

**Ferenc Rákóczi II Transcarpathian Hungarian College of Higher
Education**

Department of Philology, Department of English Group

László Szilágyi – Béla Bárány

PRACTICAL PHONETICS

**rhymes, poems, songs and tongue twisters for
kindergarten and primary school teachers**

Beregszász – 2021

УДК: 81'342:811.111

C-80

This publication is a collection of rhymes, poems, songs, tongue twisters for the subject of Practical English Phonetics.

Compiled by:

Béla Bárány – László Szilágyi

Proofread by:

Ilona Huszti PhD

Ferenc Rákóczi II Transcarpathian Hungarian College of Higher Education

Tamás Vrábel PhD

Ferenc Rákóczi II Transcarpathian Hungarian College of Higher Education

It was approved by the English Department Group at the departmental meeting convened on May 18, 2021, and the decision of the Scientific Council of the Ferenc Rákóczi II Transcarpathian Hungarian College of Higher Education on May 25, 2021.

CONTENT

1. FIRST CLASS—HISTORICAL.	6
2. SECOND CLASS—LITERAL.	14
3. THIRD CLASS—TALES.	18
4. FOURTH CLASS—PROVERBS.	39
5. FIFTH CLASS - SONGS.	44
6. SIXTH CLASS—RIDDLES.	64
7. SEVENTH CLASS—JINGLES	75
8. EIGHTH CLASS—GAFFERS AND GAMMERS	84
9. NINTH CLASS—GAMES.	97
10. TENTH CLASS—LULLABIES.	134
11. EXERCISES	142
12. NURSERY RHYMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER	152
13. TONGUE TWISTERS	165
14. KEY TO EXERCISES	167
15. INDEX	171
16. BIBLIOGRAPHY LIST	179

ANNOTATION

'Nursery rhymes are not just for fun.
They have enormous educational value.'

Songs and rhymes for young children have been passed down for generations. They are fun, children love them, and they provide a warm, nurturing experience between parents and children. What we may not be aware of as we recite simple nursery rhymes or sing songs with children is their enormous educational value.

“Experts in literacy and child development have discovered that if children know eight nursery rhymes by heart by the time they’re four years old, they’re usually among the best readers by the time they’re eight.” [Fox, M. (2001). Reading Magic. San Diego, CA: Harcourt.]

This Practical English Phonetics method guide has been compiled for kindergarten and elementary school teachers of English. It mainly focuses on introducing young children to a foreign language, thus English. It provides hundreds of nursery rhymes and tongue twisters to create an enjoyable atmosphere in the language classroom.

The collection consists of ten topics, the most popular nursery rhymes organised in alphabetical order and fifty tongue twisters to improve children’s pronunciation.

АНОТАЦІЯ

«Розплідники не просто для розваги.
Вони мали величезну освітню цінність».

Пісні та вірші для маленьких дітей передаються поколіннями. Вони веселі, діти їх люблять, і вони забезпечують теплий, виховний досвід між батьками та дітьми. Те, про що ми можемо не знати, коли ми читаємо з дітьми прості дитячі віршики чи співаємо пісні, - це їх величезна освітня цінність.

«Фахівці в галузі грамотності та розвитку дитини виявили, що якщо діти вже на чотири роки знають напам'ять вісім дитячих віршів, вони, як правило, є одними з найкращих читачів». [Фокс, М. (2001). Читання магії. Сан-Дієго, Каліфорнія: Harcourt.]

Ця практична вказівка з методики англійської фонетики складена для вчителів англійської мови в дитячих садках та початкових класах. Основна увага зосереджується на ознайомленні маленьких дітей з іноземною мовою, отже, англійською. Він забезпечує сотні дитячих віршів та поворотів язика, щоб створити приємну атмосферу в мовному класі.

Вказівка складається з десяти тем, найпопулярніших дитячих віршів, організованих в алфавітному порядку, та п'ятдесяти крутильників язиків для покращення вимови дітей.

FIRST CLASS—HISTORICAL.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!



When good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.



[The following song relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.
Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore!



[The following lines were obtained in Oxfordshire. The story to which it alludes is related by Matthew Paris.]

One moonshiny night
As I sat high,
Waiting for one
To come by;
The boughs did bend,
My heart did ache
To see what hole the fox did make.



[The following perhaps refers to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1506.]

I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipp'd over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.



[From a MS. in the old Royal Library, in the British Museum, the exact reference to which is mislaid. It is written, if I recollect rightly, in a hand of the time of Henry VIII, in an older manuscript.]

We make no spare
Of John Hunkes' mare;
And now I
Think she will die;
He thought it good
To put her in the wood,
To seek where she might ly dry;
If the mare should chance to fale,
Then the crownes would for her sale.



[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I.]

The king of France, and four thousand men,
They drew their swords, and put them up again.



[In a tract, called 'Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North,' 4to Lond. 1642, p. 3, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram of "Jack and Jill." I do not know the period of the battle to which it appears to allude, but Tarlton died in the year 1588, so that the rhyme must be earlier.]

The king of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The king of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

The king of France, with twenty thousand men,
Went up the hill, and then came down again;
The king of Spain, with twenty thousand more,
Climb'd the same hill the French had climb'd before.



[Another version. The nurse sings the first line, and repeats it, time after time, until the expectant little one asks, what next? Then comes the climax.]

The king of France, the king of France,
with forty thousand men,
Oh, they all went up the hill, and so—came
back again!



At the siege of Belle-isle
I was there all the while,
All the while, all the while,
At the siege of Belle-isle.



[The tune to the following may be found in the 'English Dancing Master,' 1631, p. 37.]

The rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess our noble queen;
Kitty the spinner
Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.



Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
When bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came;
We'll pepper their bodies,
Their peaceable noddies,
And give them a crack of the crown!



[The word tory has changed greatly in its meaning, as it originated in the reign of Elizabeth, and represented a class of "bog-trotters," who were a compound of the knave and the highwayman. For many interesting particulars see Crofton Croker's 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' 4to, 1824, p. 52.]

Ho! Master Teague, what is your story?
I went to the wood and kill'd a tory;
I went to the wood and kill'd another;
Was it the same, or was it his brother?
I hunted him in, and I hunted him out,
Three times through the bog, about and about;
When out of a bush I saw his head,
So I fired my gun, and I shot him dead.



Please to remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.



[Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's 'History of England,' book iii, chap. 1.]

See saw, sack-a-day;
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy,
To please a pious brother!



Over the water, and over the lee,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.
Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley,
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best flour;
To make a white cake for my Charley.



[The following is partly quoted in an old song in a MS. at Oxford, Ashmole, No. 36, fol. 113.]

As I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh dear! my heart was ready to burst!



High diddle ding,
Did you hear the bells ring?
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king!
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
To see the parliament soldiers pass by.



High ding a ding, and ho ding a ding,
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king;
Some with new beavers, some with new bands,
The parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.



Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
Nor more did the King:
So Hector Protector was sent back again.



[The following is a fragment of a song on the subject, which was introduced by Russell in the character of Jerry Sneak.]

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!



[Written on occasion of the marriage of Mary, the daughter of James duke of York, afterwards James II, with the young Prince of Orange. The song from which these lines are taken may be seen in 'The Jacobite Minstrelsy,' 12mo, Glasgow, 1828, p. 28.]

What is the rhyme for poringer?
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.



[The following nursery song alludes to William III and George prince of Denmark.]

William and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man:
They put their father to flight and shame,
And call'd their brother a shocking bad name.



[A song on King William the Third.]

As I walk'd by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
I answer'd myself,
And said to myself
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.



[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I. It appears from MS. Harl. 390, fol. 85, that these verses were written in 1626, against the Duke of Buckingham.]

There was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.
There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.
There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.
There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.
There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.
There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.
There was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.
There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.
There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd it came again.



[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.]

Jim and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn;
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to gern.



Little General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.



Eighty-eight wor Kirby feight,
When nivver a man was slain;
They yatt their meaat, an drank ther drink
An sae com merrily heaam agayn.

SECOND CLASS—LITERAL.



ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three.
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.



A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.



F for fig, J for jig,
And N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5!
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10!
I let her go again.



Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.



One's none;
Two's some;
Three's a many;
Four's a penny;
Five is a little hundred.



A, B, C, and D,
Pray, playmates, agree,
E, F, and G,
Well so it shall be.
J, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S,
Love may we possess,
W, X, and Y,
Will not quarrel or die.
Z, and amperse-and,
Go to school at command.



Hickery, dickery, 6 and 7,
Alabone Crackabone 10 and 11,
Spin span muskidan;
Twiddle 'um twaddle 'um, 21.



Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begins with an A.



Miss one, two, and three could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.



One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,

Maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.



Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.



[Tom Thumb's Alphabet.]

A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a hunter and hunted a buck.
I was an innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed this land,
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a queen, who was fond of good flip,
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door.
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.



A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
[page 20]
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and amperse-and,
All wish'd for a piece in hand.



A for the ape, that we saw at the fair;
B for a blockhead, who ne'er shall go there;
C for a collyflower, white as a curd;
D for a duck, a very good bird;
E for an egg, good in pudding or pies;
F for a farmer, rich, honest, and wise;
G for a gentleman, void of all care;
H for the hound, that ran down the hare;
I for an Indian, sooty and dark;
K for the keeper, that look'd to the park;
L for a lark, that soar'd in the air;
M for a mole, that ne'er could get there;
N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault;
O for an otter, that ne'er could be caught;
P for a pudding, stuck full of plums;
Q was for quartering it, see here he comes;
R for a rook, that croak'd in the trees;
S for a sailor, that plough'd the deep seas;
T for a top, that doth prettily spin;
V for a virgin of delicate mien;

W for wealth, in gold, silver, and pence;
X for old Xenophon, noted for sense;
Y for a yew, which for ever is green;
Z for the zebra, that belongs to the queen.

THIRD CLASS—TALES.



