



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

Nursery Rhymes

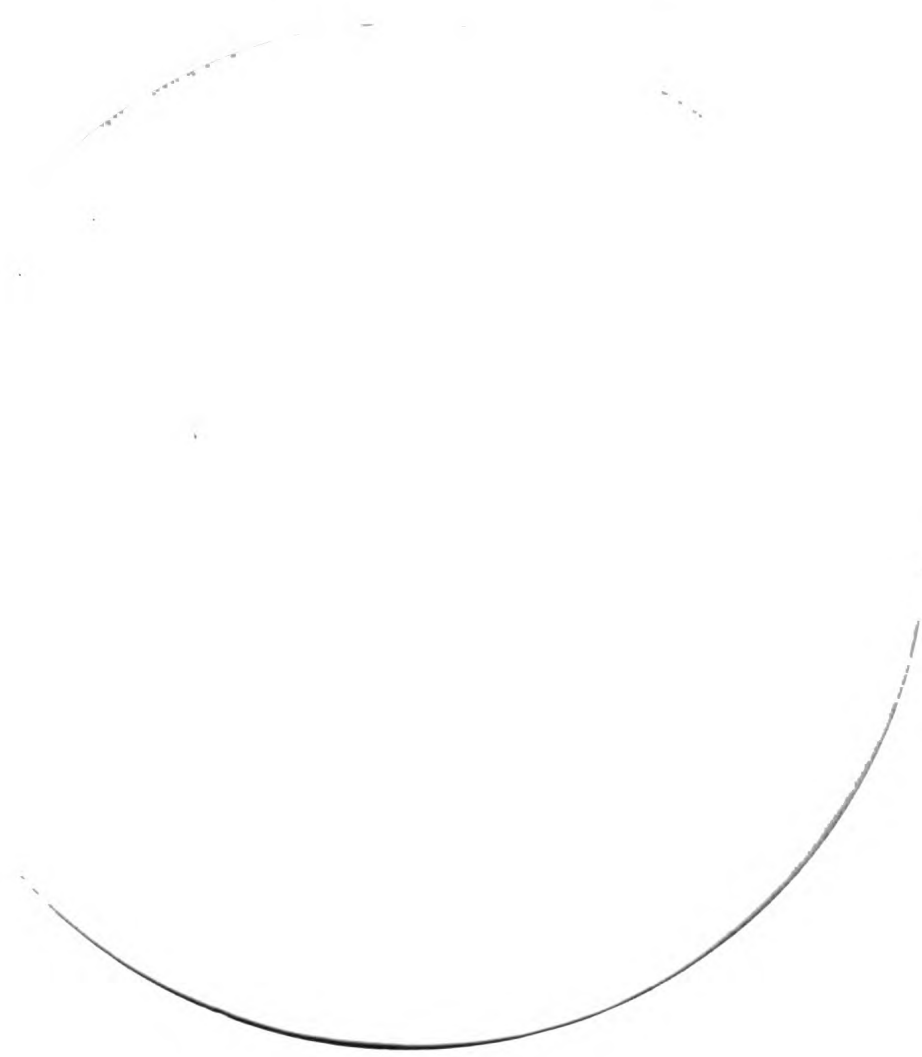


With pictures by
Claud Lovat Fraser

25210 d. 692



