



SIMIR UB



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You owe me five farthings, Say the bells at St. Martin's When will you pay me? Say the bells at the Old Bailey; When I grow rich, Say the bells at Shoreditch.



When will that be, Say the bells at Stepney, I do not know Says the Great Bell at Bow.



High diddle diddle.

High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon :
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,

While the dish ran after the spoon.

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## Bah, Bah, Black Sheep.

Bah, bah, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes, Sir, I have,

Three bags full, One for my master,

One for my dame, But none for the little boy Who cries in the lane.

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## Ride a Cock-Horse.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, To see an old lady ride on a white horse,

Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,

She will have music wherever she goes.

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New?