THERE once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country seat;
He wanted an heir to his land,
For he'd nothing but daughters yet.
His lady's again in the way,
So she said to her husband with joy,
"I hope some or other fine day,
To present you, my dear, with a boy."
The gentleman answered gruff,
"If 't should turn out a maid or a mouse,
For of both we have more than enough,
She shan't stay to live in my house."
The lady, at this declaration,
Almost fainted away with pain;
But what was her sad consternation,
When a sweet little girl came again.
She sent her away to be nurs'd,
Without seeing her gruff papa;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.
Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis;
To see home she was forbid,—
She determined to go and seek service.
Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a Catskin robe.
She knock'd at a castle gate,
And pray'd for charity;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.
My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.
So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
 When ladies their beauties show;
 "Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
 How much I should like to go!"
 "You go with your Catskin robe,
 You dirty impudent slut!
 Among the fine ladies and lords,
 A very fine figure you'd cut."
 A basin of water she took,
 And dash'd in poor Catskin's face;
 But briskly her ears she shook,
 And went to her hiding-place.
 She washed every stain from her skin,
 In some crystal waterfall;
 Then put on a beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.
 When she entered, the ladies were mute,
 Overcome by her figure and face;
 But the lord, her young master, at once
 Fell in love with her beauty and grace;
 He pray'd her his partner to be,
 She said, "Yes!" with a sweet smiling glance;
 All night with no other lady
 But Catskin, our young lord would dance.
 "Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live?"
 For now was the sad parting time;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—
 Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the Basin of Water I Dwell.
 Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
 On her Catskin robe again;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.
 The young lord, the very next day,
 To his mother his passion betrayed;
 He declared he never would rest,
 Till he'd found out this beautiful maid.
 There's another grand ball to be,
 Where ladies their beauties show;
 "Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
 How much I should like to go!"
 "You go with your Catskin robe,
 You dirty impudent slut!
 Among the fine ladies and lords,
 A very fine figure you'd cut."
 In a rage the ladle she took,
 And broke poor Catskin's head;
 But off she went shaking her ears,
 And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood-stain off
 In some crystal waterfall;
 Put on a more beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.
 My lord, at the ball-room door,
 Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
 He longed to see nothing so much
 As the beautiful Catskin again.
 When he asked her to dance, she again
 Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
 And again, all the night, my young lord
 With none but fair Catskin did dance.
 "Pray tell me," said he, "where you live?"
 For now 'twas the parting-time;
 But she no other answer would give,
 Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—
 Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
 At the sign of the Broken-Ladle I dwell.
 Then she flew from the ball, and put on
 Her Catskin robe again;
 And slipt in unseen by the cook,
 Who little thought where she had been.
 My lord did again, the next day,
 Declare to his mother his mind,
 That he never more happy should be,
 Unless he his charmer should find.
 Now another grand ball is to be,
 Where ladies their beauties show;
 "Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
 How much I should like to go!"
 "You go with your Catskin robe,
 You impudent, dirty slut!
 Among the fine ladies and lords,
 A very fine figure you'd cut."
 In a fury she took the skimmer,
 And broke poor Catskin's head;
 But heart-whole and lively as ever,
 Away to her forest she fled.
 She washed the stains of blood
 In some crystal waterfall;
 Then put on her most beautiful dress,
 And hasted away to the ball.
 My lord, at the ball-room door,
 Was waiting with pleasure and pain;
 He longed to see nothing so much
 As the beautiful Catskin again.
 When he asked her to dance, she again
 Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
 And all the night long, my young lord
 With none but fair Catskin would dance.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live?"
For now was the parting-time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—
Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken-Skimmer I dwell.
Then she flew from the ball, and threw on
Her Catskin cloak again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.
But not by my lord unseen,
For this time he followed too fast;
And, hid in the forest green,
Saw the strange things that past.
Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room.
He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break:
Then the doctor kindly promised
To the proud old lady to speak.
There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery.
Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to wed;
And Catskin, before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.
To a wayfaring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.
The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady-mother;
"Only see," said that wicked old woman,
"How the beggars' brats take to each other!"
This throw went to Catskin's heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray'd her young master and lord
To seek out her parents would please.
They set out in my lord's own coach;
They travelled, but nought befel
Till they reach'd the town hard by,
Where Catskin's father did dwell.
They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone;
But my lord went to try if her father
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
 What great alterations appear;
 For the cold touch of death had all chill'd
 The hearts of her sisters dear.
 Her father repented too late,
 And the loss of his youngest bemoan'd;
 In his old and childless state,
 He his pride and cruelty own'd.
 The old gentleman sat by the fire,
 And hardly looked up at my lord;
 He had no hopes of comfort
 A stranger could afford.
 But my lord drew a chair close by,
 And said, in a feeling tone,
 "Have you not, sir, a daughter, I pray,
 You never would see or own?"
 The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
 "A hardened sinner am I!
 I would give all my worldly goods,
 To see her before I die."
 Then my lord brought his wife and child
 To their home and parent's face,
 Who fell down and thanks returned
 To God, for his mercy and grace.
 The bells, ringing up in the tower,
 Are sending a sound to the heart;
 There's a charm in the old church-bells,
 Which nothing in life can impart!



[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

Simple Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."
 Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 "Show me first your penny."
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Indeed I have not any."
 Simple Simon went a fishing
 For to catch a whale:
 All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.



Punch and Judy,
Fought for a pie,
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.



There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.



Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.



Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat the priest and all the people!
A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complain'd that his stomach wasn't full.



There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vex'd the fat man of Bombay.



My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.
And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.
And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song,
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"



There was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney pot,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him.



There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And he went to the brook,
And he shot a little rook;
And he took it home
To his old wife Joan,
And told her to make up a fire,
While he went back,
To fetch the little drake;
But when he got there,
The drake was fled for fear,
And like an old novice,
He turn'd back again.



THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

Once upon a time there was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house;" which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said,—

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered,—

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that,—

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and eat up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said, "Please, man, give me that furze to build a house;" which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said,—

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he eat up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, "Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with;" so the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said,—

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips." "Where?" said the little pig. "Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner." "Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?" "Oh, at six o'clock." Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came—which he did about six—and who said, "Little pig, are you ready?" The little pig said, "Ready! I have been, and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner." The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree." "Where?" said the pig. "Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples." Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon, will you go?" "Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go; what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said, "Hah, I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill." Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and eat him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.



Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.



Little King Boggen he built a fine hall.
Pye-crust, and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black-puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.



The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.



There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee,
He look'd upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea.
Oh! Mr. Flea,
You have been biting me,
And you must die:
So he crack'd his bones
Upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.



In Arthur's court Tom Thumb* did live,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight.
His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?
His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow,
Yet how that they might have a son
They knew not what to do:
Until such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows.
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his thumb.
Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have,
And so this son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.
No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape, and being such
That men should hear him speak, but not
His wandering shadow touch.
But so unseen to go or come,—
Whereas it pleas'd him still;
Begot and born in half an hour,
To fit his father's will.
And in four minutes grew so fast
That he became so tall
As was the ploughman's thumb in height,
And so they did him call—
Tom Thumb, the which the fairy queen
There gave him to his name,
Who, with her train of goblins grim,
Unto his christening came.
Whereas she cloth'd him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years
In seemly sort to wear.
His hat made of an oaken leaf,
His shirt a spider's web,

Both light and soft for those his limbs
That were so smally bred.
His hose and doublet thistle-down,
Together weaved full fine;
His stockings of an apple green,
Made of the outward rind;
His garters were two little hairs
Pull'd from his mother's eye;
His boots and shoes, a mouse's skin,
Were tann'd most curiously
Thus like a lusty gallant, he
Adventured forth to go,
With other children in the streets,
His pretty tricks to show.
Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry-stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.
Yet could he soon renew the same,
Whereas most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry-bags,
And their partaker be,
Unseen or felt by any one,
Until this scholar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.
Of whom to be reveng'd, he took,
In mirth and pleasant game,
Black pots and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sun-beam.
The other boys to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite;
For which they were most soundly whipt;
Whereat he laughed outright.
And so Tom Thumb restrained was,
From these his sports and play;
And by his mother after that,
Compell'd at home to stay.
Until such time his mother went
A-milking of her kine;
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
She linked with a twine.
A thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him hence,—that so she might
Her son in safety find.
But mark the hap! a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat;
Poor Tom withal, that, as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who, being miss'd, his mother went
Him calling everywhere;
Where art thou, Tom? Where art thou, Tom?
Quoth he, here, mother, here!
Within the red cow's stomach here,
Your son is swallowed up:
The which into her fearful heart,
Most careful dolours put.
Meanwhile the cow was troubled much,
And soon releas'd Tom Thumb;
No rest she had till out her mouth,
In bad plight he did come.
Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plough,
And thereupon him gave—
A whip made of a barley-straw,
To drive the cattle on;
Where, in a furrow'd land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.
Now by a raven of great strength,
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak,
Even like a grain of corn,
Unto a giant's castle top,
In which he let him fall;
Where soon the giant swallowed up
His body, clothes, and all.
But soon the giant spat him out,
Three miles into the sea;
Whereas a fish soon took him up,
And bore him thence away.
Which lusty fish was after caught,
And to king Arthur sent;
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent.
Long time in lively jollity,
Belov'd of all the court;
And none like Tom was then esteem'd,
Among the noble sort.
Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his queen's left hand.
The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore,
Long time a girdle brave.
How, after this, the king would not
Abroad for pleasure go

But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.
Whereon a time when, as it rain'd,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button-hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.
And being near his highness' heart,
He crav'd a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the king
Commanded to be done.
For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old;
Which was, so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.
And so away goes lusty Tom,
With threepence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbs to crack.
So travelling two days and nights,
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereat
His parents did remain;
Which was but half a mile in space
From good king Arthur's court,
The which, in eight and forty hours,
He went in weary sort.
But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.
His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And by the fire-side, within
A walnut-shell him placed;
Whereas they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel-nut,
Whereon he rioted so long,
He them to charges put;
And thereupon grew wond'rous sick,
Through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.
But now his business call'd him forth
King Arthur's court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.
But yet a few small April drops
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay.

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast, blew this his son
Into king Arthur's court.
Now he with tilts and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show:
As good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Sir Tristain, and Sir Guy;
Yet none compar'd with brave Tom Thumb
For knightly chivalry.
In honour of which noble day,
And for his lady's sake,
A challenge in king Arthur's court
Tom Thumb did bravely make.
'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumb, with matchless might,
Did bear away the best.
At last Sir Lancelot du Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.
Which made the courtiers all aghast,
For there that valiant man,
Through Lancelot's steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.
Yea, horse and all, with spear and shield,
As hardy he was seen,
But only by king Arthur's self
And his admired queen;
Who from her finger took a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.
He likewise cleft the smallest hair
From his fair lady's head,
Not hurting her whose even hand
Him lasting honours bred.
Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.
Now at these sports he toil'd himself,
That he a sickness took,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsook.
When lying on his bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctor came,

With cunning skill, by physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.
His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor took
A fine perspective glass, with which
He did in secret look—
Into his sickened body down,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted frame
To cease his vital breath.
His arms and legs consum'd as small
As was a spider's web,
Through which his dying hour grew on,
For all his limbs grew dead.
His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen;
The loss of which renowned knight
Much grieved the king and queen.
And so with peace and quietness
He left this earth below;
And up into the fairy-land
His ghost did fading go,
Whereas the fairy-queen receiv'd,
With heavy mourning cheer,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteem'd so dear.
For with her dancing nymphs in green,
She fetch'd him from his bed,
With music and sweet melody,
So soon as life was fled;
For whom king Arthur and his knights
Full forty days did mourn;
And, in remembrance of his name,
That was so strangely born—
He built a tomb of marble gray,
And year by year did come
To celebrate ye mournful death
And burial of Tom Thumb.
Whose fame still lives in England here,
Amongst the country sort;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.



I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,—
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,—
And now my story's done.



[The "foles of Gotham" are mentioned as early as the fifteenth century in the 'Townley Mysteries;' and, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Dr. Andrew Borde made a collection of stories about them, not however, including the following, which rests on the authority of nursery tradition.]

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



[The following two stanzas, although they belong to the same piece, are often found separated from each other.]

Robin and Richard were two pretty men;
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high:
The bull's in the barn threshing the corn,
The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
The cat's at the fire frying of fish,
The dog's in the pantry breading his dish.



My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in:
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.
And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered:
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy lady Wind!



Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That button'd down before.



A dog and a cock,
A journey once took,
They travell'd along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free
In the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the boughs of it sate.
The cock nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, I declare,
Your voice is above,
All the creatures I ever did see.
Oh! would you come down
I the fav'rite might own,
Said the cock, there's a porter below;
If you will go in,
I promise I'll come down.
So he went—and was worried for it too.



Little Tom Tittlemouse,
Lived in a bell-house;
The bell-house broke,
And Tom Tittlemouse woke.



Tommy kept a chandler's shop,
Richard went to buy a mop,
Tommy gave him such a knock,
That sent him out of his chandler's shop,



When I was a little girl, about seven years old,
I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me from the cold;
[page 63]
So I went into Darlington, that pretty little town,
And there I bought a petticoat, a cloak, and a gown.
I went into the woods and built me a kirk,
And all the birds of the air, they helped me to work;
The hawk with his long claws pulled down the stone,
The dove, with her rough bill, brought me them home;
The parrot was the clergyman, the peacock was the clerk,
The bullfinch play'd the organ, and we made merry work.



Pemmy was a pretty girl,
But Fanny was a better;
Pemmy looked like any churl,
When little Fanny let her.
Pemmy had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy oft would come to blows,
But Fanny would not let her.
Pemmy had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
When little Fanny let her.
Pemmy had a pretty song,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy would sing all day long,
But Fanny would not let her.
Pemmy lov'd a pretty lad,
And Fanny lov'd a better;
And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
But Fanny would not let her.



[A tale for the 1st of March.]

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.



[The tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. It's taken from the more ancient story of 'Jack and his Step-dame,' which has been printed by Mr. Wright.]

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



There was a king and he had three daughter,
And they all lived in a basin of water;
The basin bended,
My story's ended.
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer.



The man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich,
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.



Our saucy boy Dick,
Had a nice little stick
Cut from a hawthorn tree;
And with this pretty stick,
He thought he could beat
A boy much bigger than he.
But the boy turned round,
And hit him a rebound,
Which did so frighten poor Dick,
That, without more delay,
He ran quite away,
And over a hedge he jumped quick.



Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy,
For kicking and for sprawling none her could come nigh;
She could trot, she could amble, and could canter here and there,
But one night she strayed away—so Moss lost his mare.
Moss got up next morning to catch her fast asleep,
And round about the frosty fields so nimbly he did creep.
Dead in a ditch he found her, and glad to find her there,
So I'll tell you by and bye, how Moss caught his mare.
Rise! stupid, rise! he thus to her did say;
Arise, you beast, you drowsy beast, get up without delay,
For I must ride you to the town, so don't lie sleeping there;
He put the halter round her neck—so Moss caught his mare.

