



JOHN CHINAMAN.

S I was out a-walking,
I pass'd a village green,
And saw a Chinaman that sang,
And play'd the tambourine.

I stopp'd, and tried to understand The curious words he sang; But the chorus of his song to me Seem'd, "Chingaree, chang, wang, bang."

I call'd the man, and said, "Good Sir,

"I cannot speak Chinese;

"Your words are heathen-Greek to me;

"Explain them, if you please."

He smiled, the Chinaman, and said, "Pi, chee, kee, wing, wang, fo:"

I felt as though I were a goose,

And he were saying Bo.



THE THREE BEGGARS.

HREE poor Beggar-men came to town, And they begg'd all day from door to door; But they didn't get a bite from morn to night, So they said they would beg no more, no more.
Now, when first they came, they were blind and lame, And they walked on wooden legs all that day;
But the rogues could see, as well as you or me, When they ran away, away, away !

THE TWO PUSSY-CATS.

LITTLE Pussy-cat, afraid of the cold, Had a wrapper to wrap her chin in ; But a big Pussy-cat, more silly than that, Kept her tail in a bag of linen.

Said the little Pussy-cat to the big Pussy-cat,"You've not very much to ail of;"And so angry at that was the big Pussy-cat,That she bit the little one's tail off.



A VERY NICE PAIR.

WO Magpies sat on a garden-rail, As it might be Wednesday week; And one little Magpie wagg'd his tail In the other little Magpie's beak.

And, doubling like a fist his little claw-hand,
Said this other, "Upon my word,
"This is more than flesh and blood can stand
"Of Magpie or any other bird."

So they peck'd and they scratch'd each other's little eyes, Till all that was left on the rail Was the beak of one of the little Magpies, And the other little Magpie's tail.

SERVE HER RIGHT.

HERE was a little Cat, such a nice little Cat, But she was such a horrid little glutton, That they put her in the pot when the water grew hot, And they boiled her into mutton.



VERY POORLY.

WO Cats sat on a garden-wall, For an hour or so together; At first they talked about nothing at all, And then they talked of the weather.



BUNNY FUNNY OF WARREN-HALL. SIR



IR BUNNY is a splendid shot, And every time he fires, A farmer or a keeper falls, Sometimes a brace of squires.

He went out shooting yesterday, With young Lord Leveret; But the wind it blew, and the rain it pour'd, And both got soaking wet.

Sir Bunny has been for many a year A sportsman keen and bold, But he's not as young as once he was, And he's caught a shocking cold.

Then bring hot water in a pan, To bathe Sir Bunny's feet; And mix his gruel thin and warm,

With wine, to make it sweet.

For fear Sir Bunny be disturb'd,

Don't make the slightest noise; To-morrow, perhaps, he may walk on the lawn, And shoot at farmer-boys.



GRANDPAPALITTLEBOY.

AST night, when I was in my bed, Such fun it seem'd to me; I dreamt that I was Grandpapa, And Grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powder'd wig,Drab shorts, and gaiters buff;And took, without a single sneeze,A double pinch of snuff.

And I went walking up the street,And he ran by my side;But, because I walk'd too quick for him,

My goodness, how he cried!

And after tea I wash'd his face,

And, when his prayers were said, I blew the candle out, and left

Poor Grandpapa in bed.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

LITTLE Boy got out of bed, 'Twas only six o'clock; And out of window poked his head, And spied a crowing Cock.

The little Boy said, "Mr. Bird, "Pray tell me, who are you?" And all the answer that he heard Was, "Cock-a-doodle-doo !"

"What would you think, if you were me," He said, "and I were you ?" But still that Bird, provokingly Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-do !"

"How many times, you stupid-head, "Goes three in twenty-two?" That old Bird wink'd one eye, and said, Just "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

He slamm'd the window down again,

When up that old Bird flew; And, pecking at the window-pane, Cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo!"



TUMBLING DOGGIE.

HERE was a little Boy, and he had a little Dog, And he taught that Dog to beg; And that dear little Dog all dinner-time, Would stand upon one leg.

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