Nursery Rhymes



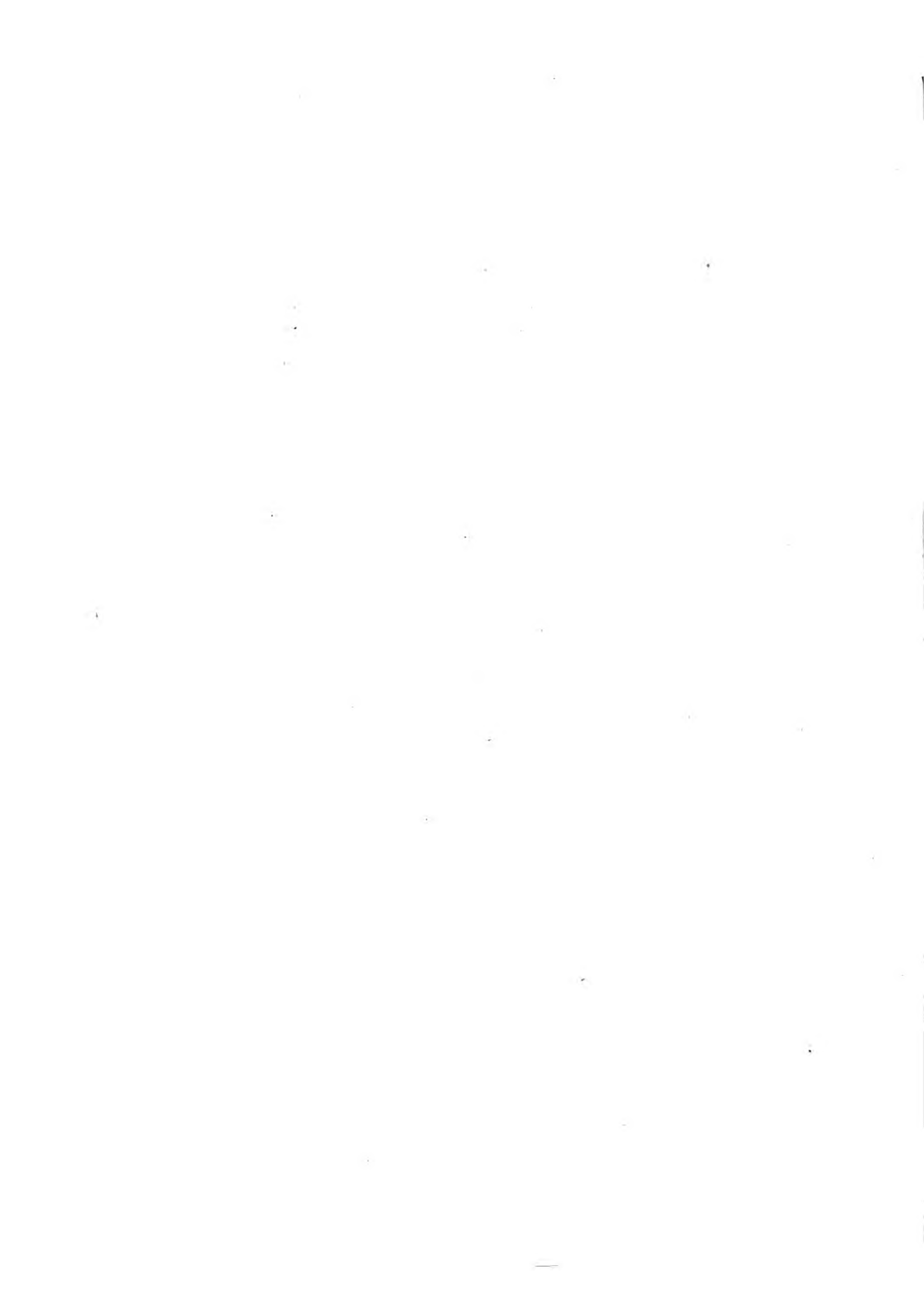
5/-
NET

With pictures by
Claud Lovat Fraser

T.C. & E.C. Jack LTD

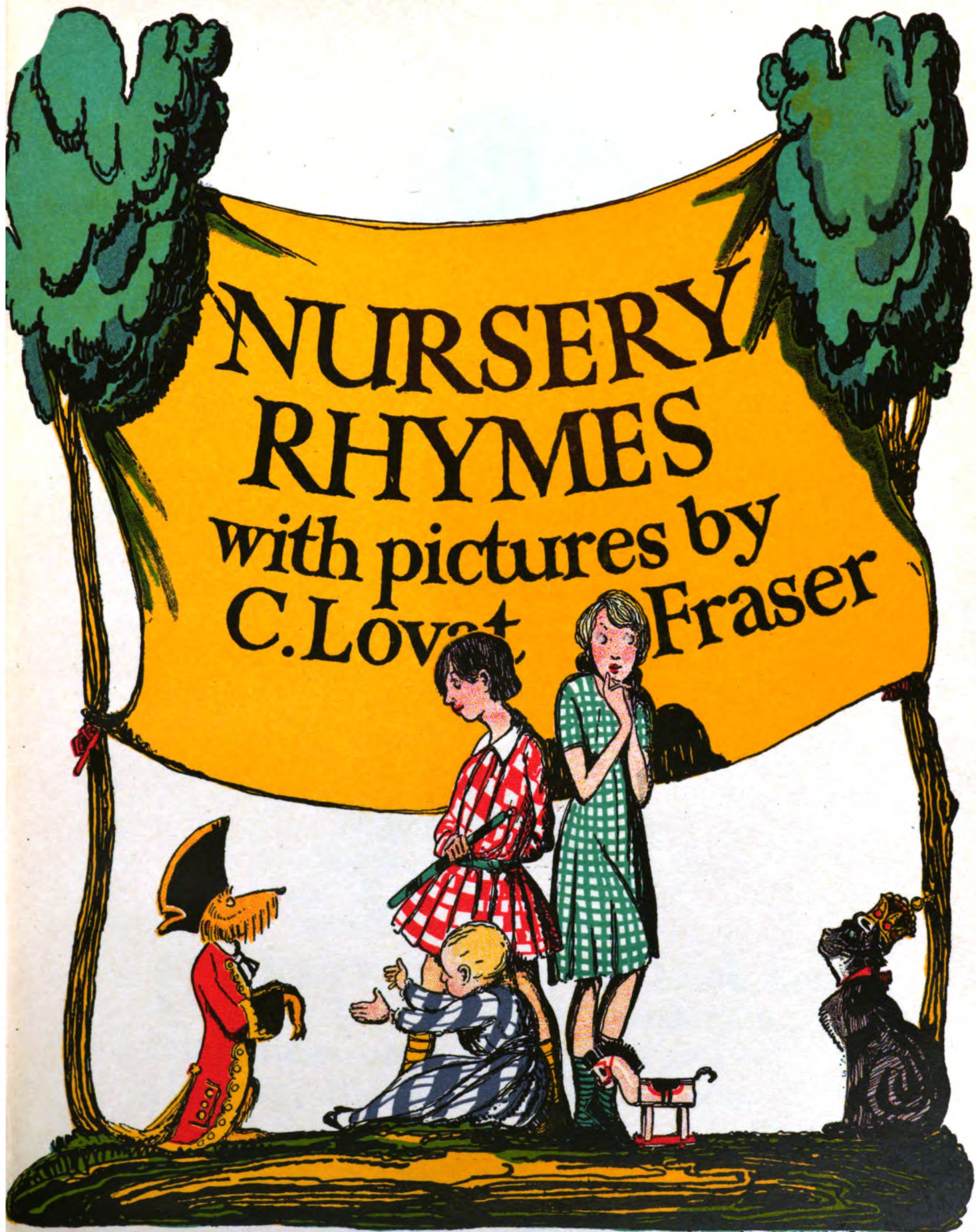
25210 d. 672





Nursery Rhymes

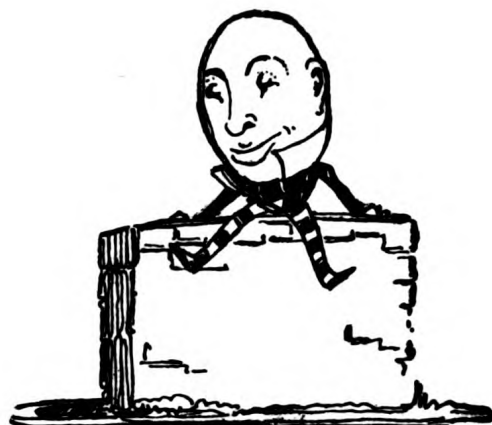




C. LOVAT FRASER, PICT.

London, T.C. & E.C. Jack, Lim: 35 Paternoster Row E.C.

