

NURSERY RHYMES,

FROM THE

ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

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BANBURY:

PRINTED BY J. G. RUSHER.

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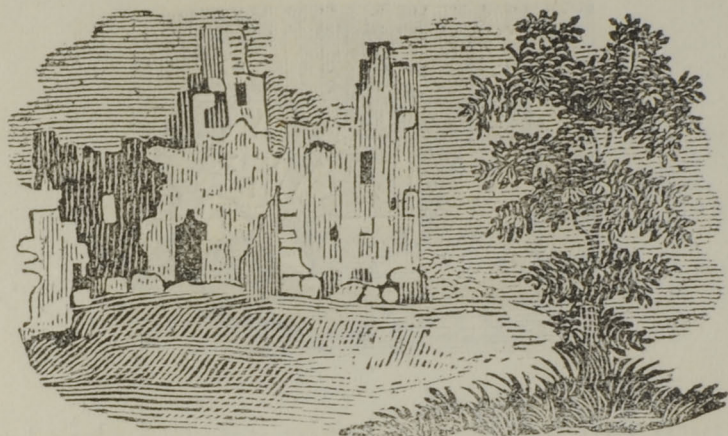
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Now shall my pretty Albert ride,
 And Henry too shall go astride ;
 The little dog shall run one side,
 And puss shall go on t'other :
 And Adelaide shall have a walk,
 And baby too, o'er hill of chalk,
 And guile the road in pleasant talk,
 To see their kind grandmother.

Now see-saw, my Margery-daw,
 Jenny shall have a new master ;
 She'll have but a penny a day,
 Because she can work no faster.



King Pippin built a fine new hall,
 Pastry and pie-crust were the wall ;
 Windows made of black puddings and
 white,
 Slates were pancakes, you ne'er saw the
 like.

Now make a nice bun, my baker's man,
 A Banbury Cake, fast as you can ;
 Currants and sugar, mark it with T,
 Then bring it home, to Tommy and me.

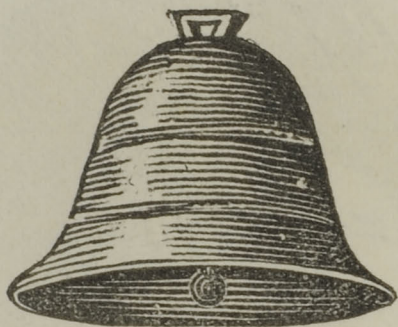


When famed King Arthur ruled this land,
 He was a goodly king :
 He took three pecks of barley-meal,
 To make a bag-pudding :
 A rare pudding the king did make,
 And stuff'd it well with plums ;
 And in it put such lumps of fat,
 As big as my two thumbs.
 The king and queen did eat thereof,
 And noblemen beside ;
 And, what they could not eat that night,
 The queen next morning fried.



Ten little mice sat down to spin,
 Pussy past by, and just look'd in :
 What are you at, my jolly ten ?
 We're making coats for gentlemen.
 Shall I come in and cut your threads ?
 No, for Puss, you'd bite off our heads.

Oh dear, dear, What can the matter be ?
 Two women up in an apple tree ;
 One down, too quick in her flight, d'ye
 see
 But t'other came down more leisurely.



Ding, dong, Bell, puss is in the well !
 Who put her in ? little Tommy Quin :
 Who pull'd her out ? little Dickey Stout :
 Then the town crier, put Tib by the fire.
 Oh, what a naughty boy was that,
 Who tried to drown poor pussy-cat ;
 That never did him any harm ;
 But kill'd the mice in father's barn.

Hey, diddle dout, my candle's out,
 My little maid's not at home ;
 Saddle the hog, bridle the dog,
 And fetch my little maid home.



A silly boy was my boy John,
 Went to bed with his stockings on,
 One shoe off, and t'other shoe on;
 A simple boy was my boy John.

To bed, to bed, says sleepy head;
 Pray stop awhile? says slow:
 Put on the pot? says greedy-sot,
 We'll sup before we go.

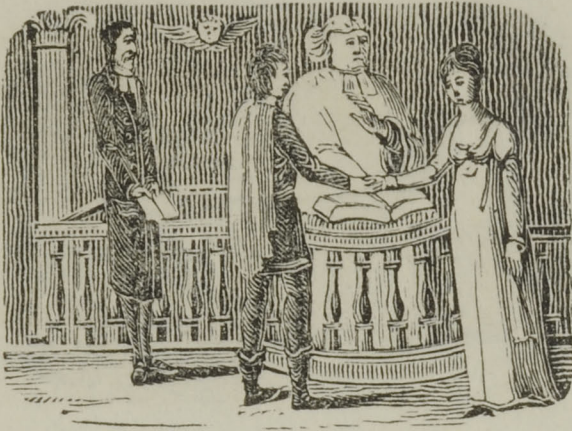
There was a man and he had a calf,
 And that's my story half.
 Out of his stall, calf jump'd on the wall
 And you've my story all.



Taffy was a Welchman,
 But Taffy was a thief,
 Taffy came to my house
 And stole a piece of beef.