FORTH CLASS—PROVERB



St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.



To make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.



If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.



[Hours of sleep.]

Nature requires five,
Custom gives seven!
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.



Three straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and laugh.



See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!



Go to bed first, a golden purse;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a golden bird!



When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.



Bounce Buckram, velvet's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.



[One version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, between the lines of a fragment of an old charter, originally used for binding the book, in a hand of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the "ears polite" of modern days.]

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.



A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.



If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.



A pullet in the pen
Is worth a hundred in the fen!



He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.



[The following is quoted in Miegé's 'Great French Dictionary,' fol. Lond. 1687, 2d part.]

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.



They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for shame;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh! they're sluts indeed.



Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.



[In Suffolk, children are frequently reminded of the decorum due to the Sabbath by the following lines.]

Yeow mussent sing a' Sunday,
Becaze it is a sin,
But yeow may sing a' Monday
Till Sunday cums agin.



A sunshiny shower,
Won't last half an hour.



As the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.



As the days lengthen,
So the storms strengthen.



He that goes to see his wheat in May,
Comes weeping away.



The mackerel's cry,
Is never long dry.



In July,
Some reap rye;
In August,
If one will not the other must.



[Proverbial many years ago, when the guinea in gold was of a higher value than its nominal representative in silver,]

A guinea it would sink,
And a pound it would float;
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.



For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.



The art of good driving 's a paradox quite,
Though custom has prov'd it so long;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.



Friday night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true,
Be it never so old.



When the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle-land.



The fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree
Will ever after handsome be.

FIFTH CLASS - SONGS.



OH, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir, says she;
And it's dabbling in the dew,
Where you'll find me.
May I go with you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
Oh, you may go with me,
Kind sir, says she, &c.
If I should chance to kiss you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
The wind may take it off again,
Kind sir, says she, &c.
And what is your father,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My father is a farmer,
Kind sir, says she, &c.
And what is your mother,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My mother is a dairy-maid,
Kind sir, says she, &c.



Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.



[This is the version generally given in nursery collections, but is somewhat different in the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719]

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,—
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again!



The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho!
The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars they were shining, and all things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-ho!
The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho!
The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-ho!
The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-ho!
Old Gammer Hipple-hopple hopped out of bed,
She opened the casement, and popped out her head;
Oh! husband, oh! husband, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox is gone through the town, oh!
Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap;
But the fox was too cunning, and gave him the slip,
And ran thro' the town, the town, oh!
When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe
Thro' the town, oh!

When the fox came back to his den,
He had young ones both nine and ten,
"You're welcome home, daddy, you may go again,
If you bring us such nice meat
From the town, oh!"



Little Tom Dogget,
What dost thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly
Now she's so lean?
Sing, oh poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.
I had better have kept her,
'Till fatter she had been,
For now, I confess,
She's a little too lean.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
First in comes the tanner
With his sword by his side,
And he bids me five shillings
For my poor cow's hide.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
Then in comes the tallow-chandler,
Whose brains were but shallow,
And he bids me two-and-sixpence
For my cow's tallow.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
Then in comes the huntsman
So early in the morn,
He bids me a penny
For my cow's horn.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
Then in comes the tripe-woman,
So fine and so neat,
She bids me three half-pence
For my cow's feet.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
Then in comes the butcher,
That nimble-tongu'd youth,
Who said she was carrion,
But he spoke not the truth.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
The skin of my cowly
Was softer than silk,

And three times a-day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
She every year
A fine calf did me bring,
Which fetcht me a pound,
For it came in the spring.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
But now I have kill'd her,
I can't her recall;
I will sell my poor Colly,
Hide, horns, and all.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
The butcher shall have her,
Though he gives but a pound,
And he knows in his heart
That my Colly was sound.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.
And when he has bought her
Let him sell all together,
The flesh for to eat,
And the hide for leather.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.



[A north-country song.]

Says t'auld man tit oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.



You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.



Up at Piccadilly oh!
The coachman takes his stand,
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand;
Whip away for ever oh!
Drive away so clever oh!
All the way to Bristol oh!
He drives her four-in-hand.



[The first line of this nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, Act v, sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in *Twelfth Night*, Act. ii, sc. 2, when he says, "Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song." In *Epulario*, or the Italian banquet, 1589, is a receipt "to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them and flie out when it is cut up," a mere device, live birds being introduced after the pie is made. This may be the original subject of the following song.]

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.
Jenny was so mad,
She didn't know what to do;
She put her finger in her ear,
And crackt it right in two.



Lend me thy mare to ride a mile?
She is lamed, leaping over a stile.
Alack! and I must keep the fair!
I'll give thee money for thy mare.
Oh, oh! say you so?
Money will make the mare to go!



About the bush, Willy,
About the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.

Then to my ten shillings,
Add you but a groat,
I'll go to Newcastle,
And buy a new coat.
Five and five shillings,
Five and a crown;
Five and five shillings,
Will buy a new gown.
Five and five shillings,
Five and a groat;
Five and five shillings,
Will buy a new coat.



A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t'other day;
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!
I thought I should have fainted away!



My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.
I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow;
I'd fain have made a fortune but did not know how:
With my, &c.
I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half:
With my, &c.
I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat:
With my, &c.
I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house:
With my, &c.



Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.
Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.
Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.



Jeanie come tie my,
Jeanie come tie my,
Jeanie come tie my bonnie cravat;
I've tied it behind,
I've tied it before,
And I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.



Trip upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some barm;
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me:
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of me.



Some up, and some down,
There's players in the town,
You wot well who they be;
The sun doth arise,
To three companies,
One, two, three, four, make wee!
Besides we that travel,
With pumps full of gravel,
Made all of such running leather:
That once in a week,
New masters we seek,
And never can hold together.



Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?
And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?



As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
With a fee, fo, fum.
Then for further frolics I'll go to France.
While Jack shall sing and his wife shall dance,
With a fee, fo fum.



The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!



[From W. Wager's play, called 'The longer thou livest, the more foole thou art,' 4to, Lond.]

The white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;
I put her in my glove both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you will any more, sing it yourself.



Elsie Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey;
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

[Elsie Marley is said to have been a merry alewife who lived near Chester, and the remainder of this song relating to her will be found in the 'Chester Garland,' 12mo, n.d. The first four lines have become favourites in the nursery.]



London bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.
How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my lady lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.
Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.
Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.
Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.
Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.
Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady



Old Father of the Pye,
I cannot sing, my lips are dry;
But when my lips are very well wet,
Then I can sing with the Heigh go Bet!
[This appears to be an old hunting song. Go bet is a very ancient sporting phrase, equivalent to go along. It occurs in Chaucer, Leg. Dido, 288.]



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young,
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was, "Over the hills and far away;"
Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.
As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.
He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.
He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.



Jacky, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive:
Nay; I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.
If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.



[The following lines are part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in 'Deuteromelia,' 1609, and also in MS. Additional, 5336, fol. 5.]

Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.



I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.
Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.
Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.
Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.



Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!
Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!
Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!



My maid Mary
She minds her dairy,
While I go a hoing and mowing each morn,
Merrily run the reel
And the little spinning wheel
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.



Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
One a penny, two a penny
Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
Hot-cross Buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.



Wooley Foster has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee,
When he comes back he'll marry me,—
Bonny Wooley Foster!
Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow,
Open the gates and let her through,
Wooley Foster's ain cow!
Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben,
She lay eggs for gentlemen,
But none for Wooley Foster!



[The following catch is found in Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Oberon,' and is a most common nursery song at the present day.]

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we:
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was he.



As I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tunes that he could play
Was "Tie up your petticoats tighter."
I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the songs that he could sing
Was "Carry me safe to Dover."

There were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!



How does my lady's garden grow?
How does my lady's garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all of a row.



There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee:
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he,
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I jump mejerrime jee!
I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me.



As I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.



Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.
What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.

Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?
Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.
Will you be constant, my pretty maid?
That I can't promise you, sir, she said.
Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid!
Nobody asked you, sir! she said.



[Song on the bells of Derby on foot-ball morning, a custom now discontinued:]

Pancakes and fritters,
Say All Saints and St. Peters;
When will the ball come,
Say the bells of St. Alkmun;
At two they will throw,
Says Saint Werabo;
O! very well,
Says little Michel.



I have been to market, my lady, my lady;
Then you've not been to the fair, says pussy, says pussy;
I bought me a rabbit, my lady, my lady;
Then you did not buy a hare, says pussy, says pussy;
[page 109]
I roasted it, my lady, my lady;
Then you did not boil it, says pussy, says pussy;
I eat it, my lady, my lady;
And I'll eat you, says pussy, says pussy.



My father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!
I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And sowed it all over with one pepper corn,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!
I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!
I got the mice to carry it to the barn,
Sing ivy, &c.
And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, &c
I got the cat to carry it to the mill,
Sing ivy, &c.
The miller he swore he would have her paw,
And the cat she swore she would scratch his face,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!



[The original of the following is to be found in 'Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicks Melodie,' 4to, Lond. 1609, where the music is also given.]

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice.



[A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse,' as appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, quoted in Warton's Hist. Engl. Poet., ed. 1840, vol. iii, p. 360.]

There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, and I!

There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce mouse in a mill,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone, and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, &c.
This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me cary, &c.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.
Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.
Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.
And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.
And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, &c.
Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.
Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Cock me cary, &c.
This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book.
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.



There was a man in our toone, in our toone, in our toone,
There was a man in our toone, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.
And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, the good roast beef, the good roast beef,
And his hat it was made of the good roast beef, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.
And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe,
And his coat it was made of the good fat tripe, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.
And his breeks were made of the bawbie baps, the bawbie baps, the bawbie baps,
And his breeks were made of the bawbie baps, and his name was Billy Pod;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.
And there was a man in tither toone, in tither toone, in tither toone,
And there was a man in tither toone, and his name was Edrin Drum;
And he played upon an old laadle, an old laadle, an old laadle,
And he played upon an old laadle, with my fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.
And he eat up all the good roast beef, the good roast beef, &c. &c.
And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the good fat tripe, &c. &c.
And he eat up all the bawbie baps, &c. and his name was Edrin Drum.



John Cook had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he, haw, hum!
John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum!
John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw, hum!
The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he, haw, hum



A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do;
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
Wife, bring brandy in a spoon;
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old sow is in a swoon,
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.



[Another version from MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 17, written in the time of Charles I.]

Hic hoc, the carrion crow,
For I have shot something too low:
I have quite missed my mark,
And shot the poor sow to the heart;
Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,
Or else the poor sow's heart will down.



[Song of a little boy while passing his hour of solitude in a corn-field.]

Awa' birds, away!
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.



If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.



Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle daughter dear;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle clear.
Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a pound;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a sound.



I'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any,
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.



Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning.
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas-day in the morning?
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning?
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

SIXTH CLASS—RIDDLES.



[Ann.]

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name, three times I've tell'd it.



[A thorn.]

I went to the wood and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And I brought it home because I couldn't help it.



[Sunshine.]

Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
On the king's kitchen-door;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the king's kitchen-door!



[A pen.]

When I was taken from the fair body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered;
It's I that make peace between king and king,
And many a true lover glad:
All this I do and ten times more,
And more I could do still,
But nothing can I do,
Without my guider's will.



[Snuff.]

As I look'd out o' my chamber window
I heard something fall;
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it all.



[A tobacco-pipe.]

I went into my grandmother's garden,
And there I found a farthing.
I went into my next door neighbour's,
There I bought a pipkin and a popkin—
A slipkin and a slopkin,
A nailboard, a sailboard,
And all for a farthing.



[Gloves.]

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!



Made in London,
Sold at York,
Stops a bottle
And is a cork.



Ten and ten and twice eleven,
Take out six and put in seven;
Go to the green and fetch eighteen,
And drop one a coming.



[A walnut.]

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall,

And a green coat covers me all.



[A swarm of bees.]

As I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine;
Some green-lapp'd,
Some green-back'd;
They were the very bonniest swine
That e'er went over Tipple Tine.



[An egg.]

Humpty Dumpty lay in a beck,*
With all his sinews round his neck;
Forty doctors and forty wrights
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty to rights!
* A brook.



[A storm of wind.]

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land;—
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!



[Tobacco.]

Make three-fourths of a cross,
And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.



