

The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Real Mother Goose
Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: The Real Mother Goose

Author: Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright

Release Date: January 5, 2004 [EBook #10607]
[This file last updated January 14, 2011]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE ***

Produced by Suzanne Shell, Ben Courtney and PG Distributed Proofreaders

THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE



Illustrated by
Blanche Fisher Wright

1916

A LIST OF THE RHYMES

[an alphabetical list of first lines](#)

[ABC](#)

[About the Bush](#)

[The Alphabet](#)

[An Equal](#)

[An Icicle](#)

[Around the Green Gravel](#)

[As I Was Going Along](#)

[Baa, Baa, Black Sheep](#)

[Baby Dolly](#)

[The Balloon](#)

[The Bells](#)

[Banbury Cross](#)

[Bandy Legs](#)

[Barber](#)

[The Hart](#)

[Hector Protector](#)

[Heigh-Ho, the Carrion Crow](#)

[Here Goes My Lord](#)

[The Hobby-Horse](#)

[Hot Boiled Beans](#)

[Hot Codlins](#)

[Hot-Cross Buns](#)

[The House That Jack Built](#)

[Humpty Dumpty](#)

[The Hunter of Reigate](#)

[Hush-a-Bye](#)

[Hush-a-Bye](#)

[Hush-a-Bye](#)

[One Misty Moisty Morning](#)

[One, He Loves](#)

[One to Ten](#)

[One, Two, Buckle My Shoe](#)

[One, Two, Three](#)

[Over the Water](#)

[Pairs or Pears](#)

[Pancake Day](#)

[Pat-a-Cake](#)

[Pease Porridge](#)

[Peter Piper](#)

[A Pig](#)

[Pins](#)

[The Piper and His Cow](#)

[Pippen Hill](#)

[Bat, Bat](#)
[Bedtime](#)
[Bees](#)
[Bell Horses](#)
[Belleisle](#)
[Bessy Bell and Mary Gray](#)
[Betty Blue](#)
[Billy, Billy](#)
[Birds of a Feather](#)
[The Bird Scarer](#)
[The Black Hen](#)
[The Blacksmith](#)
[Blue Bell Boy](#)
[Bobby Shaftoe](#)
[Bobby Snooks](#)
[Boy and Girl](#)
[Boy and the Sparrow](#)
[The Boy in the Barn](#)
[The Bunch of Blue Ribbons](#)
[Burnie Bee](#)
[Buttons](#)
[Bye, Baby Bunting](#)
[Caesar's Song](#)
[A Candle](#)
[Candle-Saving](#)
[The Cat and the Fiddle](#)
[A Cherry](#)
[A Chimney](#)
[Christmas](#)
[Christmas](#)
[Clap Handies](#)
[The Clever Hen](#)
[The Clock](#)
[The Coachman](#)
[The Cock and the Hen](#)
[Cock-a-Doodle-Do!](#)
[Cock-a-Doodle-Do](#)
[A Cock and Bull Story](#)
[Cock-Crow](#)
[Coffee and Tea](#)
[Come Out to Play](#)
[Come, Let's to Bed](#)
[Comical Folk](#)
[A Counting-Out Rhyme](#)
[The Crooked Sixpence](#)
[Cross Patch](#)
[Cry, Baby](#)
[Curly-Locks](#)
[Cushy Cow](#)
[Daffodils](#)
[Dame Trot and Her Cat](#)
[Dance to Your Daddie](#)
[Dance, Little Baby](#)
[Dance, Thumbkin, Dance](#)
[Dapple-Gray](#)
[The Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin](#)
[The Derby Ram](#)
[Diddle Diddle Dumpling](#)
[A Difficult Rhyme](#)

[I Had a Little Husband](#)
[I Love Sixpence](#)
[I Saw a Ship A-Sailing](#)
[If All the Seas Were One Sea](#)
[If Wishes Were Horses](#)
[If](#)
[I'll Tell You a Story](#)
[Intery, Mintery](#)
[Jack and His Fiddle](#)
[Jack and Jill](#)
[Jack Jelf](#)
[Jack Jingle](#)
[Jack Sprat](#)
[Jack](#)
[Jenny Wren](#)
[Jerry Hall](#)
[John Smith](#)
[Just Like Me](#)
[The Kilkenny Cats](#)
[The King of France](#)
[Ladybird](#)
[Leg Over Leg](#)
[Lengthening Days](#)
[The Lion and the Unicorn](#)
[The Little Bird](#)
[Little Bo-Peep](#)
[Little Boy Blue](#)
[Little Fred](#)
[Little Girl and Queen](#)
[The Little Girl with a Curl](#)
[Little Jack Horner](#)
[Little Jenny Wren](#)
[Little Jumping Joan](#)
[Little King Boggan](#)
[Little Maid](#)
[A Little Man](#)
[The Little Moppet](#)
[The Little Mouse](#)
[Little Polly Flinders](#)
[Little Pussy](#)
[The Lost Shoe](#)
[Little Tom Tucker](#)
[Lock and Key](#)
[London Bridge](#)
[Lucy Locket](#)
[A Man and a Maid](#)
[The Man in Our Town](#)
[The Man in the Moon](#)
[The Man in the Wilderness](#)
[The Man of Bombay](#)
[The Man of Derby](#)
[The Man of Tobago](#)
[The Man Who Had Naught](#)
[March Winds](#)
[Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary](#)
[Mary's Canary](#)
[Master I Have](#)
[A Melancholy Song](#)
[The Merchants of London](#)