BODENBERG
3110 100
10/10/73



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



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





RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells at her toes,
And she shall have music
Wherever she goes.



THERE was an old woman, and what
do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and
drink.
But though victuals and drink formed
the whole of her diet,
This noisy old body would seldom keep
quiet.



DICKERY, dickery, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock.
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down—
Dickery, dickery, dock.



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.





LITTLE Tommy Tucker sang for his
supper.
What shall he eat? White bread and
butter.
How shall he cut it, without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry, without e'er a wife?



THERE was a crooked man, and he
 went a crooked mile;
 He found a crooked sixpence against a
 crooked stile.
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught a
 crooked mouse;
 And they all lived together in a little
 crooked house.



THERE was a bee sat on a wall,
 And "Buzz!" said he, and that was all.



A ROBIN REDBREAST in a cage
 Sets all heaven in a rage.





ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather.
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, how do you do,
And how do you do again.



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

**There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were all of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.**

**The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.**

**The captain was a duck
With a jacket on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack, quack."**





WHO steals round the house by night?
 Nought but Starlight Tom.
 Who takes all the sheep by night?
 Nought but he alone.



HOW far is it to Babylon?
 Threescore miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candlelight?
 Aye, and back again.





TOM, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.



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



AS little Jenny Wren
 Was sitting on 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 on the shed.



(This is the Shed.)



AT Islington a fair they hold,
 Where cakes and ale are to be sold ;
 At Highgate and at Holloway
 The like is kept from day to day ;
 At Totnam and at Kentish Town,
 And all those places up and down.



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

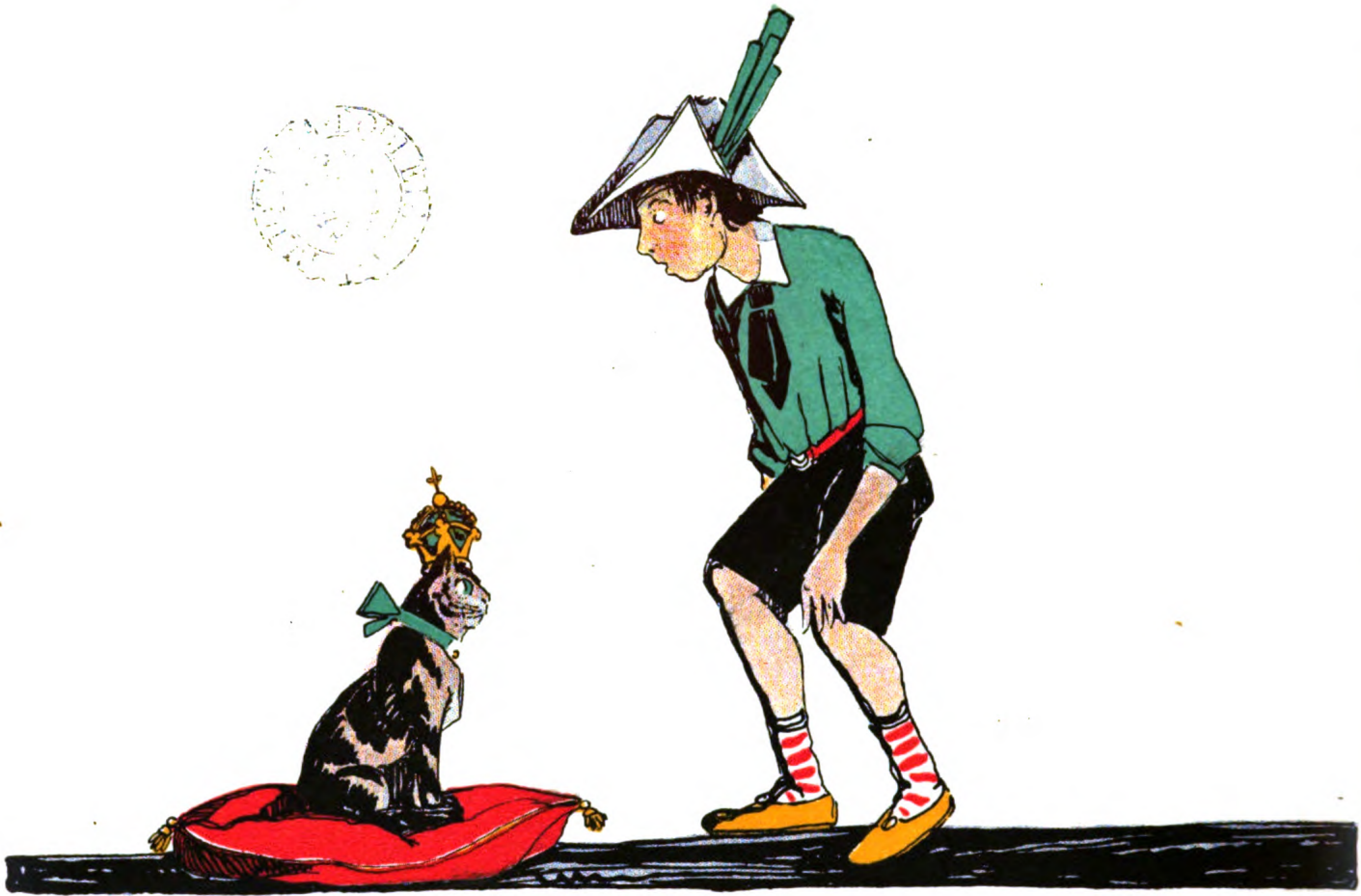
He'll sit in a barn,
 To keep himself warm,
 And hide his head under his wing,
 Poor thing!



