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NURSERY RHYMES

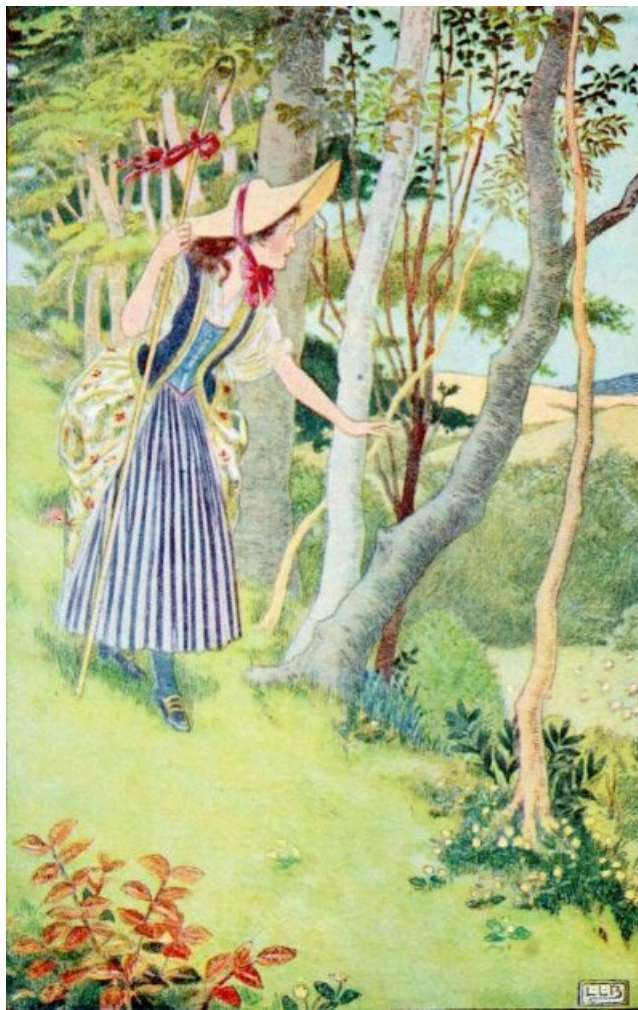
DRAWINGS BY
LESLIE BROOKE



SONGS I DITTIES
AND
L.S.D.



FREDERICK WARNE AND CO. LTD.



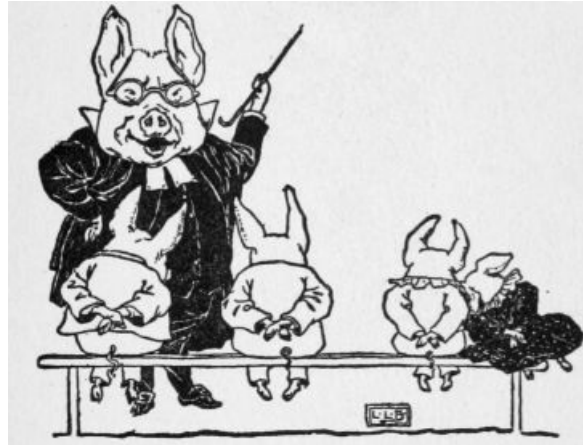
LITTLE BO-PEEP

NURSERY RHYMES

WITH DRAWINGS BY

L. LESLIE BROOKE

SONGS AND DITTIES



LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE & CO. LTD.
AND NEW YORK



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again!

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
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 they were still a-fleeting.

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



Says t'auld man tit oak tree,

Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

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?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
 And here is a leg 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?

John Cook had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw, hum!



The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he, haw, hum!

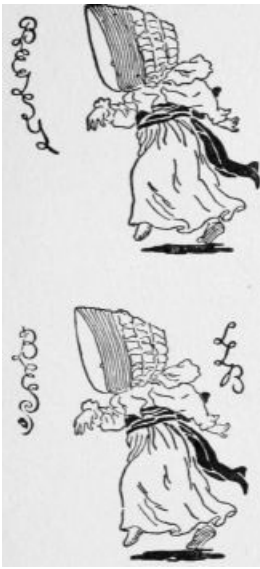
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.
[An egg.]