[Play Days](#)
[A Plum Pudding](#)
[A Thorn](#)
[Polly and Sukey](#)
[Poor Old Robinson Crusoe!](#)
[Pretty John Watts](#)
[The Pumpkin-Eater](#)
[Pussy-Cat and Queen](#)
[Pussy-Cat and the Dumplings](#)
[Pussy-Cat by the Fire](#)
[Pussy-Cat Mew](#)
[The Quarrel](#)
[Rain](#)
[Rain](#)
[Ride Away, Ride Away](#)
[Ring a Ring o' Roses](#)
[The Robin](#)
[Robin and Richard](#)
[Robin Hood and Little John](#)
[Robin Redbreast](#)
[Robin-a-Bobbin](#)
[The Robins](#)
[Rock-a-Bye, Baby](#)
[Saturday, Sunday](#)
[A Seasonable Song](#)
[See, See](#)
[See-Saw](#)
[Shall We Go A-Shearing?](#)
[A Ship's Nail](#)
[Shoeing](#)
[A Sieve](#)
[Simple Simon](#)
[Sing a Song of Sixpence](#)
[Sing, Sing](#)
[Sleep, Baby, Sleep](#)
[Sneezing](#)
[Solomon Grundy](#)
[A Star](#)
[A Strange Old Woman](#)
[Sulky Sue](#)
[Sunshine](#)
[A Sunshiny Shower](#)
[A Sure Test](#)
[Swan](#)
[The Tailors and the Snail](#)
[Taffy](#)
[The Tarts](#)
[Teeth and Gums](#)
[The Ten O'Clock Scholar](#)
[That's All](#)
[There was an Old Woman](#)
[Thirty Days Hath September](#)
[This Is the Way](#)
[Three Blind Mice](#)
[Three Children on the Ice](#)
[The Three Sons](#)
[Three Straws](#)
[Three Wise Men of Gotham](#)
[To Babylon](#)

[Ding, Dong, Bell](#)
[Doctor Fell](#)
[Doctor Foster](#)
[The Donkey](#)
[The Dove and the Wren](#)
[Dreams](#)
[Ducks and Drakes](#)
[The Dusty Miller](#)
[Elizabeth](#)
[The Farmer and the Raven](#)
[Fears and Tears](#)
[Fingers and Toes](#)
[The First of May](#)
[Five Toes](#)
[The Flying Pig](#)
[For Baby](#)
[For Every Evil](#)
[For Want of a Nail](#)
[Forehead, Eyes, Cheeks, Nose, etc.](#)
[Georgy Porgy](#)
[The Girl and the Birds](#)
[The Girl in the Lane](#)
[Going to St. Ives](#)
[Good Advice](#)
[Goosey, Goosey, Gander](#)
[The Greedy Man](#)
[Handy Pandy](#)
[Hark! Hark!](#)

[Miss Muffet](#)
[The Mist](#)
[Money and the Mare](#)
[The Mouse and the Clock](#)
[The Mulberry Bush](#)
[Multiplication Is Vexation](#)
[My Kitten](#)
[My Little Maid](#)
[My Love](#)
[My Maid Mary](#)
[Myself](#)
[Nancy Dawson](#)
[Needles and Pins](#)
[A Needle and Thread](#)
[Oh Dear!](#)
[Old Chairs to Mend](#)
[Old Grimes](#)
[Old King Cole](#)
[The Old Man](#)
[Old Mother Goose](#)
[Old Mother Hubbard](#)
[The Old Woman and the Pedlar](#)
[The Old Woman from France](#)
[Old Woman, Old Woman](#)
[The Old Woman of Gloucester](#)
[The Old Woman of Harrow](#)
[The Old Woman of Leeds](#)
[The Old Woman of Surrey](#)
[The Old Woman Under a Hill](#)

[To Market](#)
[Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son](#)
[Tommy Snooks](#)
[Tommy Tittlemouse](#)
[Tongs](#)
[T'Other Little Tune](#)
[Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee](#)
[Two Birds](#)
[Two Gray Kits](#)
[Two Pigeons](#)
[A Walnut](#)
[Wee Willie Winkie](#)
[A Week of Birthdays](#)
[A Well](#)
[What Are Little Boys Made Of?](#)
[When Jenny Wren Was Young](#)
[When the Snow Is on the Ground](#)
[When](#)
[Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?](#)
[Whistle](#)
[Why May Not I Love Johnny?](#)
[Willy Boy](#)
[Willy, Willy](#)
[The Winds](#)
[Winter](#)
[The Woman of Exeter](#)
[Young Lambs to Sell](#)
[Young Roger and Dolly](#)

AN ALPHABETICAL LIST OF FIRST LINES

a list of the rhymes

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!

A carrion crow sat on an oak,

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar!

A duck and a drake,

A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,

A hill full, a hole full,

A little boy went into a barn,

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,

A little old man of Derby,

A man went a-hunting at Reigate,

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,

A robin and a robin's son

A sunshiny shower

A swarm of bees in May

A, B, C, and D,

About the bush, Willie,

Around the green gravel the grass grows green,

As I walked by myself,

As I was going to Derby all on a market-day,

As I was going to sell my eggs

As I was going to St. Ives

As I was going up Pippen Hill,

As I went through the garden gap,

As I went to Bonner,

As little Jenny Wren

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,

As soft as silk, as white as milk,

As the days grow longer

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks

A-singing a comical song, song, song,

At the siege of Belleisle

Away, birds, away!

Baa, baa, black sheep,

Barber, barber, shave a pig,

Bat, bat, come under my hat

Bell horses, bell horses, what time of day?

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,

Billy, Billy, come and play,

Birds of a feather flock together,

Black within and red without;

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,

Bow-wow-wow!

Burnie bee, burnie bee,

Buttons, a farthing a pair!

Bye, baby bunting,

Christmas comes but once a year,

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,

Clap, clap handies,

Cock, cock, cock, cock,

Cock-a-doodle-do!

Cocks crow in the morn

Cold and raw the north wind doth blow,

Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?

Little Miss Muffet

Little Nanny Etticoat

Little Polly Flinders

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,

Little Tom Tucker

Little Tommy Tittlemouse

Lives in winter,

London Bridge is broken down,

Long legs, crooked thighs,

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,

March winds and April showers

Margaret wrote a letter,

Mary had a pretty bird,

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

Master I have, and I am his man,

Mister East gave a feast:

Molly, my sister and I fell out,

Monday's child is fair of face,

Multiplication is vexation,

My little old man and I fell out;

My maid Mary she minds the dairy,

Nancy Dawson was so fine

Needles and pins, needles and pins,

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, my pretty cock, oh, my handsome cock,

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,

Old King Cole

Old Mother Goose, when

Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,

Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?