There was a king met a king
In a narrow lane,
Says this king to that king,
"Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a hunting
With my dog and my doe."
"Pray lend him to me,
That I may do so."
"There's the dog take the dog."
"What's the dog's name?"
"I've told you already."
"Pray tell me again."



[A plum-pudding.]

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.



Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand,
Five and twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.



Twelve pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there!



[A star.]

I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature she has but one eye.



[A needle and thread.]

Old mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.



[An egg.]

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this strong-hold.
Yet things break in and steal the gold.



[A horse-shoer.]

What shoe-maker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Ev'ry customer has two pair.



[Currants.]

Higgledy piggledy
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.
My first is snapping, snarling, growling,
My second's industrious, romping, and prowling.
Higgledy piggledy
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.



Thomas a Tattamus took two Ts,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
Tell me how many Ts there are in all THAT.



[The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.]

There was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.



[Cleopatra.]

The moon nine days old,
The next sign to cancer;
Pat rat without a tail;—
And now, sir, for your answer,



[A candle.]

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



[Pair of tongs.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.



[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 16, written in the time of Charles I.]

There were three sisters in a hall,
There came a knight amongst them all;
Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the third,
If you were my aunt,
As the other two be,
I would say good morrow,
Then, aunts, all three.



[Isabel.]

Congea'd water and Cain's brother,
That was my lover's name, and no other.



[Teeth and Gums.]

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.



[Coals.]

Black we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man
Tell me this riddle if you can.



[A Star.]

Higher than a house, higher than a tree;
Oh, whatever can that be?



[An Egg.]

Humpty dumpty sate on a wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall;
Three score men and three score more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.



[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of the riddle to belong to the seventeenth century. The answer is, a rainbow.]

Purple, yellow, red, and green,
The king cannot reach it nor the queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.



Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me that without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.



As I was going o'er Westminster bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pulled off his cap an' drew off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What is his name?



[A Chimney.]

Black within, and red without;
Four corners round about.



There was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold,
Three times I've named his name.



[A Hedgehog.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge
I met mister Rusticap;
Pins and needles on his back,
A going to Thorney fair.



[One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs, a man; three legs, a stool; four legs, a dog.]

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.



[A Bed.]

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.



[A Cinder-sifter.]

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.



[A Well.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.



[A Cherry.]

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a goat.



Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four in.



As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?



[The Holly Tree.]

Highty, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The king could not read it, no more could the queen;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast!



See, see! what shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.



[A fire-brand with sparks on it.]

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
And peep'd through a nick,
I saw four and twenty ladies
Riding on a stick!



[An Icicle.]

Lives in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its root upwards!



When I went up sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.



I had a little castle upon the sea-side,
One half was water, the other was land;
I open'd my little castle door, and guess what I found;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine!



Old father Graybeard,
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

SEVENTH CLASS—JINGLES

[The first line of the following is the burden of a song in the 'Tempest,' act i, sc. 2. and also of one in the 'Merchant of Venice, act iii, sc. 2.]

Ding dong bell,

Pussy's in the well!

Who put her in?—

Little Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out?—

Dog with long snout.

What a naughty boy was that

To drown poor pussy-cat,

Who never did any harm,

But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.



Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing?

How many holes in a skimmer?

Four and twenty,—my stomach is empty;

Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.



Cock a doodle doo!

My dame has lost her shoe;

My master's lost his fiddling stick,

And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick.
For dame and doodle doo.
Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
And can't tell what to do.



Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I'll lay you a crown
I'll fetch you down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.



Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;

And while afloat

The little boat bended,

And my story's ended.



Sing, sing, what shall I sing?

The cat has eat the pudding-string;

Do, do, what shall I do?

The cat has bit it quite in two.



[I do not know whether the following may have reference to the game of handy-dandy, mentioned in 'King Lear,' act iv, sc. 6, and in Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, p. 57.]

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,

Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;

He bought some at a grocer's shop,

And out he came, hop, hop, hop.



Tiddle liddle lightum,

Pitch and tar;

Tiddle liddle lightum,

What's that for?



Sing jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,

The table and the frame;

My master he did cudgel me

For speaking of my dame.



Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John

Went to bed with his trowsers on;

One shoe off, the other shoe on,

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe.

Give me a pancake

And I'll go.

Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditte,

Please to give me

A bit of a fritter.



Feedum, fiddledum fee,

The cat's got into the tree.

Pussy, come down,

Or I'll crack your crown,

And toss you into the sea.



Little Jack a Dandy

Wanted sugar-candy,

And fairly for it cried;

But little Billy Cook

Who always reads his book,

Shall have a horse to ride.



Hyder iddle diddle dell,

A yard of pudding's not an ell;

Not forgetting tweedle-dye,

A tailor's goose will never fly.



Gilly Silly Jarter,

Who has lost a garter?

In a shower of rain,

The miller found it,

The miller ground it,

And the miller gave it to Silly again.



Hub a dub dub,

Three men in a tub;

And who do you think they be?

The butcher, the baker,

The candlestick-maker;

Turn 'em out, knaves all three!



Hey diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet,

The merchants of London they wear scarlet;

Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,

So merrily march the merchantmen.



Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,

The fly shall marry the humble-bee.

They went to the church, and married was she,

The fly has married the humble-bee.



Hey, dorolot, dorolot!

Hey, dorolay, dorolay!

Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,

Hey, drag away, drag away!



A cat came fiddling out of a barn,

With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;

She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,

The mouse has married the humble-bee;

Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,

We'll have a wedding at our good house.



Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laugh'd

To see the sport,

While the dish ran after the spoon.



Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
I'll have a piper to be my good man;
And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.



Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.



Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.



Pussicat, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come to't.
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.



Ding, dong, darrow,

The cat and the sparrow;

The little dog has burnt his tail,

And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.



Little Dicky Dilver

Had a wife of silver,

He took a stick and broke her back,

And sold her to the miller;

The miller would'nt have her,

So he threw her in the river.



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,

Home again, home again, dancing a jig;

Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,

Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.



Doodle, doodle, doo,

The princess lost her shoe;

Her highness hopp'd,

The fidler stopped,

Not knowing what to do.



Rompty-iddity, row, row, row,

If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.



[Magotty-pie is given in MS. Lands. 1033, fol. 2, as a Wiltshire word for a magpie. See also 'Macbeth,' act iii, sc. 4. The same term occurs in the dictionaries of Hollyband, Cotgrave, and Minsheu.]

Round about, round about,

Magotty-pie,

My father loves good ale,

And so do I.



High, ding, cockatoo-moody,

Make a bed in a barn, I will come to thee;

High, ding, straps of leather,

Two little puppy-dogs tied together;

One by the head, and one by the tail,

And over the water these puppy-dogs sail.



[Our collection of nursery songs may appropriately be concluded with the Quaker's commentary on one of the greatest favourites—Hey! diddle, diddle. We have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to remove every line from the present edition that could offend the most fastidious ear; but the following annotations on a song we cannot be induced to omit, would appear to suggest that our endeavours are scarcely likely to be attended with success.]

"**Hey!** diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle"—

Yes, thee may say that, for that is nonsense.

"The cow jumped over the moon"—

Oh no! Mary, thee musn't say that, for that is a falsehood; thee knows a cow could never jump over the moon; but a cow may jump under it; so thee ought to say—"The cow jumped *under* the moon." Yes,—

"The cow jumped under the moon;

The little dog laughed"—

Oh Mary, stop. How can a little dog laugh? thee knows a little dog can't laugh. Thee ought to say—"The little dog *barked*—to see the sport,"

"And the dish ran after the spoon"—

Stop, Mary, stop. A dish could never run after a spoon; thee ought to know that. Thee had better say—"And the *cat* ran after the spoon." So,—

"Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jump'd *under* the moon;

The little dog *bark'd*,

To see the sport,

And the *cat* ran after the spoon!"

EIGHTH CLASS—GAFFERS AND GAMMERS.



THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,

She went to market her eggs for to sell;

She went to market all on a market-day,

And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,

He cut her petticoats all round about;

He cut her petticoats up to the knees,

Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!"



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all well and put them to bed.



Old woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick of hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I love you dearly?

Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly.



There was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning;
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.



There was an old woman, her name it was Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork-leg.
The neighbours all pitch'd her into the water,
Her leg was drown'd first, and her head follow'd a'ter.



A little old man and I fell out;
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!



There was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies;
She went to the mill,

And the dust flew in her eyes:

Hot pies and cold pies to sell!

Wherever she goes,—

You may follow her by the smell.



Old Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,

She would go to Stoken Church fair;

And then old Father Peter said he would meet her

Before she got half-way there.



There was an old woman

Lived under a hill;

And if she's not gone,

She lives there still.



There was an old woman toss'd up in a basket

Nineteen times as high as the moon;

Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,

For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,

O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?

To brush the cobwebs off the sky!

Shall I go with thee? Aye, by and by.



There was an old man who liv'd in Middle Row,
He had five hens and a name for them, oh!
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Paddock,
Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.



There was an old woman of Leeds
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!



Old Betty Blue
Lost a holiday shoe,
What can old Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may swagger in two.



Old mother Hubbard

Went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone;

But when she came there

The cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's

To buy him some bread,

But when she came back

The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's

To buy him a coffin,

But when she came back

The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish

To get him some tripe,

But when she came back

He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's

To buy him some fish,

And when she came back

He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.



[The first two lines of the following are the same with those of a song in D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' vol. v, p. 13.]

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill;

The miller declar'd
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.



[The following is part of a comic song called 'Success to the Whistle and Wig,' intended to be sung in rotation by the members of a club.]

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John!



[The tale on which the following story is founded is found in a MS. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.]

There was an old man, who lived in a wood,

As you may plainly see;

He said he could do as much work in a day,

As his wife could do in three.

With all my heart, the old woman said,

If that you will allow,

To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,

And I'll go drive the plough:

But you must milk the Tidy cow,

For fear that she go dry;

And you must feed the little pigs

That are within the sty;

And you must mind the speckled hen,

For fear she lay away;

And you must reel the spool of yarn

That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,

And went to drive the plough:

The old man took a pail in his hand,

And went to milk the cow;

But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!

Tidy! do stand still;

If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,

'Twill be sore against my will!

He went to feed the little pigs,

That were within the sty;

He hit his head against the beam,

And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,

For fear she'd lay astray,

And he forgot the spool of yarn

His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,

And the green leaves on the tree,

If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,

She should ne'er be ruled by he.



There was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."



Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple tree;
One came down,
And the other staid till Saturday.



There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.



Father Short came down the lane,
Oh! I'm obliged to hammer and smite
From four in the morning till eight at night,
For a bad master, and a worse dame.



There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small:
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.



There was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge;
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown,
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.



A little old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.



There was an old woman in Surrey,
Who, was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;
Call'd her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The worrying old woman of Surrey.

NINTH CLASS—GAMES.



[Rhymes used by children to decide who is to begin a game.]

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery, ten:
Spittery spot,
It must be done;
Twiddleum twaddleum,
Twenty-one.

Hink spink, the puddings stink,
The fat begins to fry,
Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can't see,

Every knave will have a slave,

You or I must be he.



[A game of the Fox. In a children's game, where all the little actors are seated in a circle, the following stanza is used as question and answer.]

Who goes round my house this night?

None but cruel Tom!

Who steals all the sheep at night?

None but this poor one.



[The following is used by schoolboys, when two are starting to run a race.]

One to make ready,

And two to prepare;

Good luck to the rider,

And away goes the mare.



[At the conclusion, the captive is privately asked if he will have oranges or lemons (the two leaders of the arch having previously agreed which designation shall belong to each), and he goes behind the one he may chance to name. When all are thus divided into two parties, they conclude the game by trying to pull each other beyond a certain line.]

Gay go up and gay go down,

To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,

Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,

Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,

Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,

Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,

Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,

Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,

Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,

Say the bells at St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,

Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,

Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?

Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.



[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!



[Game with the hands.]

Pease-pudding hot,
Pease-pudding cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.



Awake, arise, pull out your eyes,
And hear what time of day;
And when you have done, pull out your tongue,
And see what you can say.



GAME OF THE GIPSY.

[One child is selected for Gipsy, one for Mother, and one for Daughter Sue. The Mother says,—

I charge my daughters every one
To keep good house while I am gone.
You and you (points) but specially you,
[Or sometimes, but specially Sue.]
Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

[During the Mother's absence, the Gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This process is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the Mother has to find them.]



