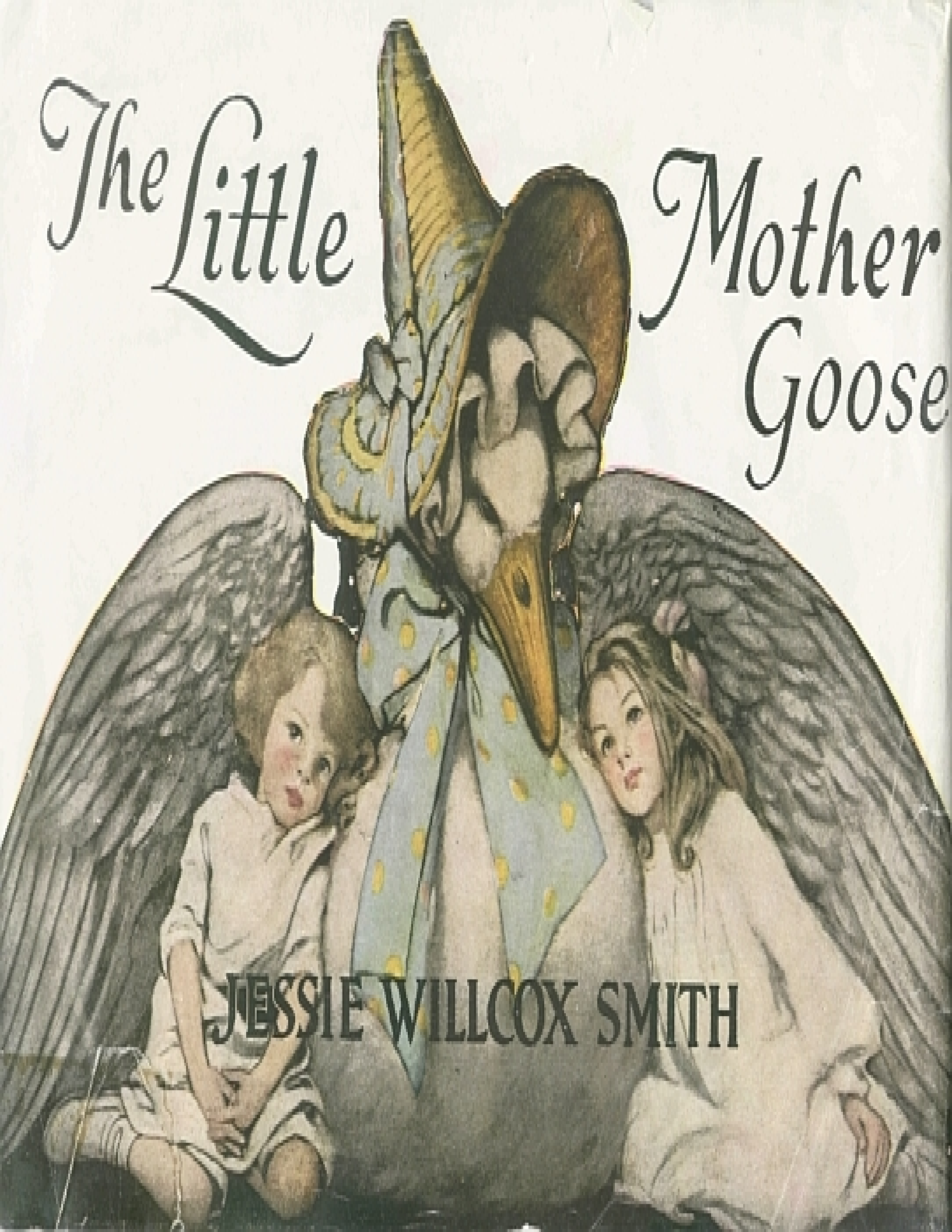


The Little

Mother
Goose



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



The Little

*Mother
Goose*

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

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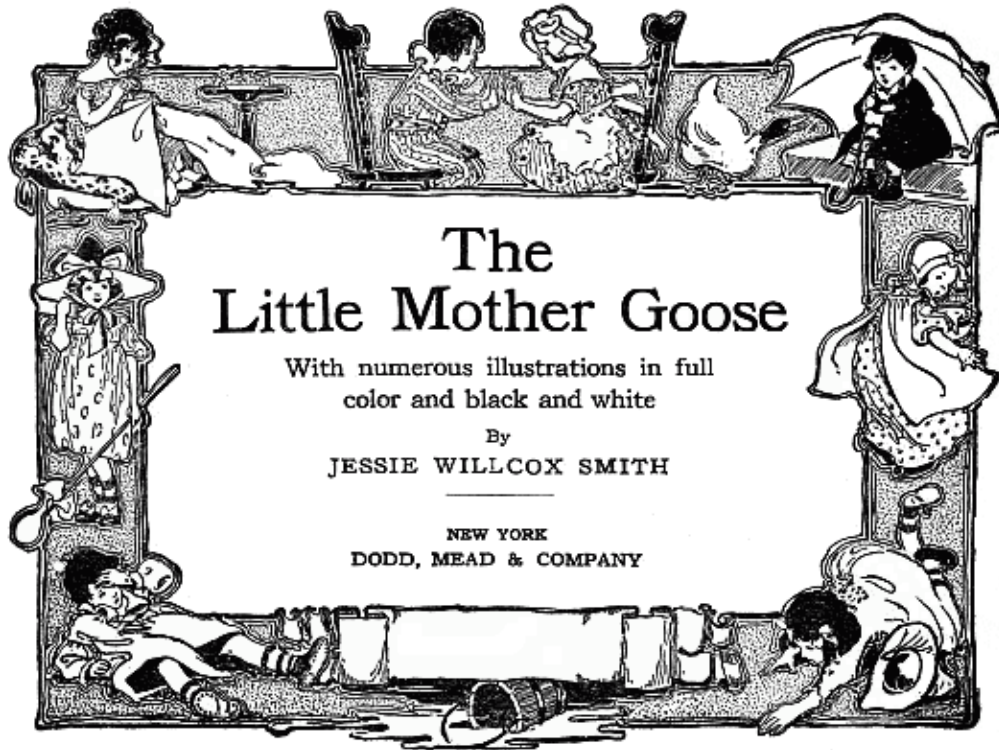
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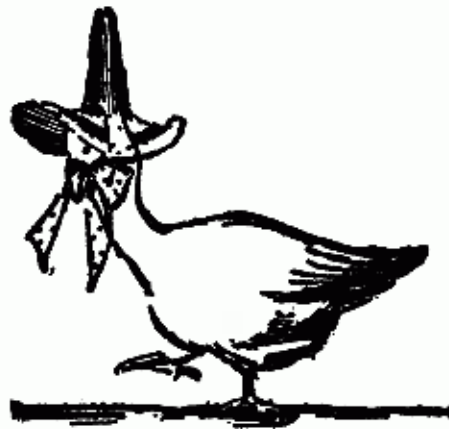
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE LITTLE
MOTHER GOOSE ***