On Saturday night

Once I saw a little bird

One misty moisty morning,

One, he loves; two, he loves;

One, two, three, four, five,

One, two, buckle my shoe

Over the water, and over the sea,

Over the water,

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,

Pease porridge hot,

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,

Piping hot, smoking hot.

Polly, put the kettle on,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Pretty John Watts,

Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings,

Pussy-cat Mew jumped over a coal,

Pussy-cat sits by the fire;

Come when you're called,
Cross patch, draw the latch,
Cry, baby, cry,
Curly-locks, Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Cushy cow, bonny, let down thy milk,
Daffy-down-dilly has come to town
Dame Trot and her cat
Dance to your daddie,
Dance, little Baby, dance up high!
Dance, Thumbkin, dance;
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Dickory, dickory, dare,
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Ding, dong, bell,
Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster,
Donkey, donkey, old and gray,
Doodle doodle doo,
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
Every lady in this land
Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
For every evil under the sun
For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
Four and Twenty tailors
Friday night's dream, on Saturday told,
Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Girls and boys, come out to play,
Goosey, goosey, gander,
Great A, little a,
Great A, little a,
Handy Pandey, Jack-a-dandy,
Hark, hark! the dogs do bark!
Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Here am I, little jumping Joan,
Here goes my lord
Here sits the Lord Mayor,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
Here's Sulky Sue,
Hey diddle dinkety poppety pet,
Hey, diddle, diddle!
Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Hickery, dickery, 6 and 7,
Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
Hickory, dickory, dock!
High diddle doubt, my candle's out
Higher than a house, higher than a tree,
Hot-cross Buns!
How many days has my baby to play?
How many miles is it to Babylon?—
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Hush, baby, my dolly, I pray you don't cry,
Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top!
Hush-a-bye, baby,
I am a gold lock,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
I had a little boy,
I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
I had a little hobby-horse,

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Rain, rain, go away,
Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Read my riddle, I pray,
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
Ride away, ride away,
Ring a ring o' roses,
Robert Barnes, my fellow fine,
Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Robin-a-Bobbin
Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Saw ye aught of my love a-coming from the market?
See a pin and pick it up,
See, see! What shall I see?
See-saw, Margery Daw,
Shoe the colt,
Simple Simon met a pieman,
Sing a song of sixpence,
Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Solomon Grundy,
Swan, swan, over the sea;
Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
The cock's on the housetop blowing his horn;
The dove says coo, coo, what shall I do?
The fair maid who, the first of May,
The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
The greedy man is he who sits
The hart he loves the high wood,
The King of France went up the hill,
The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown,
The little robin grieves
The Man in the Moon came tumbling down,
The Man in the Moon looked out of the moon,
The man in the wilderness
The north wind doth blow,
The Queen of Hearts,
The two gray kits,
There came an old woman from France
There dwelt an old woman at Exeter;
There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
There was a fat man of Bombay,
There was a little boy and a little girl
There was a little girl who had a little curl
There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
There was a little man,
There was a little woman, as I've been told,
There was a man and he had naught,
There was a man in our town,
There was a piper had a cow,
There was an old man of Tobago
There was an old man
There was an old woman had three sons,
There was an old woman in Surrey,
There was an old woman of Gloucester,
There was an old woman of Harrow,
There was an old woman of Leeds,
There was an old woman sat spinning,

I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I had a little moppet,
I had a little pony,
I had two pigeons bright and gay,
I have seen you, little mouse,
I like little Pussy,
I love sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
I saw a ship a-sailing,
I went to the wood and got it;
I went up one pair of stairs,
I won't be my father's Jack,
If all the seas were one sea,
If all the world were apple pie,
If I'd as much money as I could spend,
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If you are to be a gentleman,
If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
I'll tell you a story
In a cottage in Fife
Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Is John Smith within?
Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack Sprat
Jacky, come and give me thy fiddle,
Jerry Hall, he was so small,
Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
Ladies and gentlemen come to supper—
Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home!
Leg over leg,
Lend me thy mare to ride a mile,
Little Betty Blue
Little Bobby Snooks was fond of his books,
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn!
Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
Little Jack Horner
Little Jack Jelf
Little Jack Jingle, He used to live single;
Little Jenny Wren fell sick,
Little King Boggen, he built a fine hall,

There was an old woman tossed in a basket,
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
There was an old woman, and what do you think?
There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
There was an old woman
There were once two cats of Kilkenny,
There were two birds sat on a stone,
There's a neat little clock,—
Thirty days hath September,
Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
This is the house that Jack built,
This is the way the ladies ride,
This little pig went to market;
Three blind mice! See how they run!
Three children sliding on the ice
Three straws on a staff
Three wise men of Gotham
To bed! To bed!
To make your candles last for aye,
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Tommy's tears and Mary's fears
Trip upon trenchers,
'Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young,
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Twelve pairs hanging high,
Up at Piccadilly, oh!
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
What are little boys made of, made of?
What is the news of the day,
What is the rhyme for porringer?
When I was a bachelor
When I was a little girl, about seven years old,
When little Fred went to bed,
Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Whistle, daughter, whistle;
Who killed Cock Robin?
Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
Willy, Willy Wilkin
You owe me five shillings,
You shall have an apple,
Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,

THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE

LITTLE BO-PEEP

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

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in

Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

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

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

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

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess
should,
That each tail should be properly placed.

the corn.

Where's the little boy that looks after the
sheep?

Under the haystack, fast asleep!

RAIN

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



RAIN

WINTER

Cold and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

THE CLOCK

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

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





FINGERS AND TOES

Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true, without deceit.

A SEASONABLE SONG

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

DAME TROT AND HER CAT

Dame Trot and her cat
Led a peaceable life,
When they were not troubled
With other folks' strife.

When Dame had her dinner
Pussy would wait,
And was sure to receive
A nice piece from her plate.



