

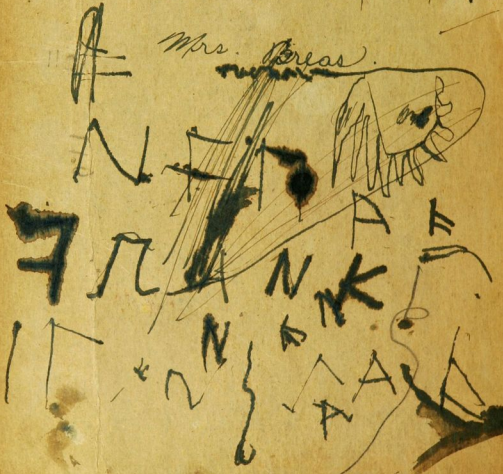
MOTHER GOOSE

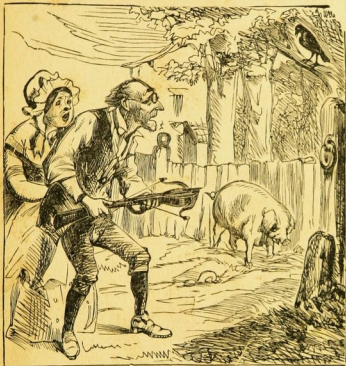


McLOUGHLIN BROS. INC.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

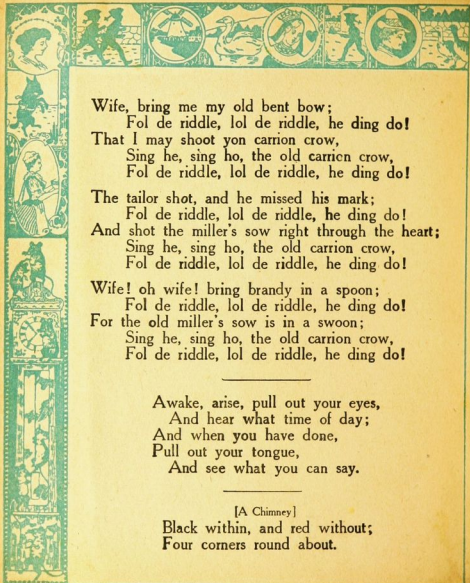
Mary Carmela Saldana
class 1 a ROOM 119

Mrs. Perras





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



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

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

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

Awake, arise, pull out your eyes,
And hear what time of day;
And when you have done,
Pull out your tongue,
And see what you can say.

[A Chimney]

Black within, and red without;
Four corners round about.



Ten little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home, and then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One tumbled off, and then there were eight,
Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven—
One kicked the bucket, and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns cutting up tricks—
One went to bed, and then there were six.
Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck, and then there were five.
Five little Injuns on a cellar door—
One tumbled off, and then there were four.
Four little Injuns out on a spree—
One got drunk, and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One fell over-board, and then there were two.
Two little Injuns fooling with a gun—
One shot the other, and then there was one.
One little Injun living all alone—
He got married, and then there was none!

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





Daffy-down-dilly has come up
to town,
In a fine petticoat and a green
gown.

There was an old crow
Sat upon a clod;
There's an end of my song—
That's odd!

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



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

Little Robin Red-Breast
Sat upon his hurdle,
With a pair of speckled legs
And a green girdle.

Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black
spider,
Who sat down beside
her,
And frightened Miss Muf-
fett away.

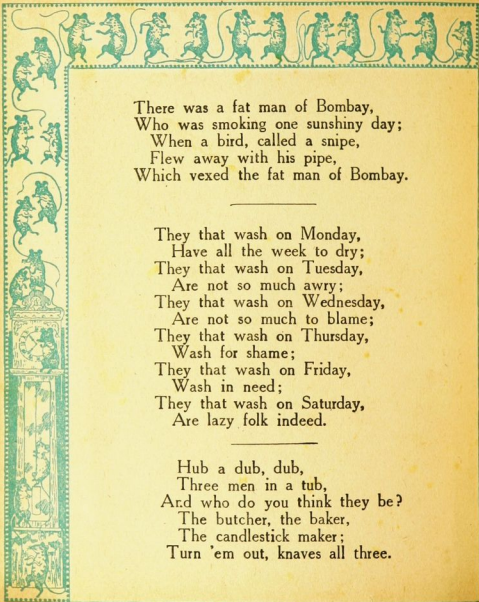


Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.



