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NURSERY RHYMES.



BISHOP & CO.,

Printers, 101, Houndsditch, London.

NURSERY RHYMES.



See saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up and the other down,
And that is the way to London Town.
High ding a diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow leap'd over the moon,
The little dog laughed,
To see the sport,
And the dish ran away with the Spoon



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,
With cockle and silver bells,
And cowslips all of a row.
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 not at all.

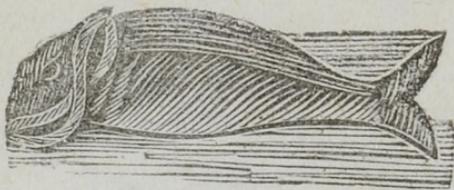


Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town,
Some in jags, some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.



Ride a cock horse,
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman
Get on a black horse :
A ring on her finger,
A bonnet of straw,
The strangest old woman
That ever you saw.

Pat a cake, pat a cake,
Baker's man,



There was once a great fish,
And that is not small ;
He swallow'd a sailor,
With his boat and all.

The sailor he cried,
And the sailor did shout,
But from the whale's belly
He could not get out.



So I will master,
As fast as I can ;
Prick it and prick it,
And mark it with T,
Then toss it in the oven,
For Tommy and me.



Three wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

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