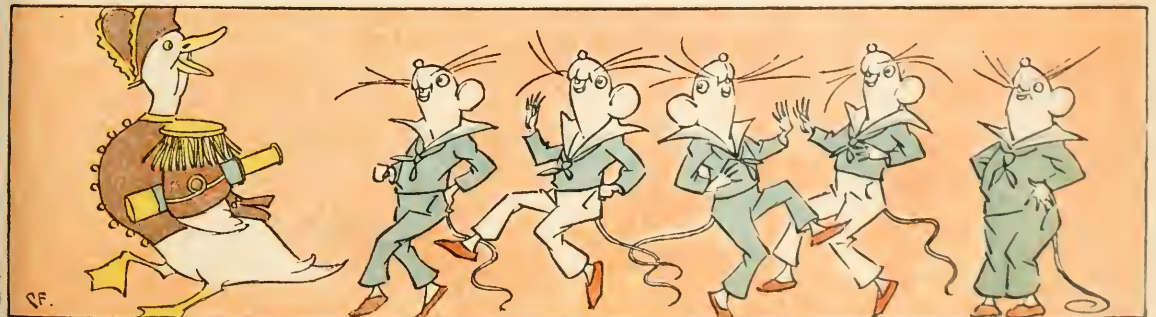


I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee.



There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of satin,
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, a duck,
With a jacket on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"





Old King Cole



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 and his fiddlers three!



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 harpers three.
Every harper he had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.
 Twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
 Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his harpers three!



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 pipers three.
Every piper he had a fine pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he.
 Then tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
 Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
 Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his pipers three!

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 drummers three.
Every drummer he had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he.
 Then rub-a-dub, a-dub, rub-a-dub went the drummers,
 Tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
 Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
 Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his drummers three!



CHARLES FOLKARD.

OLD KING COLE.

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

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

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

A FARMER went trotting upon his
grey 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!

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 hid it;

I joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped at it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;

S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z and
Amper's and,
They all wished for
A piece in hand.



THE old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean and fit to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

Poor Colly

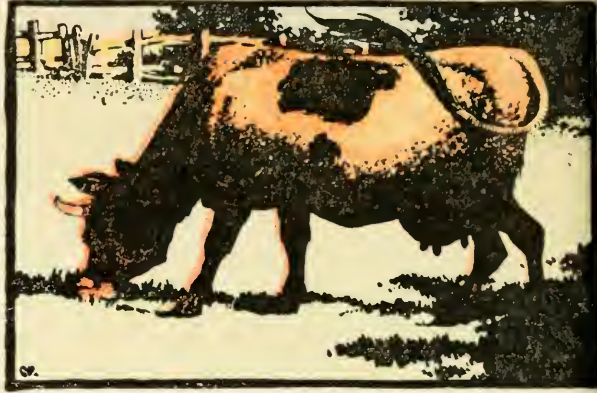
LITTLE Tom Dogget
What dost thou mean,
To kill my poor Colly
Now she's so lean?
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

I'd better have kept her
Till fatter she'd been,
For now, I confess,
She's a little too lean.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

First, in comes the tanner
With sword by his side,
And bids me five shillings
For my poor cow's hide.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the tallow chandler,
Whose brains were but shallow,
And bids me two and sixpence
For my cow's tallow.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the huntsman,
So early in the morn;
He bids me a penny
For my cow's horn.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,



For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the tripe woman,
So fine and so neat;
She bids me three halfpence
For my cow's feet.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the butcher,
That nimble-tongued youth,
Who said she was carrion,
But he spoke not the truth.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

The skin of my Colly
Was softer than silk;
And three times a day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

She, every year,
 A fine calf did me bring,
 Which fetched me a pound,
 For it came in the spring.
 Sing oh! poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

But now I have killed her,
 I can't her recall;
 I will sell my poor Colly,
 Hide, horn and all.
 Sing oh! poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

The butcher shall have her,
 Though he gives but a pound;
 And he knows in his heart
 That my Colly was sound.

Sing oh! poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

And when he has bought her,
 Let him sell altogether,
 The flesh for to eat,
 And the hide for leather.

Sing oh! poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

There's an end to my Colly,
 Now she's dead and gone;
 For the loss of my Colly,
 I sob and I mourn.
 Sing oh! poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

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 all the day.



TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
 Richard went to buy a mop;
 Tommy gave him such a knock,
 That sent him out of his chandler's
 shop.



MARGERY Mutton-pie and Johnny
 Bo-peep,
 They met together in Gracechurch
 Street;
 In and out, in and out, over the way,
 "Oh!" says Johnny, "'tis Chop-nose
 Day."

AT the siege of Belleisle,
 I was there all the while,
 All the while, all the while,
 At the siege of Belleisle.

PETER White
 Will ne'er go right,
 Would you know the reason why?
 He follows his nose
 Wherever he goes,
 And that stands all awry.

Tom Thumb



IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight,

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?

His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milked the cow,
Yet how that they might have a son,
They knew not what to do:

Until such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows.

How in his heart he wished to have
A child, in time to come
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have;
And so this son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such
That men should hear him speak, but
not
His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to go or come,—
Whereas it pleased him still;
Begot and born in half an hour,
To fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall
As was the ploughman's thumb in
height,
And so they did him call—

TOM THUMB, the which the Fairy
Queen

There gave him to his name,
Who, with her train of goblins grim,
Unto his christening came.

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years
In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
His shirt a spider's web,
Both light and soft for those his limbs
That were so smally bred;

His hose and doublet thistle-down,
Together weaved full fine;
His stockings of an apple green,
Made of the outward rind;

His garters were two little hairs
Pulled from his mother's eye;
His boots and shoes, a mouse's skin,
Were tanned most curiously.

Thus like a lusty gallant, he
Adventured forth to go,
With other children in the streets,
His pretty tricks to show;

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry-stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
For then most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry-bags,
And their partaker be,



TOM THUMB.



Unseen or felt by any one,
Until a scholar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be revenged, he took,
In mirth and pleasant game,
Black pots and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sunbeam.

The other boys to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite;
For which they were most soundly
whipt,
Whereat he laughed outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was,
From these his sports and play;
And by his mother after that,
Compelled at home to stay.

Until such time his mother went
A-milking of her kine;
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
She linkéd with a twine,—

A thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him hence,—that so she
might
Her son in safety find.

But mark the 'hap! a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat;
Poor Tom withal, that, as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who, being missed, his mother went
Him calling everywhere:
“Where art thou, Tom? Where
art thou, Tom?”
Quoth he, “Here, mother, here!



“Within the red cow's stomach here,
Your son is swallowed up:”
The which into her fearful heart,
Most direful dolours put.

Meanwhile the cow was troubled
much,
And soon released Tom Thumb;
No rest she had till out her mouth,
In bad plight he did come.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plough,
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of a barley-straw,
To drive the cattle on;
Where, in a furrowed land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak,
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a Giant's castle top,
In which he let him fall;
Where soon the Giant swallowed up
His body, clothes and all.

But soon the Giant spat him out,
Three miles into the sea;
Whereat a fish took him up,
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught,
And to King Arthur sent:
Where Tom was found, and made
his dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent

Long time in lively jollity,
Beloved of all the court:
And none like Tom was then
esteemed,
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His Highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his Queen's left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The King his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore,
Long time a girdle brave.

How, after this, the King would not
Abroad for pleasure go,
But still Tom Thumb must ride with
him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Whereon a time when, as it rained,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button-hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.

And being near His Highness's heart,
He craved a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the King
Commanded to be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old;
Which was, so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.



And so away goes lusty Tom,
With threepence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house wherein
His parents did remain;
Which was but half a mile in space
From good King Arthur's court,
The which, in eight and forty hours,
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had.
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.



His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And, by the fireside, within
A walnut shell him placed;
And then they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel nut,
Whereon he rioted so long,
He them to charges put;
And thereupon grew wondrous sick,
Through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

But now his business called him forth,
King Arthur's court to see,
Because, no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay:

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast blew this, his son,
Into King Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments,
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show;

As good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy:
Yet none compared with brave Tom
Thumb
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his lady's sake,
A challenge in King Arthur's court
Tom Thumb did bravely make:

'Gainst whom these noble knights did
run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumb, with matchless
might,
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot du Lake,
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin,

Which made the courtiers all aghast;
For there that valiant man,
Through Lancelot's steed, before them
all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with spear and
shield,
As hardly he was seen,
But only by King Arthur's self
And his admired queen;

Who from her finger took a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made
way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
From his fair lady's head,
Not hurting her, whose even hand
Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts;
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toiled himself,
That he a sickness took,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsook.

When lying on his bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor took
A fine perspective glass, with which
He did in secret look—

Into his sickened body down,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted frame
To cease his vital breath.

His arms and legs consumed as small
As was a spider's web,
Through which his dying hour grew on,
For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen;
The loss of which renowned knight
Much grieved the King and Queen.

And so with peace and quietness
He left this earth below,
And up into the Fairy-land
His ghost did fading go:

Whereon the Fairy Queen received,
With heavy mourning cheer,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteemed so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in
green,
She fetched him from his bed,
With music and sweet melody,
So soon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his
knights
Full forty days did mourn;
And, in remembrance of his name,
That was so strangely born—

He built a tomb of marble grey,
And year by year did come
To celebrate ye mournful death
And burial of Tom Thumb:

Whose fame still lives in England
here,
Amongst the country sort;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.



HICKETY Pickety, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen;
 Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
 Hickety Pickety, my fat hen.

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

NIEVIE, nievie, nicknack,
 Which hand will ye tak' ?
 Tak' the right, or tak' the wrang,
 I'll beguile ye, if I can.



LITTLE Miss Muffet,
 She sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey;

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.



BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
 Say, when will your wedding be?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.

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

He sucks little birds' eggs,
 To make his voice clear;
 And when he says "Cuckoo!"
 The summer is near.

There came a big spider,
 And sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son
 John,
 He went to bed with his stockings on,
 One shoe off, and one shoe on,
 Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son
 John.

OH, mother, I shall be married to
 Mr Punchinello,
 To Mr Punch,
 To Mr Joe,
 To Mr Nell,
 To Mr Lo,
 Mr Punch, Mr Joe,
 Mr Nell, Mr Lo,
 To Mr Punchinello.



THE robin and the redbreast,
 The robin and the wren—
 If you take out of their nest,
 You'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
 The martin and the swallow—
 If you touch one of their eggs,
 Bad luck will sure to follow.

I HAVE a little sister, they call her
 Peep, Peep;
 She wades the waters deep, deep,
 deep;
 She climbs the mountains high, high,
 high;
 Poor little creature, she has but one
 eye!
 (A Star)

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
 Were walking out on Sunday;
 Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks:
 "Wilt marry me on Monday?"
 To-morrow will be Monday.

GEORGIE Porgie, pudding and pie,
 Kissed the girls and made them cry;
 When the girls came out to play,
 Georgie Porgie ran away.

BIRCH and green holly, boys,
 Birch and green holly;
 If you get beaten, boys,
 'Twill be your own folly.



PUSSY-CAT ate the dumplings, the
 dumplings;
 Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.
 Mamma stood by
 And cried, "Oh, fie!
 Why did you eat the dumplings?"

POLLY, put the kettle on,
 Polly, put the kettle on,
 Polly, put the kettle on,
 And let's drink tea.

TIP, top, tower,
 Tumble down in an hour.

Sukey, take it off again,
 Sukey, take it off again,
 Sukey, take it off again,
 They're all gone away.

I HAD a cock, and a cock loved me,
And I fed my cock under a hollow tree.
My cock cried—Cock, cock, coo.

I had a hen, and a hen loved me,
And I fed my hen under a hollow tree.
My hen went—Chickle-chackle,
chickle-chackle.

I had a goose, and a goose loved me,
And I fed my goose under a hollow tree.
My goose went—Qua'k, qua'k.

I had a duck, and a duck loved me,
And I fed my duck under a hollow tree.
My duck went—Quack, quack,
quack.

I had a drake, and a drake loved me,
And I fed my drake under a hollow tree.
My drake went—Ca-qua, ca-qua,
ca-qua.

I had a cat, and a cat loved me,
And I fed my cat under a hollow tree.
My cat went—Miaow, miaow,
miaow.

I had a dog, and a dog loved me,
And I fed my dog under a hollow tree.
My dog went—Bow, wow, wow.

I had a cow, and a cow loved me,
And I fed my cow under a hollow tree.
My cow went—Moo, moo moo.

I had a sheep, and a sheep loved me,
And I fed my sheep under a hollow tree.
My sheep went—Baa, baa, baa.

I had a donkey, and a donkey loved me,
And I fed my donkey under a hollow tree.
My donkey went—Hee-haw, hee-haw.

I had a horse, and a horse loved me,
And I fed my horse under a hollow tree.
My horse went—Whin-neigh-h-h-h-h.

I had a pig, and a pig loved me,
And I fed my pig under a hollow tree.
And my pig went—Hoogh, hoogh,
hoogh;
My horse went—whin-neigh-h-h-h-h-h;
My donkey went—Hee-haw, hee-haw;

My sheep went—Baa, baa, baa;
My cow went—Moo, moo, moo;
My dog went—Bow, wow, wow;
My cat went—Miaow, miaow,
miaow;
My drake went—Ca-qua, ca-qua,
ca-qua;
My duck went—Quack, quack,
quack;
My goose went—Qua'k, qua'k,
qua'k;
My hen went—Chickle-chackle
chickle-chackle;
My cock cried—Cock, cock, coo;
Everybody loves their cock, and I
love my cock too!

And so the pig grunted,
The horse neighed,
The donkey brayed,
The sheep bleated,
The cow lowed,
The dog barked,
The cat miaowed,
The drake quacked,
The duck cackled,

The goose gobbled,
 The hen chuckled,
 The cock crowed,
 And my cock cried—Cock, cock, coo;
 Everybody loves their cock, and I
 Love my cock too!

WILLY, Willy Wilkin,
 Kissed the maids a-milking,
 Fa, la, la!
 And with his merry daffing,
 He set them all a-laughing,
 Ha, ha, ha!



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,
 That was against the rule;
 It made the children laugh and
 play,
 To see a lamb at school.

LITTLE Betty Blue
 Lost her holiday shoe,
 What can little Betty do?
 Give her another,
 To match the other,
 And then she may walk in two.

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

“Why does the lamb love Mary so?”
 The eager children cry;
 “Why, Mary loves the lamb, you
 know!”
 The teacher did reply.

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.



WHEN good King Arthur ruled the
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.



DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Thumbkin, he can dance alone.

Dance, Foreman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
For Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Longman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
For Longman, he can dance alone,
Longman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Ringman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
For Ringman, he can dance alone,
Ringman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Littleman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one ;
For Littleman, he can't dance alone,
Littleman, he can't dance alone.

