

NURSERY RHYMES.



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NURSERY RHYMES.



JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean ;
And so between them both
They lick'd the platter clean.

CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk for me.

Nursery Rhymes.



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said, " What a good boy am I !"

THE little old man and I fell out :
How can I bring the matter about ?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little cross man.

Nursery Rhymes.



THERE was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her ;
He pull'd out his pipe, and play'd
her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow consider'd very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
That she might dance with Jenny.

BYE, baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a little lamb's skin,
To wrap his little baby in.

Nursery Rhymes.



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

MARY is up, and so is the sun ;
Run, little Mary, run.
Mary round the garden may run,
If she will keep out of the sun.
To bed, little Mary, Mary to bed,
For to bed has gone the sun ;
On the pillow lay Mary's head,
She then can arise with the sun.

Nursery Rhymes.



MASTER Jack Horner
Was put in the corner,
Because he would not spell PIE ;
When his Aunt, Mrs. Prim,
Looked at him,
She could not help saying, O fie !

And as Master Jack Horner
Was put in the corner,
Because he would not spell pie,
The goose won't lend a pen,
To write more about him,
So I wish Master Horner good bye.

Nursery Rhymes.



WHEN I was a little boy
I had but little wit ;
It is some time ago,
And I've no more yet :
Nor ever, ever shall,
Until that I die ;
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
Silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids, all in a row.

Nursery Rhymes.



POOR PussY was sick,
And Lucy was sad,
For Lucy loved PussY most dear ;
And kind Lucy made
Her Puss a soft bed,
On the seat of her own little chair.

And PussY got well,
And Lucy was glad,
Again was the smile on her face ;
And Lucy would nurse
Her dear little Puss,
And oft did her little pet grace.

Nursery Rhymes.



Here Mrs. Tib, quite clean and nice,
Is fiddling to a group of mice,
While they dance round with wondrous
glee,—
A sight which you don't often see.

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and
cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.



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