Come, butter, come!
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter'd cake;
Come, butter, come!

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on!
 Four corners to my bed,
 Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away!

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit-pie!
Come, my ladies, come and buy,
Else your babies they will cry.





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.

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

A farmer went trotting
Upon his grey mare;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him,
So rosy and fair;
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

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;
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

was an Archer, who shot at a frog,



B was a Butcher, who kept a bull-dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drummer, who played with much grace.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill-luck,

H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck.
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse,
J was a Joiner, who built up a house.
K was a King, so mighty and grand,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Organ boy, who played about town,
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people,
R was a Robin, who perched on a steeple.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, who mended a pot.
U was an Usher, who loved little boys,
V was a Veteran, who sold pretty toys.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, who did not love school,
Z was a Zany, who looked a great fool.

Little Robin Red-Breast
Sat upon a rail:
Niddle-naddle went his head!
Wiggle-waggle went his tail.

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



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

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose;
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!

I'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
 Yet I think it as pretty as any.
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
 And give the poor singer a penny.

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 to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

"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.

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

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

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

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

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

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.



HE'LL SIT IN A BARN.

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.

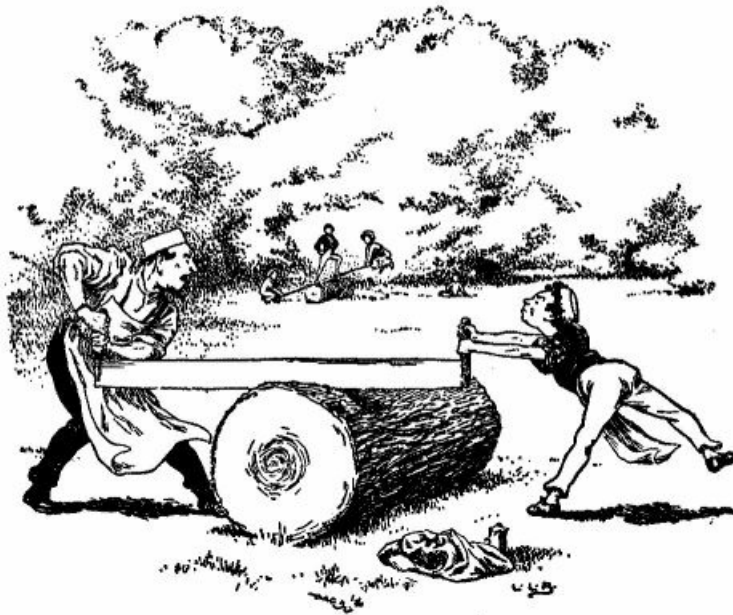
When V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I with V doth meet once more,
Then 'tis they Two can make but Four.
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

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.



Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then;
When he whipp'd them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again!

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



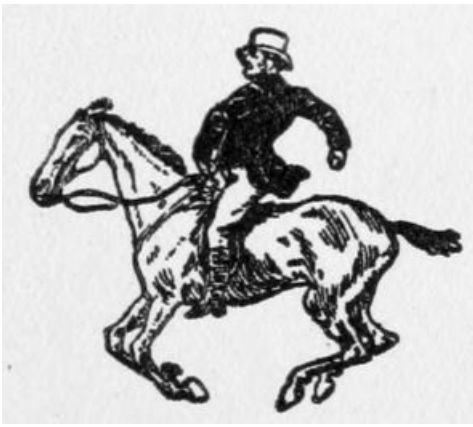
See, saw, Margery Daw,
 Johnnie shall have a new master;
Why shall he have but a penny a day?
 Because he can't work any faster.