[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other.]

Draw a pail of water,
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,

My two little sisters are dress'd in green,

Stamping grass and parsley,

Marigold leaves and daisies.

b. One rush, two rush,

Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes by under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until all are taken.]



[The following seems to belong to the last game; but it is usually found by itself in the small books of children's rhymes.]

Sieve my lady's oatmeal,

Grind my lady's flour,

Put it in a chesnut,

Let it stand an hour;

One may rush, two may rush,

Come, my girls, walk under the bush.



Queen Anne, queen Anne, you sit in the sun,

As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.

I send you three letters, and pray read one,

You must read one, if you can't read all,

So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.



There were three jovial Welshmen,

As I have heard them say,

And they would go a-hunting

Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,

And nothing could they find

But a ship a-sailing,

A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,

The other he said, nay;

The third said it was a house,

With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,

And nothing could they find

But the moon a-gliding,

A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,

The other he said, nay;

The third said it was a cheese,

And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,

And nothing could they find

But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,

And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,

The second he said, nay;
The third it was a pincushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said, nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard growing grey.

Is John Smith within?—

Yes, that he is.

Can he set a shoe?—

Ay, marry, two,

Here a nail, there a nail,

Tick, tack, too.



Margery Mutton-pie, and Johnny Bopeep,

They met together in Grace-church Street;

In and out, in and out, over the way,

Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.



Intery, mintery, cutery-corn,

Apple seed and apple thorn;

Wine, brier, limber-lock,

Five geese in a flock,

Sit and sing by a spring,

O-u-t, and in again.



A duck and a drake,

A nice barley-cake,

With a penny to pay the old baker;

A hop and a scotch,

Is another notch,

Slitherum, slatherum, take her.



See, Saw, Margery Daw,

Sold her bed and lay upon straw;

Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Little Jackey shall have a new master;
Little Jackey shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.



1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key!



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse;
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple-pie.



Jack be nimble,
And Jack be quick:
And Jack jump over
The candle-stick.



[This should be accompanied by a kind of pantomimic dance, in which the motions of the body and arms express the process of weaving; the motion of the shuttle, &c.]

Weave the diaper tick-a-tick tick,
Weave the diaper tick—
Come this way, come that
As close as a mat,
Athwart and across, up and down, round about,
And forwards, and backwards, and inside, and out;
Weave the diaper thick-a-thick thick,
Weave the diaper thick!



[Used in Somersetshire in counting out the game of pee-wip or pee wit.]

One-ery, two-ery, hickary, hum,
Fillison, follison, Nicholson, John,
Quever, quauver, Irish Mary,
Stenkarum, stankarum, buck!



Whoop, whoop, and hollow,
Good dogs won't follow,
Without the hare cries "pee wit."



Tom Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,—
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.



There were two blackbirds,
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill;
Fly away Jack!
Fly away Jill!
Come again Jack!
Come again Jill!



Tip, top, tower,

Tumble down in an hour.



1. I went up one pair of stairs.

2. Just like me.

1. I went up two pair of stairs.

2. Just like me.

1. I went into a room.

2. Just like me.

1. I looked out of a window.

2. Just like me.

1. And there I saw a monkey.

2. Just like me.



Number number nine, this hoop's mine;

Number number ten, take it back again.



Here goes my lord

A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot,

Here goes my lady

A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!

Here goes my young master

Jockey-hitch, Jockey-hitch, Jockey-hitch, Jockey-hitch:

Here goes my young miss,
An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble!
The footman lays behind to tipple ale and wine,
And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make up his time.



[This is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, "turn, cheeses, turn." The "green cheeses," as I am informed, are made with sage and potatoe-tops. Two girls are said to be "cheese and cheese."]

Green cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!



To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee;
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim;
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim;
Then comes the country clowns, gallop-a-trot.



Ride a cock-horse to Coventry-cross;
To see what Emma can buy;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,

And a twopenny tart or a pie.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.



[Song set to five toes.]

1. Let us go to the wood, says this pig;
2. What to do there? says that pig;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig;
4. What to do with her? says that pig;
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.



[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

Ring me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),
A virgin (6) goes a maying (7),
Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),
Growing in my lady's garden (10),
If you set your foot awry (11),

Gentle John will make you cry (12),

If you set your foot amiss (13),

Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls is then taken out, and forced to select one of the other sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,

Has put [him or her] self in [the selected child's] power,

So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the wedding o'er.

[All clap hands.]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and I believe takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]



[Another game, played exclusively by boys. Two, who are fixed upon for the purpose, leave the group, and privately arrange that the pass-word shall be some implement of a particular trade. The trade is announced in the dialogue, and then the fun is, that the unfortunate wight who guesses the "tool" is beaten with the caps of his fellows till he reaches a fixed goal, after which he goes out in turn.]

"Two broken tradesmen,

Newly come over,

The one from France and Scotland,

The other from Dover."

"What's your trade?"

[Carpenters, nailors, smiths, tinkers, or any other is answered, and on guessing the instrument "plane him, hammer him, rasp him, or solder him," is called out respectively during the period of punishment.]



Clap hands, clap hands,
Hie Tommy Randy,
Did you see my good man?
They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken Stockings on his legs,
Silver buckles glancin',
A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
And oh, but he is handsome.



[A song set to five fingers.]

1. This pig went to market;
2. This pig staid at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home.



[Children hunting bats.]

Bat, bat, (clap hands,)
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



[A game at ball.]

Cuckoo, cherry tree,

Catch a bird, and give it to me;

Let the tree be high or low,

Let it hail, rain, or snow.



[Two of the strongest children are selected, a and b; a stands within a ring of the children, b being outside.]

a. Who is going round my sheepfold?

b. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.

a. Don't steal any of my black sheep.

b. No, no more I will, only by one,

Up, says Jacky Lingo. (Strikes one.)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of b behind; b in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole; a then tries to get them back; b runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind b; a drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]



Highty cock O!

To London we go,

To York we ride;

And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side;

He shall have little dog tied to the other,

And then he goes trid trod to see his grandmother.



This is the key of the kingdom.

In that kingdom there is a city.

In that city there is a town.

In that town there is a street.

In that street there is a lane.

In that lane there is a yard.

In that yard there is a house.

In that house there is a room.

In that room there is a bed.

On that bed there is a basket.

In that basket there are some flowers.

Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed, bed in the room, &c. &c.



[Children stand round, and are counted one by one, by means of this rhyme. The child upon whom the last number falls is out, for "Hide or Seek," or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus. There are other versions of this, and one may be seen in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for August, 1821, p. 36.]

Hickory (1), Dickory (2), Dock (3),

The mouse ran up the clock (4),

The clock struck one (5),

The mouse was gone (6);

O (7), u (8), t (9), spells OUT!



One old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tadbury;
Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils;
Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinderboxes with ten tenpenny tacks;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
Twelve typographical topographers typically translating types.



[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
What is the time of day?
Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Now fare you away.



See-saw, jack a daw,
What is a crow to do wi' her?
She has not a stocking to put on her,
And the crow has not one for to gi' her.



[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—

Threescore miles and ten.

Can I get there by candle-light?—

Yes, and back again!

If your heels are nimble and light,

You may get there by candle-light.



Clap hands, clap hands!

Till father comes home;

For father's got money,

But mother's got none.

Clap hands, &c.

Till father, &c.



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.



Here stands a post,
Who put it there?
A better man than you;
Touch it if you dare!



[A stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her; B, a suitor, advances.]

b. Trip trap over the grass: If you please will you let one of your [eldest] daughters come,
Come and dance with me?

I will give you pots and pans, I will give you brass,

I will give you anything for a pretty lass.

a. says, "No."

b. I will give you gold and silver, I will give you pearl,

I will give you anything for a pretty girl.

a. Take one, take one, the fairest you may see.

b. The fairest one that I can see

Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

[B carries one off, and says:]

You shall have a duck, my dear,

And you shall have a drake,

And you shall have a young man apprentice for your sake.

[Children say:]

If this young man should happen to die,
And leave this poor woman a widow,
The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall all sing,
And we'll all clap hands together.
[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]



[The "Three Knights of Spain" is a game played in nearly the same manner as the preceding. The dramatis personæ form themselves in two parties, one representing a courtly dame and her daughters, the other the suitors of the daughters. The last party, moving backwards and forwards, with their arms entwined, approach and recede from the mother party, which is stationary, singing to a very sweet air. See Chambers' 'Popular Rhymes,' p. 66.]

Suitors.

We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

Mother.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother tongue.

Suitors.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.

So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

Suitors.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought,
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Suitor.

The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring;
Please to take your daughter in.



[A game on the slate.]

Eggs, butter, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead!
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown!



[In the following childish amusement, one extends his arm, and the other in illustration of the narrative, strikes him gently with the side of his hand at the shoulder and wrist; and then at the word "middle," with considerable force, on the flexor muscles at the elbow-joint.]

My father was a Frenchman,
He bought for me a fiddle,
He cut me here, he cut me here,
He cut me right in the middle.



[Patting the foot on the five toes.]

Shoe the colt, shoe!
Shoe the wild mare;
Put a sack on her back,
See if she'll bear.
If she'll bear,
We'll give her some grains;
If she won't bear,
We'll dash out her brains!



[The two following are fragments of a game called "The Lady of the Land," a complete version of which has not fallen in my way.]

Here comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake.

One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king;
Pray ma'am will you take one in?



I can make diet bread,
Thick and thin;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.



Here we come a piping,
First in spring, and then in May;
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand:
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me.—
We can't read one without them all,
So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball!



The first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves and

A partridge in a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and

A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Four colly birds,

Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and

A partridge in a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,

Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and

A partridge in a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Six geese a laying,

Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Eleven ladies dancing,

Ten pipers piping,

Nine drummers drumming,

Eight maids a milking,

Seven swans a swimming,

Six geese a laying,

Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,

Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and

A partridge in a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,

My true love sent to me

Twelve lords a leaping,

Eleven ladies dancing,

Ten pipers piping,

Nine drummers drumming,

Eight maids a milking,

Seven swans a swimming,

Six geese a laying,

Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,

Three French hens,

Two turtle doves, and

A partridge in a pear tree.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favorite with children: in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]



[A game on the fingers.]

Heetum peetum penny pie,

Populorum gingum gie;

East, West, North, South,

Kirby, Kendal, Cock him out!



[A game-rhyme.]

Trip and go, heave and hoe,

Up and down, to and fro;

From the town to the grove

Two and two let us rove,

A-maying, a-playing;

Love hath no gainsaying;

So merrily trip and go,

So merrily trip and go!



This is the way the ladies ride;

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

Tri, tre, tre, tree!

This is the way the ladies ride,

Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;

Gallop-a-trot,

Gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the gentlemen ride,

Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;

Hobbledy-hoy,

Hobbledy-hoy!

This is the way the farmers ride,

Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!



There was a man, and his name was Dob,

And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,

And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,

And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.

Cob, says Dob,

Chitterabob, says Mob,

Cob was Dob's dog,

Chitterabob Mob's cat.



[Two children sit opposite to each other; the first turns her fingers one over the other, and says:]

"May my geese fly over your barn?"

[The other answers, Yes, if they'll do no harm. Upon which the first unpacks the fingers of her hand, and waving it over head, says:]

"Fly over his barn and eat all his corn."



Now we dance looby, looby, looby,

Now we dance looby, looby, light,

Shake your right hand a little

And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,

Shake your right hand a little,

Shake your left hand a little,

And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,

Shake your right hand a little,

Shake your left hand a little,

Shake your right foot a little,

And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,

Shake your right hand a little,

Shake your left hand a little,

Shake your right foot a little,

Shake your left foot a little,

And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,

Shake your right hand a little,

Shake your left hand a little,

Shake your right foot a little,

Shake your left foot a little,

Shake your head a little,

And turn you round about.

[Children dance round first, then stop and shake the hand, &c. then turn slowly round, and then dance in a ring again.]



THE OLD DAME.

[One child, called the Old Dame, sits on the floor, and the rest, joining hands, form a circle round her, and dancing, sing the following lines:]

Children. To Beccles! to Beccles!

To buy a bunch of nettles!

Pray, old Dame, what's o'clock?

Dame. One, going for two.

Children. To Beccles! to Beccles!

To buy a bunch of nettles!

Pray, old Dame, what's o'clock?

Dame. Two, going for three.