The Little Mother Goose





*Hush-a-by, baby, on the treetop
When the wind blows the cradle will rock*

The Little Mother Goose

**With numerous illustrations in full
color and black and white**

By

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

NEW YORK
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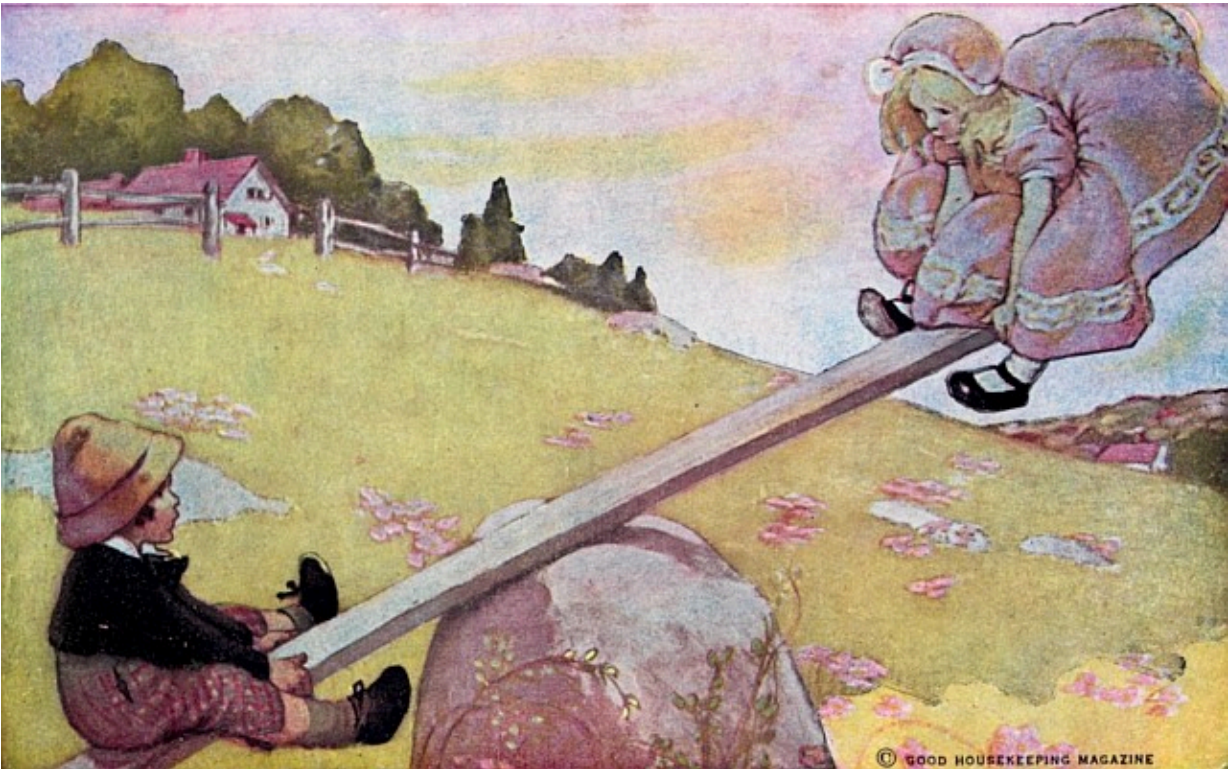
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*See saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master*

HUSH-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall.
Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

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

[Imitate a Pigeon]

WHEN the days begin to lengthen
The cold begins to strengthen.

CANTALOUPEs! Cantaloupes! What is the price?
Eight for a dollar, and all very nice.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Make me a cake as fast as you can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And there will be enough for Baby and me.

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?

[One]

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

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

BOW-WOW-WOW,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.





PEASE-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Spell me *that* in four letters.
I will.
T-H-A-T.

RING the bell!

Knock at the door!
Lift up the latch!
And walk in!

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder, treason, and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

MY maid Mary she minds the dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Gaily run the reel and the little spinning wheel,
While I am singing and mowing my corn.

POOR Dog Bright
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him—

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,

Poor Dog Bright!

And killed a crow.

Poor Cat Fright
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her—
Poor Cat Fright!

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

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."

THIS little pig went to market.
This little pig stayed home.
This little pig had roast meat.
This little pig had none.
This little pig went to the barn door
And cried week, week, for more.



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.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn;

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

SEE saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a-day,
Because she can't work any faster.