THREE CHILDREN ON THE ICE

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

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

Ye parents who have children dear,

THE OLD WOMAN UNDER A HILL

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

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee

And ye, too, who have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad
Pray keep them safe at home.

CROSS PATCH

Cross patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

OH, DEAR!

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



OLD MOTHER GOOSE

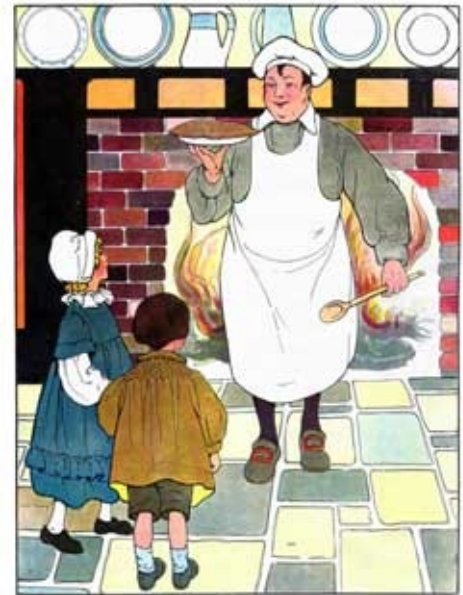
Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

LITTLE JUMPING JOAN

Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me

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.



PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man!
So I do, master,
As fast as I can.

Pat it, and prick it,
And mark it with T,
Put it in the oven
For Tommy and me.

I'm always alone.

ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-Cat, down went he,
Down came Pussy-Cat, away Robin ran,
Says little Robin Redbreast: "Catch me if you can!"

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and then he was afraid.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy
say?
Pussy-Cat said: "Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew
away.

A MELANCHOLY SONG

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

MONEY AND THE MARE

"Lend me thy mare to ride a
mile."
"She is lamed, leaping over a
stile."

"Alack! and I must keep the fair!
I'll give thee money for thy
mare."

"Oh, oh! say you so?
Money will make the mare to
go!"



JACK

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

GOING TO ST. IVES



As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.



BABY DOLLY

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

BEES

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.



COME OUT TO PLAY



IF WISHES WERE HORSES

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

And if “ifs” and “ands”
Were pots and pans,
There’d be no work for tinkers!



TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BUY A FAT PIG

TO MARKET

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the
street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I’ll find flour,
And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour.

OLD CHAIRS TO MEND

If I’d as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I’d as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.





ROBIN AND RICHARD

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.”

A MAN AND A MAID

There was a little man,
Who wooed a little maid,
And he said, “Little maid, will you wed, wed,
wed?”

I have little more to say,
So will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded,
ded.”

The little maid replied,
“Should I be your little bride,
Pray what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you’re so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit,
spit?”

HERE GOES MY LORD

Here goes my lord

THE CLEVER HEN

I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes and kept the
house clean;
She went to the mill to fetch me some
flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour;
She baked me my bread, she brewed me
my ale,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine
tale.

A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot,
Here goes my lady
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!



Here goes my young master
Jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch,
jockey-hitch!
Here goes my young miss
An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble!

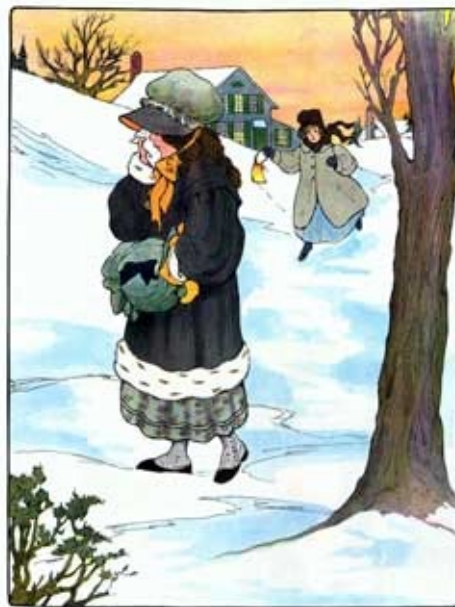
The footman lags behind to tipple ale and
wine,
And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make
up his time.

LUCY LOCKET

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Nothing in it, nothing in it,
But the binding round it.

TWO BIRDS

There were two birds sat on a
stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there
was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other bird flew after,
And then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the stone
Was left alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.



LUCY LOCKET



WHEN JENNY WREN WAS YOUNG

‘Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was
young,

LEG OVER LEG

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



BARBER

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

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,

So daintily she danced and so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart, for he was a gallant
bird.
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren, requesting to be
heard.

“Oh, dearest Jenny Wren, if you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry pie and drink new currant
wine,
I'll dress you like a goldfinch or any peacock gay,
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine, let us appoint the
day.”

Jenny blushed behind her fan and thus declared her
mind:

“Since, dearest Bob, I love you well, I'll take your
offer kind.
Cherry pie is very nice and so is currant wine,
But I must wear my plain brown gown and never go
too fine.”

THE FLYING PIG

Dickory, dickory, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought
him down,
Dickory,
dickory,
dare.

Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.



HUSH-A-BYE

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

BURNIE BEE

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

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

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



THE HUNTER OF REIGATE

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

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes;
Her mother came and caught her,
Whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

RIDE AWAY, RIDE AWAY

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.



PIPPEN HILL

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

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

PUSSY-CAT AND QUEEN

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?”
“I’ve been to London
To look at the Queen.”

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?”
“I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.”



PUSSY-CAT AND QUEEN

THE WINDS

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



JUST LIKE ME

“I went up one pair of stairs.”
“Just like me.”

“I went up two pairs of stairs.”
“Just like me.”

“I went into a room.”
“Just like me.”

“I looked out of a window.”
“Just like me.”

“And there I saw a monkey.”
“Just like me.”

CLAP HANDIES

Clap, clap handies,
Mammie’s wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap handies,
Daddie’s comin’ hame,
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie;
Clap, clap handies,
My wee, wee ain.