[And so on till she reaches, "Eleven going for twelve." After this the following questions are asked, with the replies.—C. Where have you been? D. To the wood. C. What for? D. To pick up sticks. C. What for? D. To light my fire. C. What for? D. To boil my kettle. C. What for? D. To cook some of your chickens. The children then all run away as fast as they can, and the Old Dame tries to catch one of them. Whoever is caught is the next to personate the Dame.]



DROP-GLOVE.

[Children stand round in a circle, leaving a space between each. One walks round the outside, and carries a glove in her hand, saying:]

I've a glove in my hand,

Hittity Hot!

Another in my other hand,

Hotter than that!

So I sow beans, and so they come up,

Some in a mug, and some in a cup.

I sent a letter to my love,

I lost it, I lost it!

I found it, I found it!

It burns, it scalds.

[Repeating the last words very rapidly, till she drops the glove behind one of them, and whoever has the glove must overtake her, following her exactly in and out till she catches her. If the pursuer makes a mistake in the pursuit, she loses, and the game is over; otherwise she continues the game with the glove.]



[In the following, the various parts of the countenance are touched as the lines are repeated; and at the close the chin is struck playfully, that the tongue may be gently bitten.]

Eye winker,

Tom Tinker,

Nose dropper.

Mouth eater,

Chin chopper,

Chin chopper.



Thumb bold,

Thibity-thold,

Langman,

Lick pan,

Mama's little man.



[A game of the fox.]

Fox a fox, a brummalary,

How many miles to Lummaflary? Lummabary.

A. Eight and eight, and a hundred and eight.

How shall I get home to night?

A. Spin your legs, and run fast.



[A Christmas custom in Lancashire. The boys dress themselves up with ribands, and perform various pantomimes, after which one of them, who has a blackened face, a rough skin coat, and a broom in his hand, sings as follows.]

Here come I,

Little David Doubt;

If you don't give me money,

I'll sweep you all out.

Money I want,

And money I crave;

If you don't give me money,

I'll sweep you all to the grave!



[The following lines are said by the nurse when moving the child's foot up and down.]

The dog of the kill,

He went to the mill

To lick mill-dust:

The miller he came

With a stick on his back,—

Home, dog, home!

The foot behind,

The foot before:

When he came to a stile,

Thus he jumped o'er.

That is, kiln.



[The following lines are repeated by the nurse when sliding her hand down the child's face.]

My mother and your mother

Went over the way;

Said my mother to your mother,

It's chop-a-nose day!

TENTH CLASS—LULLABIES.



Hushy baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,

And I'll give you some bread and some milk by and bye;

Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a tart,—

Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole heart.



Dance, little baby, dance up high,

Never mind, baby, mother is by;

Crow and caper, caper and crow,

There, little baby, there you go;

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground.

Backwards and forwards, round and round;

Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,

With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding!



To market, to market,

To buy a plum bun:

Home again, come again,

Market is done.



Dance to your daddy,

My little babby,

Dance to your daddy;

My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy,

In a little dishy;

You shall have a fishy

When the boat comes in.



Tom shall have a new bonnet,

With blue ribbands to tie on it,

With a hush-a-bye and a lull-a-baby,

Who so like to Tommy's daddy?



Bye, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.



[From 'The Pleasant Comœdie of Patient Grissell,' 1603.]

Hush, hush, hush, hush!
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child,
Hush, hush, hush, hush!



Hush thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat,
To make thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.



Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.



I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Pr'ythee, love, play me
T'other little tune.



Danty baby diddy,
What can a mammy do wid'e,
But sit in a lap,
And give 'un a pap?
Sing danty baby diddy.



Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.



Bye, O my baby!

When I was a lady,

O then my poor baby did'nt cry!

But my baby is weeping,

For want of good keeping,

Oh, I fear my poor baby will die!



Hush-a-bye, a ba lamb,

Hush-a-bye a milk cow,

You shall have a little stick

To beat the naughty bow-wow.



Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,

When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,

Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.



Ride, baby, ride,

Pretty baby shall ride,

And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,

And little pussy-cat tied to the other,

And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,

To see her grandmother,

To see her grandmother.



Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin
To wrap a baby bunting in.



Give me a blow, and I'll beat 'em,
Why did they vex my baby?
Kissy, kiss, kissy, my honey,
And cuddle your nurse, my deary.



My dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy;
Before I do rock thee with soft lullaby,
Give me thy dear lips to be kiss'd, kiss'd, kiss'd.



[A favourite lullaby in the north of England fifty years ago, and perhaps still heard. The last word is pronounced bee.]

Hush-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.



[From Yorkshire and Essex. A nursery-cry.—It is also sometimes sung in the streets by boys who have small figures of wool, wood, or gypsum, &c. of lambs to sell.]

Young Lambs to sell!

Young Lambs to sell!

If I'd as much money as I can tell,

I never would cry—Young Lambs to sell!



[From Yorkshire. A nursery-cry.]

Rabbit, Rabbit, Rabbit-Pie!

Come, my ladies, come and buy;

Else your babies they will cry.



To market, to market,

To buy a plum cake;

Home again, home again,

Ne'er a one baked;

The baker is dead and all his men,

And we must go to market again.



Rock well my cradle,

And "bee baa," my son;

You shall have a new gown,

When ye lord comes home.

Oh! still my child, Orange,

Still him with a bell;

I can't still him, ladie,

Till you come down yoursell!



Where was a sugar and fretty?

And where was jewel and spicy?

Hush-a-bye, babe in a cradle,

And we'll go away in a tricy!



I'll buy you a tartan bonnet,

And some feathers to put on it,

Tartan trews and a phillibeg,

Because you are so like your daddy.

Exercises

Exercise to

FIRST CLASS—HISTORICAL.

Each of the following quotation has a mistake. Cross the mistake and write the correct word into the *Correct word* section

Number	Incorrect quotation	Correct word
1	King Cole had five fiddlers	
2	King Arthur made a bad-pudding	
3	The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me, And all was because of my little apple tree.	
4	Kitty the spinner Will sit down to dinner, And eat the neck of a frog;	
5	Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame, When honey King Jemmy from Scotland came;	
6	Charley loves a fatty girl, As sweet as sugar-candy.	
7	As I was going by Charing Cross, I saw a black man upon a black horse; They told me it was King Charles the First; Oh dear! my head was ready to burst!	
8	High ding a ding, and ho ding a ding, The parliament soldiers are gone to the king; Some with new weavers, some with new bands, The parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.	
9	Hector Protector was dressed all in pink; Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.	
10	Poor old Robinson Crusoe! Poor old Robinson Crusoe! They made him a boat Of an old nanny goat,	
11	There was an old guy did eat an apple, When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.	
12	Little General Monk Sat upon a trunk, Eating a loaf of bread;	
13	Jim and George were two great lords, They fought all in a churn; And when that Jim got George by the nose, Then George began to burn.	
14	I know no reason Why gunpowder prison Should ever be forgot.	
15	Robin Hood, Robin Hood,	

	Maids a sleeping;	

Exercise to

THIRD CLASS—TALES.

True or False

Answer the following statements with True or False . The statements are based on the tale 'Catskin'

1. There once was a gentleman grand, who lived at his country seat; T / F
2. The gentleman finally had a son T / F
3. The gentleman's daughter hid in the forest from her father T / F
4. When the lady ran away from the ballroom she put on her mother's robe T / F
5. The gentleman always wanted to know what the beautiful lady drinks in the morning T / F
6. The gentleman got very angry because he couldn't find the beautiful lady T / F
7. The old gentleman wanted to see his little daughter before he died T / F
8. The old gentleman was very happy to see his wife and daughter again T / F
9. The gentleman dressed in Catskin in order to hide away from the lady T / F
10. The gentleman met the young lady first in the forest T / F

Exercises to

FORTH CLASS—PROVERB

Gap fill. Insert the missing words in the proverb.

When the is in the east,
 'Tis neither good for man nor;
 When the wind is in the,
 The skilful goes not forth;
 When the wind is in the,
 It blows the in the fishes' mouth;
 the wind is in the west,
 Then 'tis at the best.

Match the following rhyme words

deeds	grow	crack	smart	wall	back	snow	sky
fly	roar	fall	bleed	door	weeds	heart	indeed

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.

Exercises to

FIFTH CLASS - SONGS.

Continue the song! Continue the song by filling the missing phrases.

Up at Piccadilly oh!

The _____ stand,

And when _____,

He takes her by the hand;

_____ for ever oh!

Drive away so clever oh!

All the way _____!

_____ four-in-hand.

True or False

Answer the following statements with True or False. The statements are based on the song beginning with ‘Johnny shall have a new bonnet ...’

1. Johnny shall have a blue ribbon to tie up his bonny brown hair. T / F
2. Here's a leg for a stocking, and here is a leg for a boot.... T / F
3. He has a fish for his daddy, and two for his mammy, I trow. T / F
4. Johnny shall have a new bonnet, and Johnny shall go to the fair .. T / F
5. And why may not I love Funny? And why may not Johnny love me? T / F

Exercise to

SIXTH CLASS—RIDDLES.

Guess the following riddles

1.

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall,
And a green coat covers me all. (.....)

2.

Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.(.....)

3.

I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;
Poor little creature she has but one eye. (.....)

4.

What shoe-maker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Ev'ry customer has two pair. (.....)

5.

Humpty dumpty sate on a wall,
Humpty dumpty had a great fall;
Three score men and three score more
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before. (.....)

Exercises to

SEVENTH CLASS—JINGLES

Gap fill. Fill the missing words in the song 'Cock a doodle doo!'

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.
Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.
Cock a doodle doo!
My has lost her shoe,
And master's lost his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick.
For dame and doodle doo.
Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and her head,
And can't tell what to do.

Underline the content words in the following 'jingle'

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Exercises to

EIGHTH CLASS—GAFFERS AND GAMMERS.

Each of the following quotation has a mistake. Cross the mistake and write the correct word into the *Correct word* section

Number	Incorrect quotation	Correct word
1	There was an old woman, as I've heard tell, She went to market her baskets for to sell;	
2	There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout, He cut her overcoats all round about;	
3	When this little woman first did bake, She began to shiver and she began to shake,	
4	She began to ponder and she began to cry, "Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!	
5	Home went the little woman all in the dark, Up got the little dog, and he began to start;	
6	There was an old woman who swam in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do;	
7	She gave them some soup without any bread, She whipped them all well and put them to bed.	
8	Old woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing? Speak a little louder, sir, I am very deaf of hearing.	
9	Old woman, old woman, shall I love you dearly? Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very neatly.	
10	There was an old woman sat knitting, And that's the first beginning;	
11	She had a calf, And that's half; She took it by the neck, And threw it over the wall, And that's all.	
12	There was an old woman, her name it was Peg; Her head was of food, and she wore a cork-leg.	
13	A little old man and I fell out; How shall we bring this matter about? Bring it about as well as you can, Get you one, you little old man!	
14	There was an old woman, And she sold apples and pies;	
15	There was an old woman of Leeds Who wasted all her time in good deeds;	

Exercise to

NINTH CLASS—GAMES

Gap fill. Fill the gaps with the appropriate words in the following game.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the of London town.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
..... and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
.....and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.
Old Father Baldpate,
Say the bells at Aldgate.
You owe me ten,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.
..... and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells at ... Bailey.
When I rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.
.... when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I am sure I don't know,
Says the bell at Bow.
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,

And here comes a to chop off your head.

Exercises to

TENTH CLASS—LULLABIES

Underline the possessive cases and possessive pronouns in the following lullaby

I won't be my father's Jack,

I won't be my mother's Gill,

I will be the fiddler's wife,

And have music when I will.

T'other little tune,

T'other little tune,

Pr'ythee, love, play me

T'other little tune.

Finish every second line of the following lullaby

To market, to market,

To buy a plum _____;

Home again, home again,

Ne'er a one _____;

The baker is dead and all his men,

And we must go to market _____.

Nursery rhymes in alphabetical order

Baa Baa Black Sheep lyrics

Baa, baa black sheep
Have you any wool
Yes sir, yes sir
Three bags full.

One for my master
And one for my dame
And one for the little boy
Who lives down the lane.

Bye baby bunting lyrics

Bye, Baby Bunting.
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap my Baby Bunting in.

Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Mummy's gone a-milking,
Sister's gone a-silking,
Brother's gone to buy a skin,
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

Ding dong bell lyrics

Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well.

Who put her in?
Little Johnny Flynn.

Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
Try to drown poor Pussycat.

Who never did any harm,
But killed all the mice,

In the Farmer's barn.

Georgie Porgie lyrics

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.

When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Goosy goosy gander

Goosy goosy gander where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber.

There I met an old man who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg and threw him down the stairs.

Heads, Shoulders, Knees and Toes

Heads, shoulders knees and toes will always put a smile on a child's face. This interactive nursery rhyme is great for all ages of learning from vocabulary to indicating body parts.

Activity:

Get your child alongside or in front of you and sing together while pointing out the parts of the body sung.

Heads and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes, knees and toes,
Heads and shoulders, knees and toes, let's all clap hands together.

Eyes and ears and mouth and nose, mouth and nose, mouth and nose,
Eyes and ears and mouth and nose, let's all clap hands together.

Notes:

Get faster and faster with the song lyrics and see who can keep up.

You can make things a little more tricky if you omit one word per round and discover who is paying attention.

Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down.

Hickory Dickory Dock.

Hot cross buns

Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!

One a penny, two a penny,
hot cross buns.

If you have no daughters,
give them to your sons.

One a penny, two a penny,
hot cross buns.

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

I'm a little teapot

We all know babies love it when you sing to them and it's even better when they can sing along with you. Sing the nursery rhyme I'm a Little Teapot together and teach your baby about music, rhyme and language.

I'm a little teapot
Short and stout
Here is my handle
Here is my spout

When I get all steamed up
Hear me shout
"Tip me over and pour me out!"

Itsy Bitsy Spider

The itsy bitsy spider
Climbed up the waterspout

Down came the rain
And washed the spider out.

Out came the sun
And dried up all the rain

So the itsy-bitsy spider
Climbed up the spout again!

Jack and Jill

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

Up Jack got and home he ran,
As fast as he could caper.
There his mother bound his head,
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jack Spratt

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
So between the two of them,
They licked the platter clean.

Jack ate all the lean, Joan ate all the fat,
The bone they picked it clean.
Then gave it to the cat.

Jack Spratt was wheeling,
His wife by the ditch.
The barrow turned over,
And in the ditch she fell.

Says Jack, "She'll be drowned!"
But Joan did reply,
"I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry."

Ladybird

Ladybird, ladybird,
Fly away home.

Your house is on fire,
And your children all gone.

All except one,
And that's little Ann,

She has crept under,
The warming pan.

Little Bo Peep

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them.
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said "What a good boy am I!"

Little Polly Flinders

Little Polly Flinders,
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes.

Mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Lucy Lockett

Lucy Lockett lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it.
Not a penny was there in it,
Only ribbon round it.

Mary had a little lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.

Everywhere that Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

Mary Mary quite contrary

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

Oh dear! What can the matter be?

Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Dear dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a trinket to please me,
And then for a smile, he vowed he would tease me,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my long brown hair.

Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Dear dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a gift of red roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons,
That tie up my long brown hair.

Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Oh dear! What can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

Old MacDonald had a farm

Old MacDonald had a farm
ee-i ee-i oh
And on that farm he had a cow
ee-i ee-i oh
With a moo-moo here
And a moo-moo there
Here a moo, there a moo
Everywhere a moo-moo
Old MacDonald had a farm
ee-i ee-i oh
And on that farm he had a sheep
ee-i ee-i oh
With a baa-baa here
And a baa-baa there
Here a baa, there a baa
Everywhere a baa-baa
Old MacDonald had a farm
ee-i ee-i oh

Old mother hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggy a bone.

When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
So the poor little doggy had none.

One, two, buckle my shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe,
Three, four, knock at the door.

Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight, lay them straight.

Nine, ten, a big fat hen,
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.

Thirteen, fourteen, maids are courting,
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen.

Seventeen, eighteen, maids in waiting,
Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake

Pat-a-cake, pat-a cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake just as fast as you can.
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B.
And put it in the oven for baby and me.

Pease porridge

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.

He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Pussycat, Pussycat

Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to visit the Queen.

Pussycat, pussycat, what did you dare?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

MEOWW

Queen of Hearts

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts, all on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts, and took them clean away.

The King of Hearts called for the tarts, and beat the Knave full sore.
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts and vowed he'd steal no more.

Ride a cock horse

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ring-a-ring o' roses

Ring-a-ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down.

The cows are in the meadow,
Eating buttercups.
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all jump up.

Rock a bye baby

Rock a bye baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And mumma will catch you, cradle and all.

Rub-a-dub-dub

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And how do you think they got there?

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
They all jumped out of a rotten potato.
T'was enough to make a fish stare.

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair,
Said simple Simon to the pieman, let me taste your ware.

Said the pieman to simple Simon, Show me first your penny,
Said simple Simon to the pieman sir, I have not any.

Sing a song of sixpence

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,
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in the counting-house, counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.

The owl and the pussycat

by Edward Lear (1812 - 1888)

The owl and the pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea green boat
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five pound note
The owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar
"Oh lovely Pussy, oh Pussy my love
What a beautiful pussycat you are, you are
What a beautiful pussycat you are"

Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl
How charmingly sweet you sing.
Oh let us be married, too long we have tarried,
But what shall we do for a ring?"
So they sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bongtree grows
And there in the wood a piggywig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose
His nose, with a ring at the end of his nose

"Dear pig are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill
They dined on mince and slices of quince
Which they ate with a runcible spoon
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon
The moon, they danced by the light of the moon.

There was a crooked man

There was a crooked man and he walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile.

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

There was an old woman lyrics

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
So she gave them some broth without any bread,
And she whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

This little piggy lyrics

This little piggy went to market,
This little piggy stayed home,
This little piggy had roast beef,
This little piggy had none,
And this little piggy cried, "Wee! Wee! Wee!"
All the way home.

Three blind mice

Three blind mice,
Three blind mice,

See how they run!
See how they run!

They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails,
With a carving knife.

Did you ever see such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice.

Three little kittens lyrics

Three little kittens they lost their mittens, and they began to cry,
"Oh mother dear, we sadly fear that we have lost our mittens."
"What! Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens! Then you shall have no pie."
"Meeow, meeow, meeow, now we shall have no pie."

Twinkle twinkle little star lyrics

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
When you shower your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown.
Tapping at the window and crying through the lock,
Are all the children in their beds, it's past eight o'clock.

What are little boys made of?

What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails, and puppy dogs tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all things nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

Tongue twisters are a great way to practice and improve pronunciation and fluency. They can also help to improve accents by using alliteration, which is the repetition of one sound. They're not just for kids, but are also used by actors, politicians, and public speakers who want to sound clear when speaking. Below, you will find some of the most popular English tongue twisters. Say them as quickly as you can. If you can master them, you will be a much more confident speaker.

Tongue Twisters

1. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?
2. Betty Botter bought some butter
But she said the butter's bitter
If I put it in my batter, it will make my batter bitter
But a bit of better butter will make my batter better
So 'twas better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter
3. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
He would chuck, he would, as much as he could, and chuck as much wood
As a woodchuck would if a woodchuck could chuck wood
4. She sells seashells by the seashore
5. How can a clam cram in a clean cream can?
6. I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream
7. I saw Susie sitting in a shoeshine shop
8. Susie works in a shoeshine shop. Where she shines she sits, and where she sits she shines
9. Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear. Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair. Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?
10. Can you can a can as a canner can can a can?
11. I have got a date at a quarter to eight; I'll see you at the gate, so don't be late
12. You know New York, you need New York, you know you need unique New York
13. I saw a kitten eating chicken in the kitchen
14. If a dog chews shoes, whose shoes does he choose?
15. I thought I thought of thinking of thanking you
16. I wish to wash my Irish wristwatch
17. Near an ear, a nearer ear, a nearly eerie ear
18. Eddie edited it
19. Willie's really weary
20. A big black bear sat on a big black rug
21. Tom threw Tim three thumbtacks
22. He threw three free throws
23. Nine nice night nurses nursing nicely
24. So, this is the sushi chef
25. Four fine fresh fish for you
26. Wayne went to wales to watch walruses
27. Six sticky skeletons (x3)
28. Which witch is which? (x3)
29. Snap crackle pop (x3)
30. Flash message (x3)
31. Red Buick, blue Buick (x3)
32. Red lorry, yellow lorry (x3)
33. Thin sticks, thick bricks (x3)

34. Stupid superstition (x3)
35. Eleven benevolent elephants (x3)
36. Two tried and true tridents (x3)
37. Rolling red wagons (x3)
38. Black back bat (x3)
39. She sees cheese (x3)
40. Truly rural (x3)
41. Good blood, bad blood (x3)
42. Pre-shrunk silk shirts (x3)
43. Ed had edited it. (x3)
44. We surely shall see the sun shine soon
45. Which wristwatches are Swiss wristwatches?
46. Fred fed Ted bread, and Ted fed Fred bread
47. I slit the sheet, the sheet I slit, and on the slitted sheet I sit
48. A skunk sat on a stump and thunk the stump stunk, but the stump thunk the skunk
stunk
49. Lesser leather never weathered wetter weather better
50. Of all the vids I've ever viewed, I've never viewed a vid as valued as Alex's engVid
vid

Key to Exercises

1. First class - Historical

1. three fiddlers
2. to make a bag pudding
3. nut tree
4. leg of a frog
5. bonny King Jemmy
6. pretty girl
7. my heart
8. new beavers
9. all in green
10. made him a coat
11. an old wife
12. a crust of bread
13. began to gerr
14. gunpowder treason
15. green weeds

2. Second class – Literal

1. loves tea
2. a hare alive
3. four's a penny
4. lay them straight
5. put in the oven
6. had a white hand
7. D for a duck
8. spent all he got
9. my stomach's empty
10. pudding and pancake
11. in peace we will dwell
12. pray playmates agree
13. will not quarrel or die
14. they gossiped
15. maids a kissing

3. Third class – Tales

1. True
2. False
3. False
4. False
5. False
6. False
7. True
8. True
9. False
10. False

4. Forth class - Proverb

1) When the **wind** is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor **beast**;
When the wind is in the **north**,
The skilful **fisher** goes not forth;
When the wind is in the **south**,
It blows the **bait** in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the **very** best.

2) 1. deeds - weeds

2. grow - snow
3. crack - back
4. smart - heart
5. fly - sky
6. roar - door
7. fall - wall
8. bleed – indeed

5. Fifth class - Songs

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1) Up at Piccadilly oh!
 The coachman takes his stand,
 And when he meets a pretty girl,
 He takes her by the hand;
 Whip away for ever oh!
 Drive away so clever oh!
 All the way to Bristol oh!
 He drives her four-in-hand.</p> | <p>2) 1. True
 2. False
 3. False
 4. True
 5. False</p> |
|--|--|

6. Six class – Riddles

1. snow 2. a plum-pudding 3. a star 4. a horse shoer 5. an egg

7. Seventh class – Jingles

1. Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has **lost** her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.
Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his **fiddling** stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.
Cock a doodle doo!
My **dame** has lost her shoe,
And master's lost his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo!
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame will **dance** with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick.
For dame and doodle doo.
Cock a doodle doo!

Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and **scratch'd** her head,
And can't tell what to do.

2. A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house

8. Eight class – Gaffers and Gammers

1. her eggs for to sell
2. petticoats
3. first did wake
4. began to wonder
5. began to bark
6. lived in a shoe
7. some broth
8. thick of hearing
9. hear you very clearly
10. sat spinning
11. she took it by the tail
12. Her head was of wood
13. Get you gone
14. sold pudding and pies
15. Who spent all her time

9. Nine class – Games

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the **bells** of London town.
Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.
Brickbats and **tiles**,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and **lemons**,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an **apple**,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.
Old Father Baldpate,
Say the **slow** bells at Aldgate.
You owe me ten **shillings**,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.
Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St. **Ann's**.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at **Old** Bailey.
When I **grow** rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I am sure I don't know,
Says the **great** bell at Bow.
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a **chopper** to chop off your head.

10. Tenth class – Lullabies

1. I won't be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Gill,

I will be the fiddler's wife,

And have music when I will.

T'other little tune,

T'other little tune,

Pr'ythee, love, play me

T'other little tune.