A DUCK and a drake,
And a halfpenny cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker.
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

TOSS up my darling, toss him up high,
Don't let his head, though, hit the blue sky.

TRIP and go, heave and ho!
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!

SING, sing!—What shall I sing?

HERE stands a post,—
Who put it there?
A better man than you:
Touch it if you dare?

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

GREAT A, little A,
This is pancake day;
Toss the ball high,
Throw the ball low,
Those that come after
May sing Heigh-ho!

JACK Sprat

The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string! Had a cat,
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

MMARGARET wrote a letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.

Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the siller,
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*.



PPOLLY, Dolly, Kate and Molly,
All are filled with pride and folly.



Polly rattles,
Dolly wriggles,
Katy rattles,
Molly giggles;

Whoe'er knew such constant rattling,
Wriggling, giggling, noise, and tattling

WHEN I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered.
It's I that make peace between King and ring,
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]

P OLLY put the kettle on, Susy took it off; Aunt Jemima's little girl Has got the whooping cough.	P HOEBE rode a nanny goat, Susy broke her leg, Father took his wedding coat And hung it on a peg.
---	---

THERE was an old woman

Lived under a hill;
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to the mill.

The miller declar'd
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

"JOHN, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown."
"No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
For ne'er a wife in town."

DING, dong, bell,

Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green;
Who pulled her out,
Big Tom Stout;

What a naughty boy was that

To try and drown poor pussy cat,

Who never did any harm,

And killed the mice in his father's barn.

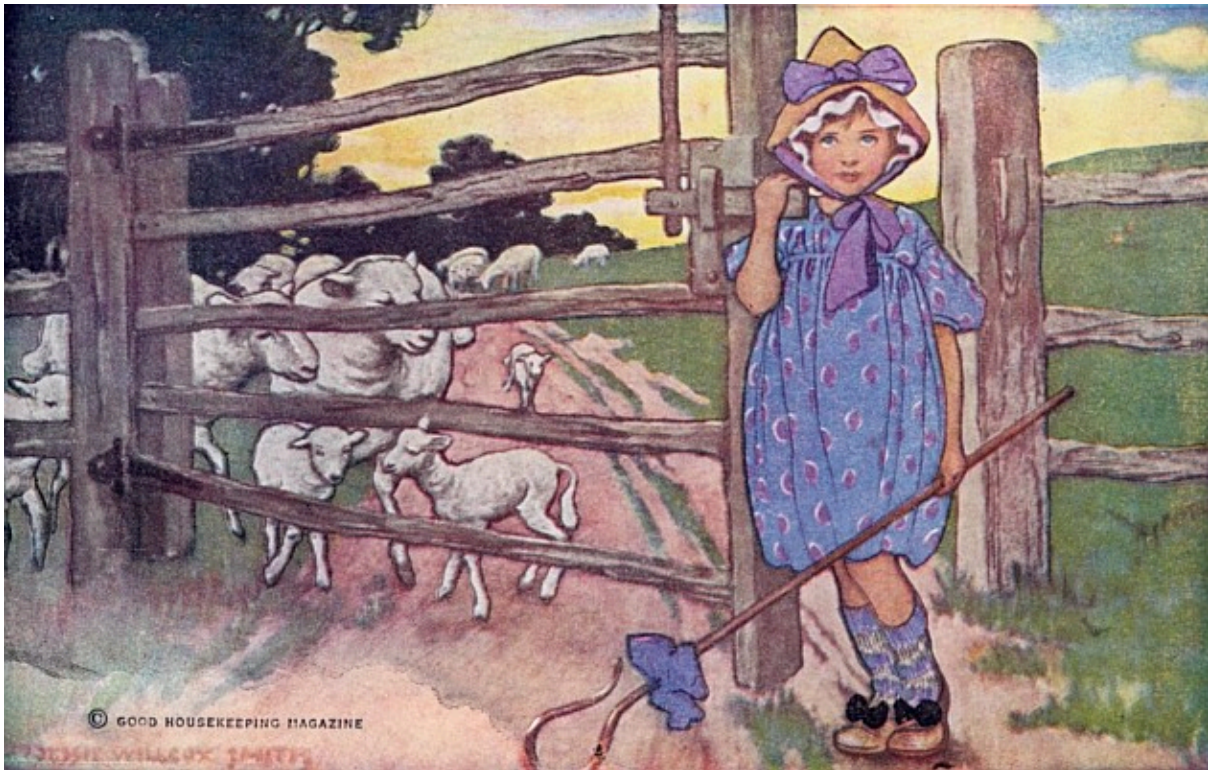
AS I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.

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



OVER the water,
And under the water,
And always with its head down.

[Icicle]



*Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them*

LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her
sheep,

And can't tell where to find
them;
Let them alone, and they'll come
home,
And bring their tails behind
them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep
And dreamt she heard them
bleating:
But when she awoke she found it
a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found 'em indeed, but it made her
heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind 'em.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can it be?

[A Star]

THE two gray kits
And the gray kits' mother
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in;
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Robin.



ELSIE Marley has 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.

[Game on a child's features]

H ERE sits the Lord Mayor	<i>forehead</i>
Here sit his two men	<i>eyes</i>
Here sits the cock	<i>right cheek</i>
Here sits the hen	<i>left cheek</i>
Here sit the little chickens	<i>top of nose</i>
Here they run in	<i>mouth</i>
Chinchopper, chinchopper,	
Chinchopper, chin!	<i>chuck the chin</i>

THERE was an old woman she lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

THE rose is red, the violet is blue,
The gillyflower is sweet and so are you:
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,

He learnt to play when he was young.
He with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys.