HEIGH-HO, THE CARRION CROW

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

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;

PLAY DAYS

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, loi de riddle, hi ding do!

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

Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!

Wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!
For our old sow is in a swoon;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do!



CHRISTMAS

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

ELIZABETH

Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest;
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.

BANBURY CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.



ABC

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

A NEEDLE AND THREAD

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



RISE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS

THE MAN IN OUR TOWN

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



FOR EVERY EVIL

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, seek till you find it;
If there be none, never mind it.



GEORGY PORGY

Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgy Porgy ran away.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown;
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children in their beds? Now it’s eight o’clock.”

CUSHY COW

Cushy cow, bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

SEE-SAW

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.



SEE-SAW

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN

Robin-a-Bobbin
Bent his bow,



Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

JOHN SMITH

Is John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

ABOUT THE BUSH

About the bush, Willie,
About the beehive,
About the bush, Willie,
I'll meet thee alive.

FIVE TOES

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee!
I can't find my way home."

SIMPLE SIMON

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

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

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail!

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

He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he had a little salt,



THREE BLIND MICE

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

To put upon its tail.

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



THREE BLIND MICE



A LITTLE MAN

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 shot it right through the head, head, head.

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

The drake was a-swimming with his curly tail;
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark.
He let off his gun, but he fired too soon,
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

DOCTOR FOSTER

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to his middle,
And never went there again.





JERRY HALL

Jerry Hall, he was so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

LENGTHENING DAYS

As the days grow longer
The storms grow stronger.

DIDDLE DIDDLE DUMPLING

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on;
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

THE BLACK HEN

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

THE MIST

A hill full, a hole full,
Yet you cannot catch a bowl full.



MISS MUFFET

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

A CANDLE

Little Nanny Etticoat
In a white petticoat,

CURLY-LOCKS

And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.



Curly-locks, Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the
swine;
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.



CURLY-LOCKS, CURLY-LOCKS, WILT THOU BE MINE?



HUMPTY DUMPTY

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.

ONE, TWO, THREE

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
But I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little one upon the right.

THE DOVE AND THE WREN

The dove says coo, coo, what shall I
do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh, pooh! says the wren, I've got
ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen.

MASTER I HAVE

Master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heifty gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggedly, niggledy,
niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

PINS

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.



SHALL WE GO A-SHEARING?

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

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

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

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



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

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

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

THE COCK AND THE HEN

“Cock, cock, cock, cock,
I've laid an egg,
Am I to gang ba—are-foot?”

“Hen, hen, hen, hen,
I've been up and down
To every shop in town,
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your foot,
If I'd crow my hea—art out.”

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give 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 baker's
To buy him some bread;
When she came back
The dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin;
When she got back
The dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
When she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer;
When she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
When she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
When she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
When she came back
He was dancing a jig.



BLUE BELL BOY

I had a little boy,
And called him Blue Bell;
Gave him a little work,—
He did it very well.

I bade him go upstairs
To bring me a gold pin;
In coal scuttle fell he,
Up to his little chin.

He went to the garden
To pick a little sage;
He tumbled on his nose,
And fell into a rage.

He went to the cellar
To draw a little beer;
And quickly did return
To say there was none there.

WHY MAY NOT I LOVE JOHNNY?

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
When she came back
He was playing the flute.

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

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
When she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempster's
To buy him some linen;
When she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
When she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?



JACK JELF

Little Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he could not spell "pie";
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, "Oh, fie!"

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he could not spell "pie,"
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-bye!

JACK SPRAT

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

DAFFODILS

Daffy-down-dilly has come to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.



JACK SPRAT

HUSH-A-BYE

Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake,
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.



THE GIRL IN THE LANE

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.



HUSH-A-BYE

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.



NANCY DAWSON

Nancy Dawson was so fine
She wouldn'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?

HANDY PANDY

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



THE ALPHABET



JACK AND JILL

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 off did trot,
As fast as he could caper,
To old Dame Dob, who patched his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.



DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE

Dance to your daddie,
My bonnie laddie;
Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb;
You shall get a fishy,
On a little dishy;
You shall get a fishy, when the boat comes home.



ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, playmates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampersand,
Go to school at command.

ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

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?



Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Telling his beads,
All in the greenwood
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
We shall fret full sore!

RAIN

Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never come back again.

THE OLD WOMAN FROM FRANCE

There came an old woman from France
Who taught grown-up children to dance;
But they were so stiff,
She sent them home in a sniff,
This sprightly old woman from France.



THE ROBINS

A robin and a robin's son
Once went to town to buy a bun.
They couldn't decide on plum or
plain,
And so they went back home again.

THE OLD MAN

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

TEETH AND GUMS

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand
still.



MY KITTEN

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.



T'OTHER LITTLE TUNE

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.

IF ALL THE SEAS WERE ONE SEA

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!

PANCAKE DAY

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



A PLUM PUDDING

Flour of England, fruit of
Spain,
Met together in a shower of
rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a
string;
If you'll tell me this riddle,
I'll give you a ring.

FOREHEAD, EYES, CHEEKS, NOSE, MOUTH, AND CHIN

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



HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

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.

A SURE TEST

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

THE MERCHANTS OF LONDON

Hey diddle dinkety poppety pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet,
Silk in the collar and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchant men.



LOCK AND KEY

"I am a gold lock."
"I am a gold key."
"I am a silver lock."
"I am a silver key."
"I am a brass lock."
"I am a brass key."
"I am a lead lock."
"I am a lead key."
"I am a don lock."
"I am a don key!"

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND

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 handkerchief to wipe his
little nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little
hose.

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY

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



TO BABYLON

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.



SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep:
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean—
Sleep, baby, sleep.
Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,



A STRANGE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

CRY, BABY

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

A kind, and sweet, and gentle child.
Sleep, baby, sleep.



LITTLE FRED

When little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;

He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;

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



THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

DOCTOR FELL

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell!

A COUNTING-OUT RHYME

Hey, 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.



JACK AND HIS FIDDLE

“Jacky, come and give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.”