APPLE pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begin with A.

COME, dance a jig,
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy ;
Come, dance a jig,
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

ARTHUR O'Bower has broken his
band,
He comes roaring up the land ;
The King of Scots, with all his
power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower !

(The Wind)

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on !
All the four corners round about,
When I get in, when I get out.

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head ;
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

FIDDLE de dee, fiddle de dee,
 The fly has married the humble bee;
 Says the fly, says she, "Will you
 marry me,
 And live with me, sweet humble bee?"

Says the bee, says she,
 "I'll live under your
 wing,
 And you'll never know
 That I carry a sting."

So when the parson
 Had joined the pair,
 They both went out
 To take the air.

And the flies did buzz,
 And the bells did ring—
 Did ever you hear
 So merry a thing?

And then to think
 That of all the flies,
 The humble bee
 Should carry the prize.



I CAN make diet bread,
 Thick and thin;
 I can make diet bread,
 Fit for the King.

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

IN fir tar is,
 In oak none is;
 In mud eel is,
 In clay none is;
 Goat eat ivy;
 Mare eat oats.



DOODLE, doodle, doo,
 The princess lost her shoe;
 Her highness hopped,
 The fiddler stopped,
 Not knowing what to do.

FRIDAY night's dream
 On the Saturday told,
 Is sure to come true,
 Be it ever so old.



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."

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy
 dan!
 I'll have a piper to be my good man;
 And if I get less meat, I shall get
 game,
 Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan!

Tommy O'Linn

TOMMY O'Linn is a Scotsman
born,
His head is bald, and his beard is
shorn:
He has a cap made of a hare's skin,—
An alderman is Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no boots to put
on,
But two calves' skins with the hair
all gone:
They are split at the side, and the
water goes in,—
“It's damp to the feet,” says Tommy
O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no breeches to
wear,
So he bought him a sheep's skin, and
made him a pair:
With the skinny side out, and the
woolly side in,—
“Ah, ha! this is warm,” said Tommy
O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no bridle to put
on,
But two mice's tails that he hung
on:
The bridle broke, and the horse ran
away,—
“I'm not so well bridled,” says
Tommy, “to-day.”



Tommy O'Linn has no saddle to put
on,
But two sea-urchins' skins, and them
he put on:
The urchins' prickles were sharp as a
pin,—
“I've got a sore seat,” says Tommy
O'Linn.

Tom O'Linn's daughter sat on the
stair,
“Oh, dear father, gin I be not fair?”
The stairs they broke, and she fell
in,—
“You're fair enough now,” says
Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no watch to put
on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make
himself one:
He caught a cricket, and put it
within,—
“It's my own ticker,” says Tommy
O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn, his wife and wife's
mother,
They all fell into the fire together:
“Oh,” says the topmost, “I've got a
hot skin”—
“It's hotter below,” says Tommy
O'Linn.

HE that lies at the stock,
Shall have a gold rock;
He that lies at the wall,
Shall have a gold ball;
He that lies in the middle,
Shall have a gold fiddle.

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.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum tree.
I'll lay you a crown,
I'll fetch her down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

The Babes in the Wood

MY dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.

Poor babes in the wood! poor babes
in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes
in the wood?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

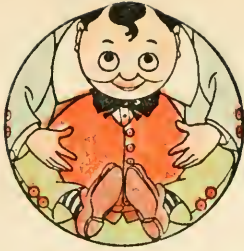
Poor babes in the wood! poor babes
in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes
in the wood?

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
The branches among,
They mournfully whistled,
And this was their song:
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes
in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes
in the wood?"



SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string.
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

MY father was a Frenchman,
He bought for me a fiddle;
He cut me here, he cut me there,
He cut me right in the middle.



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



A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her
arm;
She could sing nothing but "Fiddle
cum fee,
The mouse has married the bumble
bee."
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse;
We'll have a wedding at our good
house.



UP street and down street,
Each window's made of glass;
If you go to Tommy Tucker's house,
You'll find a pretty lass.

MY grandmother sent me a new-
fashioned three-cornered cambric
country-cut handkerchief.
Not an old-fashioned three-cornered
cambric country-cut handkerchief,
But a new-fashioned three-cornered
cambric country-cut handkerchief.



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.

ROMPTY-IDDITY, row, row, row!
If I had a good supper, I could eat
it now.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe! poor
old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old
Nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting-a-tang, and
a-ting-a-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

THERE was an old woman sat
spinning,
And that's the first beginning.
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

WHEN elm leaves are as big as a
farden,
You *may* plant your kidney beans in
the garden;
When elm leaves are as big as a
shilling,
It's time to plant kidney beans if
you're willing;
When elm leaves are as big as a
penny,
You *must* plant kidney beans—if you
mean to have any!

“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.”



THERE was an old woman who had
three sons—
Jerry and James and John:
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of all three
sons—
Jerry and James and John.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow;
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market places;
Turn, cheeses, turn.



OH dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple
tree;
ONE CAME DOWN,
The other stayed till Saturday.



FATHER Short came down the
lane:—
“Oh, I'm obliged to hammer and
smite,
From four in the morning till
eight at night,
For a bad master and a worse dame.”



AS I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper;
And all the tune that he could play
Was, “Tie up your petticoats
tighter.”

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the song that he could sing
Was, “Carry me safe to Dover.”



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 you ever see such a thing in
 your life?
 As three blind mice.

WHEN I was a little girl, about
 seven years old,
 I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me
 from the cold;
 So I went into Darlington, that pretty
 little town,
 And there I bought a petticoat, a
 cloak, and a gown.
 I went into the woods, and built me
 a kirk,
 And all the birds of the air, they
 helped me to work;
 The hawk, with his long claws, pulled
 down the stone,
 The dove, with her rough bill, brought
 me them home;
 The parrot was the clergyman, the
 peacock was the clerk,
 The bullfinch played the organ, and
 we made merry work.

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

TO market, to market, a gallop, a
 trot,
 To buy some meat to put in the pot;
 Threepence a quarter, a groat a side,
 If it hadn't been killed, it must have
 died.

THERE was a little green house,
 And in the little green house
 There was a little brown house,
 And in the little brown house
 There was a little yellow house,
 And in the little yellow house
 There was a little white house,
 And in the little white house
 There was a little heart.

(A Walnut)

AS soft as silk, as white as milk,
 As bitter as gall, a thick wall
 And a green coat covers me all.

(A Walnut)

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 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 is a leg for a stocking,
 And here is a leg for a shoe,
 And here is 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?



CHARLES
FOLKARD.

A DOG and a cock,
 A journey once took,
 They travelled along till 'twas late;
 The dog he made free
 In the hollow of a tree,
 And the cock on the bough of it sate.

The cock nothing knowing,
 In the morn fell a-crowing,
 Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
 Says he, "I declare,
 Your voice is above
 All the creatures I ever did see.

"Oh! would you come down,
 I the fav'rite might own."
 Said the cock, "There's a porter below;
 If you will go in,
 I promise I'll come down."
 So he went—and was worried for it
 too.

CLAP hands, clap hands,
 Hie, Tommy Randy!
 Did you see my good man?
 They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs,
 Silver buckles glancin',
 A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
 And oh! but he is handsome.

IT'S once I courted as pretty a lass,
 As ever your eyes did see;
 But now she's come to such a pass,
 She never will do for me.
 She invited me to her own house,
 Where oft I'd been before;
 And she tumbled me into the hog-
 tub,
 And I'll never go there any more.

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.

JENNIE, come tie my,
 Jennie, come tie my,
 Jennie, come tie my bonnie cravat;
 I've tied it behind,
 I've tied it before,
 And I've tied it so often I'll tie it
 no more.



WHAT are little boys made of?
 Frogs and snails,
 And puppy-dogs' tails;
 And that's what little boys are made
 of.

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

What are young men made of?
 Sighs and leers,
 And crocodiles' tears;
 And that's what young men are
 made of.

What are young women made of?
 Ribbons and laces,
 And sweet pretty faces;
 And that's what young women are
 made of.

A KID A KID



A KID, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the dog, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the water, and quenched
the fire,
That burned the staff
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the Angel of Death, and
killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the Holy One, blessed be
He!
And killed the Angel of Death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

DID you see my love, did you see,
 did you see?
 Did you see my love looking for
 me?
 She wears a straw bonnet, with white
 ribbands on it,
 And a dimity petticoat down to
 the knee.

CUCKOO, cuckoo,
 What do you do?
 In April
 I open my bill;
 In May
 I sing night and day;
 In June
 I change my tune;
 In July
 Away I fly;
 In August
 Away I must.



I HAD a little dog, and his name
 was Blue Bell,
 I gave him some work, and he did it
 very well;
 I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin,
 He stepped in the coal-seuttle up to
 the chin;
 I sent him to the garden to pick
 some sage,
 He tumbled on his nose and fell into
 a rage;
 I sent him to the cellar to draw a
 pot of beer,
 He came up again and said there was
 none there.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did
 see,
 The owl is the fairest by far to me:
 For all the day long she sits in a
 tree,
 And when the night comes away
 flies she.

THIS is the key of the kingdom;
 In that kingdom there is a city;
 In that city there is a town;
 In that town there is a street;
 In that street there is a lane;
 In that lane there is a yard;
 In that yard there is a house;
 In that house there is a room;
 In that room there is a bed;
 On that bed there is a basket;
 In that basket there are some flowers.
 Flowers in the basket, basket in the
 bed, bed in the room, room in the
 house, house in the yard, yard in
 the lane, lane in the street, street
 in the town, town in the city, city
 in the kingdom.

A COW and a calf,
 An ox and a half,
 Forty good shillings and three;
 Is that not enough tocher
 For a shoemaker's daughter,
 A bonny lass with a black e'e?

HIGH, ding, eockatoo-moody.
 Make a bed in a barn, I will come
 to thee;
 High, ding, straps of leather,
 Two little puppy-dogs tied together;
 One by the head, and one by the tail,
 And over the water these puppy-dogs
 sail.



HIE, hie! says Anthony,
 Puss in the pantry,
 Gnawing, gnawing,
 A mutton, mutton-bone.
 See how she tumbles it,
 See how she mumbles it,
 See how she tosses
 The mutton, mutton-bone.

THERE was a king met a king
In a narrow lane.
Says this king to that king,
"Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a-hunting
With my dog and my doe."
"Pray, lend him to me,
That I may do so."

"There's the dog, *take* the dog."
"What's the dog's name?"
"I've told you already."
"Pray, tell me again."



HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

THERE was a King, and he had
three daughters,
And they all lived in a basin of
water;
The basin bended,
My story's ended:
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer.

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.

MOSS was a little man, and a little
mare did buy,
For kicking and for sprawling none
her could come nigh:
She could trot, she could amble, and
could canter here and there,
But one night she strayed away—so
Moss lost his mare.

Moss got up next morning to catch
her fast asleep,
And round about the frosty fields so
nimble he did creep:
Dead in a ditch he found her, and
glad to find her there,
So I'll tell you by and by how Moss
caught his mare.

"Rise! stupid, rise!" he thus to her
did say;
"Arise! you beast, you drowsy beast,
get up without delay,
For I must ride you to the town, so
don't lie sleeping there:"
He put the halter round her neck—
so Moss caught his mare.

AS I went over the water,
The water went over me,
I saw two little blackbirds
Sitting on a tree;
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief,
I took up my little black stick,
And knocked out all their teeth.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me,
I heard an old woman crying,
"Will you buy some firmity?"

GRAY goose and gander,
Waft your wings together,
And carry the good King's daughter
Over the one-strand river.

John Ball's Gun

JOHN Ball shot them all.

John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

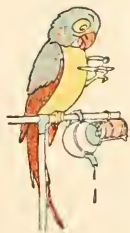
John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.



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

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner,
Who killed all the birds that died
last summer.

LITTLE Poll Parrot
Sat in his garret,
Eating toast and tea;
A little brown mouse
Jumped into the house,
And stole it all away.



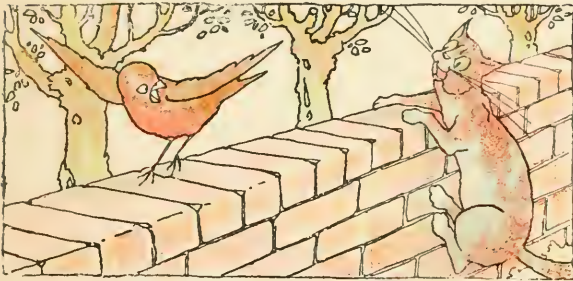
THERE is a bird of great renown,
Useful in city and in town;
None work like unto him can do;
He's yellow, black, and red, and green,
A very pretty bird I mean;
Yet he's both fierce and fell.
I count him wise that can this tell.

UP at Piccadilly, oh!
The coachman takes his stand;
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand:
Whip away for ever, oh!
Drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh!
He drives her four-in-hand.

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



LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon
a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away
Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch
me if you can."



Little Robin Redbreast jump'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
jump'd away.

CLAP hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home;
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home.

Clap hands! daddy comes
With his pocket full of plums,
And a cake for Johnny.

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
"If you don't talk, why, I must."

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.

YOU mustn't sing on Sunday,
Because it is a sin,
But you may sing on Monday,
Till Sunday comes again.

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 sweet-
heart to-morrow.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, ree,
A hawk sate up on a tree;
And he says to himself, says he,
"Oh! dear, what a fine bird I be!"

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river.

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

OH! the grand old Duke of York,
 He had ten thousand men;
 He marched them up to the top of
 a hill,
 And he marched them down again!
 And when they were up, they were
 up,
 And when they were down, they were
 down,
 And when they were only half way
 up,
 They were neither up nor down.

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.



“I HAVE been to market, my Lady,
 my Lady!”

“Then you’ve not been to the
 fair?” says Pussy, says Pussy;

“I bought me a rabbit, my Lady, my
 Lady!”

“Then you did not buy a hare,”
 says Pussy, says Pussy.

A SUNSHINY shower
 Won't last half an hour.

THE winds they did blow,
 The leaves they did wag;
 Along came a beggar boy,
 And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London,
 A lady did me buy;
 Put me in a silver cage,
 And hung me up on high.

With apples by the fire,
 And nuts for to crack;
 Besides a little feather bed
 To rest my little back.



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.

THE Dove says “Coo, coo, what
 shall I do?”

I can scarce maintain two.”

“Pooh, pooh!” says the Wren “I
 have got ten,

And keep them all like gentlemen!”

CURR Dhoo, curr dhoo!
 Love me, and I'll love you!