POLLY, put the kettle on;
 Polly, put the kettle on;
 Polly, put the kettle on;
 We'll all have tea.

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





PUSSY CAT, Pussy Cat, where have you
been?

I've been up to London to look at the
Queen.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!

My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And knows not 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 lost 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.



(And this is the
Wig.)

BARBER, Barber, shave a pig.
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four-and-twenty, that's enough:
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.



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



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



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.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig ;
 When she came back he was dancing a jig.
 " Oh, you dear merry Grig! how nicely you're prancing!"
 Then she held up the wig, and he began dancing.

She went to the fruiterer's to buy him some fruit ;
 When she came back he was playing the flute.
 " Oh, you musical dog! you surely can speak :
 " Come sing me a song"—and he set up a squeak.

The dog he cut capers and turned out
 his toes ;
 "Twill soon cure the vapours he such
 attitude shows.
 The dame made a curtsy, the dog made
 a bow ;
 The dame said, " Your servant ;" the dog
 said, " Bow-wow!"





THE King of Spain, with thrice ten
thousand men,
Marched up the hill and then marched
down again.

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.



THE lion and the unicorn
 Were fighting for the crown ;
 The lion beat the unicorn
 All round the town.



Some gave them white bread,
 And some gave them
 brown ;
 Some gave them plum-cake,
 And drummed them out
 of town.



BOUNCER BUCKLER, velvet's dear,
And Christmas comes but once a year,
Though when he comes he brings good
cheer ;
But farewell Christmas once a year.



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



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,
 “Hey! Brother Richard,
 The sun’s very high.

You go before
 With bottle and bag,
 And I’ll follow after
 On little Jack Nag.”





DOCTOR FOSTER went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, right up to his
middle,
And never went there again.



I HAD a little pony;
 His name was Dapple Gray.
 I lent him to a lady
 To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I'll never lend my nag again
 For any lady's hire.



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





I WON'T be my father's Jack,
 I won't be my father's Jill,
 But I'll 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!



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, O whither, O whither so
 high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
 And I shall be back again by-and-by."