“Nay, I’ll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

“If I should give my fiddle,
They’ll think that I’ve gone mad;
For many a joyous day
My fiddle and I have had.”

Hickery, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone, Crackabone, 10 and 11,
Spin, spun, muskidun,
Twiddle ‘em, twaddle ‘em, 21.

BUTTONS

Buttons, a farthing a pair!
Come, who will buy them of me?
They’re round and sound and pretty,
And fit for girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me?
Buttons, a farthing a pair!



HOT BOILED BEANS

Ladies and gentlemen come to supper—
Hot boiled beans and very good butter.



LITTLE PUSSY

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.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

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

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
When down came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.



TOMMY TITTLEMOUSE

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

THE MULBERRY BUSH

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,

THE DERBY RAM

As I was going to Derby all on a market-day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay;
Upon hay, upon hay, upon hay;
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.
This ram was fat behind, sir; this ram was fat before;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed, he was no
more;

No more, no more, no more;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed, he was no
more.

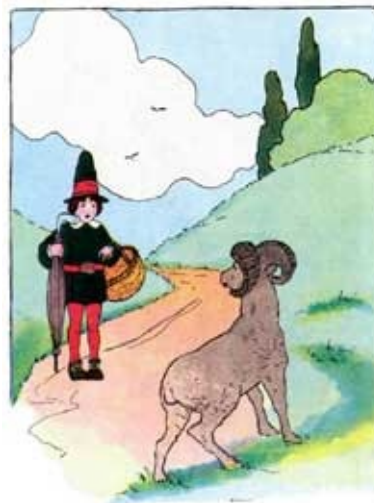
The horns that grew on his head, sir, they were so
wondrous high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the
sky.

The sky, the sky, the sky;
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the
sky.

The tail that grew from his back, sir, was six yards and
an ell;

And it was sent to Derby to toll the market bell;

The bell, the bell, the bell;
And it was sent to Derby to toll the market bell.



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.



YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL

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

THE HOBBY-HORSE

I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple gray;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without another coat.



OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman tossed in a
basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could
tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

BOY AND THE SPARROW

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.

“This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie, too.”
“Oh, no,” says the sparrow “I won’t make a stew.”
So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?”
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;
And I’ll be with you by-and-by.”



THE OLD WOMAN TOSSED IN A BASKET

TWO PIGEONS

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

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

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,



THE FIRST OF MAY

The fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn-tree,
Will ever after handsome be.



SULKY SUE

Here's Sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt



That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY

On Saturday night
Shall be all 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.



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,



LITTLE JENNY WREN

Little Jenny Wren fell sick,
Upon a time;
In came Robin Redbreast
And brought her cake and wine.

“Eat well of my cake, Jenny,
Drink well of my wine.”
“Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.”

Jenny she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopped upon a twig,
Saying, “Out upon you! Fie upon you!
Bold-faced jig!”

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.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When 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!

“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!”



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR

THE LITTLE MOPPET

I had a little moppet,



BOBBY SNOOKS

Little Bobby Snooks was fond of his books,
And loved by his usher and master;
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.



I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay.
There came a proud beggar,
And swore he should have her;
And stole my little moppet away.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

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

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

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south, and burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge.



ONE, HE LOVES

A WALNUT

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

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.

BAT, BAT

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.



HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK!

HARK! HARK!

MY LOVE

Saw ye aught of my love a-coming from the
market?

A peck of meal upon her back,
A babby in her basket;

Saw ye aught of my love a-coming from the
market?

THE MAN OF BOMBAY

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day;

Hark, hark! the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gown.

THE HART

The hart he loves the high wood,
The hare she loves the hill;
The Knight he loves his bright
sword,
The Lady—loves her will.

When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay



POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE!

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old Nanny goat.
I wonder why they should do so!
With a ring-a-ting-tang,
And a ring-a-ting-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

A SIEVE

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes and never a nose!



MY MAID MARY

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.

A DIFFICULT RHYME

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

PRETTY JOHN WATTS

Pretty John Watts,
We are troubled with rats.
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice, too, in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay
And nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?



I LOVE SIXPENCE

I love sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
I love sixpence as my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent a penny of it,
I took a penny home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, a jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love fourpence as my life;
I spent twopence of it, I spent twopence of it,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

GOOD ADVICE

Come when you're called,
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
And never be chid.

BYE, BABY BUNTING

Bye, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
And brother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

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.



COMICAL FOLK

In a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife
Who, believe me, were comical folk;
For, to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they spoke!

When they were asleep,
I'm told, that to keep
Their eyes open they could not contrive;
They both walked on their feet,
And 'twas thought what they eat
Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive!



TOMMY SNOOKS

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"Wilt marry me on Monday?"



COCK-CROW

Cocks crow 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.

THE THREE SONS

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John,
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John!

THE BLACKSMITH

“Robert Barnes, my fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?”
“Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;
There’s a nail, and there’s a prod,
Now, good sir, your horse is shod.”



TWO GRAY KITS

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 Bolin.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Knock at the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good, fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My plate’s empty.

PAIRS OR PEARS

Twelve pairs hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by,
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left a dozen there.

BELLEISLE

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

Cock-a-doodle-do!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three!
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
"Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee," went the
fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

SEE, SEE

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

A WELL

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't fill it up.

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

PUSSY-CAT MEW

Pussy-cat Mew jumped 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.



DAPPLE-GRAY



COFFEE AND TEA

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



THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A CURL

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.

DREAMS

DAPPLE-GRAY

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 slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

A COCK AND BULL STORY

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.



FOR BABY

You shall have an apple,

Friday night's dream, on Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it never so old.

YOU shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle,
When papa comes home.

MYSELF

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me:
“Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.”

I answered myself,
And said to myself
In the selfsame repartee:
“Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The selfsame thing will be.”



CANDLE-SAVING

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



OVER THE WATER

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

FEARS AND TEARS

Tommy's tears and Mary's fears
Will make them old before their years.

THE KILKENNY CATS

There were once 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.



