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A COLLECTION  
*of*  
NURSERY RHYMES



THE POETRY BOOKSHOP  
35 DEVONSHIRE STREET  
THEOBALDS ROAD  
LONDON  
W.C.1



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RHYMES

*Embellished by C. Lovat Fraser  
for the Poetry Bookshop*



A NEW EDITION

*(Fourth Thousand)*

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP  
35 DEVONSHIRE STREET  
THEOBALDS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1

1922



*The Châteaux that Jacques built.*

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# *INDUCTION*

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,  
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.



**THIS COLLECTION  
HAS BEEN COMPILED FROM  
XVIII<sup>th</sup> AND EARLY XIX<sup>th</sup> CENTURY CHAPBOOKS**



I

How many miles to BABYLON?  
Threescore and ten.  
Can I get there by candle-light?  
Aye, and back again.





## II

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;  
And she shall have music  
Wherever she goes.





### III

#### *SONG TO BE SUNG ON A HIGH WIND*

ARTHUR O' BOWER has broken his band:  
He comes roaring up the land.  
King o' Scots with all his power  
Can't stop ARTHUR O' THE BOWER.







#### IV

Hush-a-bye, Baby, on the tree-top;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall—  
Down will come Baby, and cradle, and all.





V

Little JACK HORNER  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas Pie.  
He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
Saying, 'What a good boy am I!'



II



VI

Little MISS MUFFET  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey;  
There came a big spider  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened MISS MUFFET away.





## VII

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.  
Then up JACK got,  
And home did trot  
As fast as he could caper;  
And went to bed  
To mend his head  
With vinegar and brown paper.

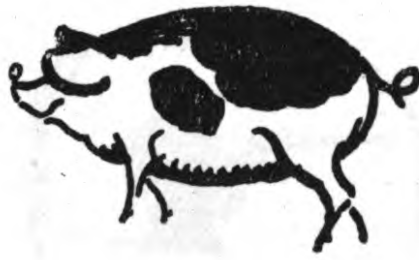




## VIII

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





IX

*A DIRGE*

Little BETTY WINKLE, she had a pig—  
It was a little pig, not very big;  
When he was alive he lived in clover,  
But now he's dead, and that's all over.

JOHNNY WINKLE, he  
Sat down and cried;  
BETTY WINKLE, she  
Laid down and died;  
So that was the end  
Of one, two, and three—  
JOHNNY WINKLE, he,  
BETTY WINKLE, she,  
And Piggy-Wiggy.



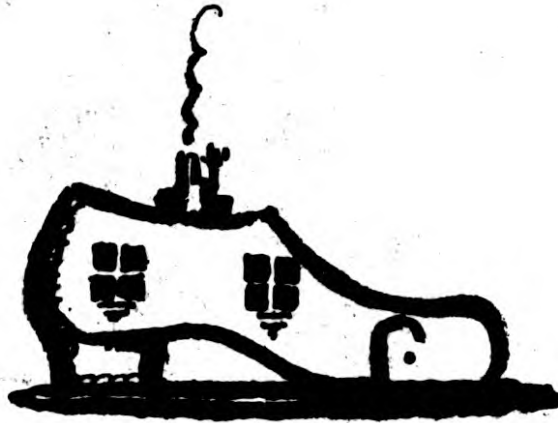




X

There was a little man,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made  
Of lead, lead, lead.  
He shot JOHN SPRIG  
Through the middle of his wig,  
And knocked it off  
His head, head, head.





## XI

There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe;  
She had so many children  
She knew not what to do.  
So she gave them some broth  
Without any bread,  
And whipped them all soundly,  
And sent them to bed.





## XII

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





### XIII

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!





#### XIV

I won't be my father's JACK,  
I won't be my father'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.





## XV

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Pocket full of rye;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing—  
Wasn't it a dainty dish  
To set before a King?  
The King was in his counting-house,  
A-counting of his money;  
The Queen was in her parlour,  
Eating bread and honey;  
The maid was in the garden,  
A-hanging out the clothes—  
Then came a little blackbird,  
And snapped off her nose;  
But then came a JENNY WREN,  
And popped it on again.







## XVI

Ding-dong-bell,  
Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in?—  
Little JOHNNY GREEN.  
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.





XVII

*GRANDPA'S SONG*

Oh! cruel was the press-gang  
That took my love from me;  
Oh! cruel was the little ship  
That took him out to sea;  
And cruel was the splinter-board  
That took away his leg:  
Now he is forced to fiddle-scrape,  
And I am forced to beg.





## XVIII

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?





## XIX

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.





XX

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





## XXI

See-saw, Scaradown,  
Which is the way to London Town?  
One foot up and one foot down—  
That is the way to London Town.





## XXII

Hey, diddle, diddle!  
The cat and the fiddle—  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laugh'd  
To see such craft,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.





## XXIII

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







## XXIV

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame has lost her shoe;  
My master's lost his fiddle stick,  
And knows not what to do.





XXV

There was an old man  
In a velvet coat—  
He kissed a maid,  
And gave her a groat;  
The groat was crack'd,  
And would not go—  
*'Ah, old man, would you serve me so?'*





## XXVI

Simple SIMON met a pieman  
Going to the Fair:  
Said Simple SIMON to the pieman,  
'Let me taste your ware.'

