

NURSERY

RHYMES.



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NURSERY RHYMES

* Children's
Books

W. Schickel

NURSERY RHYMES.



Come, my darling, come away,
Take a pretty walk to day ;
Run along and never fear.
I'll take care of baby dear.
Up and down with little feet,
That's the way to walk, my sweet.

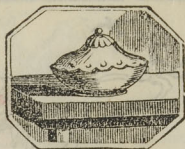
Now it is so very near,
Soon she'll get to mother dear ;
There she comes along at last,
Here's my finger, hold it fast ;
Now one pretty little kiss
After such a walk as this.



Ding, dong, bell,
The cat is in the well.
Who put her there?
Little Johnny Green.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But kill'd the mice on his father's
farm.

Hush-a-by baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down comes the baby, cradle and all.

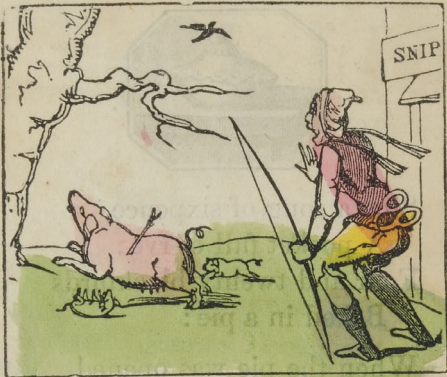


Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye :
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie :

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 the parlour
 Counting out his money ;
 The queen was in her closet
 Eating bread and honey :

The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 There comes a little blackbird,
 And snaps off her nose.



A carrion crow sat on an oak,
 Watching a tailor shape his cloak.
 'Wife,' cried he, 'bring me my bow,
 That I may shoot yon carrion crow.'

The tailor shot and miss'd his mark,
 And shot his own sow through the heart :
 'Wife, bring me some cordial in a spoon,
 For our old sow is in a swoon.'

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



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.

There's great **A**, and little **A**,
 And big bouncing **B**,
 The cat's in the cupboard,
 And she can't see me.



I had a little pony,
 They call'd it Dapple Gray,
 I lent it to a lady
 To ride a mile away.
 She whipt it, she lash'd it,
 She ca'd it through the mire;
 I wadna gi'e my pony yet
 For all the Lady's hire.

High diddle, ho diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such rare sport,
 hile the dish ran after the spoon.



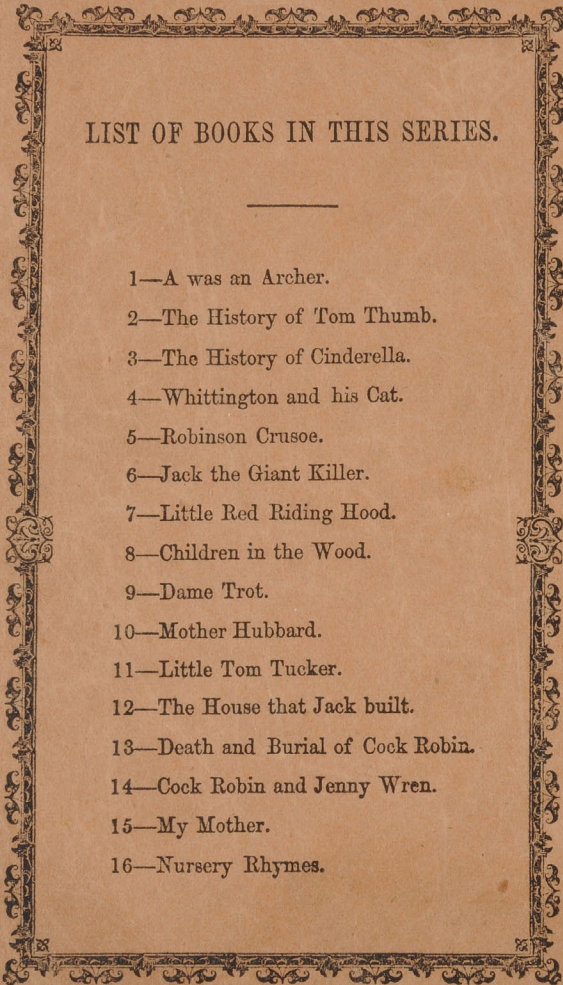
Bah, bah, black sheep,
 Have you any wool?
 Yes, sir, I have,
 Three bags full:
 One for my master,
 One for my dame,
 But none for the little boy
 Who cries in the lane.

Little Tom Tucker
 Sings for his supper:
 What shall he have to it?
 White bread and butter.
 How will he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How will he be married
 Without e'er a wife?



When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
 And all the bread and cheese I had I laid
 upon a shelf;
 The rats and the mice they made such a
 strife,
 I thought I'd go to London to buy me a
 wife;
 The roads were so bad and the lanes were
 so narrow,
 I was forced to bring my wife home in a
 wheel-barrow.
 The wheel-barrow broke, my wife had a
 fall; [all.
 Deuce take the wheel-barrow, my wife, and

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LIST OF BOOKS IN THIS SERIES.

- 1—A was an Archer.
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- 4—Whittington and his Cat.
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- 16—Nursery Rhymes.