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





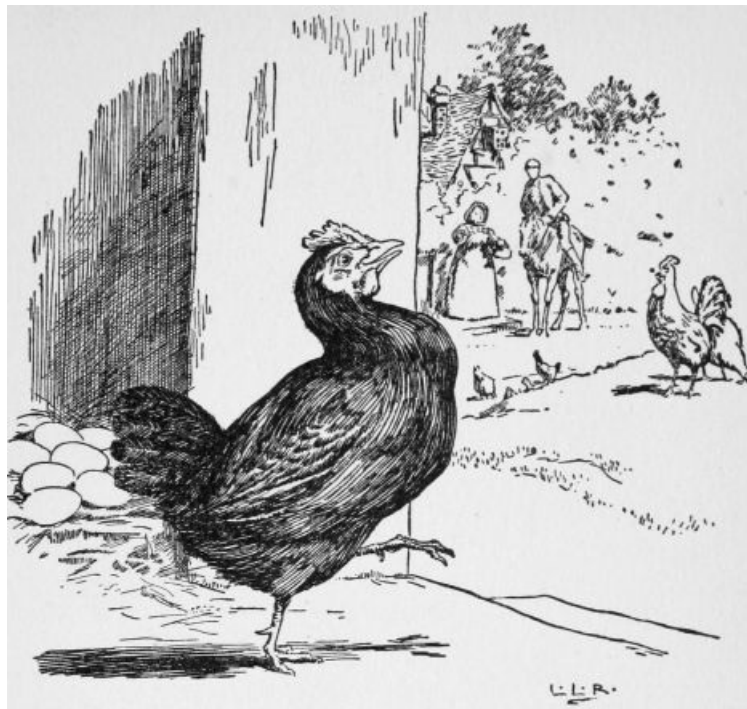
This is the way the farmers ride:
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride:
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

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."

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.



Higgle Piggley,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten.

Higgley Piggley,
My black hen!

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?

[*Game with the hands.*]

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.

To market, to market, to buy a plum-cake;
Back again, back again, baby is late;
To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun,
Back again, back again, market is done.



"Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I'm going to the meadows to see them a-mowing;
I'm going to help them make the hay."



Daffy-Down-Dilly has come up to
town
In a yellow petticoat and a green
gown.



Here am I, little jumping Joan.

When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

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

Hannah Bantry in the pantry,
Eating a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
When she found she was alone!

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



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.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers,
And merry we shall be!
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Pussy cat sits by the fire;
How did she come there?
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!"

There was a little boy went into a barn

There was 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.

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

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!

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



I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

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.



Over the water, and over the sea,

And over the water to Charley;
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

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.

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipp'd over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

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

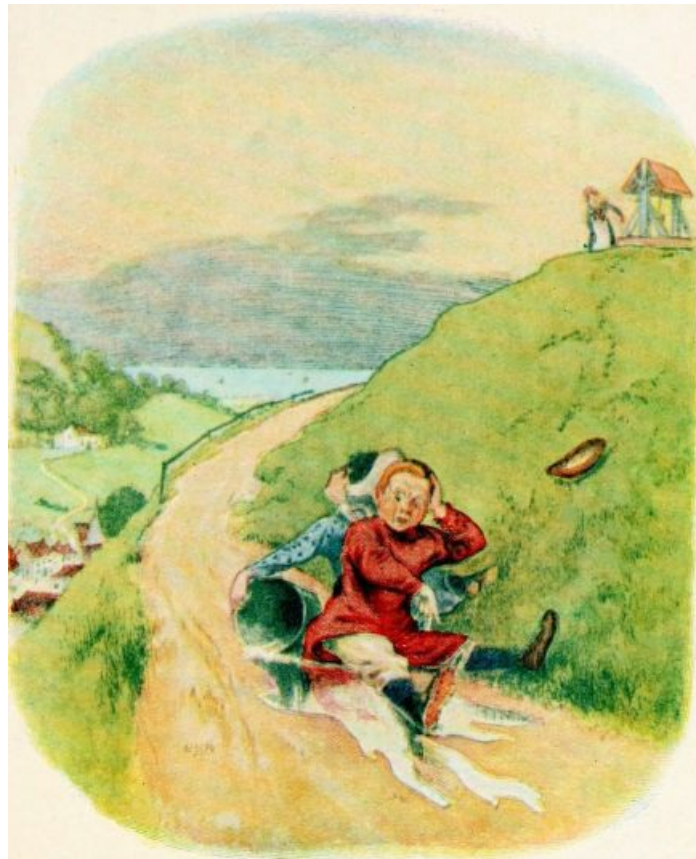
Jack and Jill went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
 All on a summer's day;