A PIE sat on a pear tree,
 A pie sat on a pear tree,
 A pie sat on a pear tree,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
 Once so merrily hopped she,
 Twice so merrily hopped she,
 Thrice so merrily hopped she,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
 Pussy came by, and popped her head in:
 "What are you doing my little men?"
 "Weaving coats for gentlemen."
 "Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
 "Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

Says Puss: "You look so wondrous wise,
 I like your whiskers and bright black eyes;
 Your house is the nicest house I see,
 I think there is room for you and me."
 The mice were so pleased, that they opened the door,
 And Pussy soon laid them all dead on the floor.

"WHEN shall we be married,
 My dear Nicholas Wood?"
 "We will be married on Monday,
 And will not that be very good?"
 "What! shall we be married no sooner?"
 Why sure the man's gone wood!"

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
 It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod!
 When I got there I gave a great shout,
 Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
 Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
 He would not come to my house, I made a little feast;
 I had but little, but I would give him some,
 For playing of his bagpipes and beating of his drum.

I SELL you the key of the King's garden:
 I sell you the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
 I sell you the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
 I sell you the cat that caught the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
 I sell you the dog that bit the cat that caught the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden.



MR ISBISTER, and Betsy his sister,
 Resolve upon giving a treat;
 So letters they write,
 Their friends to invite,
 To their house in Great Camomile Street.

OUR saucy boy Dick,
 Had a nice little stick,
 Cut from a hawthorn tree;
 And with this pretty stick,
 He thought he could beat
 A boy much bigger than he.
 But the boy turned round,
 And hit him a rebound,
 Which did so frighten poor Dick;
 That, without more delay,
 He ran quite away,
 And over a hedge he jumped quick.

WHAT is the rhyme for porringer?
 The King he had a daughter fair,
 And gave the Prince of Orange her.

A for the ape, that we saw at the fair ;
 B for a blockhead, who ne'er shall go there ;
 C for a cauliflower, white as a curd ;
 D for a duck, a very good bird ;
 E for an egg, good in pudding or pies ;
 F for a farmer, rich, honest, and wise ;
 G for a gentleman, void of all care ;
 H for the hound, that ran down the hare ;
 I for an Indian, sooty and dark ;
 K for the keeper, that look'd to the park ;
 L for a lark, that soar'd in the air ;
 M for a mole, that ne'er could get there ;
 N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault ;
 O for an otter, that ne'er could be caught ;
 P for a pudding, stuck full of plums ;
 Q was for quartering it, see here he comes ;
 R for a rook, that croak'd in the trees ;
 S for a sailor, that plough'd the deep seas ;
 T for a top, that doth prettily spin ;
 V for a virgin of delicate mien ;
 W for wealth, in gold, silver, and pence ;
 X for old Xenophon, noted for sense ;
 Y for a yew, which for ever is green ;
 Z for the zebra, that belongs to the queen.

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.



HERE goes my lord,
 A trot! a trot! a trot! a trot!
 Here goes my lady,
 A canter! a canter! a canter! a canter!
 Here goes my young master,
 Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch!
 Here goes my young miss,
 An amble! an amble! an amble! an amble!
 The footman lags behind to tippie ale
 and wine,
 And goes gallop! a gallop! a gallop!
 to make up his time.

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.
(A Needle and Thread)

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old
 man,
 You'll never see him more ;
 He used to wear a long brown coat,
 That button'd down before.



PEMMY was a pretty girl,
 But Fanny was a better;
 Pemmy looked like any churl,
 When little Fanny let her.

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

Pemmy had a pretty doll,
 But Fanny had a better;
 Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
 When little Fanny let her.

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

Pemmy lov'd a pretty lad,
 And Fanny lov'd a better;
 And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
 But Fanny would not let her.

EIGHTY-EIGHT was Kirby fight,
 When never a man was slain;
 They ate their meat, and drank their
 drink,
 And so came merrily home again.

OVER the water, and over the lee,
 And over the water to Charley.
 Charley loves good ale and wine,
 And Charley loves good brandy;
 And Charley loves a pretty girl,
 As sweet as sugar-candy.

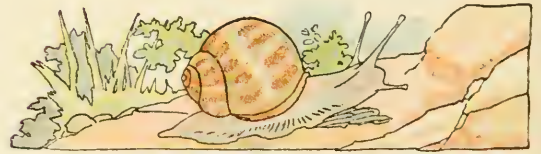
Over the water, and over the sea,
 And over the water to Charley.
 I'll have none of your nasty beef,
 Nor I'll have none of your barley;
 But I'll have some of your very best
 flour,
 To make a white cake for my Charley.

A WOMAN, a spaniel, and walnut
 tree,
 The more you beat them the better
 they be.

THERE were three sisters in a hall,
 There came a knight amongst them
 all;

Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
 Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
 Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the
 third.

If you were my aunt,
 As the other two be,
 I would say good morrow,
 Then, aunts, all three.



SNAIL, snail, shut out your horns,
 Father and mother are dead;
 Brother and sister are in the back-
 yard,
 Begging for barley bread.

I HAD two pigeons bright and gay,
 They flew from me the other day;
 What was the reason they did go?
 I cannot tell, for I do not know.

I HAD a little cow; to save her,
I turned her into the meadow to
graze her:

There came a heavy storm of rain,
And drove the little cow home again.
The church doors they stood open,
And there the little cow was copen;
The bell-ropes they were made of hay,
And the little cow ate them all away:
The sexton came to toll the bell,
And pushed the little cow into the
well!

AS I look'd out o' my chamber
window,

I heard something fall;
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it all.
(*A Snuff Box*)

I WENT into my grandmother's
garden,

And there I found a farthing.
I went into my next door neighbour's,
There I bought a pipkin and a
popkin—
A slipkin and slopkin,
A nailboard, a sailboard,
And all for a farthing. (*A Pipe*)

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 untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth
the twist.

A Mackerel sky,
Is never long dry.

THE robin and the wren,
They fought upon the porridge pan;
But ere the robin got a spoon,
The wren had ate the porridge down.



AS I walk'd by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,—
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,—
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

DRAW a pail of water
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's
a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green;
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One with a rush! Two with a rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my
bush.

Sieve my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour;
Put it in a chestnut.

Let it stand an hour.
One with a rush! Two with a rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my
bush.



THERE was a man in our toone, in
our toone, in our toone,

There was a man in our toone, and
his name was Willy Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his hat was made of good cream
cheese, of good cream cheese,
of good cream cheese,

And his hat was made of good cream
cheese, and his name was Willy
Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his coat was made of good roast
beef, of good roast beef, of
good roast beef,

And his coat was made of good roast
beef, and his name was Willy
Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his buttons were made of penny
loaves, of penny loaves, of
penny loaves,

And his buttons were made of penny
loaves, and his name was
Willy Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his waistcoat was made of good
pie crust, of good pie crust, of
good pie crust,

And his waistcoat was made of good
pie crust, and his name was
Willy Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

His breeks were made of haggis bags,
of haggis bags, of haggis bags,

His breeks were made of haggis bags,
and his name was Willy Wood,

And he played upon an old razor, an
old razor, an old razor,

And he played upon an old razor,
with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

There was a man in t'ither toone, in
t'ither toone, in t'ither toone,

There was a man in t'ither toone, and
his name was Aiken Drum,

And he played upon an old ladle, an
old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good cream
cheese, the good cream cheese,
the good cream cheese,

And he ate up all the good cream
cheese, and his name was
Aiken Drum,

And he played upon an old ladle, an
old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good roast
beef, the good roast beef, the
good roast beef,

And he ate up all the good roast beef,
and his name was Aiken Drum,

And he played upon an old ladle, an
old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the penny loaves,
the penny loaves, the penny loaves,

And he ate up all the penny loaves,
and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an
old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good pie crust,
the good pie crust, the good pie
crust,

And he ate up all the good pie crust,
and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an
old ladle, an old ladle,

And he played upon an old ladle, with
my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

But he choked upon the haggis bags,
And there was an end of Aiken Drum.



MY father left me three acres of
land,

Sing ivy, sing ivy ;

My father left me three acres of
land,

Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I ploughed it with a ram's horn,

Sing ivy, sing ivy ;

And sowed it all over with one
peppercorn,

Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,

Sing ivy, sing ivy ;

And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I got the mice to carry it to the
barn,

Sing ivy, sing ivy ;

And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I got the cat to carry it to the mill,
Sing ivy, sing ivy ;

The miller he swore he would have
her paw,

And the cat she swore she would
scratch his face,

Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

The Cock—Lock the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door !

The Hen—Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't got the key !

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven ;
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

HUSSY, hussy, where's your horse ?
Hussy, hussy, gone to grass !
Hussy, hussy, fetch him home !
Hussy, hussy, let him alone !



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?

THE rule of the road's a paradox
 quite,
 In riding or driving along;
 If you go to the left, you're sure to
 go right,
 If you go to the right, you go
 wrong.

I'LL away yhame,
 And tell my dame,
 That all my geese
 Are gane but yane;
 And it's a steg,
 And it's lost a leg;
 And it'll be gane
 By I get yhame.

THE pettitoes are little feet,
 And the little feet not big;
 Great feet belong to the grunting hog,
 And the pettitoes to the little pig.

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

EAT, Birds, eat, and make no waste,
 I lie here and make no haste;
 If my Master chance to come,
 You must fly and I must run.

I HAD a little cow;
 Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
 I had a little cow, and it had a little
 calf;
 Hey-diddle, ho-diddle! and there's my
 song half.

I had a little cow;
 Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
 I had a little cow, and I drove it to
 the stall;
 Hey-diddle, ho-diddle! and there's my
 song all!

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

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)

TWO, four, six, eight,
 Mary at the cottage gate,
 Eating cherries off a plate,
 Two, four, six, eight;
 O-U-T spells out goes she.

CATCH him, crow! carry him, kite!
 Take him away till the apples are
 ripe;
 When they are ripe, and ready to fall,
 Home comes Johnny, apples and all.

HURLY, burly, trumpet trace,
The cow was in the market-place;
Some goes far, and some goes near,
But where shall this poor henchman
steer?

A GUINEA it would sink,
And a pound it would float;
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.

WHEN the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the
sand,
Then it is well with Angle-land.

MY maid Mary,
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each
morn;
Merrily run the reel,
And the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my
corn.

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN bent his bow,
And shot at a woodcock and kill'd
a ewe,
The ewe cried Ba, and he ran away,
But never came back 'till midsummer
day.

AS I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine,
Some green-lap'd,
Some green-back'd;
They were the very bonniest swine
That e'er went over Tipple Tine.
(Bees)

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 that 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 splash splash that would be!

LITTLE Bob Robin,
Where do you live?
Up in yonder wood, sir,
On a hazel twig.

THE white dove sat on the castle
wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her I
shall;
I put her in my glove both feathers
and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you want any more, sing it your-
self.

THERE was an old woman who 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.



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.



A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
 A hundred eyes, and never a nose.
 (*A Sieve*)

WHAT shoemaker makes shoes with-
 out leather,
 With all the four elements put to-
 gether ?
 Fire and water, earth and air ;
 Ev'ry customer has two pair.
 (*A Blacksmith*)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
 And peep'd through a nick,
 I saw four-and-twenty ladies
 Riding on a stick !
 (*A firebrand with sparks*)

AS I was going o'er Westminster
 Bridge,
 I met with a Westminster scholar ;
 He pull'd off his cap an' drew off
 his glove,
 And wished me a very good-
 morrow.
 What is his name ? (*Andrew*)

THERE was a girl in our towne,
 Silk an' satin was her gowne,
 Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
 Guess her name—three times I've
 tell'd it. (*Ann*)

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. (*A Cherry*)

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
 Met together in a shower of rain,
 Put in a bag and tied round with a
 string,
 If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give
 you a ring.

I WENT to the wood and got it ;
 I sat me down and looked at it ;
 The more I looked at it the less I
 liked it ;
 And I brought it home because I
 couldn't help it. (*A Thorn*)

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

WHEN I was taken from the fair
 body,
 They then cut off my head,
 And thus my shape was altered ;
 It's I that makes peace between king
 and king,
 And many a true lover glad :
 All this I do and ten times more,
 And more I could do still ;
 But nothing can I do,
 Without my guider's will.
 (*A Quill Pen*)

“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.”

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t’other day;
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!
I thought I should have fainted away!

“WHAT do they call you?”
“Patehy Dolly.”
“Where were you born?”
“In the cow’s horn.”
“Where were you bred?”
“In the eow’s head.”
“Where will you die?”
“In the cow’s eye.”

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!

A PULLET in the pen
Is worth a hundred in the fen!



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 vexed the fat man of Bombay.

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

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

THERE was a piper, he’d a cow,
And he’d no hay to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
“Consider, old cow, consider!”

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of “Corn rigs are bonnie!”

BRAVE news is come to town,
Brave news is carried;
Brave news is come to town,
Jemmy Dawson’s married.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone and I.
There was a frog lived in a well,
And a merry mouse in a mill,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone and I.
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse Hall,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse Hall,
Kitty alone and I.
He rode till he came to my Lady
Mouse Hall,
And there he did both knock and
call,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come
to thee,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come
to thee,"
Kitty alone and I.
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come
to thee,
To see if thou can fancy me,"

Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee
none,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee
none,"
Kitty alone and I.
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee
none,
Until my Uncle Rat comes home,"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

And when her Uncle Rat came
home,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
And when her Uncle Rat came
home,
Kitty alone and I.
And when her Uncle Rat came
home,
"Who's been here since I've been
gone?"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

"Sir! there's been a worthy gentle-
man,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentle-
man,"
Kitty alone and I.
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentle-
man,
That's been here since you've been
gone,"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.



The frog he came whistling through
 the brook,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
 The frog he came whistling through
 the brook,
 Kitty alone and I.
 The frog he came whistling through
 the brook,
 And there he met with a dainty
 duck,
 Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone and I.

The duck she swallowed him up with
 a pluck,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
 The duck she swallowed him up with
 a pluck,
 Kitty alone and I.
 The duck she swallowed him up with
 a pluck,
 So there's an end of my history
 book,
 Kickmalcerie, Kitty alone,
 Kitty alone and I.

OLD Father of the Pye,
I cannot sing, my lips are dry;
But when my lips are very well wet,
Then I can sing with the Heigh-go-
Bet!

HICKUP, hickup, go away!
Come again another day;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give you a butter-cake.

CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy
milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.



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!

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?

THREE crooked cripples went
through Cripplegate,
And through Cripplegate went three
crooked cripples.

Say in one breath:—

MY father he left me, just as he was
able,
One bowl, one bottle, one table,
Two bowls, two bottles, two tables,
Three bowls, three bottles, three
tables,
Four bowls, four bottles, four tables,
Five bowls, five bottles, five tables,
Six bowls, six bottles, six tables.

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went
to Thatchet a-thatching,
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to
Thatchet a-thatching?
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to
Thatchet a-thatching,
Where's the thatching the thatcher of
Thatchwood has thatched?