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


I'll tell you a story
About Mary Morey
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story's done.



There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day;
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

They that wash on Monday,
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday,
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday,
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for shame;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need;
They that wash on Saturday,
Are lazy folk indeed.

Hub a dub, dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three.



Wooley Foster has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back he'll marry me—
 Bonny Wooley Foster!

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow:
Open the gates and let her through—
 Wooley Foster's ain cow!


Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben;
She lays eggs for gentlemen—
 But none for Wooley Foster!

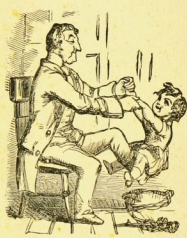
[One]

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

[A Plum Pudding]

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





Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross
To see little Jenny
Upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

Lives in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its roots
upward.
[An Icicle.]

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

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



Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

"To make your candles last
forever,
You wives and maids give
ear-o!
To put them out is the only
way,"
Says honest John Boldero.

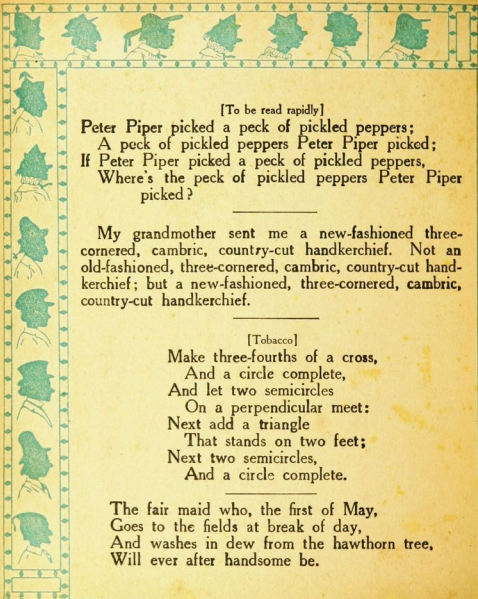
Shoe the horse and shoe
the mare,
But let the little colt go
bare.



Old Father Gray-Beard
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.



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.



[To be read rapidly]

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?

My grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three-
cornered, cambric, country-cut handkerchief. Not an
old-fashioned, three-cornered, cambric, country-cut hand-
kerchief; but a new-fashioned, three-cornered, cambric,
country-cut handkerchief.

[Tobacco]

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

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.



[A play with the face. The child exclaims:]

Ring the bell! . . . *giving a lock of its hair a pull.*
Knock at the door! . . . *tapping its forehead.*
Draw the latch! . . . *pulling up its nose.*
And walk in! . . . *opening its mouth and putting
in its finger.*

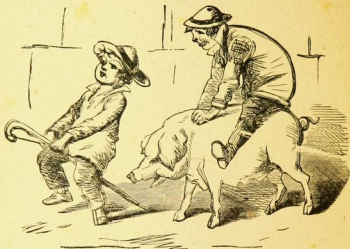
[Game on a child's features.]

Here sits the Lord Mayor, . . . *forehead.*
Here sit his two men, . . . *eyes.*
Here sits the cock, . . . *right cheek.*
Here sits the hen, . . . *left cheek.*
Here sit the little chickens, . . . *top of nose.*
Here they run in; . . . *mouth.*
Chinchopper, chinchopper,
Chinchopper, chin! . . . *chuck the chin.*

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 man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.





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.

I would if I could,
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you, without you could, could ye?
Could ye, could ye?
Could you, without you could, could ye?