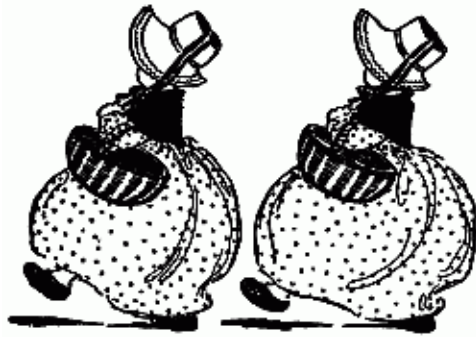
SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

COCK crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise.
And he who lies late
Will never be wise:

For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.





TO market,
to market,
to buy a plum cake,
Home again,
home again,
market is late;
To market,
to market,
to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

THERE was a little girl who wore a little hood,
And a curl down the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

BRYAN O'LIN had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin and made him a pair.
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
"Ah, ha, that is warm!" said Bryan O'Lin.

DOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run, girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it:
Not a penny in it,
But a ribbon 'round it.



*One foot up, the other foot down,
And that is the way to London town*

SEE-SAW, sacaradown, sacaradown.

Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, and the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

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.

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



BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full:

One for the master,
One for the dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.



PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt;
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

AS high as a castle,
As weak as a wastle;
And all the king's horses

EGGS, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

JOSEPH Smith bought a rake,
And sold it for some corn;
He lived a week on johnny cake,
And now he's dead and gone.

Cannot pull it down.

[Smoke]

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.



THERE was an Old Woman,
And what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but
Victuals and drink;
And though victuals and drink
Were the chief of her diet,
This little Old Woman
Could never be quiet.

MY story's ended, spoon is bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

COME when you're called, **L**ITTLE Robin Red-breast
Do what you're bid; Sat upon a rail,
Shut the door after you, Needle, naddle, went his head,
Never be chid. Wiggle, waggle, went his tail.

THERE was an old crow **P**LAY, play every day,
Sat upon a clod; Harry throws his time away.
There's an end of my song, He must work and he must read,
That's odd! And then he'll be a man indeed.

SEE-saw-Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?



LITTLE Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

[A Candle]

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

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!"

A GOOD child, a good child,
As I suppose you be;
Never laugh nor smile,
At the tickling of your knee.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

MADE in London,
Sold at New York,
Stops a bottle,
And is a cork.

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



*Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey*

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

LITTLE lad, little lad,
Where wast thou born?
Far off in Lancashire,
Under a thorn;
Where they sup sour milk

And frightened Miss Muffet away. From a ram's horn.

HINK minx! the old witch winks,
 The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody home but jumping Joan,
 Father, Mother, and I.

LITTLE Cock Robin peeped 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!

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.



THE cock's on the housetop 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.



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."

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.

IHAD 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,
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.

PICKELEEM, pickeleem, pummis-stone!
What is the news, my beautiful one?

My pet doll-baby, Frances Maria,
Suddenly fainted, and fell in the fire;
The clock on the mantle gave the alarm,
But all we could save was one china arm.

WASH the dishes, wipe the dishes,
Ring the bell for tea;
Three good wishes, three good kisses,
I will give to thee.



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

PUSSY sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy—Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy, how do you do?
Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin.
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

THERE was an old woman, her name it was Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork leg.
The neighbors all pitched her into the water,

Her leg was drown'd first, and her head follow'd a'ter.

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.

LITTLE Betty Blue,
Lost her holiday shoe.
What will poor Betty do?
Why, give her another,
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.



JERRY Hall, he is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

FRIDAY night's dream, on Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it ever so old.



*Ring-a-ring-a roses,
A pocket full of posies*

RING-a-round-a roses, **O**LD father Grey Beard,
A pocket full of posies; Without tooth or tongue;
Hush—hush—hush— If you'll give me your finger,
We'll all tumble down. I'll give you my thumb.

JOCKEY was a piper's son,
And he fell in love when he was young,
And the only tune 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.

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.

LLITTLE Poll Parrot

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



LLITTLE Miss Donnet

Wears a huge bonnet;
And hoops half as wide
As the mouth of the Clyde.



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

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.

LLITTLE Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad he could not learn a letter;

When in came Dicky Long,
Singing such a funny song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

THERE was an old woman 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 the end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride—till he can ride no more.

ROSEMARY green, and lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet marjorum, hyssop and rue.

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

THERE was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.



THE greedy man is he who sits
And bites bits out of plates,
Or else takes up an almanac
And gobbles all the dates.



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.

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

AN old woman lived in Nottingham town,
Who owned a small house, and painted it brown;
And yet this old woman grew crazy with fright,
Lest some one should burn her house in the night.