I WENT to the toad that lies under
the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at
my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl
before,
I tore the bat's wing, what would
you have more?

HIGGLEDY, piggledy,

Here we lie,

Pick'd and pluck'd,

And put in a pie.

My first is snapping, snarling, growling,

My second's industrious, romping and prowling.

Higgledy, piggledy,

Here we lie,

Pick'd and pluck'd,

And put in a pie. (*Currants*)

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed
in green,

The King could not read it, no more
could the Queen;

They sent for a wise man out of
the East,

Who said it had horns, but was not
a beast! (*Holly*)

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,

Employed while others sleep,

What few would like to give away,

Nor any wish to keep. (*A Bed*)

PURPLE, yellow, red and green,

The King cannot reach it nor the
Queen;

Nor can old Noll, whose power's so
great:

Tell me this riddle while I count
eight. (*A Rainbow*)

AS round as an apple, as deep as a
cup,

And all the King's horses can't pull
it up. (*A Well*)

THIRTY white horses upon a red
hill,

Now they tramp, now they champ,
now they stand still. (*Teeth*)



ELSIE Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey,
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

ABOUT the bush, Willy,

About the bee-hive;

About the bush, Willy,

I'll meet thee alive.

CUCKOO, cherry tree,

Catch a bird, and give it to me;

Let the tree be high or low,

Let it hail, rain, or snow

COME when you're called,

Do as you're bid,

Shut the door after you,

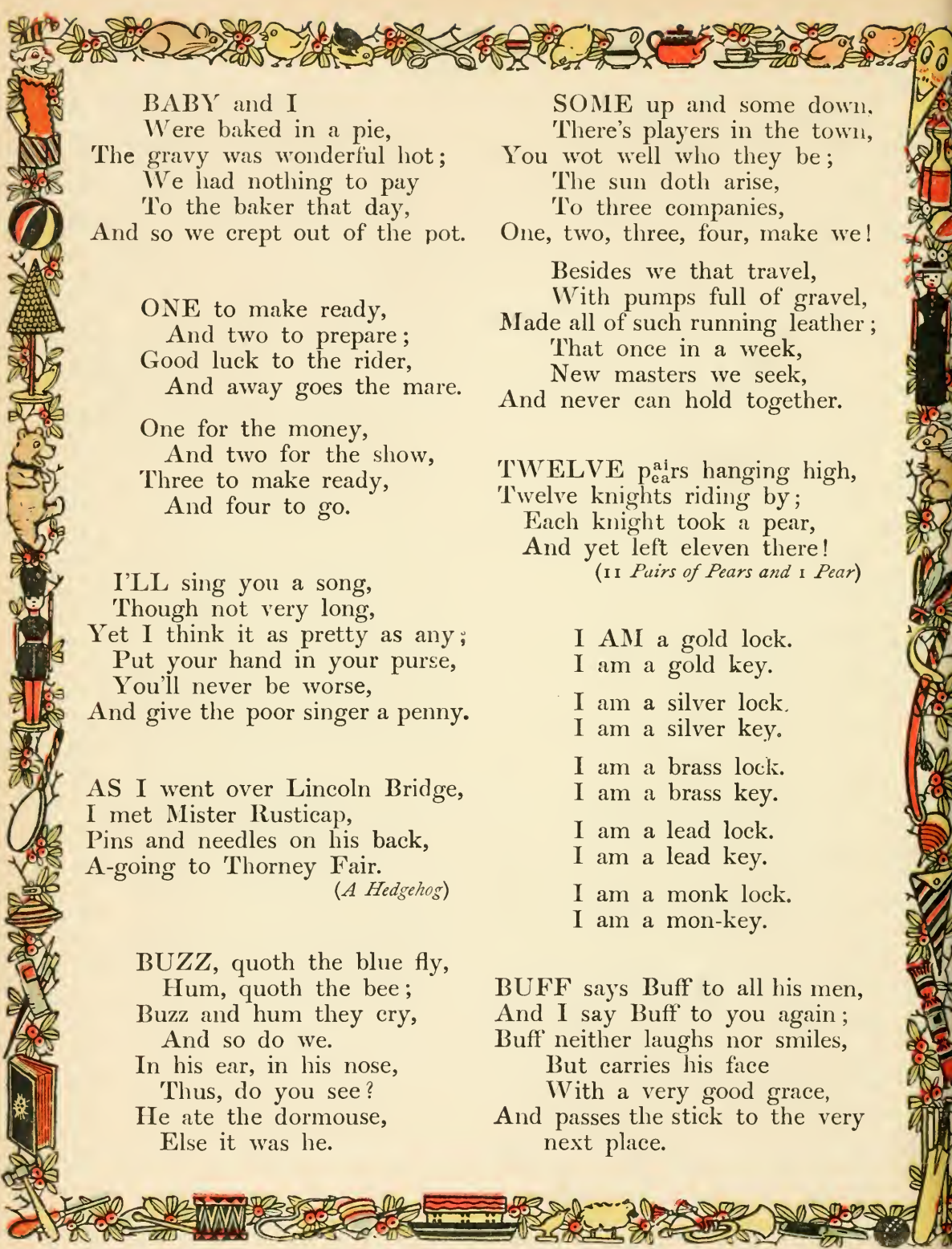
Never be chid.

Speak when you're spoken to,

Come for one call,

Shut the door after you,

Turn to the wall.



BABY and I
Were baked in a pie,
The gravy was wonderful hot;
We had nothing to pay
To the baker that day,
And so we crept out of the pot.

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

One for the money,
And two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go.

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.

AS I went over Lincoln Bridge,
I met Mister Rusticap,
Pins and needles on his back,
A-going to Thorney Fair.
(A Hedgehog)

BUZZ, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee;
Buzz 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 he.

SOME up and some down,
There's players in the town,
You wot well who they be;
The sun doth arise,
To three companies,
One, two, three, four, make we!

Besides we that travel,
With pumps full of gravel,
Made all of such running leather;
That once in a week,
New masters we seek,
And never can hold together.

TWELVE p^{ai}rs hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there!
(11 Pairs of Pears and 1 Pear)

I AM a gold lock.
I am a gold key.

I am a silver lock.
I am a silver key.

I am a brass lock.
I am a brass key.

I am a lead lock.
I am a lead key.

I am a monk lock.
I am a mon-key.

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.

HERE come I,
Little David Doubt ;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want,
And money I crave ;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave!

A Bill of Fare

Legomoton,
Acapon,
Alfagheuse,
Pasti venison.

1. I WENT up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.

1. I went up two pair of 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 there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

MADE in London,
Sold at York,
Stops a bottle,
And is a cork.

(A Cork)

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
How do you think he served
me?

He took away my bread and
cheese,
And that is how he served me.

TOM Thumbkin,
Will Wilkins,
Long Daniel,
Bess Bobtail,
And little Dick.

RING-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies ;
Hush! Hush! Hush!
We'll all tumble down.

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke
the barn ;
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn ;
Long-back'd Gray
Carried it away ;
Old Mid-man sat and saw ;
But Peesy-weesy paid and a'.

This broke the barn ;
This stole the corn ;
This got none ;
This went pinky-winky
All the way home.

THE dog of the kiln,
He went to the mill,
To lick mill-dust.
The miller, he came
With a stick on his back—
Home, dog. home!
The foot behind,
The foot before:
When he came to a stile,
Thus he jumped o'er.

WHOOOP, whoop and hollow,
Good dogs won't follow,
Without the hare cries " pee wit."



The Play of the Wide-Mouthed, Waddling Frog

BUY this of me.

What is it?

The gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling
frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Two pudding ends that will choke a
dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,

With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,

With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for
Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,

Some low and some high;

Nine peacocks in the air,

I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.

What is it?

Twelve huntsmen with horns and
hounds,
Hunting o'er mine and other men's
grounds;
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for
Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.



I AM become of flesh and blood,
 As other creatures be;
 Yet there's neither flesh nor blood
 Doth remain in me.
 I make kings that they fall out,
 I make them agree;
 And yet there's neither flesh nor blood
 Doth remain in me.

(*A Quill Pen*)

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

(*Tongs*)

HIGHER than a house, higher than
 a tree.

Oh, whatever can that be?

(*A Star*)

MERRY are the bells, and merry
 would they ring,
 Merry was myself, and merry could
 I sing;
 With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay,
 and free,
 And a merry sing-song, happy let us
 be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow
 are your hose,
 Noddle goes your pate, and purple is
 your nose;
 Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay,
 and free,
 With a merry ding-dong, happy let
 us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have
 we been,
 Merry let us part, and merry meet
 again;
 With our merry sing-song, happy,
 gay, and free,
 And a merry ding-dong, happy let us
 be!

BLACK within and red without;
 Four corners round about.

(*A Chimney*)

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.

(*Coals*)

EVERY lady in this land
 Has twenty nails upon each hand
 Five and twenty hands and feet,
 All this is true without deceit.

(*Mind the steps!*)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
 I met a cart full of fingers and
 thumbs!

(*Gloves*)

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.

THERE were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.
One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.
One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.
The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a pincushion,
With the pins stuck in the
wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.
The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.
One said it was an owl,
The other he said, nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard a-growing grey.



WHISTLE, daughter, whistle, whistle,
daughter, dear;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot
whistle clear.
Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for
a pound;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot
make a sound.

HERE comes a poor woman from
Baby-land,
With three small children in 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?

PARSON Darby wore a black
gown,
Every button cost half a crown;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship and away we go.

THE first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.



The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,
 My true love sent to me
 Twelve lords a-leaping,
 Eleven ladies dancing,
 Ten pipers piping,
 Nine drummers drumming,
 Eight maids a-milking,
 Seven swans a-swimming,
 Six geese a-laying,
 Five gold rings,
 Four colly birds,
 Three French hens,
 Two turtle doves, and
 A partridge in a pear tree.

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



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.

AS I was walking o'er little Moor-
 fields,
 I saw St Paul's a-running on wheels,
 With a fee, fo, fum!
 Then for further frolics I'll go to
 France,
 While Jack shall sing and his wife
 shall dance.
 With a fee, fo, fum!

LITTLE cock robin peep'd out of
 his cabin,
 To see the cold winter come in:
 Tit for tat, what matter for that,
 He'll hide his head under his wing!

BOBBY Shafto has gone to sea,
 With silver buckles at his knee:
 When he comes back he'll marry
 me,—
 Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
 Combing down his yellow hair;
 He's my love for evermore,—
 Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto has a cow,
 Black and white about the mow;
 Open the gate and let her through,—
 Bobby Shafto's ain cow!

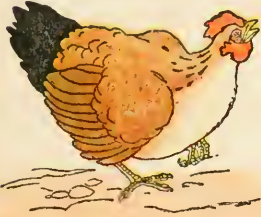
Bobby Shafto has a hen,
 Cockle button, cockle ben:
 She lays eggs for gentlemen.—
 But none for Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's looking out,
 All his ribbons flee about:
 All the ladies gave a shout,—
 Hey for Bobby Shafto!

IF you love me, pop and fly:
 If you hate me, lay and die.
 (Said to Pips in the Fire)

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.

TOBACCO wick! tobacco wick!
 When you're well, 'twill make you
 sick:
 Tobacco wick! tobacco wick!
 'Twill make you well when you are sick.



Hen—COCK, cock, I have la-a-a-yed!
Cock—Hen, hen, that's well sa-a-a-yed.
Hen—Although I have to go bare-
 footed every da-ay.
Cock—Sell your eggs, and buy shoes!
 Sell your eggs, and buy shoes!



CONGEALED water and Cain's
 brother,
 That was my lover's name and no
 other. (*Isabel*)

NUMBER number nine, this hoop's
 mine;
 Number number ten, take it back
 again.



THERE was an old woman in
 Surrey,
 Who was morn, noon, and night in
 a hurry;
 Called her husband a fool,
 Drove the children to school.
 The worrying old woman of Surrey.



THERE was an old woman of
 Norwich,
 Who lived upon nothing but porridge;
 Parading the town,
 She turned cloak into gown,
 This thrifty old woman of Norwich.



Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
But the best man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.



RIDE, baby ride,
 Pretty baby shall ride.
 And have a little puppy-dog tied to
 her side,
 And little pussy-eat tied to the other,
 And away she shall ride to see her
 grandmother,
 To see her grandmother,
 To see her grandmother.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters;
 Two tee-totums totally tired of trying
 to trot to Tadbury;
 Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny
 tea;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fish-
 ing for flies;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing
 shrimps;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining
 Europe;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling non-
 pareils;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin
 tinder-boxes with ten tenpenny
 taeks;
 Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
 Twelve typographical topographers
 typically translating types.

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 upon the ground
 I saw an ant swallow up a whale
 I saw the sea brinful 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.

(Mind your steps!)

LIAR, liar, lick dish,
 Turn about the candlestick.

COBBLER, cobbler, mend my shoe,
 And get it done by half-past two :
 If half-past two can't be done,
 Get it done by half-past one.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
 Give it a stitch and that will do :
 Here's a nail and there's a prod,
 And now my shoe is well shod.



TIT-tat-toe,
 My first go,
 Three jolly butcher boys
 All in a row ;
 Stick one up, stick one down,
 Stick one in the old man's crown !

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

THERE was an old man who liv'd
 in Middle Row,
 He had five hens, and a name for
 them, oh !

Bill and Ned and Battock,
 Cut-her-foot and Pattock :
 Chuck, my lady Pattock,
 Go to thy nest and lay.