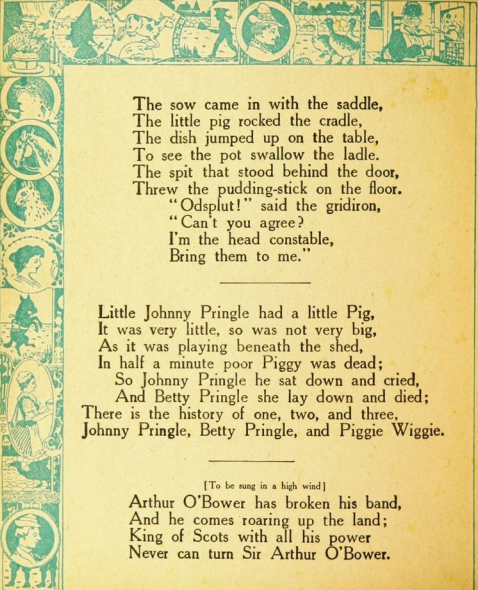
Upon my word and honor,
As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.



Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home.

Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy





The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me."

Little Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big,
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead;
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggie Wiggie.

[To be sung in a high wind]

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land;
King of Scots with all his power
Never can turn Sir Arthur O'Bower.



There were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy,
One of these little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy,
The other came after, and then there were two,
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.
Says one to the other, "Pray how do you do?"
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy,
"Very well, thank you, and pray how are you?"
Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

Thomas A' Tattamus took two Ts,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten thc terrible Thomas A' Tattamus!
Tell me how many Ts there are in all that.

There was an old woman, her name it was Peg,
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork leg,
The neighbors all pitched her into the water,
Her leg was drowned first, and her head followed a'ter.






I had a little doggy, that used to sit and beg;
But doggy tumbled down the stairs and broke his little leg.
Oh! doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar with a pretty little bell.

Ah! doggy, don't you think that to be faithful you should try,
For having such a loving friend to comfort you as I?
And when your leg is better, and you can run and play,
We'll have a scamper in the fields, and see them making hay.

But doggy you must promise, and mind your word you keep,
Not once to tease the little lambs, or run among the sheep;
And then the tiny yellow chicks, that play upon the grass —
You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.



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 after the spoon.



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?

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B: A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

A. Who is going round my sheepfold?
B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.
B. No, no more I will, only by one.
Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole: A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game as children say.]

A cat came fiddling out of a barn
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm:
She could sing nothing but fiddle-cum-fee
The mouse has married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat—dance, mouse—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.



[A Cinder-sifter]

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

There was an owl lived in an oak,
Whisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

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

See, saw, sacra-down,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.

There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race;
The bull did fight the bumble-bee,
And scratched him in the face.





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

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A smart looking lad;
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She once sent him to
market—
A live goose he bought.
"Here, Mother," says he,
"It will not go for naught."

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

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.


Jack ran to his mother,
The great news to tell;
She called him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rascally knave,—
Not half of its value
To poor Jack he gave.

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

The knave and the Squire
Came close at his back,
And began to belabor
The sides of poor Jack.





And then the gold egg
Was thrown into the sea;
But Jack he jumped in,
And got it back presently.

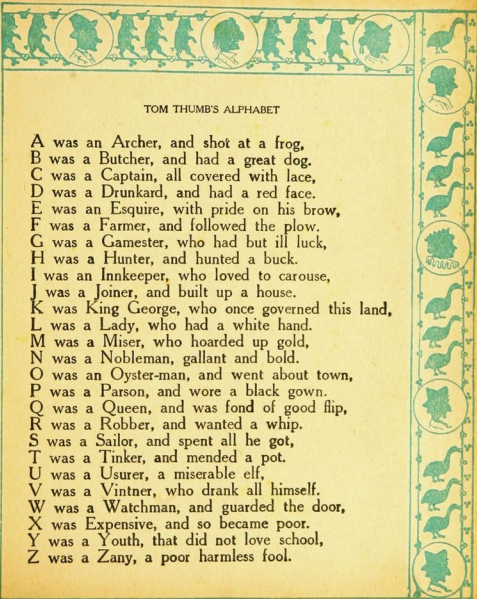
The knave got the goose,
Which he vowed he'd kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose,
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been.
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free.
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!



TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET

A was an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plow.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an Innkeeper, who loved to carouse,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K was King George, who once governed this land,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oyster-man, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, and was fond of good flip,
R was a Robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was a Usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was Expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.



“Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may.”
“I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing;
I am going to see them make the hay.”



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.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



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



As I was going to market upon a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever fed on hay.