GREEN gravel, green gravel, until it
grows green,
For the prettiest young fair maid that
ever was seen;
We'll wash her in new milk and clothe
her in silk,
And write down her name with a gold
pen and ink.



SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
 Going to the fair;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."

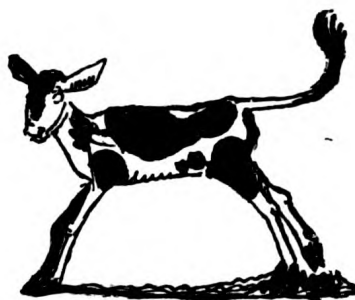
Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny."
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Indeed, I have not any."

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





THAT'S Jack!
Lay a stick to his back.
What has he done?
I cannot say.
We'll find out to-morrow,
And beat him to-day.



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.



ONE, two, three, four,
 five,
 I caught a fish alive.
 Why did you let it go?
 Because it bit my finger so.



MERRILY sang the monks of Ely
 As King Canute came rowing by.
 "Row to the shore, knights," said the king,
 "And let us hear these churchmen sing."





“COME, let’s to bed,” said Sleepy Head ;
“Tarry awhile,” said Slow ;
“Put on the pan,” said Greedy Nan,
“We’ll sup before we go.”



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake,
 Baker's man,
 Bake me a cake
 As fast as you can ;
 Prick it and pat it,
 And mark it with "B,"
 And put it in the oven
 For baby and me.



WHEN Good King Arthur ruled this
 land,
 He was a goodly king ;
 He stole three pecks of barley-meal
 To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
 And stuffed it well with plums,
 And in it put great lumps of fat
 As big as my two thumbs.

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





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



ROBIN O'BOWER has broken his band;
He comes roaring up the land.
King of Scots, with all his power,
Can't stop Arthur of the Bower.



BABY, Baby Bunting,
 Your father's gone a-hunting,
 To get a little rabbit skin
 To wrap his Baby Bunting in.



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





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!



SUKEY, you shall be my wife,
 And I will 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;
 Sukey, will you have me?
 Say "yes," if you please.

"YES."



FIRE! fire!" says the Town Crier;
 "Where? where?" says Goody Blair;
 "Down the town," said Goody Brown;
 "I'll go and see't!" said Goody Fleet;
 "So will I," said Goody Fry.





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.



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.

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



THE cat was asleep by the
 side of the fire,
 Her mistress snored loud as
 a pig,
 When Jack took the fiddle by
 Jenny's desire
 And struck up a bit of a jig.

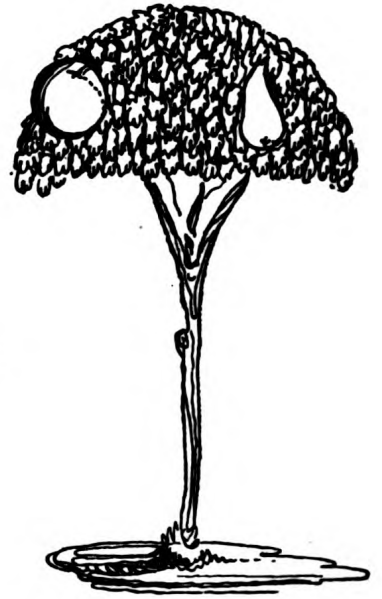


THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She is there still.

I HAD a little nut-tree,
 Nothing would it bear
 But a silver apple
 And a golden pear.



The King of Spain's
 daughter
 Came to visit me,
 All for the sake of
 My little nut tree.



HIS angle rod made of a sturdy oak,
 His line a cable which in storms
 ne'er broke ;
 His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
 And sat upon a rock and bobbed for
 whale.