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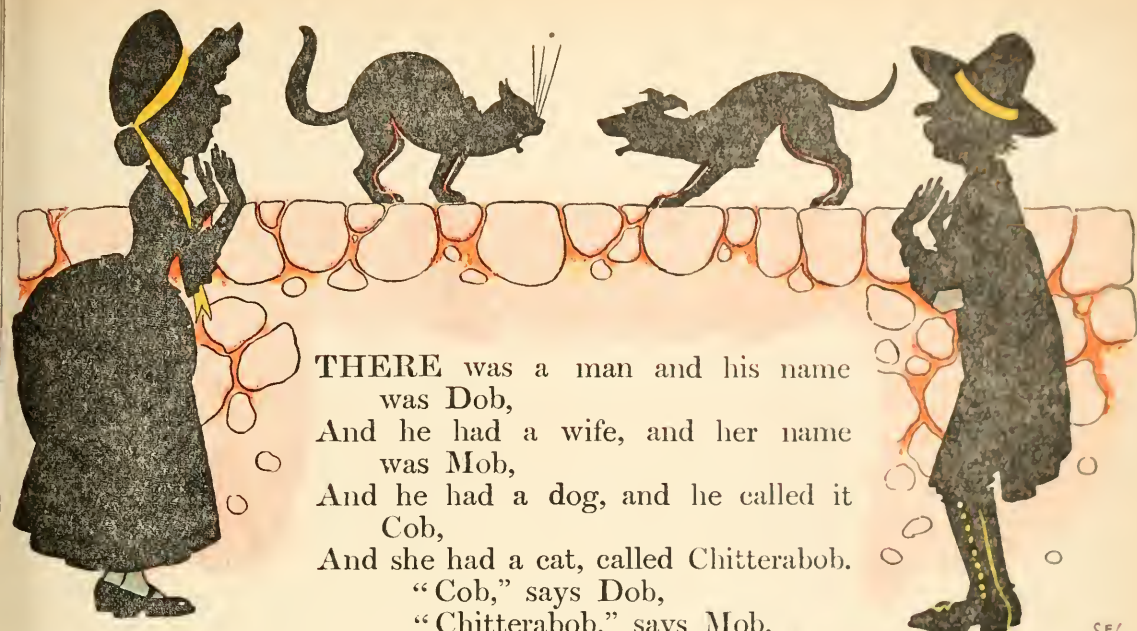
MILLERY, millery, dustipole,
 How many sacks have you stole ;
 Four-and-twenty and a peck,
 Hang the miller up by his neck !

THIS pig went to the barn ;
 This ate all the corn ;
 This said he would tell ;
 This said he wasn't well ;
 This went week, week, week, over
 the door sill.

RING the bell!	BO-peeper,
Knock at the door!	Nose dreeper,
Draw the latch!	Chin chopper,
And walk in!	White lopper,
	Red rag,
	And little gap.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
 Who has lost a garter,
 In a shower of rain ;
 The miller found it,
 The miller ground it,
 And the miller gave it to Silly
 again.





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.
 "Cob," says Dob,
 "Chitterabob," says Mob,
 Cob was Dob's dog,
 Chitterabob Mob's cat.

WHEN I went up Sandy Hill,
 I met a sandy boy;
 I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
 And left his skin a-hanging-o.
(Gooseberry)

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.

HICKORY, dickory, sacara down!
 How many miles to Richmond
 town?
 Turn to the left and turn to the
 right,
 And you may get there by Saturday
 night.

HYDER-iddle-diddle-dell,
 A yard of pudding's not an ell;
 Not forgetting tweedle-dye,
 A tailor's goose will never fly.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-
 side,
 One half was water, the other was
 land;
 I opened my little castle door, and
 guess what I found;
 I found a fair lady with a cup in
 her hand,
 The cup was gold, filled with wine;
 Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be
 mine!

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 choral, ding, ding,
 ding!

I HAD four brothers over the sea,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 And they each sent a present to me,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

The first sent a chicken, without e'er
 a bone,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 The second a cherry, without e'er a
 stone,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

The third sent a book, which no man
 could read,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 The fourth sent a blanket, without
 e'er a thread,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

How can there be a chicken without
 e'er a bone?
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 How can there be a cherry without
 e'er a stone?
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

How can there be a book which no
 man can read?
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 How can there be a blanket without
 e'er a thread?
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

When the chicken's in the egg-shell
 there is no bone,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 When the cherry's in the bud, there
 is no stone,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

When the book's in ye press, no
 man it can read,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic;
 When the blanket's in the fleece
 there is no thread,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tem-
 porie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

RABBIT, Rabbit, Rabbit-pie!
 Come, my ladies, come and buy;
 Else your babies they will cry.

TIDDLE, liddle, lightum,
 Piteh and tar;
 Tiddle, liddle, lightum,
 What's that for?

LIVES in winter,
 Dies in summer,
 And grows with its root upwards!
 (*An Icicle*)



HUSH-A-BYE, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
 For when thou weepest thou wearies
 me,
 Hush-a-bye, lie still and be.



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—
And it was sent to market to toll
the market bell.

I'LL buy you a tartan bonnet,
 And some feathers to put on it,
 Tartan trews and a philibeg,
 Because you are so like your daddy.

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.

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.
 (*Gaffer Was*)



TRIP and go, heave and hoe,
 Up and down, to and fro;
 From the town to the grove,
 Two and two let us rove,
 A-maying, a-playing;
 Love hath no gainsaying;
 So merrily trip and go,
 So merrily trip and go!

HOT boiled beans and very good
 butter,
 Ladies and gentlemen come to supper.

IF "ifs" and "ans"
 Were pots and pans,
 There would be no need for tinkers!

THERE was an old woman, her
 name it was Peg;
 Her head was of wood, and she wore
 a cork-leg.
 The neighbours all pitched her into
 the water;
 Her leg was drowned first, and her
 head followed a'ter.

RUB-a-dub-dub,
 Three men in a tub;
 And who do you think they be?
 The butcher, the baker,
 The candlestick-maker;
 They all jumped out of a rotten potato,
 Turn 'em out, knaves all three!
 An apple for the King, a pear for
 the Queen
 And a good toss over the Bowling
 Green.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn;
 Wine, brier, limber-lock,
 Five geese in a flock
 Sit and sing by a spring,
 O-U-T, and in again.

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!

(*Sunshine*)

GREEN gravel, green gravel, your
grass is so green,
The fairest young damsel that ever
was seen.

I'll wash you in milk,
And I'll clothe you in silk,
And write down your name with
A gold pen and ink.
Oh! Sally, dear Sally, your true love
is dead,
He's sent you a letter to turn round
your head.

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.

MARY had a pretty bird,—
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

AT reck'ning let's play,
And prithee, let's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the sum
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

IT'S raining, it's raining,
There is pepper in the box,
And all the little ladies
Are holding up their frocks.

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

SAW ye aught of my wife
Coming from the market—
A peck of meal upon her back,
A babby in her basket?
Saw ye aught of my wife coming
from the market?



A DOG and a cat went out together
To see some friends just out of town,
Said the cat to the dog,
“What d'ye think of the weather?”
“I think, ma'am, the rain will come
down;
But don't be alarmed, for I've an
umbrella
That will shelter us both,” said this
amiable fellow.

WHO liveth so merry in all this
land,
As does the poor widow that selleth
the sand:
And ever she singeth, as I can guess,
Will you buy any sand, any sand,
Mistress?



The cobbler he sits cobbling till
noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be
done:
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon
decay.



The broom-man maketh
his living most sweet,
With carrying of brooms
from street to street:
Who would desire a
pleasanter thing,
Than all the day long
to do nothing but
sing?

The merchant-man doth
sail on the seas,
And lie on the shipboard
with little ease:
Always in doubt the
rock is near,
How can he be merry
and make good
cheer?



The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot
away:
Yet when he comes home, although
he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full
merry.



The husbandman all day goeth to
plough,
And when he comes home he serveth
his sow:
He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make
good cheer?



The serving-man waiteth from street
to street,
With blowing his nails and beating
his feet ;
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good
cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh
such sport
As those that be of the poorest sort ?
The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and
three.



LITTLE Miss Donnet
She wears a big bonnet ;
And hoops half as wide
As the mouth of the Clyde.

“FIRE! fire!” said the town crier;
 “Where? where?” said Goody Blair;
 “Down the town,” said Goody Brown.
 “I’ll go and see’t,” said Goody Fleet;
 “So will I,” said Goody Fry.



LITTLE Bob Snooks was fond of
 his books,
 And loved by his usher and master;
 But naughty Jack Spry, he got a
 black eye,
 And carries his nose in a plaster.

LITTLE Jack Jingle
 He used to live single;
 But when he got tired of this kind
 of life,
 He left off being single and lived
 with his wife.
 Now what do you think of little
 Jack Jingle?
 Before he was married he used to
 live single.

DARBY and Joan were dressed in
 black,
 Sword and buckle behind their back;
 Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
 Turn about Darby’s company.

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 for the want of a horse-shoe
 nail

ONE, he loves; two, he loves;
 Three, he loves, they say;
 Four, he loves with all his heart;
 Five, he casts away.
 Six, he loves; seven, she loves;
 Eight, they both love.
 Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;
 Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries.

IN a cottage in Fife
 Lived a man and his wife,
 Who, believe me, were comical folk;
 For, to people’s surprise,
 They 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 walked on their feet,
 And ’twas thought what they ate
 Helped, with drinking, to keep them
 alive!

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.

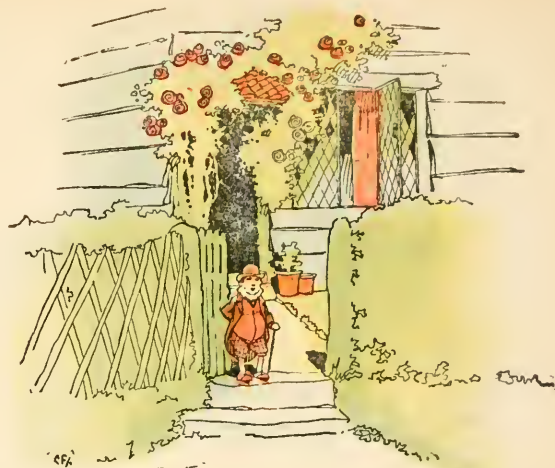
Here we go, up, up, up,
And here we go, down, down, downy,
And here we go, backward and forward,
And here we go, round, round,
roundy.

LOVE your own, kiss your own,
Love your own mother, hinny;
For if she was dead and gone,
You'd ne'er get such another, hinny.

LITTLE Johnny Morgan,
Gentleman of Wales,
Came riding on a nanny-goat,
Selling of pigs' tails.

CLAP, clap, handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap, handies,
Daddie's comin' hame,
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie;
Clap, clap, handies,
My wee, wee ain.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray:
His head was made of pouce 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!



JERRY Hall, he is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

WHEN the wind blows,
Then the mill goes;
When the wind drops,
Then the mill stops.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it.

I WENT to the sea
And saw twentee
Geese all in two rows;
My glove I would give
Full of gold, if my wife
Were as white as those.

IT costs little Gossip her income for
shoes,
To travel about and carry the news.

HERE'S Sulky Sue;
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.

The Old Man and his Wife

THERE was an old man who lived
in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work
in a day,
As his wife could do in three.

“With all my heart,” the old woman
said,
“If that you will allow,
To-morrow you’ll stay at home in
my stead,
And I’ll go drive the plough.

“But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she goes dry;
And you must feed the little pigs,
That are within the sty;

“And you must mind the speckled
hen,
For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday.”

The old woman took a staff in her
hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose;
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

“Hi, Tidy! ho, Tidy! hi!
Tidy do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
’Twill be sore against my will.”

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she’d lay astray;
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon,
and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn’t do a day’s work in
her life,
She should ne’er be ruled by he.

THERE was an old woman,
And nothing she had;
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad.
She’d nothing to eat,
She’d nothing to wear,
She’d nothing to lose,
She’d nothing to fear,
She’d nothing to ask,
And nothing to give,
And when she did die,
She’d nothing to leave.

CHARLEY Wag, Charley Wag,
Ate the pudding, and left the bag.



THERE was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister,
When a cow at one poke,
Tossed her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman missed her.



The Frog and the Crow

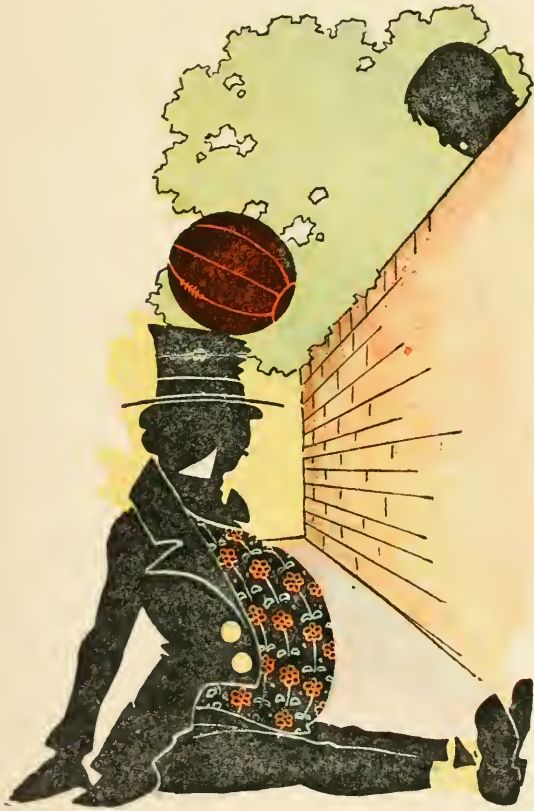
A JOLLY fat frog lived in the river
 swim, O!
 A comely black crow lived on the
 river brim, O!
 "Come on shore, come on shore,"
 Said the crow to the frog, and then,
 O!
 "No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite
 me,"
 Said the frog to the crow again, O!
 "O! there is sweet music on yonder
 green hill, O!
 And you shall be a dancer, a dancer
 in yellow,
 All in yellow, all in yellow,"
 Said the crow to the frog, and then,
 O!
 "All in yellow, all in yellow,"
 Said the frog to the crow again, O!
 "Farewell, ye little fishes, that in
 the river swim, O!
 I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in
 yellow."
 "O beware! O beware!"

Said the fish to the frog, and then,
 O!
 "I'll take care, I'll take care,"
 Said the frog to the fish again, O!
 The frog began a-swimming, a-swim-
 ming to land, O!
 And the crow began jumping to give
 him his hand, O!
 "Sir, you're welcome! Sir, you're
 welcome!"
 Said the crow to the frog, and
 then, O!
 "Sir, I thank you! Sir, I thank
 you!"
 Said the frog to the crow again, O!
 "But where is the sweet music on
 yonder green hill, O?
 And where are all the dancers, the
 dancers in yellow,
 All in yellow, all in yellow?"
 Said the frog to the crow, and then,
 O!
 "Sir, they're here! Sir, they're here!"
 Said the crow to the frog, and then,
 O!
 [And the crow swallows the frog.]

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.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

ROSEMARY green, and lavender
blue,
Thyme and sweet marjoram, hyssop
and rue.



WEAR you a hat, or wear you a
crown,
All that goes up must surely come
down.

“WHERE have you been all the
day,

My boy, Willy?
Where have you been all the day,
My boy, Willy?”

“I've been all the day
Courting of a lady gay;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy.”

“What work can she do,
My boy, Willy?
Can she bake and can she brew,
My boy, Willy?”

“She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding-cake;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy.”

“What age may she be,
My boy, Willy?
What age may she be,
My boy, Willy?”

“Twice two, twice seven,
Twice ten, twice eleven;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy.”

THERE was a little woman, as I've
been told,
Who was not very young, nor yet
very old;
Now this little woman her living got
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot!

CAKLE, cackle, Madam Goose!
Have you any feathers loose?
Truly have I, little fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow;
And here are quills, take one or ten,
And make from each, pop-gun or pen.

