

THE HISTORY OF
S I M P L E
S I M O N .

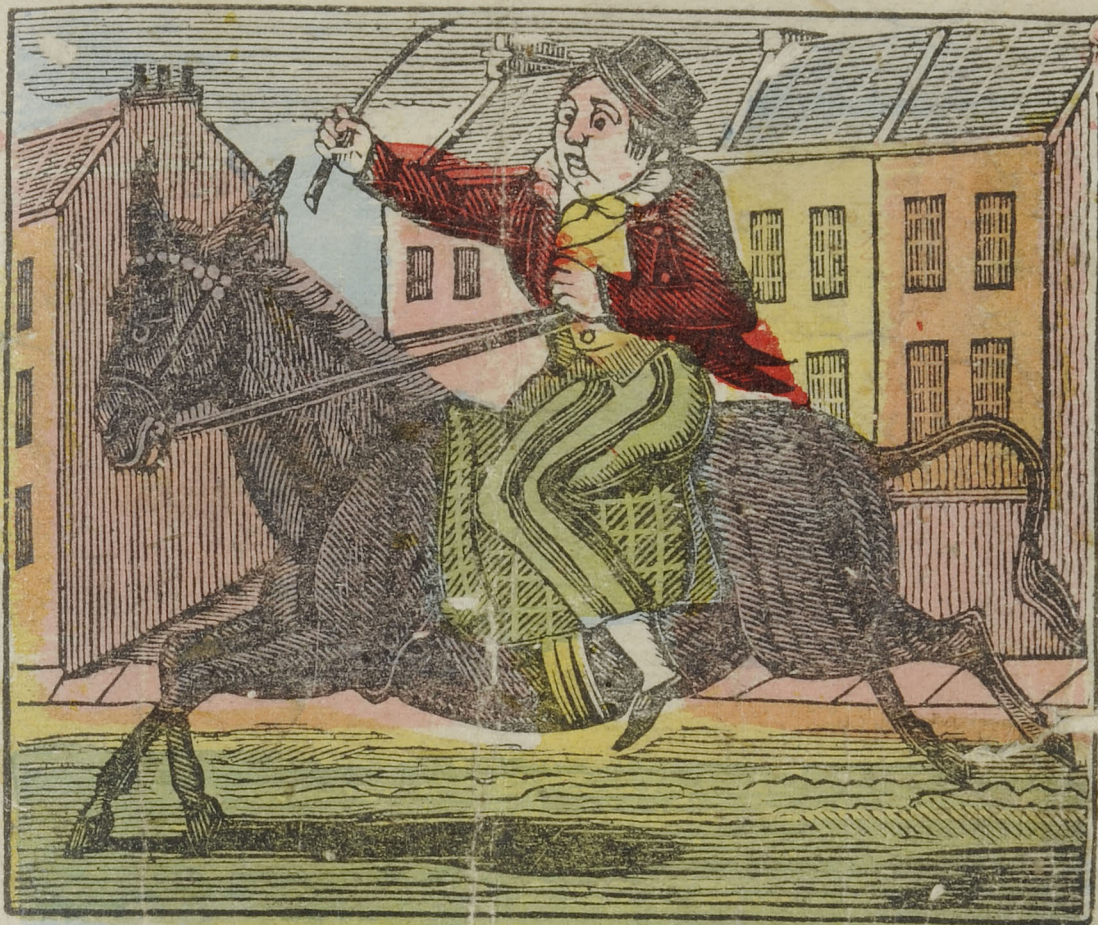


Now Simple Simon met a Pyeman,
Going to the fair!
Says Simple Simon to the Pyeman,
Let me taste your ware.



Says the Pyeman unto Simon,
First give me a penny ;
Says Simple Simon to the Pyeman,
I have not got any.

Now Simple Simon went a fishing,
For to catch a whale,
But all the water he had got,
Was in his mother's pail.



Then Simple Simon went a hunting,
For to catch a hare ;
He rode an ass about the streets,
But could not find one there.

He went to try if cherries ripe,
Did grow upon a thistle,
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



Once Simen made a great snow ball,
And brought it in to roast,
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went to catch a dickey bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt,
To put upon his tail.



He went for to eat honey,
Out of the mustard pot,
He bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
Had got a little calf,
She threw him down upon the ground,
Made all the people laugh.



Simon he to market went,
To buy a joint of meat;
He tied it to his horse's tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

He went to slide upon the ice
Before the ice could bear,
Then he plung'd in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.



He went to take a bird's nest.

T'was built upon a bough,
A branch gave way, down Simon fell,
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot a wild Duck,

But wild Duck flew away,
Says Simple Simon I can't hit him,
Because he would not stay.



He wash'd himself with blackning bal,
Because he had no soap,
Then, said Simon to his mother,
I'm a beauty now I hope.

He went for water in a seive,
But soon it all run through,
And now poor Simple Simon,
Bids you all a kind adieu.