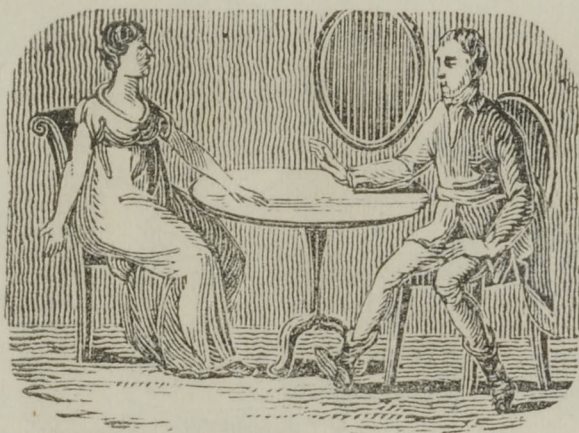
I went to Taffy's house,
 But Taffy was from home ;
 Taffy came to my house
 And stole a marrow bone.

Bat, bat, now come under my hat,
 And have a slice of bacon ;
 When I bake, I'll give you a cake,
 If I am not mistaken.



There was a little man
 To woo a maid began ;
 And said—Little maid, will you wed ?
 I've little more to say,
 Than will you, yea or nay ?
 Soonest mended is the least said.

The little maid replied—
 Some say, a little sigh'd—
 Pray what should we then have to eat ?
 Will love you're so rich in
 Make fire in the kitchen,
 Or Cupid turn the lovers' spit.



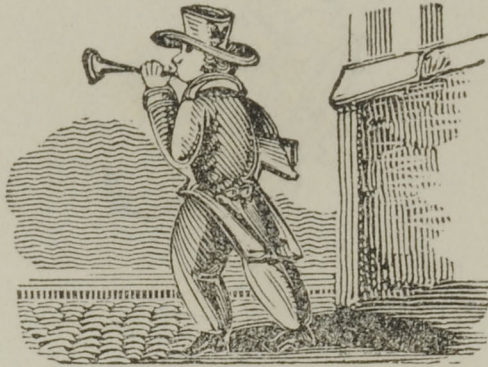
Round about, round about,
 Pastry and pie ;
 My father and mother
 Love me, said I :
 I shall always love them,
 They will love me ;
 And sister and brother
 Ever agree.

Robert Rolley rolled a round roll
 round ; a round roll Robert Rolley rolled
 round : Where rolled the round roll Ro-
 bert Rolley rolled round.



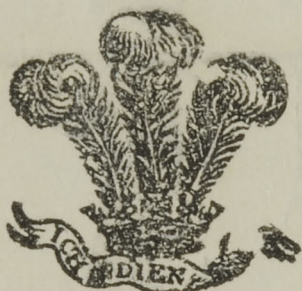
In a cottage in Fife
 Liv'd a man and his wife,
 Who, believe me, were comical folk ;
 For, to people's surprise,
 They both saw with their eyes,
 And their tongues moved whenever they
 spoke.

When they were fast asleep,
 I've been told—that to keep
 Their eyes open they could not contrive ;
 They both walk'd on their feet,
 And t'was thought what they eat
 Help'd, with drinking, to keep them
 alive.



My little fellow
 Come, blow up your horn ;
 Sheep in the meadow,
 A cow's in the corn.
 Where's the little boy
 Looks after the sheep ?
 He's under the hay,
 And quite fast asleep.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find 'em ;
 Let 'em alone, and they'll come home,
 Wagging their tails behind 'em.



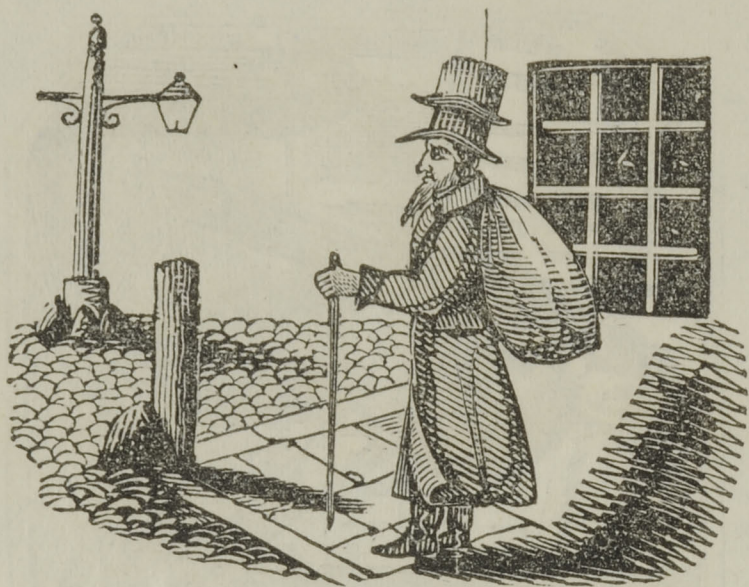
I had a little dog,
 They called him Buff;
 I sent him to the shop
 To buy me snuff:
 But he lost the bag,
 And spilt the stuff:
 I sent him no more,
 But gave him a cuff,
 For coming from the mart,
 Without any snuff.

Daffy-down-dilly went up to town
 In yellow petticoat and green gown.



One, two, three, four, and five,
 A rabbit caught alive ;
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 I let her go again.

Little Tom Twig bought
 A fine bow and arrow ;
 And what did he shoot ?
 A poor little sparrow.
 Oh, fie, little Tom,
 With your bow and arrow,
 How cruel to shoot
 A poor little sparrow !



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 !
 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 !



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