

WALKER'S  
NURSERY RHYMES



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## NURSERY RHYMES.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,  
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten ;  
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky ,  
Saying, Oh dear, Richard, the sun's very high.  
You go before with the bottle and bag,  
And I will come after on little Jack's nag.



Little Boy blue, come blow me your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn ;  
Where's the boy that looks after the sheep ?  
Under the hay-cock, fast asleep.

Great A, little a, bouncing B,  
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see

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



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

She went to the bakers to buy some new bread,  
 And when she got home her old husband was dead:  
 She went to the clerk, that he might toll the bell,  
 And when she got home her old husband was well.

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

Rock a bough 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.



Pat a cake, pat a cake, Baker's man :  
 Yes I will, master, as fast as I can :  
 Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,  
 Put it into the oven for Tommy and me.

A carrion crow once sat on an old oak,  
 Watching a tailor cut out a new cloak ;  
 Wife, says he, bring me my old bent bow,  
 That I may just shoot yon carrion crow.

The tailor then shot and missed his mark,  
 And shot his own sow quite through the heart,  
 Here wife, bring me some milk in a spoon,  
 For our old sow has dropt down in a swoon.

Two children sliding on the ice,  
 Upon a winter's day,  
 As it broke up they both fell in,  
 Whilst the others ran away.



Mary is up, and so is the sun,  
 Run, little Mary, run,  
 Mary around the garden may run,  
 If she will keep out of the sun.

To bed, little Mary, Mary, to bed,  
 For gone down to bed has the sun,  
 On the pillow lay Mary's head,  
 She then can arise with the sun.

Here's a fine little boy, as fine as can be,  
 Who belongs to his daddy, his mammy, and me.  
 He'll soon fall asleep on his dear mammy's lap,  
 So put on his night-gown and little night cap.

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,  
 The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail,  
 She put out her horns like a little kyløe cow,  
 Run tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.



Here we go, Jane, up and down ;  
 I am up, and you are down ;  
 Down and up, up and down,  
 This is the way we shall ride to the town.

Two very fine blackbirds once sat on a hill,  
 One was named Tom, and the other named Bill ;  
 Fly away Tom,—Fly away Bill,  
 Come again Tom—Come again Bill.

Round about, round about, applety pie,  
 My brother loves new milk, and so do I.

Poor Pussy was sick, and Lucy was sad,  
 For Lucy loved Pussy most dear ;  
 So kind Lucy made her Puss a soft bed  
 On the seat of her own little chair.



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

Little Bo Peep fell fast asleep,  
 And dreamt she heard 'em bleating ;  
 Then up she took her little crook,  
 Determined she would find 'em ;

She found 'em indeed,  
 But it made her heart bleed,  
 For they'd left their tails behind 'em.

As little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
 Eating of curds and whey,  
 Up came a small spider, and sat down beside her,  
 Which frightened Miss Muffet away.



Ding dong bell, the cat is in the well;  
 Who put her in? little Johnny Bell;  
 What a naughty boy was that,  
 To go and drown poor pussy cat.

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 parlour counting out his money,  
 The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey.

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



Old Mother Hubbard once went to the cupboard,  
 To give her poor dog a bone,  
 When she got there, the cupboard was bare,  
 And so the poor dog had none.

I had a little pony, they called it Apple Grey,  
 I lent it to a lady to ride a mile away :  
 She whipp'd it, and she lash'd it,  
 And called it through the mire,  
 I would not give my pony yet  
 For all the lady's hire.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,  
 And if she is'nt gone she lives there still.

I diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,  
 The cow jump'd over the moon ;  
 The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
 Whilst the dish ran away with the spoon.



Johnny shall have a new bonnet,  
 And Johnny shall go to the fair,  
 And Johnny shall have a blue riband  
 To tie up his bonny brown hair.  
 And why may I not love Johnny ?  
 And why may not Johnny love me ?  
 And why may I not love Johnny  
 As well as another body.  
 Then here's a leg for a stocking,  
 And here's a foot for a shoe,  
 And here's a kiss for his daddy,  
 And two for his mammy I trow.

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

Girls and boys, come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day;  
Come with a whistle, come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or come not at all;  
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,  
And come to your playfellows in the street.



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

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas Pie,  
He put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum,  
And said, Oh, what a good boy am I.

Two random Schoolboys on a donkey's back had got,  
 And thought there's no doubt they should have a nice trot,  
 But up went his heels, slate, books, and hat flew,  
 And from his back soon he the naughty boys threw.



When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,  
 And put all my bread and cheese upon a little shelf;  
 The rats and the mice had made so much strife,  
 That I went to London and brought back a wife.

The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,  
 I was forced to bring her home in a wheelbarrow:  
 The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,  
 Plague take the wheelbarrow, my wife, and all.