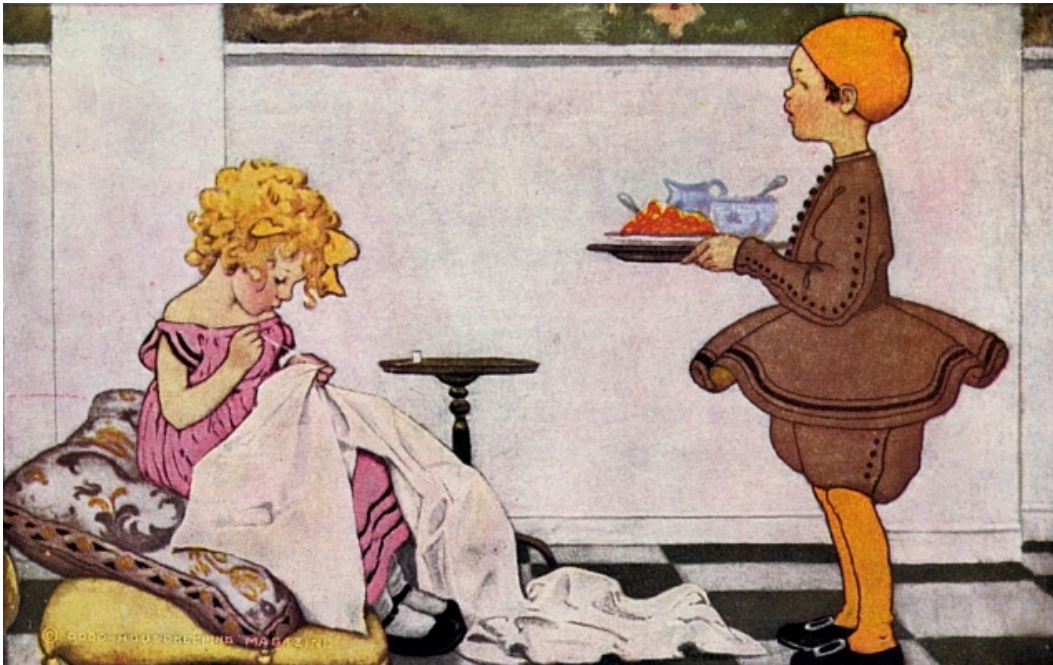
BRYAN O'Lin and his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over the bridge together:
The bridge broke down, and they all fell in,—
The deuce go with all! said Bryan O'Lin.

LITTLE Miss Lily, you're dreadfully silly
To wear such a very long skirt:
If you take my advice, you would hold it up nice
And not let it trail in the dirt.



LLADY-BUG, lady-bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

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.



*Curly locks! Curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine*

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!

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn.
With a pair of bag-pipes 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.

I WONT' be my father's Jack, **L**ITTLE maid, little maid,
I won't be my mother's Jill, Whither goest thou?
I will be the fiddler's wife, Down in the meadow
And have music when I will. To milk my cow.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me **A**S the days grow longer
T'other little tune. The storms grow stronger.

HICKORY, dickory, sackory down
How many miles to Richmond town?
Turn to the left and turn to the right,
And you may get there by Saturday night.

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 stomach's empty.



WEAR you a hat, or wear you a crown,
All that goes up must surely come down.



THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill.
The one named Jack,
And the other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

WHAT God never sees,
What the King seldom sees,
What we see every day:
Read my riddle, I pray.

[An Equal]

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

LAZY Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe;
The worst of harm we can wish him,
Is, his gouty shoe may fit him.

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.

[The Dew]

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,
Slumping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One rush! Two rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my rush.

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,
She'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

GEOERGEY Porgey, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls come out to play,
Georgey Porgey runs away.



INTERY, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple seed, and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flew east, one flew west,
And one flew over the goose's nest.

TIT, tat, toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All in a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one on the old man's crown.



WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs,
In his night gown;
Rapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the children in their beds,
For now it's ten o'clock?"



*Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her*

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.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a race]

GOOD horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.

[Say quick]

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

BUZ, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz 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 me.

WASN'T it funny? hear it all people!
Little Tom Thum has swallowed a steeple!
How did he do it?

I'll tell you, my son:
'Twas made of white sugar—and easily done!

HECTOR Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King:
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

DONKEY, donkey, old and gray,
Ope your mouth, and gently bray;
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

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



WHO comes here?
"A grenadier."
What do you want?
"A pot of beer."
Where is your money?
"I've forgot."
Get you gone,
You can't have a drop.



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

WAS ever heard such noise and clamor!
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer!

[Mind your Punctuation]

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 on the ground,
I saw a snail swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea brimful 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.



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

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

OH dear, what can the matter be
Johnny's so long at the fair,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

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.



THREE Blind Mice,
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did ever you hear such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?



*Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day*

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

CLAP, clap handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;

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

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire,

Clap, clap handies,	Over a fender of coal-dust;
Daddie's comin' hame,	Said one little dog
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie;	To the other little dog,
Clap, clap handies,	If you don't talk, why, I must.
My wee, wee ain.	

"**C**OME, let's to bed,"

Says Sleepy-head;

"Tarry a while," says Slow.



"Put on the pot,"

Says the Greedy one,

"Let's sup before we go."

UP at Piccadilly, oh!

The coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl

He takes her by the hand;
Whip away forever, oh!

Drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh!

He drives her four-in-hand.

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.

DICKERY, dickery, dock;

The mouse ran up the clock;

The clock struck One,

The mouse ran down,

Dickery, dickery, dock.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!

I caught a hare alive

6, 7, 8, 9, 10!

I let him go again.

MARY had a little lamb with fleece as 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.

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.

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 calf, the goose, the bee,
 The world is ruled by these three.
 [Parchment, pens, and wax]



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 parlor,
 Eating bread and honey.

SING a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie.

The maid was in the garden,
 Hanging out the clothes;
 Down came a blackbird,
 And pecked off her nose.

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

MY mother and your mother
 Went over the way;
 Said my mother to your mother,
 "It's chop-a-nose day."

MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
 And a circle complete;
 And let two semicircles

THERE was a crooked man,
 And he went a crooked mile,
 And he found a crooked sixpence

On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.

Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

[TOBACCO]

"**W**HERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"

"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"

"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir!" she said.



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow?

MARY, Mary quite contrary, **A**ENA, deena, dina, duss,
How does your garden grow? Kattle, weela, wila, wuss,
Silver bells and cockle shells, Spit, spot, must be done,
And pretty maids all in a row. Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one.
O-u-t spells out!

THERE was an old woman "**W**HAT do they call you?"
Called Nothing-at-all, "Patchy Dolly."
Who rejoiced in a dwelling "Where were you born?"
Exceedingly small: "In the cow's horn."
A man stretched his mouth "Where were you bred?"
To its utmost extent, "In the cow's head."
And down at one gulp "Where will you die?"
House and old woman went. "In the cow's eye."