2. To market, to market
To buy a plum **cake**

Home again, home again,

Ne'er a one **baked**

The baker is dead and all his men,

And we must go to market **again**

INDEX

A, B, C, and D.....	13
A, B, C, tumble down D.....	12
A carrion crow sat on an oak.....	60
A cat came fiddling out of a barn.....	78
A dog and a cock	33
A duck and a drake.....	103
A for the ape	15
A guinea it would sink	41
A little old man and I fell out....	84
A little old man of Derby.....	94
A man of words and not of deeds.....	38-39
A pretty little girl in	47
A pullet int he pen	39
A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose.....	70
A was an apple-pie.....	15
A was an archer, and shot at a frog.....	14
About the bush, Willy.....	47
Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake.....	13
As I walk'd	10
As I was going along, long, long.....	55
As I look'd out of my chamber window	63
As I was going by Charing Cross.....	8
As I was going o'er London bidge	63
As I was going o'er Westminster bridge....	71
As I was going to St. Ives.....	71
As I was going up the hill.....	55
As I was walking o'er little Moorfields.....	50
As I went over Lincoln-bridge.....	70
As I went through the garden gap.....	71
As round as an apple, as deep as a cup.....	70
As soft as milk	63
As the day grow longer	40
At the siege of Belle-isle.....	6
Awa' birds, away.....	60
Awake, arise, pull out your eyes ...	99
Bat, bat....	111
Black we are, but much admired.....	68
black within and red without	63
Bounce Buckram, velvet's dear.....	38
Buff says Buff to all his men....	98
Buz, quoth the blue fly.....	54
Bye, baby bumpkin.....	134
Bye, baby bunting.....	137
Bye, O my baby!....	136
Clap hands, clap hands....	109-115
Cock a doodle doo!.....	73
Come dance a jig.....	79

Congea'l'd water and Cain's brother.....	68
Cuckoo, cherry tree.....	112
Dame get up	61
Dance, little baby, dance up high....	132
Dance to your daddy.....	133
Danty, baby, diddy	135
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John	74-76
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe	76
Ding, dong, bell	73
Ding, dong, darrow	80
Doodle, doodle doo ...	80
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan	79
Drop-glove	129
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread ...	118
Eighty-eight wor Kirby feight	11
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess	71
Elsie Marley is grown ...	50
Every lady in this land ...	65
Eye winker	130
F for fig, J for jig	12
Father short came down the lane	94
Feedum, fiddledum, fee	76
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee	78
Flour of England, fruit of Spain	65
Formed long ago, yet made to-day ...	70
Fox a fox	130
Friday night's dream	41
Game of the gipsy	99
Gay go up and gay go down	96
Gilly Silly Jarter	77
Give me a blow, and I'll beat 'em ...	137
Good horses, bad horses	114
Go to bed first, a golden purse	38
Great A, little a	12
Green cheese, yellow laces	108
Handy Spandy Jack-a-dandy	75
Heetum peetum penny pie	125
Hector Protector	9
Here come I little David Doubt	131
Here comes a poor woman from baby-land ...	119
Here goes my Lord	107
Here stands a post	116
Here we come a piping	120
He that would thrive	39
Hey! diddle diddle ...	78-81
Hey diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet ...	77

Hey ding a ding, what shall I sing	73
Hey, dorolot, dorolot!	78
Hey, my kitten, my kitten	134
Hick a more	62
Hic, hoc, the carrion crow	60
Hickery dickery 6 and 7	13
Hickory, dickory, dock	113
Higgledy, piggedly	66
High diddle ding	8
High ding a ding, and ho ding a ding ...	9
High ding a Cockatoo-moody	81
Highly cock O !...	112
Highly, tightly, paradightly clothed in green .	71
Hot-cross Buns! ...	54
How does my lady's garden ...	55
How many miles is it to Babylon ? ...	115
Hub a dub dub	77
Humpty dumpty sate on a wall	64-69
Hush a bye, a ba lamb.....	136
Hush a bye, baby, on the tree top	136
Hush, hush, hush, hush	134
Hush thee, my babby.....	134
Hyder iddle diddle dell	77
I am a gold lock	104
I can make diet-bread ...	120
If I'd as much money as I could spend	61
If wishes were horses	37
If you sneeze on Monday	39
I had a little castle upon the sea-side	72
I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear ...	5
I have a little sister, they call her peep, peep	65
I'll buy you a tartan bonnet ...	139
I'll sing you a song ...	61
I'll tell you a story	32
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence.....	53
In Arthur's court, Tom Thumb did live...	26
In July	41
In marble walls as white as milk....	66
Intery, mintery, cutery-corn	103
I've been to market my lady ...	56
I went into my grandmother's	63
I went up one pair of stairs....	107
I won't be my father's Jack	135
Jack be nimble ...	105
Jacky come give me thy fiddle	52
Jeanie come tie my	48
Jim and George were two great lords	11
John Cook had a little grey mare	59

Johnny shall have a new bonnet	49
Land me thy mare	47
Let us go to the wood, says this pig ...	109
Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep	48
Little Dicky Dilver	80
Little General Monk	11
Little Jack a Dandy ...	76
Little Jack Horner sat in the corner	35
Little King Bogger	25
Little Nancy Etticoat	67
Little Tee Wee	74
Little Tom Pogget	44
Little Tommy Tittlemouse ...	23-33
Lives in winter	72
London bridge is broken down	51
Long legs, crooked thighs.....	67
Make three-fourth of a cross...	64
Made in London	63
May my geese fly over your barn?....	127
Marry are the bells ...	53
Miss one, two, and three, could never agree....	13
Moss was a little man ...	36
My dear do you know	22
My dear cockadoodle	138
My father he died, but I can't tell you how	48
My father he left me, just as he was able	57
My father was a Frenchman....	119
My lady Wind, my lady Wind....	32
My maid Mary ...	54
My mother and your mother	132
Nature requires five ...	37
Needles and pins, needles and pins...	40
Now we dance	127
Number number nine, this hoop's mine	107
Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see ...	53
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?....	93
Oh, where are you going?	42
Old Abram Brown ...	33
Old Betty Blue	86
Old father Graybeard ...	72
Old Father of the Bye ...	51
Old King Cole	4
Old mother Hubbard...	87
Old mother Niddy Nod swore by the pudding-bag	85
Old mother Twitchett had but one eye	66

Old woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?	83
One's none	12
One, two.....	13
One, two, three	12
One misty moisty morning....	43
One moonshiny night	5
One-ery, two-ery	95
One-ery, two-ery, hickary, hum	106
One old Oxford ox opening oysters ...	114
One to make ready	96
Our saucy boy Dick ...	36
Over the water, and over the lee ..	8
Pancakes and fritters ...	56
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man	14
Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold ...	69
Pease-pudding hot	98
Pemmy was a pretty girl ...	34
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper ...	163
Please to remember	7
Polly put the cattle on	42
Poor old Robinson Crusoe	9
Punch and Judy	21
Purple, yellow, red, and green	69
Pussicat, wussicat, with a white foot.....	79
Queen Anne, Queen Anne, you sit in the sun ...	100
Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit-pie	138
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross	104
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross	108
Ride a cock-horse to Coventry-Cross ...	108
Ride, baby, ride	136
Ring me, ring me, ring me, rary	109
Robin and Richard were two pretty men .	32
Robin Hood, Robin Hood	4
Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben ...	21
Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green ...	135
Rock well my cradle	138
Round about, round about ...	81
Rumpty-iddity, row, row, row ...	81
St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain ...	37
Says t'auld man tit oak tree	45
See a pin and pick it up	37
See-saw, jack a daw	114
See-saw, Margery Daw ...	104
See-saw, sack a day	8
See-saw, sacradown ...	115
Shoe the colt ...	119

Sieve my lady's oatmeal ...	100
Simple Simon met a pieman	20
Sing a song of sixpence ...	46
Sing jigmijole, the pudding-bole ...	75
Sing, sing, what shall I sing? ...	75
Solomon Grundy ...	21
Some up and some down	49
Taffy was a welshman, Taffy was a thief ...	35
Ten and ten and twice eleven...	63
The dog of the kill	131
The fair maid who ...	42
The first day of Christmas ...	120
The fox and his wife they had a great strife .	43
The king of France, and four thousand men ..	6
The king of France, the king of France ..	6
The king of France went up the hill	6
The king of France with twenty thousand men ..	6
The lion and the unicorn ...	25
The mackerel's cry	41
The moon nine days old	67
The north wind doth blow	50
The Old Dame ...	128
The rose is red, the grass is green	7
The story of the three Little pigs	23
The white dove sat on the castle wall...	50
There once was a gentleman grand ..	16
There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile	21
There was a frog liv'd in a well ...	57
There was a girl in our towne ...	62
There was a jolly miller ...	25-55
There was a king and he had three daughters ...	35
There was a king met a king	65
There was a little man ...	23
There was a man he had a naught ...	22
There was a man in our toone ...	59
There was a man and his name was Dob ...	126
There was a man rode through our town ...	69
There was a man who had no eyes ...	67
There was a monkey climb'd up a tree	10
There was an old man ...	93
There was an old man who liv'd in a wood ...	91
There was an old man who lived in Middle Row ...	86
There was an old man of Tobago ...	93
There was an old woman ...	84
There was an old woman	85
There was an old woman	90
There was an old woman as I've heard tell ...	82

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all	94
There was an old woman had three sons ...	90
There was an old woman, her name it was Peg....	84
There was an old woman in Surrey....	95
There was an old woman of Leeds	86
There was an old woman of Norwich ...	94
There was an old woman sat spinning...	84
There was an old woman toss'd up in a basket..	85
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe...	83
There were three jovial Welshman....	100
There were three sisters in a hall ..	68
There were two birds sat on a stone ...	55
There were two blackbirds ..	106
They that wash on Monday..	40
Thirty white horses upon a red hill..	68
This is the key of the kingdom....	113
This is the way the ladies ride...	126
This pig went to market..	111
Thomas a Tattamus took two T's ...	67
Three blind mice, see how they run...	57
Three straws on a staff ...	37
Three wise men of Gotham...	32
Thumb bold ...	130
Tiddle liddle lightum...	75
Tip, top, tower	107
To make your candles ...	37
To market, to market ..	133-138
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig...	80
To market ride the gentlemen ...	108
Tom Browne's two little Indian boys...	106
Tom he was a piper's son ...	52
Tom shall have a new bonnet ...	133
Tom, Tom, the piper's son ...	25
Trip and go ...	125
Trip, trap, over the grass ...	116
Trip upon trenchers and dance upon dishes ...	49
'Tweedle-dum a tweedle-dee	79
Twelve pears hanging high	65
Two broken tradesmen ...	109
Two legs sat upon three legs ...	70
Up at Piccadilly oh!	46
We are three brethren out of Spain	117
Weave the diaper tick-a-tick tick	105
We make no spare	5
What is the rhyme for porringer ...	9
What shoe-maker makes shoes without leather .	66
When good king Arthur ruled this land .	4
When I was a little girl ...	34

When I was taken from ...	62
When I went up sandy hill...	72
When the sand doth ...	41
When the wind is in the east ..	38
Where are going my pretty my pretty maid?...	56
Whistle daughter, whistle ...	61
Who goes round my house this night ...	95
Who is going round my sheepfold.....	112
Whoop, whoop, and hollow...	106
William and Mary, George and Anne ...	9
Wooley Foster has gone to sea ...	54
You shall have an apple	45
Young Lambs to sell	138

BIBLIOGRAPHY LIST

1. Delamar, Gloria T. *Mother Goose: From Nursery to Literature*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland, 1987.
2. Goldthwaite, John. "The World Three Inches Tall: Descent of the Nursery Rhyme." In *The Natural History of Make-Believe: A Guide to the Principal Works of Britain, Europe, and America*. By John Goldthwaite, New York: Oxford University Press, 1996
3. Halliwell-Phillipps, James Orchard. *The Nursery Rhymes of England*. 5th ed. London: Frederick Warne, 1886.
4. Opie, Iona, and Peter Opie. *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*. 2d ed. Oxford: Clarendon, 1997
5. The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from oral tradition. by James Orchard Halliwell, esq. Fourth edition. *Royal 18mo, with 38 Designs by W. B. SCOTT, Director of the School of Design, Newcastle-on-Tyne, bound in illuminated cloth, 4s. 6d. 2011*
6. Vocca, Donarita. "Mother Goose." In *The Continuum Encyclopedia of Children's Literature*. Edited by Bernice E. Cullinan and Diane G. Person, 560–562. New York: Continuum, 2003.