On hay, on hay, on hay—

I met the finest ram, sir; that ever fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir; this ram was fat before;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed he was no
more.

No more, no more, no more—

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

The horns grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous
high,

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

The sky, the sky, the sky—

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

The tail grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell,
And it was sent to market to toll the market bell.

The bell, the bell, the bell—

And it was sent to market to toll the market bell.

A-milking, a-milking, my maid,
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;
"And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away."



Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dance to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.





A 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.

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



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



A little pig found a fifty dollar note,
And purchased a hat and a very fine coat,
With trousers, and stockings, and shoes,
Cravat, and shirt-collar, and gold-headed cane;
Then proud as could be, did he
march up the lane:
Says he, "I shall hear all the
news."



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 comes hush-a-bye, baby, and all.





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!

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
 I love sixpence better than my life;
 I spent a penny of it, I spent another
 And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
 I love fourpence better than my life;
 I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
 And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
 I love twopence better than my life:
 I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
 And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
 What will nothing buy for my wife?
 I have nothing, I spend nothing,
 I love nothing better than my wife.



[An Egg]

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Heigh ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four-and-twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.

O that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

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;
Yet this tiresome old woman could never be quiet.





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."

Pease pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.





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



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


Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got,
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.


Then Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

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

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



A was an apple-pie
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
I and J jumped for it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped at it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
U and V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and &,
All wished for a piece in hand.



Shoe the wild horse, and shoe the gray mare;
If the horse won't be shod, let him go bare.



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.

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble bee.
They went to the church, and married was she,
The fly has married the humble-bee.



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



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

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.





My true love lives far from me,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

Many a rich present he sends to me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.



He sent me a goose without a bone;
He sent me a cherry without a stone.
Petrum, &c.



He sent me a Bible no man could read;
He sent me a blanket without a thread.
Petrum, &c.



How could there be a goose without a bone?
How could there be a cherry without a stone?
Petrum, &c.

How could there be a Bible no man could read?
How could there be a blanket without a thread?
Petrum, &c.



When a goose is in the egg-shell, there is no bone;
When the cherry is in the blossom, there is no stone.
Petrum, &c.

When the Bible is in the press, no man it can read
When the wool is on the sheep's back, there is no thread.
Petrum, &c.



[This is said to be a certain cure for the hiccough if repeated in one breath]

When a twister a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth untwist,
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He untwisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intertwined, he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain intertwining a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Rowley Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Powley runs away.

There was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.





Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob
With vinegar and brown paper.



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

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





Little boy blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast asleep.
Go wake him, go wake him! oh! no, not I,
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.



Robin the Bobbin the big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a hog and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complained that his stomach wasn't full.

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

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.



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!"

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit]

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place.





Little Tommy Grace
had a pain in his
face,
So bad he could not
learn a letter;
When in came Dicky
Long,
Singing such a fun-
ny song.

That Tommy laughed,
and found his face
much better.



Pity Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt:
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pity Patty Polt.



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?



The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin
do then?
He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under
his wing,
Poor thing!





There was a man and he was mad,
And he jumped into a pea-swad;*
The pea-swad was over-full,
So he jumped into a roaring bull;
The roaring bull was over-fat,
So he jumped into a gentleman's hat;
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,
So he jumped into a bottle of wine;
The bottle of wine was over-dear,
So he jumped into a bottle of beer;
The bottle of beer was over-thick,
So he jumped into a club-stick;
The club-stick was over-narrow,
So he jumped into a wheel-barrow;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jumped on to a hay-stack;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze!

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

*The pod or shell of a pea



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

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

Hogs in the garden, catch'em Towser;
 Cow's in the cornfield, run boys, run;
 Cat's in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls;
 Fire on the mountains, run boys, run.

If a man who turnips cries
 Cries not when his father dies,
 It is a proof that he would rather
 Have a turnip than his father.

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



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

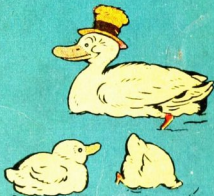
What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Every customer has two pair.

[A Horse-Shoer]

Miller
Miller



CHILDHOOD LOOKS



• for •
M'LOUGHLIN BOOKS