THE cuckoo's a fine bird, **C**OME, my dear children,
He sings as he flies; Up is the sun,
He brings us good tidings, Birds are all singing,
He tells us no lies. And morn has begun.

He sucks little birds' eggs, Up from the bed, Miss,
To make his voice clear; Out on the lea;
And when he sings "cuckoo!" The horses are waiting
The summer is near. For you and for me!

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon:
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask her,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?"
"Aye, by-and-by."



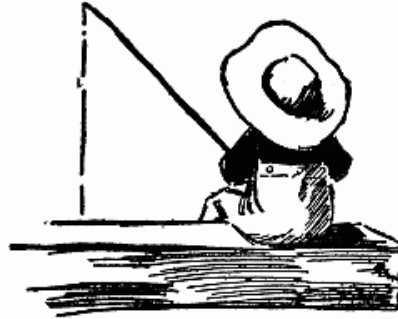
SOLOMON Grundy, **H**OT cross buns,
Born on a Monday, HOT cross buns,
Christened on Tuesday, One a penny, two a penny,
Married on Wednesday, Hot cross buns.
Took ill on Thursday, If your daughters
Worse on Friday, Don't like 'em,
Died on Saturday, Give them to your sons,
Buried on Sunday: One a penny, two a penny,
This is the end of Hot cross buns.
Solomon Grundy.

HUMPTY-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

[An Egg]

MY little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about;
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

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



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,	With apples by the fire,
A lady did me buy—	And nuts for to crack,
Put me in a silver cage	Besides a little feather-bed,
And hung me up on high—	To rest my little back.

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]

WILLY boy, Willy boy,
 Where are you going?
 I will go with you, if I may.
 I am going to the meadows,
 To see them mowing,
 I am going to see them make hay.

AHILL full—a hole full,
 Yet you cannot catch a bowl full.
 [Mist]

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

IF ifs and ands
 Were pots and pans,
 There would be no need for tinkers!

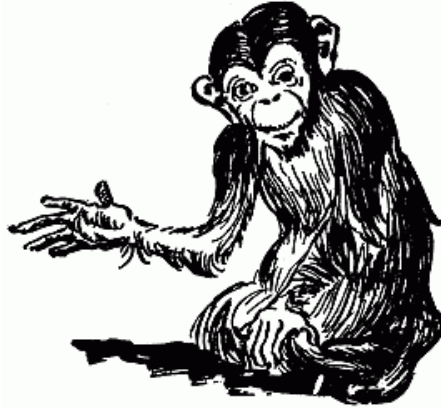


*Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after*

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;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

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

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key.



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!

MMARGERY Mutton-pie and Johnny Bopeep,
 They met together in Gracechurch-Street;
 In and out, in and out, over the way,
 Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

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

SEE a pin and pick it up,
 All the day you'll have good luck.
 See a pin and let it lay,
 Bad luck you'll have all the day.

THIRTY days hath September,
 April, June, and November;
 All the rest have thirty-one—
 Except February, alone,
 Which has four and twenty-four,
 And every fourth year, one day more.





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

IHAD a little pony
I call'd him Dapple Gray,
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.

IWENT 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]

DARBY and Joan were dress'd in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about Darby's company.

THERE dwelt an old woman at Exeter;
When visitors came it sore vexed her;
So for fear they should eat,
She locked up all her meat,
This stingy old woman of Exeter.



MARY had a pretty bird,—
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow—
The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

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.

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.

THERE was an old woman of Harrow,
Who visited in a wheelbarrow;
And her servant before,
Knocked loud at each door,
To announce the old woman of Harrow.



*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do*

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,
She whipped them all around, and sent them to bed.

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.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

I DO not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.





CCROSS Patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.

CHARLEY Warley had a cow,
Black and white about the brow,
Open the gate and let her through,
Charley Warley's old cow!

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!

RIDDLE-me riddle-me riddle-me-ree,
Perhaps you can tell what this riddle may be:
As deep as a house, as round as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't draw it up.

[A Well]

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.



MISS Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,

She opened the bag, he was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, Catch him, puss, soon as you're able.

THE Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,
Looked out of the moon and said,
"Tis time for all children on the earth
To think about getting to bed!"

ARIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.
[A cinder-sifter]

BUTTERFLY, butterfly, whence do you come?
I know not, I ask not, I never had home.
Butterfly, butterfly, where do you go?
Where the sun shines, and where the buds grow.

"ROBERT Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good 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."

TOMMY Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws;
Sold the straw, and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays good eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.



ONE for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go.



THERE'S a neat little clock,
In the schoolroom it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

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

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

MORAL:

Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.

A LONG-TAILED pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

MORAL:

Take hold of his tail,
And eat off his head,
And then you will be sure
The pig-hog is dead.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;

The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to market, to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheel-barrow:
The wheel-barrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheel-barrow, little wife, and all.

MORAL:

Provide against the world, and hope for the best.

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



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

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

HEIGH, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin, and looks in the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high!

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new master;
Jacky must have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

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

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

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

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

DING, dong, bell,
The cat is in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green;
What a naughty boy was that
To try to drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn.

MORAL:

He that injures one threatens a hundred.



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

[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arm—if possible.]

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.

NOW go to sleep, my little son,

Or I shall have to spank you;

How do you do? says uncle John—

I'm pretty well, I thank you.

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.



A SUNSHINE shower
Won't last half an hour.
As the day lengthens,
So the cold strengthens.
The fishes' cry
Is never long dry.

HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone, crackabone, 10 and 11;
Spin, spun, muskidem,
Twiddle 'em, twaddle 'em, 21.

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 he 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 splish, splash *that* would be!

HARK! hark! the dogs do bark, **A**S I was going up and down,
The beggars have come to town; I met a little dandy,
Some in rags, and some in tags, He pulled my nose, and with two blows

And some in velvet gowns. I knocked him down quite handy.

FOR every evil under the sun, **I** BOUGHT a dozen new-laid eggs,
There is a remedy, or there is none. Of good old farmer Dickens;
If there be one, try and find it, I hobbled home upon two legs,
If there be none, never mind it. And found them full of chickens.

SWAN, swam over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim,
Swan, swam back again;
Well, swum, swan.

BOSSY-COW, bossy-cow, where do you lie?
In the green meadow under the sky.
Billy-horse, billy-horse, where do you lie?
Out in the stable with nobody nigh.
Birdies bright, birdies sweet, where do you lie?
Up in the tree-tops,—oh, ever so high!
Baby dear, baby love, where do *you* lie?
In my warm crib, with Mamma close by.

NOSE, nose, jolly red nose;
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?

I've been to London to visit the Queen!
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under her chair.

BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore;
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



"WILL you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair;
And I have many curious things to show you when you're there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly; "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly,—
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?"
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,

For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl and silver wing;

Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by.
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue,—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast!
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor,—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

O NE, two, three, four, Mary at the cottage door; Five, six, seven, eight, Eating cherries off a plate; O-U-T spells out!	O NE, two, three, four, five, Catching fishes all alive. Why did you let them go? Because they bit my finger so. Which finger did they bite? The little finger on the right.
--	--

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 on a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she.

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.

THERE once were two cats of Kilkenny,
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

1 This pig went to the barn;
2 This ate all the corn;
3 This said he would tell;
4 This said he wasn't well;
5 This went week, week, week, over the door sill.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!
[Gloves.]

COME to the window, **T**HERE was an old woman
My baby, with me, And nothing she had;
And look at the stars And so this old woman
That shine on the sea! Was said to be mad.
There are two little stars She'd nothing to eat,
That play at bo-peep She'd nothing to wear,

With two little fish She'd nothing to lose,
Far down in the deep; She'd nothing to fear,
And two little frogs She'd nothing to ask,
Cry neap, neap, neap; And nothing to give,
I see a dear baby And when she did die,
That should be asleep. She'd nothing to leave.

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint-pot, and there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse, that galloped up and down;
I saddled him and bridled him, and sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters, to garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief to wipe his pretty nose.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander, wither dost thou wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.

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.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?



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

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,

Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

When the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
How could he see where to go
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

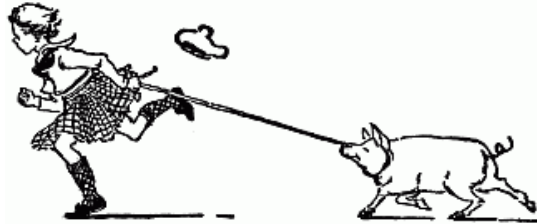
THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich.
He went by the South,
And he burnt his mouth,
With eating cold pease porridge.

HUB a dub, dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker;
All jumped out of an Irish potato.

BELL-HORSES, bell-horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Off and away.

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.

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



IF all the world were water,
And all the water were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

TEN little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home, and then there were nine.

Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.

Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven—
One kicked the bucket, and then there were seven.

Seven little Injuns cutting up tricks—
One went to bed and then there were six.

Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck, and then there were five.

Five little Injuns on a cellar door—
One tumbled off, and then there were four.

Four little Injuns climbing up a tree—
One fell down, and then there were three.

Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One fell overboard, and then there were two.

Two little Injuns fooling with a gun—

One shot the other, and then there was one.

One little Injun living all alone—
He got married, and then there was none!

JACK Spratt's pig,

He was not very little, Nor yet very big;	H USH-A-BYE, baby,
He was not very lean, He was not very fat—	Daddy is near; Mamma is a lady,
He'll do well for a grunt, Says little Jack Spratt.	And that's very clear.

THIS is the way the ladies ride,

Tri, tre, tri, tree, tri, tre, tri, tree!

This is the way the ladies ride;

Tri, tre, tri, tree, tri, tre, tri, tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride!

Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the gentlemen ride!

Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride!

Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop!

This is the way the farmers ride!

Hobbledy-hop, hobbledy-hop!

FATHER, may I go to war?

Yes, you may, my son;
Wear your woollen comforter,
But don't fire off your gun.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,

Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird."
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.



NANCY Dawson has grown so fine
She won't get up to serve the swine;
She lies in bed till eight or nine,
So it's Oh, poor Nancy Dawson.

And do ye ken Nancy Dawson, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey?
She won't get up to feed her swine,
And do ye ken Nancy Dawson, honey?

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
All buttoned down before.

[To be read rapidly.]

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?

MY pussy cat
Has got the gout,
And the rats and mice
Can play about.

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

BROW brinky,
Eye winky,
Chin choppy,
Nose nobby,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry.

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,
Noodle 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!

COME hither, sweet robin,
And be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet robin,
And pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you,
Poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty,
And drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs,
And don't mind me.

GOD bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near:
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.

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

WHEN Jacky'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.

I LOVE you well, my little brother,
And you are fond of me;
Let us be kind to one another,
As brothers ought to be.
You shall learn to play with me.
And learn to use my toys;
And then I think that we shall be
Two happy little boys.

HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.
This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.
This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.
This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.
This is the way we come out of school,
Come out of school, come out of school,
This is the way we come out of school,
On a cold and frosty morning.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

A SUNSHINY shower

Won't last half an hour.