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.



THERE was an old woman who rode
 on a broom,
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 And she took her old cat behind for
 a groom,
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They travelled along till they came
 to the sky,
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 But the journey so long made them
 very hungry,
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom cat, "I can find nothing
 here to eat,"
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 "So let's go back again, I entreat,"
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

The old woman would not go back
 so soon,
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 For she wanted to visit the man in
 the moon,
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says the cat "I'll go back myself to
 our house,"
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 "For there I can catch a good rat or
 a mouse,"
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

But says the woman, "How will you
 go?"
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 "You shan't have my nag I protest
 and vow,"
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

"No, no," says Tom, "I've a place of
 my own,"
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 So he slid down the rainbow and
 left her alone,
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

So now if you happen to visit the sky,
 With a high gee ho, gee humble ;
 And want to come back, you Tom's
 method may try,
 With a bimble, bamble, bumble.



ONE, two, three, four, five,
 Once I caught a fish alive;
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 I let him go again.
 Why did you let him go?
 Because he bit my finger so;
 Which finger did he bite?
 The little finger on the right.

MARGARET wrote a letter,
 Sealed it with her finger,
 Threw it in the dam
 For the dusty miller.

Dusty was his coat,
 Dusty was the miller,
 Dusty was the kiss
 I'd from the dusty miller.

If I had my pockets
 Full of gold and siller,
 I would give it all
 To my dusty miller.

Oh, the little, little,
 Rusty, dusty miller!

THE calf, the goose, the bee,
 The world is ruled by these three.
 (*Parchment, Pens and Wax*)

A WATER there is I must pass,
 A broader water never was;
 And yet of all waters I ever did see,
 To pass over with less jeopardy. (*Dew*)

A HILL full, a hole full,
 Yet you cannot catch a bowl full.
 (*Mist*)

AS high as a castle,
 As weak as a wastle;
 And all the King's horses
 Cannot pull it down. (*Smoke*)

I'VE seen you where you never were,
 And where you ne'er will be,
 And yet you in that very same place,
 May still be seen by me.
 (*Reflection in a Mirror*)

HODDY Doddy,
 With a round body,
 Three feet and a wooden hat.
 What's that?
 (*A Three-legged Iron Pot*)

WHAT God never sees,
 What the King seldom sees,
 What we see every day.
 Read my riddle, I pray. (*An Equal*)

I'M in everyone's way,
 But no one I stop;
 My four horns every day
 In every way play,
 And my head is nailed on at
 the top. (*A Turnstile*)

RIDDLE me, riddle me, what is that
 Over the head, and under the hat?
 (*Hair*)

THE land is white,
 The sea is black,
 It'll take a good scholar
 To riddle me that.
 (*Paper and Writing*)



Mrs Bond

“OH, what have you got for dinner,
Mrs Bond?”

“There’s beef in the larder, and ducks
in the pond.”

Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,

For you must be stuff’d and my
customers fill’d!

“Pray send us first beef in, Mrs Bond,
And then dress those ducks that are
swimming in the pond.”

Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,

For you must be stuff’d and my
customers fill’d!

“John Ostler, go and fetch me a
duckling or two!”

“Madam,” says John Ostler, “I’ll try
what I can do.”

Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,

For you must be stuff’d and my
customers fill’d.

“I have been to the ducks which swim
in the pond,

But I found they won’t come to be
killed, Mrs Bond.

I cried, ‘Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come
and be killed,

For you must be stuff’d and my
customers fill’d.’”

Mrs Bond she flew down to the pond
in a rage,

With her pockets full of onions and
her apron full of sage.

Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be
killed,

For you must be stuff’d and my
customers fill’d.

BUTTONS a farthing a pair,
Come, who will buy them of me?
They’re round and sound and pretty,
And fit for the girls of the city.

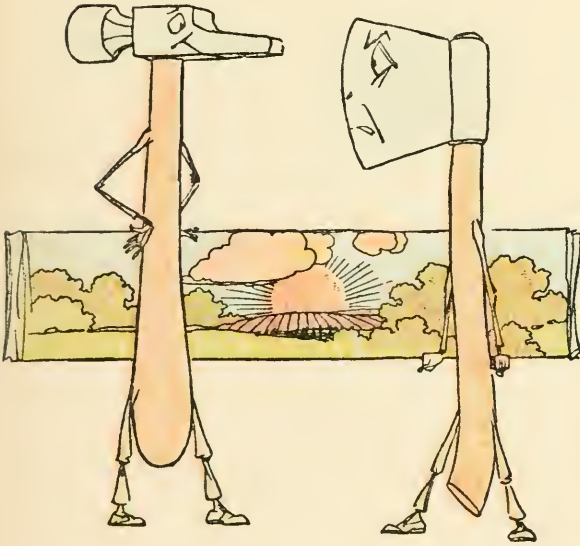
Come, who will buy them of me,
Buttons a farthing a pair?

BOW-WOW, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what sparrows say you know.

So, with sparrows, and owls,
With rats, and with dogs,
With ducks, and with crows,
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.



WAS ever heard such noise and
clamour!
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer!

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.

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.

THE hart he loves the high wood,
The hare she loves the hill,
The Knight he loves his bright sword,
The Lady—loves her will.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Sold her old bed to lie in the straw;
Now was she not a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt.

- 1—He loves me,
- 2—He don't.
- 3—He'll have me,
- 4—He won't.
- 5—He would if he could,
- 6—But he can't.
- 7—So he don't.

UPON St Paul's steeple stands a tree,
As full of apples as may be.
The little boys of London town,
They run with hooks and pull them
down;
And then they run from hedge to
hedge,
Until they come to London Bridge.

THE fiddler and his wife,
The piper and his mother,
Ate three half cakes, three whole
cakes,

And three quarters of another.
How much did each get?

($1\frac{3}{4}$, for the fiddler's wife is the piper's mother)

AS white as milk and not milk;
As green as grass and not grass;
As red as blood and not blood;
As black as soot and not soot.

(Blackberry)

AS I passed by my little pig-sty,
I saw a petticoat hanging to dry,
Hanging to dry, hanging to dry,
I saw a petticoat hanging to dry.

I took off my jacket and laid it hard
by,
To bear the petticoat company,
Company, company,
To bear the petticoat company.

The wind blew high and down they
fell,
Jacket and petticoat into the well,
Into the well, into the well,
Jacket and petticoat into the well.

“Oh, oh!” says the jacket, “we shall
be drowned,”
“Oh, no!” says the petticoat, “we
shall be found”;
“Oh, yes!” says the jacket, “we
shall be drowned,”
“Oh, no!” says the petticoat, “we
shall be found.”

The miller passed, they gave a shout,
He put in his hand and he pulled
them both out,
Pulled them both out, pulled them
both out,
He put in his hand and he pulled
them both out.

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys—
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar-horses painted red.

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.

LITTLE ships must keep the shore;
Larger ships may venture more.

HITTY Pitty within the wall,
Hitty Pitty without the wall;
If you touch Hitty Pitty,
Hitty Pitty will bite you.

(*Stinging Nettle*)

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can.
With a heighly, gayly, gamberally,
Higgledy, piggledy, niggledy, giggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.



THE little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He killed a mouse within his house,
And ne'er a one to help him!

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



THE miller he grinds his corn, his
corn ;
The miller he grinds his corn, his
corn ;
The little Boy Blue comes winding
his horn,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team ;
The carter he whistles aside his team ;
And Dolly comes tripping with the
nice clouted cream,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The nightingale sings when we're at
rest ;
The nightingale sings when we're at
rest ;
The little bird climbs the tree for his
nest,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds
and whey ;
The damsels are churning for curds
and whey ;
The lads in the fields are making the
hay,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

HERE'S a health to the barley mow ;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow, and plough, and sow.
When it is well sown,
See it is well mown,
Both raked and gravelled clean,
And a barn to lay it in ;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both thresh and fan it clean.

TRIM tram,
Like master, like man.

I LOST my mare in Lincoln Lane,
And couldn't tell where to find her,
Till she came home both lame and
blind,
With never a tail behind her.

SNOW, snow faster,
The cow's in the pasture ;
Snow, snow, give over,
The cow's in the clover !



COOK * a ball, cherry tree ;
 Good ball, tell me
 How many years I shall be
 Before my true love I do see :
 One and two, and that makes three ;
 Thank'ee, good ball, for telling of me.

* Cook = toss

Birds' Names

Jack Snipe.
 Jenny Wren.
 Jack Daw.
 Tom Tit and Betty.
 Robin Redbreast.
 Poll Parrot.
 Jill Hooter.
 Jack Curlew.
 Jack Nicker.
 King Harry (goldfinch).
 Jacob (starling).
 Philip (sparrow).
 Ralph (raven).
 All birds—Dick.



LITTLE Tom Tacket sits upon his
 cracket.
 Half-a-yard of cloth will make him
 a jacket—
 Make him a jacket and breeches to
 the knee ;
 And if you will not have him, you
 may let him be.

A BRIDGE between
 Keeps friendship green.

EAT at pleasure,
 Drink by measure.

PUSSY cat high, pussy cat low,
 Pussy cat is a fine teaser of tow.

JACKIE boy, ho boy, news !
 The cat is in the well ;
 Let us ring now for her knell,
 Ding dong, ding dong bell.

AT Brill-on-the-Hill
 The wind blows shrill,
 The cook no meat can dress ;
 At Stow-in-the-Wold
 The wind blows cold—
 I know no more than this.

THE Quaker's wife sat down to bake,
 Wi' a' her bairns about her ;
 She made them ev'ry one a cake,
 And the Miller he wants his mouter.

Sugar and spice and a' things nice,
 And a' things vera guid in it ;
 And then the Quaker sat down to
 play
 A tune upon the spinet.

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
 And merrily danced the Quaker ;
 Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
 And merrily danced the Quaker.

BUCKEE, Buckee, Biddy Bene,
 Is the way now fair and clean ?
 Is the goosey gone to nest.
 And the foxy gone to rest ?
 Shall I come away ?



THERE was an old couple, and they were poor,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

They lived in a house that had but one door.

Oh! what a poor couple were they.

The old man once he went far from his home,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

The old woman afraid was to stay alone.

Oh! what a weak woman was she.

The old man he came home at last,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

And found the windows and door all fast.

“Oh! what is the matter?” quoth he.

“Oh! I have been sick since you have been gone,”

Fa la, fa la la lee!

“If you’d been in the garden, you’d heard me groan.”

“Oh! I’m sorry for that,” quoth he.

“I have a request to make unto thee,”

Fa la, fa la la lee!

“To pluck me an apple from yonder tree.”

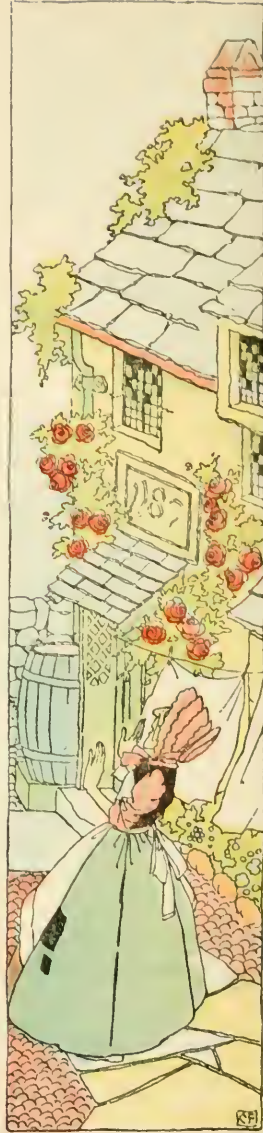
“Ay, that will I, marry!” quoth he.

The old man tried to get up in the tree,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

But the ladder it fell, and down tumbled he.

“That’s cleverly done,” said she.



ON Saturday night it shall be my care,
 To powder my locks and curl my hair.
 On Sunday morning my love will come in,
 When he will marry me with a gold ring.

“HOW do you do, neighbour?
 Neighbour, how do you do?”
 “I am pretty well.”
 “And how does Cousin Sue do?”
 “She’s pretty well,
 And sends her duty to you;
 So does bonnie Nell.”
 “Good lack! how does she do?”

HOW many days has my baby to
play?

Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE Cuckoo comes in April,
Stops all the month of May,
Sings a song at Midsummer,
And then he goes away.

WHEN the cuckoo comes to the
bare thorn,

Sell your cow and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn and buy your sheep.

TO-MORROW come never,
When two Sundays come together.

BLUE eye, beauty;
Grey eye, greedy;
Black eye, blackie;
Brown eye, brownie.

LILLY low, lilly low, set up on end,
See little baby go out at town end.

(A Candle)

TWO brothers we are,
Great burdens we bear,
All day we are bitterly pressed;
Yet this I must say,
We are full all the day,
And empty when we go to rest.

(Shoes)

IT'S time, I believe,
For us to get leave;
The little dog says—
It isn't, it is; it isn't, it is, etc.

ALL the bairns unborn will rue the
day

That the Isle of Man was sold away;
And there's ne'er a wife that loves a
dram

But what will lament for the Isle of
Man.

ROUND the house and round the
house,
And there lies a white glove in the
window.

(Snow)



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?

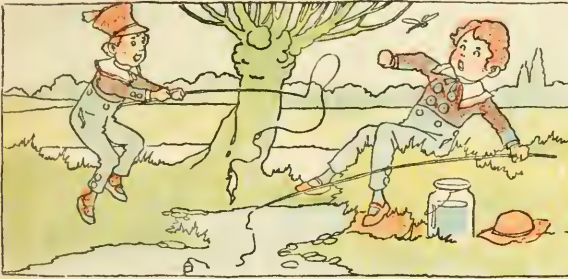
I made him a hat,
Of my coat lap,
And stockings of pearly blue;
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather,
So Johnny, how dost thou now?

I MARRIED my wife by the light
of the moon,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
She never gets up until it is noon,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

And when she gets up, she is slovenly
laced,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
She takes up the poker to roll out
the paste,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She churns her butter in a boot,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
And instead of a churn-staff she puts
in her foot,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She lays her cheese on the scullery
shelf,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
And she never turns it till it turns
itself,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.



DRAGON fly! dragon fly! fly about
the brook,
Sting all the bad boys who for the
fish look;
But let the good boys catch all that
they can,
And then take them home to be
fried in a pan;
With nice bread and butter they shall
sup upon their fish,
While all the little naughty boys
shall only lick the dish.

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

TRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo'

PEA-POD hucks,
Twenty for a pin;
If you don't like them,
I'll take them agin.

A LITTLE bit of powdered beef,
And a great net of cabbage;
The best meal I have had to-day
Is a good bowl of porridge.

THERE was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The country for to see.