OLD GRIMES

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.

THE MAN WHO HAD NAUGHT

A WEEK OF BIRTHDAYS

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

A CHIMNEY

Black within and red without;
Four corners round about.

LADYBIRD

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.



LADYBIRD

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

THE TAILORS AND THE SNAIL

Four and Twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail;
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
Like a little Kyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run, or
She'll kill you all e'en now.

AROUND THE GREEN GRAVEL

Around the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

INTERY, MINTERY

Intery, mintery, cutery corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-u-t, and in again.



CAESAR'S SONG

Bow-wow-wow!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

BILLY, BILLY

“Billy, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day.”



AS I WAS GOING ALONG

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

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

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.

HECTOR PROTECTOR

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.

“Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.”

“Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsy on the green?”

“Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass.”

“Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song.”

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

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.



LITTLE JACK HORNER

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

THE BIRD SCARER

Away, birds, away!
 Take a little and leave a little,
 And do not come again;
 For if you do,
 I will shoot you through,
 And there will be an end of you.



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 Silver bells and cockle-shells,
 And pretty maids all of a row.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They were two bonny lasses;
 They built their house upon the lea,
 And covered it with rushes.

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



DANCE, THUMBKIN DANCE

Dance, Thumbkin, dance;
(keep the thumb in motion)
Dance, ye merrymen, everyone.
(all the fingers in motion)
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
(the thumb alone moving)
Thumbkin, he can dance alone.
(the thumb alone moving)
Dance, Foreman, dance,
(the first finger moving)
Dance, ye merrymen, everyone.
(all moving)
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
(the first finger moving)
Foreman, he can dance alone.
(the first finger moving)
Dance, Longman, dance,
(the second finger moving)
Dance, ye merrymen, everyone.
(all moving)
For Longman, he can dance alone,
(the second finger moving)
Longman, he can dance alone.
(the second finger moving)
Dance, Ringman, dance,
(the third finger moving)
Dance, ye merrymen, dance.
(all moving)
But Ringman cannot dance alone,
(the third finger moving)
Ringman, he cannot dance alone.
(the third finger moving)
Dance, Littleman, dance,
(the fourth finger moving)
Dance, ye merrymen, dance.
(all moving)
But Littleman, he can dance alone,
(the fourth finger moving)
Littleman, he can dance alone.
(the fourth finger moving)



NEEDLES AND PINS

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

PUSSY-CAT AND THE DUMPLINGS

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



MARY'S CANARY

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow!

The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary.
She often, where the cage was hung,
Sat hearing her canary.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

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.



THE LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.



THE GREEDY MAN

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

THE DUSTY MILLER

Margaret wrote a letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.
Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the 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.



THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

A diller, 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.



THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

A STAR

Higher than a house, higher than a tree.
Oh! whatever can that be?



AN ICICLE

Lives in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its roots upward!

A SHIP'S NAIL

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO

Oh, my pretty cock, oh, my handsome cock,
I pray you, do not crow before day,
And your comb shall be made of the very beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver so gray.

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

WILLY, WILLY

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



THE OLD WOMAN OF LEEDS

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!

TONGS

Long legs, crooked thighs,

THE BOY IN THE BARN

A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay.
An owl came out, and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.



SUNSHINE

Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door,
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the King's kitchen door.

THE QUARREL

My little old man and I fell out;
I'll tell you what 'twas all about,—
I had money and he had none,

Little head, and no eyes.

JACK JINGLE

Little Jack Jingle, He used to live single;
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single and lived with his wife.
Now what do you think of little Jack Jingle?
Before he was married he used to live single.



SHOEING

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

And that's the way the noise begun.



THE PUMPKIN-EATER

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.



THAT'S ALL

There was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning;



BETTY BLUE

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe;
What shall little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other
And then she'll walk upon two.

She had a calf,
And that's half;

She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all!



DANCE, LITTLE BABY

Dance, little Baby, dance up high!
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little Baby, there you go!
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance, little Baby and Mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding!



MY LITTLE MAID

High diddle doubt, my candle's out
My little maid is not at home;
Saddle my hog and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

BEDTIME

FOR WANT OF A NAIL

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!”

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

PEASE PORRIDGE

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.



PEASE PORRIDGE 1877

THE CROOKED SIXPENCE

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



THIS IS THE WAY

This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!

RING A RING O' ROSES

Ring a ring o' roses,
A pocketful of posies.
Tisha! Tisha!
We all fall down.

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

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

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

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

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



DUCKS AND DRAKES

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.

THE DONKEY

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.

IF

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

THE BELLS

“You owe me five shillings,”
Say the bells of St. Helen’s.
“When will you pay me?”
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
“When I grow rich,”
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
“When will that be?”
Say the bells of Stepney.
“I do not know,”
Says the great Bell of Bow.
“Two sticks in an apple,”
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.
“Halfpence and farthings,”
Say the bells of St. Martin’s.
“Kettles and pans,”
Say the bells of St. Ann’s.
“Brickbats and tiles,”
Say the bells of St. Giles.
“Old shoes and slippers,”
Say the bells of St. Peter’s.
“Pokers and tongs,”
Say the bells of St. John’s.



LITTLE GIRL AND QUEEN

“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 KING OF FRANCE

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.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?



ONE TO TEN

1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.

AN EQUAL

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



THE TARTS

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.



WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?



COME, LET'S TO BED

"To bed! To bed!"
 Says Sleepy-head;
 "Tarry awhile," says Slow;
 "Put on the pan,"
 Says Greedy Nan;
 "We'll sup before we go."

"Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
 And that's what little boys are made of."

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

LITTLE MAID

"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 AND THE BIRDS

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



BANDY LEGS

As I was going to sell my eggs
 I met a man with bandy legs,

Bandy legs and crooked toes;
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his work.
nose.

The bullfinch played the organ,—we made merry



A PIG

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

JENNY WREN

As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by her shed.
She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head.
She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

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



LITTLE TOM TUCKER

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID

“Where 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.
“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.