A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat!
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
And shot the miller's sow right through the heart
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow.
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

SPEAK when you're spoken to,
Come when once called;
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall!

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.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;

He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a hog and a half;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat 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 complain'd that his stomach wasn't full.

A GLASS of milk and a slice of bread,
And then good-night, we must go to bed.

I HAVE a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep.
She wades the water deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high—
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

[A Star]

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

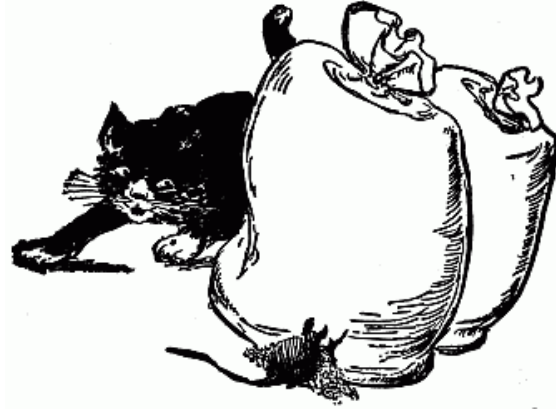
THIS is the House that Jack built
This is the Malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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 milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd 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 tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, that worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

HIRAM Gordon, where's your pa?
He's gone with Uncle Peter,
To put a board across the fence,
So that we boys can teeter.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

THE Queen of Hearts

1. I went up one pair of stairs, She made some tarts,
2. Just like me. All on a summer's day.
1. I went up two pair of stairs, The Knave of Hearts,
2. Just like me. He stole the tarts,
1. I went into a room, And took them clean away.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window, The King of Hearts,
2. Just like me. Called for the tarts,
1. And then I saw a monkey, And beat the Knave full sore.
2. Just like me. The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more.

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



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

"Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

When they came to the door at Mousey's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley;
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"Yes, kind sirs, and sitting to spin."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"That Froggy and I am fond of good cheer."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigho, says Rowley;
"But let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley;
"A cold has made me as horse as a hog."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

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

But while they were all a-merrymaking,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A Cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley;
The kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

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

As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley;
A lilywhite Duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

So here is an end of one, two three—
Heigho, says Rowley,
The Rat, the Mouse, and little Froggy.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

LADIES and gentlemen, come to supper,
Hot boiled beans and very good butter.

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

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

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

By came a peddler, 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.



"But if it be I, as I 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,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I."

When the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I!"

IHAD four brothers over the sea.

Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
And they each sent a present unto me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The first sent a chicken, without any bones;
The second sent a cherry, without any stones,

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The third sent a book, which no man could read;
The fourth sent a blanket, without any thread.

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How could there be a chicken without any bones?
How could there be a cherry without any stones?

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How could there be a book which no man could read?
How could there be a blanket without a thread?

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the chicken's in the egg-shell, there are no bones,
When the cherry's in the blossom, there are no stones.

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the book's in ye press no man it can read;
When the wool is on the sheep's back, there is no thread.

Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

SNEEZE on Monday, sneeze for danger;

Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;

Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter;

Sneeze on Thursday, something better;

Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;

Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

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.

PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot nine days old.
Spell me *that* with a P
And a clever scholar you will be.

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
 "Oh! mammy dear,
 We sadly fear,
 Our mittens we have lost!"
"What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
 Then you shall have no pie."
 Miew, miew, miew, miew,
 Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry.
 "Oh! mammy dear,

See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found."
"What! found your mittens,
You little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh! mammy dear,
We greatly fear,
Our mittens we have soil'd."
"What! soil'd your mittens,
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
Miew, miew, miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;
"Oh! mammy dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have wash'd."
"What! wash'd your mittens,
You darling kittens!
But I smell a rat close by!
Hush! hush!" Miew, miew,
Miew, miew, miew, miew.

OLD Mother Hubbard She took a clean dish,
Went to the cupboard To get him some tripe,
To get her poor Dog a bone; But when she came back
But when she came there He was smoking his pipe.
The cupboard was bare,

And so the poor Dog had none. She went to the ale-house,
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
She thought he was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The sly dog was laughing.



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,

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
He 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 a flute.

She went to the tailor's,
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said "Your servant,"
The Dog said "Bow wow!"

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;

To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's,
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

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.

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.

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

A was an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Dunce, with a very sad face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill-luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an Innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K was a King, so mighty and grand,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up his gold,

N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oysterman, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Quack, with a wonderful pill,
R was a Robber, who wanted to kill.
S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was a Usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zan, a poor harmless fool.



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

IT'S raining, it's pouring,
The old man is snoring.
DOCTOR Foster went to Gloster,
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.

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 carry the link?

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

Who'll dig his grave?

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

Who'll be chief mourner?

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

Who'll be the Parson?

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

Who'll sing a psalm?

I, said the Trush,
As she sat in a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll be the Clerk?

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

Who'll toll the bell?

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

Who'll carry him to the grave? *All the birds of the air*

I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.

*Fell a-sighing and sobbin',
When they heard the bell toll
For Poor Cock Robin.*

UPON my word and honor,
As I went to Bonner
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

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.

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

ADILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

YANKEE Doodle went to town
Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it Macaroni.

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

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers:
"Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

ROWLEY Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls come out to play
Rowley Powley runs away.



F for a fig,

I for a jig, and

N for knuckle-bones,

I for John the waterman, and

S for sack of stones.

Transcriber's Notes

Varied capitalization on the riddle answers was retained.

One instance each of treetop, tree top and tree-top were retained.

The remaining corrections made are indicated by dotted lines under the corrections. Scroll the mouse over the word and the original text will appear.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE LITTLE
MOTHER GOOSE ***

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