There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red,
That lead
Was as weighty,
That four-score
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden,
As in England.

So he stood in his shoes,
And he wondered,
He wondered.
He stood in his shoes
AND HE WONDERED.



TO-MORROW the fox will come to
town,
Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep;
To-morrow the fox will come to
town,
O keep you all well there.
I must desire you, neighbours all,
To hallo the fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!
whoop!

He'll steal the cock out from his
flock,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the cock out from his
flock,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours
all, etc.

He'll steal the hen out of the pen,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the hen out of the pen,

Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours
all, etc.

He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours
all, etc.

He'll steal the lamb e'en from his
dam,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the lamb e'en from his
dam.

Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours all,
To hallo the fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!
whoop!
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!
whoop!

The Beggars of Ratcliffe Fair

AS I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was John,
and his wife's name was Jump-
ing Joan.
So there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Richard, and his wife's name
was Mrs ap Richard.
So there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Robert, and his wife's name
was Mrs ap Robert.
So there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs
ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Rice,
and his wife's name was Mrs
ap Rice.
So there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs
ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Jones, and his wife's name was
Mrs ap Jones.
So there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Lloyd, and his wife's name was
Mrs ap Lloyd.
So there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap
Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Owen,
and his wife's name was Mrs
ap Owen.
So there was Owen and Mrs ap
Owen,
And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap
Rice,

And there was Robert and Mrs ap
 Robert,
 And there was Richard and Mrs ap
 Richard,
 And there was John and Jumping
 Joan,
 Merry companions every one.



So there was Shenkin and Mrs ap
 Shenkin,
 And there was Lewin and Mrs ap
 Lewin,
 And there was Owen and Mrs ap
 Owen,
 And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
 Lloyd,
 And there was Jones and Mrs ap
 Jones,
 And there was Rice and Mrs ap
 Rice,
 And there was Robert and Mrs ap
 Robert,
 And there was Richard and Mrs ap
 Richard,
 And there was John and Jumping
 Joan,
 Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
 met with a jolly beggare,
 Jolly beggare, and his name was
 Lewin, and his wife's name
 was Mrs ap Lewin.

So there was Lewin and Mrs ap
 Lewin,
 And there was Owen and Mrs ap
 Owen,
 And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
 Lloyd,
 And there was Jones and Mrs ap
 Jones,
 And there was Rice and Mrs ap
 Rice,
 And there was Robert and Mrs ap
 Robert,
 And there was Richard and Mrs ap
 Richard,
 And there was John and Jumping
 Joan,
 Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
 met with a jolly beggare,
 Jolly beggare, and his name was
 Shenkin, and his wife's name
 was Mrs ap Shenkin.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
 met with a jolly beggare,
 Jolly beggare, and his name was
 Howell, and his wife's name
 was Mrs ap Howell.

So there was Howell and Mrs ap
 Howell,
 And there was Shenkin and Mrs ap
 Shenkin,
 And there was Lewin and Mrs ap
 Lewin,
 And there was Owen and Mrs ap
 Owen,
 And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
 Lloyd,
 And there was Jones and Mrs ap
 Jones,
 And there was Rice and Mrs ap
 Rice,
 And there was Robert and Mrs ap
 Robert,
 And there was Richard and Mrs ap
 Richard,
 And there was John and Jumping
 Joan,
 Merry companions every one.



THOMAS and Annis met in the dark.

“I’ll give you,” said Thomas.

“Give me!” said Annis;

“I prithee, love, tell me what?”

“Some nuts,” said Thomas.

“Some nuts!” said Annis;

“Nuts are good to crack.”

Thomas and Annis met in the dark.

“I love you,” said Thomas.

“Love me!” said Annis;

“I prithee, love, tell me where.”

“In my heart,” said Thomas.

“In your heart!” said Annis;

“How came you to love me there?”

Thomas and Annis met in the dark.

“I’ll marry you,” said Thomas.

“Marry me!” said Annis;

“I prithee, love, tell me when.”

“Next Sunday,” said Thomas.

“Next Sunday!” said Annis;

“I wish it were Sunday now.”

IF you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two!

THERE’S a lie with a hatchet,
All the dogs in the town cannot
match it.

NEW moon, new moon, declare to me,
Shall I this night my true love see?
Not in his best, but in the array
As he walks in every day.

CUT them on Monday, you cut them
for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them
for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut
them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair
of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them
for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true
love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, ill luck will
be with you all the week.

A GIFT, a friend, a foe,
A letter to come,
A journey to go.

(Said to White Spots on the Nails)



THIS is the cat
That killed the cock,
For waking her
At five o’clock.



And this is the dog
That bit the thief,
For stealing all
His master’s beef.

TIT-for-tat.
If you kill my dog,
I’ll kill your cat.



CF.

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
 And they began to cry,
 "Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear,
 That we have lost our mittens."
 "What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
 Then you shall have no pie."
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
 Then you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
 And they began to cry,
 "Oh, mother, dear, see here, see here,
 See, we have found our mittens."
 "Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
 And you may have some pie."
 Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
 Oh, let us have some pie.

The three kittens put on their mittens,
 And soon ate up the pie;
 "Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear
 That we have soiled our mittens."
 "What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!"
 Then they began to sigh.
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
 Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
 And hung them out to dry;
 "Oh, mother, dear, do not you hear
 That we have washed our mittens?"
 "What! washed your mittens! then you're good kittens;
 I smell a rat close by."
 Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
 We smell a rat close by.



YOUNG Roger came tapping at
 Dolly's window,
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!
 He asked for admittance, she answered
 him, "No!"
 Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!
 "No, no, Roger, no! as you came you
 may go!"
 Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!

IF you find even ash, or four-leaved
 clover,
 You will see your love afore the day's
 over.

SOW in the sop,
 'Twill be heavy a-top.

IF the cock moult before the hen,
 We shall have weather thick and thin;
 But if the hen moult before the cock,
 We shall have weather hard as a block.

BURN ash-wood green,
 'Tis a fire for a queen;
 Burn ash-wood sere,
 'Twill make a man swear.

IN time of prosperity, friends will
 be plenty;
 In time of adversity, not one in
 twenty.

GIVE a thing, take a thing;
 That's an old man's plaything.

THOSE that go my way—butter
 and eggs;
 Those that go your way—chop off
 their legs.

LEFT and right,
 Bring good at night.

SPEAK of a person, and he will
 appear;
 Then talk of the deil, and he'll
 draw near.

NETTLE in, dock out,
 Dock rub nettle out!

PIPPIN, Pippin, fly away,
 Get me one another day.

TINKER, tailor,
 Soldier, sailor,
 Gentleman, apothecary,
 Plough-boy, thief.

This year,
 Next year,
 Some time,
 Never.

Coach,
 Carriage,
 Wheel-barrow,
 Dog-cart.

Big box,
 Little box,
 Band-box,
 Bundle.

Big house,
 Little house,
 Pig-sty,
 Barn.

Magpies

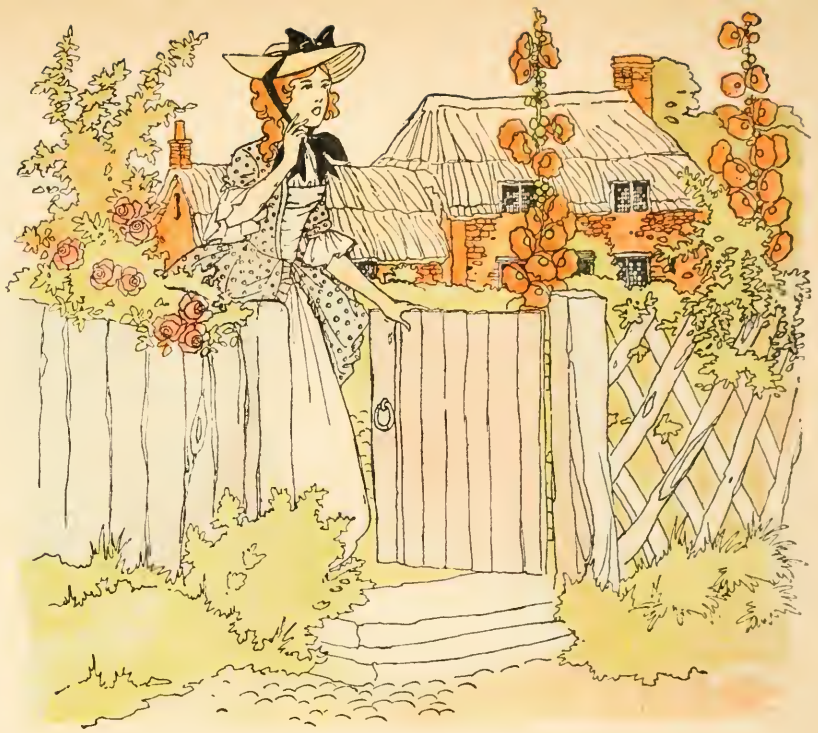
ONE for anger,
 Two for mirth,
 Three for a wedding,
 Four for a birth,
 Five for rich,
 Six for poor,
 Seven for a witch,
 I can tell you no more.

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,
 Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall
 to me.

Crows.

ONE'S unlucky,
 Two's lucky.
 Three is health,
 Four is wealth,
 Five is sickness,
 And six is death.

PIGEONS never do know woe,
 Till they do a-benting go.



OH, dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing
 should please me,
 And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed
 he would tease me;
 He promised he'd bring me a bunch
 of blue ribbons
 To tie up my bonnie brown hair.
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket
 of posies,
 A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
 A little straw hat to set off the blue
 ribbons
 That tie up my bonnie brown hair.
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
 Johnnie's so long at the fair.



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 to-
 gether again.

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
 There you see the beggars are come;
 Some are here, and some are there,
 And some are gone to Chidley Fair.

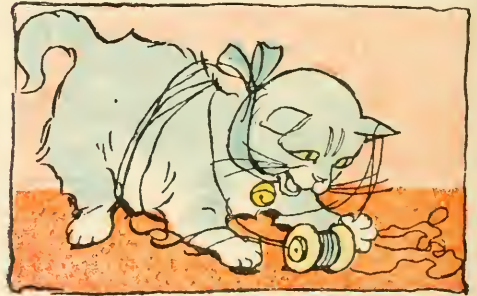
JACK in the pulpit, out and in,
 Sold his wife for a twopenny pin.

HEY diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet,
 The merchants of London they wear
 scarlet,
 Silk in the collar, and gold in the
 hem,
 So merrily march the merchantmen.

BLUE is true,
 Yellow's jealous,
 Green's forsaken,
 Red's brazen,
 White is love,
 And Black is death.

HE that hath it and will not keep it,
 He that wanteth it and will not
 seek it,
 He that drinketh and is not dry,
 Shall want money as well as I.

AS foolish as monkeys till twenty and
 more,
 As bold as a lion till forty and four;
 As cunning as foxes till threescore
 and ten,
 We then become asses, and are no
 more men.



PUSSY-CAT, wussicat, with a white
 foot,
 When is your wedding, for I'll come
 to 't?
 The beer's to brew, the bread's to
 bake,
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too
 late.



I HAD a little nut tree, nothing
would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden
pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to
visit me,

IN good King Arthur's days,
He was a merry king,
He turned three servants out of doors
Because they wouldn't sing.

The first he was a miller,
The second he was a weaver,
The third he was a little tailor;
Three thieving rogues together.

The miller he stole corn,
The weaver he stole yarn,
The little tailor he stole broadcloth
To keep these three rogues warm.

The miller was drowned in his dam,
The weaver was hanged in his farm,
The devil ran off with the little tailor
With his broadcloth under his arm.

And all was because of my little nut
tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over
sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't
catch me.



GOOD Queen Bess was a glorious
dame,
When bonny King Jemmy from
Scotland came:
We'll pepper their bodies,
Their peaceable noddies,
And give them a crack on the crown!



AS little Jenny Wren
 Was sitting by her shed,
 She waggled with her tail,
 And nodded with her head.
 She waggled with her tail,
 And nodded with her head,
 As little Jenny Wren
 Was sitting by the shed.



'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.



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.

INTO my house came neighbour
 John,
 With three legs and a wooden one;
 If one be taken from the same,
 Then just five there will remain.
 (*A IV-legged Stool*)

JACK-at-a-word ran over the moor,
 Never behind, but always before!
 (*Will o' the Wisp*)

AT the end of my yard there is a
 vat,
 Four-and-twenty ladies dancing in
 that;
 Some in green gowns, and some with
 blue hats:
 He is a wise man who can tell me
 that.
 (*Flax*)

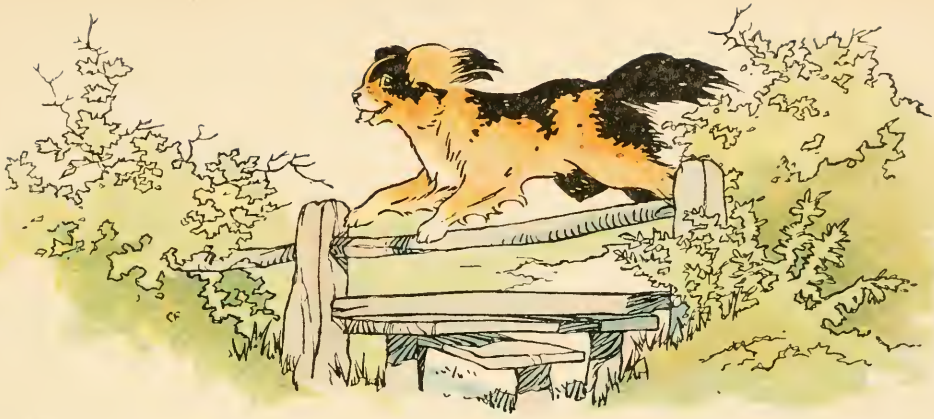
I SAW a fight the other day;
 A damsel did begin the fray.
 She with her daily friend did meet,
 Then standing in the open street,
 She gave such hard and sturdy blows,
 He bled ten gallons at the nose;
 Yet neither seemed to faint nor fall,
 Nor gave her any abuse at all.
 (*A Pump*)

WILLIAM and Mary, George and
 Anne,
 Four such children had never a man;
 They put their father to fright and
 shame,
 And called their brother a shocking
 bad name.

TWENTY, nineteen, eighteen,
 Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen,
 Fourteen, thirteen, twelve,
 Eleven, ten, nine,
 Eight, seven, six,
 Five, four, three,
 Two, one.

The tenor of the tune plays merrilie.

Little Bingo



A FARMER'S dog leaped over a style,

His name was little Bingo.

B with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O

B-I-N-G-O.

His name was little Bingo.

The farmer loved a cup of good ale,
And called it right good stingo.

S with a T
T with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O

S-T-I-N-G-O.