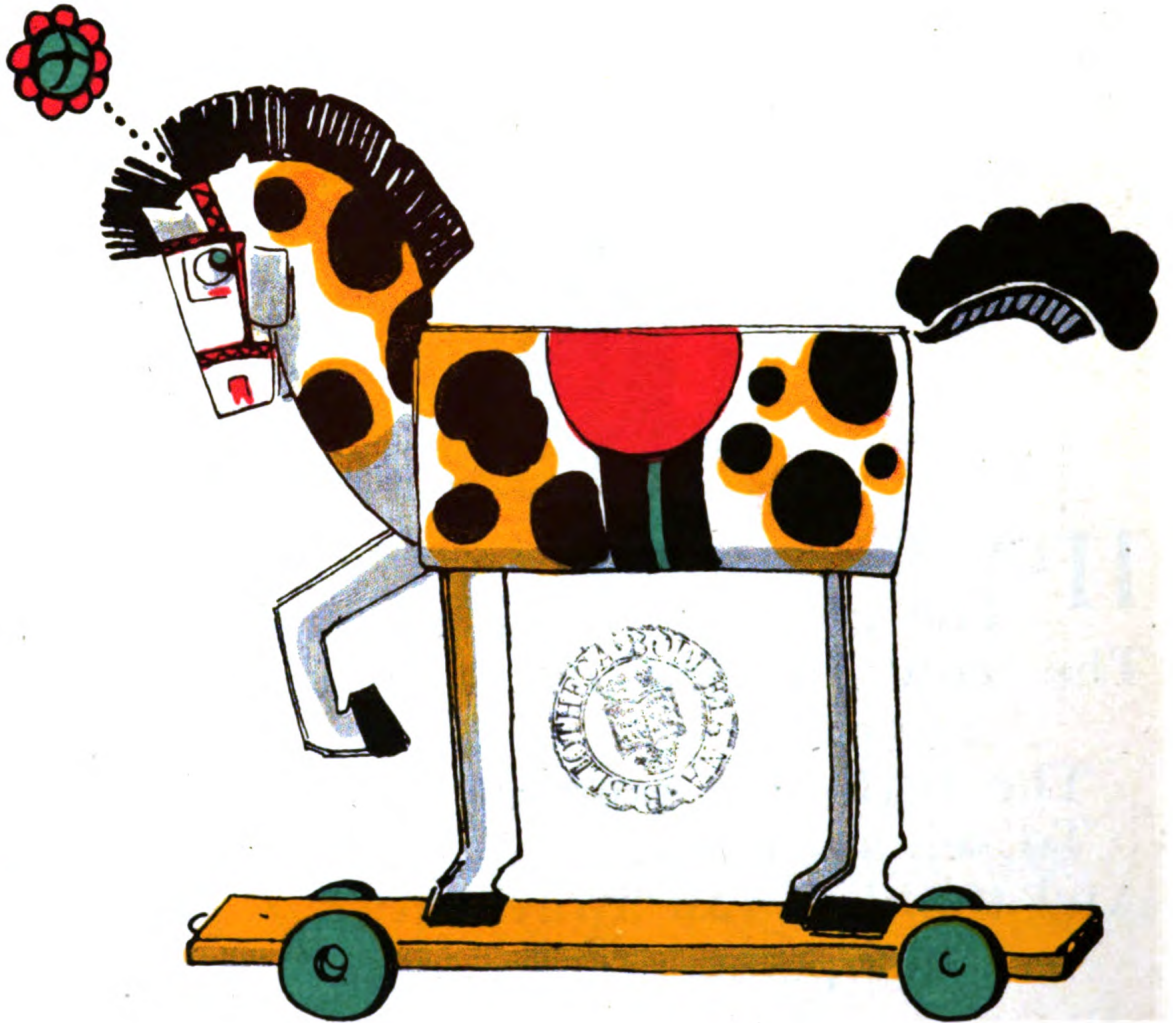


H EY diddle diddle!
 The cat and the fiddle!
 The cow jumped over the
 moon.

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



I'LL tell you a story
 Of Jack-a-nory,
 And now my story's begun.
 I'll tell you another
 Of Jack and his brother,
 And now my story is done.



SOME friend must now, perforce,
Go forth and bid my boy
To saddle me my wooden horse,
For I mean to conquer Troy.







PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