THE OLD WOMAN OF GLOUCESTER

There was an old woman of Gloucester,
Whose parrot two guineas it cost her,
But its tongue never ceasing,
Was vastly displeasing
To the talkative woman of Gloucester.



MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

LITTLE KING BOGGEN

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 pan-cakes,—you ne'er saw
the like!

BELL HORSES

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



WHISTLE

“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.”

TAFFY

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece
of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not
home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a
marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver
pin;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up the marrow-bone and flung it at
his head.

A THORN

I went to the wood and got it;
I sat me down to look for it
And brought it home because I couldn't find it.



THE ROBIN

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,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

YOUNG ROGER AND DOLLY

Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!

He asked for admittance; she answered him
"No!"
Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!

"No, no, Roger, no! as you came you may go!"
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!



YOUNG ROGER AND DOLLY

THE OLD WOMAN OF HARROW

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.



THE PIPER AND HIS COW

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He pulled out his pipes and played her a
tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
“Corn rigs are bonny.”



THE COACHMAN

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.

THE MAN OF DERBY

A little old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.



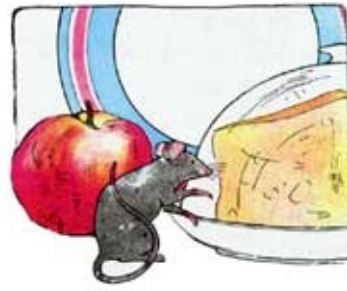
THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

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 soundly and put them to
bed.



THE OLD WOMAN OF SURREY

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.



THE LITTLE MOUSE

I have seen you, little mouse,
Running all about the house,
Through the hole your little eye
In the wainscot peeping sly,
Hoping soon some crumbs to steal,
To make quite a hearty meal.
Look before you venture out,
See if pussy is about.
If she's gone, you'll quickly run
To the larder for some fun;
Round about the dishes creep,
Taking into each a peep,
To choose the daintiest that's there,
Spoiling things you do not care.

DING, DONG, BELL

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy-cat.
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!



WHEN

When I was a bachelor
I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I got



BOY AND GIRL

There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an 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.”

I laid up on the shelf.

The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife.

The streets were so bad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
And my wife had a fall;
Down came wheelbarrow,
Little wife and all.



WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR

LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge is broken down,



SING, SING

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Cat's run away with the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

MARCH WINDS

March winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.



HOT-CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!

Dance over my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.



THE BALLOON

“What is the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?”
“They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon!”

A CHERRY

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,—
If you’ll tell me this riddle, I’ll give you a
goat.

THE LOST SHOE

Doodle doodle doo,
The Princess lost her shoe:
Her Highness hopped,—
The fiddler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

HOT CODLINS

There was a little woman, as I’ve been
told,
Who was not very young, nor yet very
old;
Now this little woman her living got
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot!



THE MAN OF TOBAGO



SWAN

Swan, swan, over the sea;
Swim, swan, swim!
Swan, swan, back again;
Well swum, swan!

THREE STRAWS

Three straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.



THE FARMER AND THE RAVEN

A farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

There was an old man of Tobago
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
Till much to his bliss,
His physician said this:
“To a leg, sir, of mutton, you may go.”



A SUNSHINY SHOWER

A sunshiny shower
Won't last half an hour.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is coming, the geese are
getting fat,
Please to put a penny in an old man's
hat;
If you haven't got a penny a ha'penny
will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless
you.

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his
crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them the same the
next day,
Lumpety, lumpety lump!



WILLY BOY

“Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you
going?
I will go with you, if that I may.”
“I’m going to the meadow to see them
a-mowing,
I’m going to help them to make the
hay.”

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?
“I,” said the sparrow,
“With my little 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 torch?
“I,” said the linnet,
“I’ll come in a minute,
I’ll carry the torch.”

Who’ll be the clerk?



POLLY AND SUKEY

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

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



THE MOUSE AND THE CLOCK

Hickory, dickory, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hickory, dickory, dock!

"I," said the lark,
"If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the owl,
"With my spade and trowel
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the rook,
"With my little book,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the dove,
"I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll sing a psalm?
"I," said the thrush,
"As I sit in a bush.
I'll sing a psalm."

Who'll carry the coffin?
"I," said the kite,
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry the coffin."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air
Fell sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
With 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.



THE BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS

THE BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised he'd buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised he'd buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

PUSSY-CAT BY THE FIRE

Pussy-cat sits by the fire;
 How can she be fair?
In walks the little dog;
 Says: "Pussy, are you there?
How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
 Mistress Pussy, how d'ye do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
 I fare as well as you!"

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND

The little robin grieves



THE WOMAN OF EXETER

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.

When the snow is on the ground,
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid;
For robin here what can be done?
Let's strow around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till snow is gone.

SNEEZING

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for
danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better.
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, joy to-morrow.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of The Real Mother Goose
Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE ***

***** This file should be named 10607-h.htm or 10607-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/6/0/10607/>

Produced by Suzanne Shell, Ben Courtney and PG Distributed Proofreaders

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no
one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without
permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules,
set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to
copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to
protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project
Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you
charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you
do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the
rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose
such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. They may be modified and printed and given away—you may do
practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is
subject to the trademark license, especially commercial
redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free

distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS," WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pgla.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII, compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed. VERSIONS based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

EBooks posted prior to November 2003, with eBook numbers BELOW #10000, are filed in directories based on their release date. If you want to download any of these eBooks directly, rather than using the regular search system you may utilize the following addresses and just download by the etext year.

<http://www.gutenberg.net/etext06>

(Or /etext 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90)

EBooks posted since November 2003, with etext numbers OVER #10000, are filed in a different way. The year of a release date is no longer part of the directory path. The path is based on the etext number (which is identical to the filename). The path to the file is made up of single digits corresponding to all but the last digit in the filename. For example an eBook of filename 10234 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/2/3/10234>

or filename 24689 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/2/4/6/8/24689>

An alternative method of locating eBooks:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>