He called it right good stingo.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,

And gave her a wedding ring-o.

R with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O

R-I-N-G-O.

Gave her a wedding ring-o.

Now is not this a pretty song?
I think it is, by Jingo!

J with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O

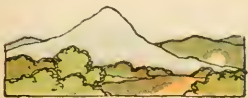
J-I-N-G-O.

I think it is, by Jingo!



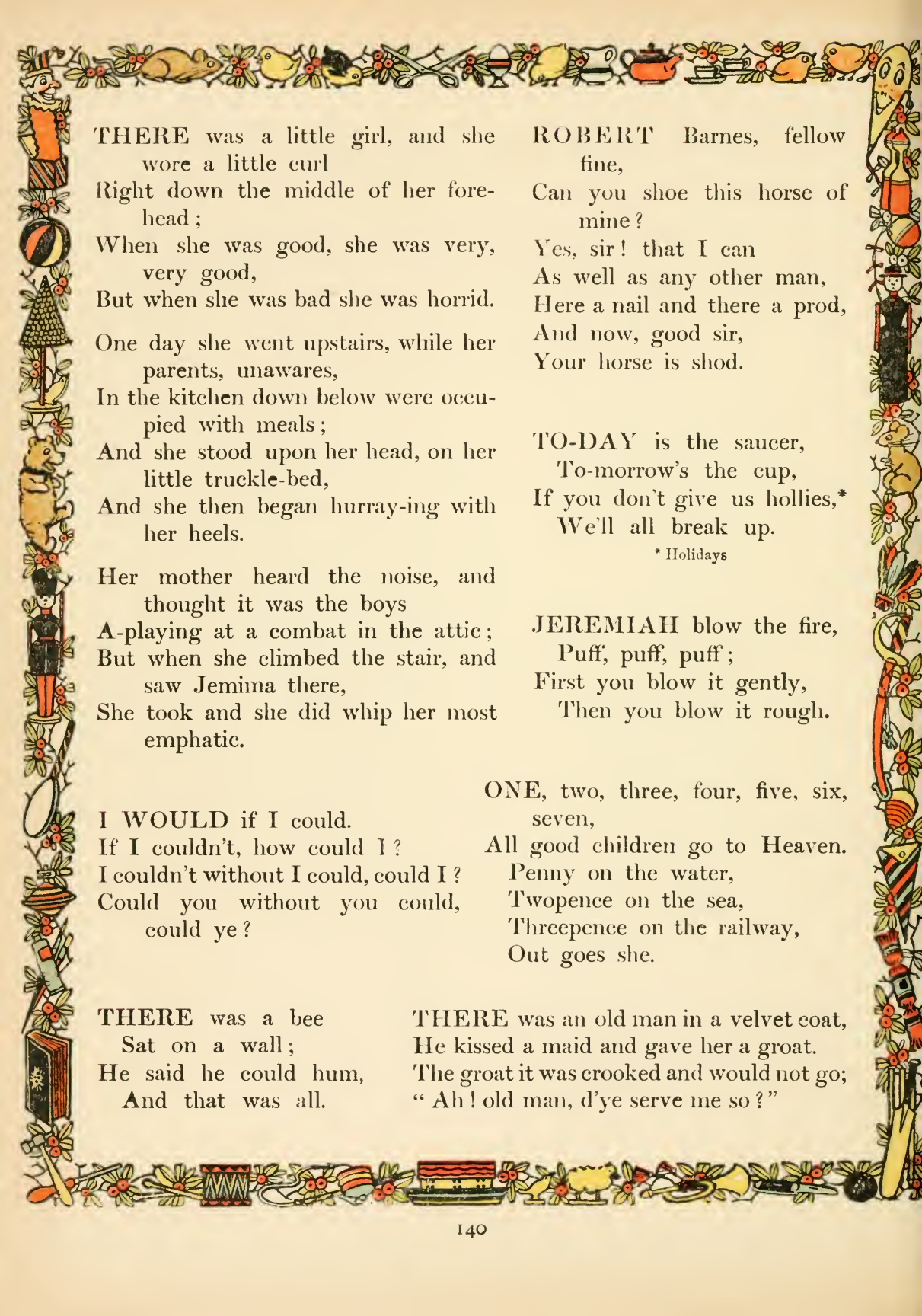
LINCOLN was, and London is,
And York shall be
The fairest city of the three.

INGLEBOROUGH, Pendle, and
Penigent
Are the highest hills betwixt Scotland
and Kent.



SKIDDAW, Helvelling, and Casti-
gand
Are the highest hills in all England.





THERE was a little girl, and she
wore a little curl
Right down the middle of her fore-
head ;
When she was good, she was very,
very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.
One day she went upstairs, while her
parents, unawares,
In the kitchen down below were occu-
pied with meals ;
And she stood upon her head, on her
little truckle-bed,
And she then began hurray-ing with
her heels.

Her mother heard the noise, and
thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic ;
But when she climbed the stair, and
saw Jemima there,
She took and she did whip her most
emphatic.

I WOULD if I could.
If I couldn't, how could I ?
I couldn't without I could, could I ?
Could you without you could,
could ye ?

THERE was a bee
Sat on a wall ;
He said he could hum,
And that was all.

ROBERT Barnes, fellow
fine,
Can you shoe this horse of
mine ?
Yes, sir ! that I can
As well as any other man,
Here a nail and there a prod,
And now, good sir,
Your horse is shod.

TO-DAY is the saucer,
To-morrow's the cup,
If you don't give us hollies,*
We'll all break up.

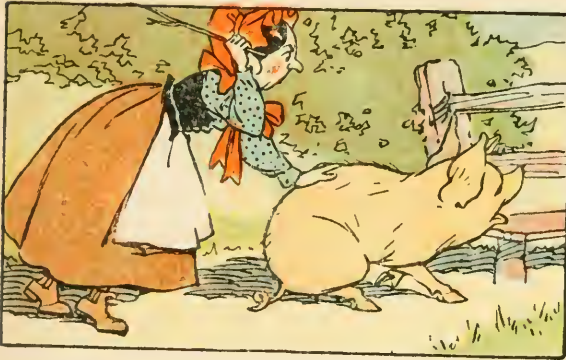
* Holidays

JEREMIAH blow the fire,
Puff, puff, puff ;
First you blow it gently,
Then you blow it rough.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six,
seven,
All good children go to Heaven.
Penny on the water,
Twopence on the sea,
Threepence on the railway,
Out goes she.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
He kissed a maid and gave her a goat.
The goat it was crooked and would not go ;
“ Ah ! old man, d'ye serve me so ? ”

The Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence.



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—

“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—

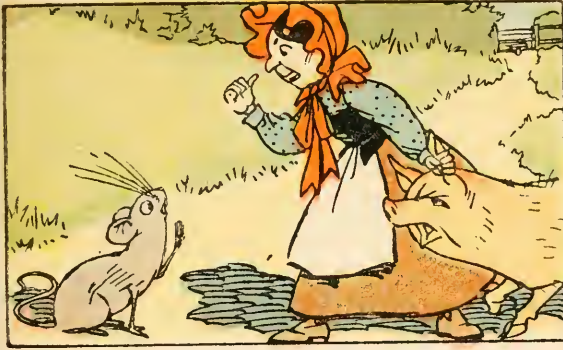
“Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

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;
 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. 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 went the old woman to the
 haymakers. 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 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 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.





Season Rhymes

AS the days lengthen,
So the storms strengthen.

WHEN the days begin to lengthen,
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

COLLOP Monday,
Pancake Tuesday,
Ash Wednesday,
Dark Thursday,
Friday's lang but will be done,
And hey for Saturday afternoon.

SHROVE TUESDAY

GREAT A, little A,
This is pancake day;
Toss the ball high,
Throw the ball low,
Those that come after
May sing Heigh-ho!

A-SHROVING, a-shroving,
I be come a-shroving;
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of doughnuts,
All of your own making.

A-shroving, a-shroving,
I be come a-shroving;

Nice meat in a pie,
My mouth is very dry,
I wish a wuz zoo well a-wet,
I'd sing the louder for a nut.*

* Nut here is dough-nut.

LENT CROCKING

I SEE by the latch
There is something to catch;
I see by the string
The good dame's within;
Give a cake, for I've none;
At the door goes a stone,
Come, give, and I'm gone.

CARE Sunday, care away,
Palm Sunday and Easter Day.

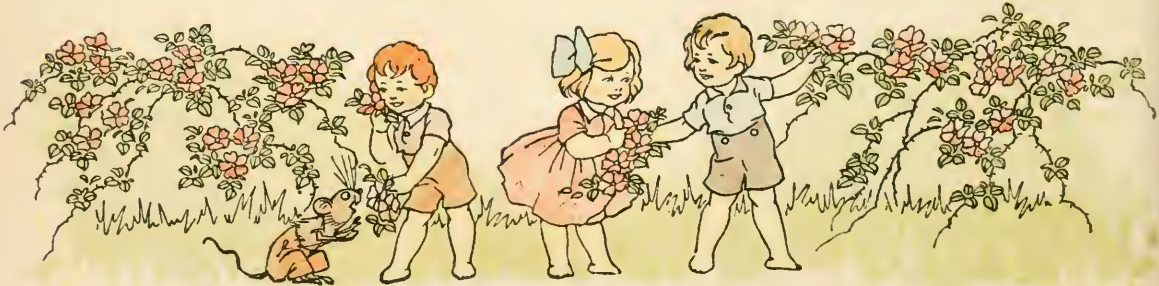
EASTER

WHEN Easter falls on Our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap.

PACE-EGGING †

HERE'S two or three jolly boys all
of one mind,
We've come a pace-egging and hope
you'll be kind.
I hope you'll be kind with your eggs
and your beer,
And we'll come no more pace-egging
until the next year.

† Pace = Pâques = Easter.





YOULING (ROGATION WEEK)

STAND fast, root ; bear well, top ;
 God send us a youling sop !
 Every twig, apple big,
 Every bough, apple enow,
 Hats full, caps full,
 Fill quarter sacks full.

WHITSUN bright and clear
 Will bring a fertile year.



“ Whitsun rain, blessings for wine,”
 “ Whitsun wet, Christmas fat.”

HARVEST HOME

HARVEST home, harvest home,
 Ne'er a load's been overthrown.

HERE'S a health unto our master,
 The founder of the feast ;
 And I hope to God with all my heart,
 His soul in heaven may rest ;
 That every thing may prosper,
 Whatever he takes in hand ;
 For we be all his servants,
 And all at his command.

ALL HALLOW-E'EN (October 31st)

HEMPSEED I set,
 Hempseed I sow,
 The young man that I love,
 Come after me and mow.

I SOW, I sow,
 Then, my own dear,
 Come here, come here
 And mow and mow.

WINTER'S thunder
 Is the world's wonder.



Rhymes for the Year

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
But Leap Year coming once in four,
February then has one day more.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

WASSAIL, wassail to our town,
The cup is white, the ale is brown:
The cup is made of the ashen tree,
And so is the ale of the good barley.

Little maid, pretty maid, turn the pin.
Open the door and let us come in:
God be here, God be there,
I wish you all a Happy New Year.

I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New-Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then,

Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,

And one could play on the violin,
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New-Year's Day in the morning.



EVE OF TWELFTH DAY

WE drink to thee and thy white horn,
Pray God send master a good crop of
corn,

Wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts
of grain ;

If alive at the next time, I'll hail thee
again!

TWELFTH NIGHT RHYMES (January 6th)

KERNEL come, kernel hop over my
thumb,

And tell me which way my true love
will come ;

East, West, North, South,

Kernel, jump into my true love's
mouth.

ST AGNES NIGHT (January 21st)

THIS knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see
The man that shall my husband be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all the days.

ST PAUL'S (January 25th)

IF St Paul be fair and clear,
Then betide a happy year.

FEBRUARY fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white;
But if it be white,
It's the better to like.

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

CANDLEMAS DAY (February 2nd)

IF Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight ;
If on Candlemas Day it be shower
and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

ST VALENTINE (February 14th)

VALENTINE, O Valentine !
Curl your locks as I do mine ;
Two before and two behind,
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine,
I drew thee for my Valentine.
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.





FIRST comes David

(March 1st)

Then comes Chad,

(March 2nd)

Then comes Whinwall
As if he was mad.

(St Winwaloe, March 3rd)

MARCH will search,
April will try,
May will tell ye
If ye'll live or die.



MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

FOOL, fool, April fool!
You learn nought by going to school.

APRIL fool-time's past and gone,
You're the fool, and I'm none!

AN April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood.



MAY DAY (May 1st)

RISE up, fair maidens, fie, for shame,
For I've been four long miles from hame;
I've been gathering my garlands gay,
Rise up, fair maids, and take in your
May!

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the haw-
thorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

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.

HE that goes to see his wheat in
May,
Comes weeping away.

A COLD May and a windy,
Makes a full barn and a findy.

THE 29th of May is Oakapple Day,
Ring-a-ting-ting! God save the King!

CALM weather in June,
Sets corn in tune.

ST SWITHIN'S (July 15th)

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.

IN July,
Some reap rye;
In August,
If one will not, the other must.

DRY August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.

SEPTEMBER blow soft
Till the fruit's in the loft.

GOOD October, a good blast,
To blow the hog acorn and mast.

NOVEMBER takes flail,
Let ships no more sail.

ALL SOULS' (Nov. 2nd)
GOD have your soul,
Beens and all.



GUY FAWKES' DAY (Nov. 5th)

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot!
For I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

A PENN'ORTH of bread to feed
the Pope,
A penn'orth of cheese to choke him,
A pint of beer to wash it down,
And a good old faggot to burn him.

A STICK and a stake
For King James' sake!
If you won't give me one,
I'll take two;
The better for me,
And the worse for you.

ST THOMAS' DAY (Dec. 21st)

ST Thomas' Day is past and gone,
And Christmas is a'most a-come.
Maidens arise,
And make your pies,
And save poor Tailor Bobby some.



ON Christmas Eve I turn'd the spit,
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
The cock sparrow flew over the table;
The pot began to play with the ladle.

I WISH you a Merry Christmas.
And a Happy New Year,
A pantry full of good roast beef,
And a barrel full o' beer.

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.

BOUNCE Buckram, velvet's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a
year,
And when it comes it brings good
cheer.



GOD bless the master of this house,
 Likewise the mistress too,
 And all the little children
 That round the table go;

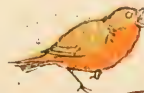
And all your kin and kinsmen,
 That dwell both far and near;
 I wish you a Merry Christmas,
 And a Happy New Year.



F.I.N.I.S.

Father Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's
 son—
 Son Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's
 father.

F for Fig
 and I for Jig
 and N for Knucklebones
 I for John the Waterman
 and S for Sack of Stones.





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