The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those 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.

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.





I saw three ships come sailing by,
 Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
 Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
 On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
 Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
 And one could play on the violin—
Such joy there was at my wedding,
 On New Year's Day in the morning.

Swan swam over the sea—
 Swim, swan, swim,
Swan swam back again,
 Well swam swan.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.



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



I went to the wood and got it;
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it;
And I brought it home because I couldn't help it.
[*A thorn.*]

Little Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red rose.
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.
[*A candle.*]

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall,
And a green coat covers me all.
[*A walnut.*]

Long legs, crooked thighs,

Little head, and no eyes.
[*Pair of tongs.*

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!
[*Sunshine.*

I had a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
 And there I bid him drum.

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

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



As I was going up Pippen-hill,
Pippen-hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsey.

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

There was a lady loved a swine:
"Honey," quoth she,
"Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?"
"Grunt," quoth he.

"I'll build thee a silver sty,
Honey," quoth she;
"And in it thou shalt lie;"
"Grunt," quoth he.

"Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey," quoth she,
"That you may go out and in;"
"Grunt," quoth he.

"Wilt thou now have me,
Honey," quoth she;

"Grunt, grunt, grunt," quoth he,
And went his way.



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 halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

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

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

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

Silver and gold will be stole away,

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

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

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

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

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

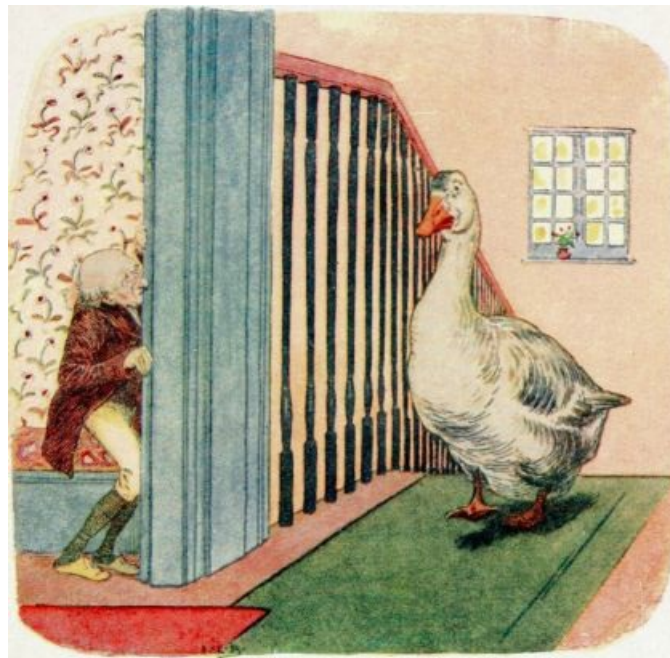
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

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

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

In the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

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 flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!



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 plain-looking lad,

He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

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 rode to his mother
The news for to tell;
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

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

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then,—
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,

Which he vow'd he would 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.

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.

When Little Fred was called to bed,
He always acted right;
He kissed Mamma, and then Papa,
And wished them all good night.

He made no noise, like naughty boys,
But quietly upstairs
To bed he went, when he was sent,
And always said his prayers.