Says the pieman unto SIMON,  
'First give me a penny.'  
Says Simple SIMON to the pieman,  
'I have not got any.'

Now Simple SIMON went a-fishing  
For to catch a whale;  
But all the water he had got  
Was in his mother's pail.





XXVII

Tell-tale, tit,  
Your tongue shall be slit,  
And every dog in the Town  
Shall have a little bit.





## XXVIII

One, two, three,  
Four and five—  
I caught a hare alive;  
Six, seven, eight,  
Nine and ten—  
I let him go again.





## XXIX

O my kitten, a kitten,  
And O my kitten, my deary;  
Such a sweet pap as this,  
There is not far nor neary:  
There we go up, up, up—  
Here we go down, down, down—  
Here we go backwards and forwards—  
And here we go round, round, round.





XXX

Patty-cake, patty-cake,  
Baker's man,  
Bake me a cake  
As fast as you can.  
Prick it and prick it,  
And mark it with a T,  
And put it in the oven  
For JACKY and me.





### XXXI

This little pig went to market,  
This little pig stayed at 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.







### XXXII

There was a man of Thessaly,  
And he was wond'rous wise:  
He jumped into a quick-set 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.





### XXXIII

'Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Where have you been?'  
'I've been to London  
To see the Queen.'  
'Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What did you there?'  
'I frightened a little mouse  
Under the chair.'





### XXXIV

'Baa! baa! black sheep,  
Have you any wool?'  
'Yes, marry, have I,  
Three bags full:  
One for the Master,  
One for the Dame,  
And one for the little boy  
Who cries in the lane.'





XXXV

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 the bottle and bag,

And I will come after

On little JACK NAG.'





### XXXVI

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.





### XXXVII

The King of Spain, with thrice ten thousand men,  
Marched up the hill—and then march'd down again.





### XXXVIII

'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 gold she must be sold:  
So fare you well, my lady gay,  
We must return another day.'





XXXIX

Dickory, Dickory, Dock—  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down—  
Dickory, Dickory, Dock.







XL

I had a little Pony,  
His name was DAPPLE-GREY:  
I lent him to a lady  
To ride a mile away.  
She whipped him, she lashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I'll never lend my nag again  
For any lady's hire.





## XLI

Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark!  
The beggars are coming to Town:  
Some in rags, and some in jags,  
And some in a velvet gown.





## XLII

**BABY, BABY BUNTING,  
Thy father's gone a-hunting—  
He's gone to fetch a rabbit skin,  
To wrap my BABY BUNTING in.**





XLIII

Bell horses, bell horses,  
What time of day?  
One o'clock, two o'clock,  
Three and away.





XLIV

SUKY, you shall be my wife—  
And I'll tell you why:  
I have got a little pig,  
And you have got a sty;  
I have got a dun cow,  
And you can make good cheese—  
SUKY, will you have me?  
Say, 'Yes,' if you please.





XLV

*JOHN STOWE'S SONG*

SUTTON for good mutton,  
CHEAM it is for beef,  
MITCHAM for a pretty girl,  
And CROYDON for a thief.





XLVI

All of a row,  
Bend the bow—  
Shot at a pigeon  
And killed a crow.





## XLVII

There was an old woman went up in a basket  
Seventy times as high as the moon ;  
What she did there, I could not but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.

‘Old woman, old woman, old woman,’ said I,  
‘Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?’  
‘To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,  
And I shall be back again by and by.’







## XLVIII

As little JENNY WREN  
Was sitting by the shed,  
She wagged with her tail,  
And she nodded with her head.  
She wagged with her tail,  
And she nodded with her head,  
As little JENNY WREN  
Was sitting by the shed.





XLIX

*MILK BELOW*

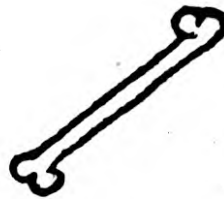
Rain, frost, or snow, or hot or cold,  
I travel up and down;  
The cream and milk you buy of me  
Is best in all the Town.  
For custards, puddings, or for tea  
There's none like those you buy of me.





L

Old MOTHER HUBBARD  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there,  
The cupboard was bare—  
And so the poor dog had none.





LI

*THE HERALD'S SONG*

The Lion and the Unicorn  
Were fighting for the Crown:  
The Lion beat the Unicorn  
All around the Town.  
Some gave them white bread  
And some gave them brown;  
Some gave them plum cake,  
And sent them out of Town.





LII

‘MISTRESS MARY,  
Quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?’

‘With silver bells  
And cockle shells,  
And pretty maids, all in row.’





### LIII

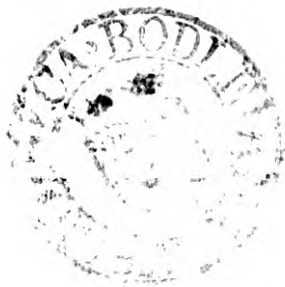
Now, what do you think  
Of little JACK JINGLE?  
Before he was married  
He used to live single;  
But after he married  
(To alter his life),  
He left off living single  
And lived with his wife.





LIV

I'll tell you a story  
About JACK-A-NORY:  
And now my story's begun.  
I'll tell you another,  
About JACK and his brother:  
And now my story is done.





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