

# Classic Nursery Rhymes



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'HERE'  
WE - GO  
- ROUND -

'THE'  
MVLBERRY  
'BVSH'

## Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush

Here we go round the mulberry bush,  
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,  
Here we go round the mulberry bush.  
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our hands,  
Wash our hands, wash our hands,  
This is the way we wash our hands,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we wash our clothes.  
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,  
This is the way we wash our clothes,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we go to school,  
Go to school, go to school,  
This is the way we go to school,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we come out of school,  
Come out of school, come out of school,  
This is the way we come out of school,  
On a cold and frosty morning.





**As I Was Going To St Ives**

**As I was going to St Ives  
I met a man with seven wives  
Each wife had seven sacks  
Each sack had seven cats  
Each cat had seven kits  
Kits, cats, sacks, wives**

**How many were going to St Ives?**





## **Baa, Baa, Black Sheep**

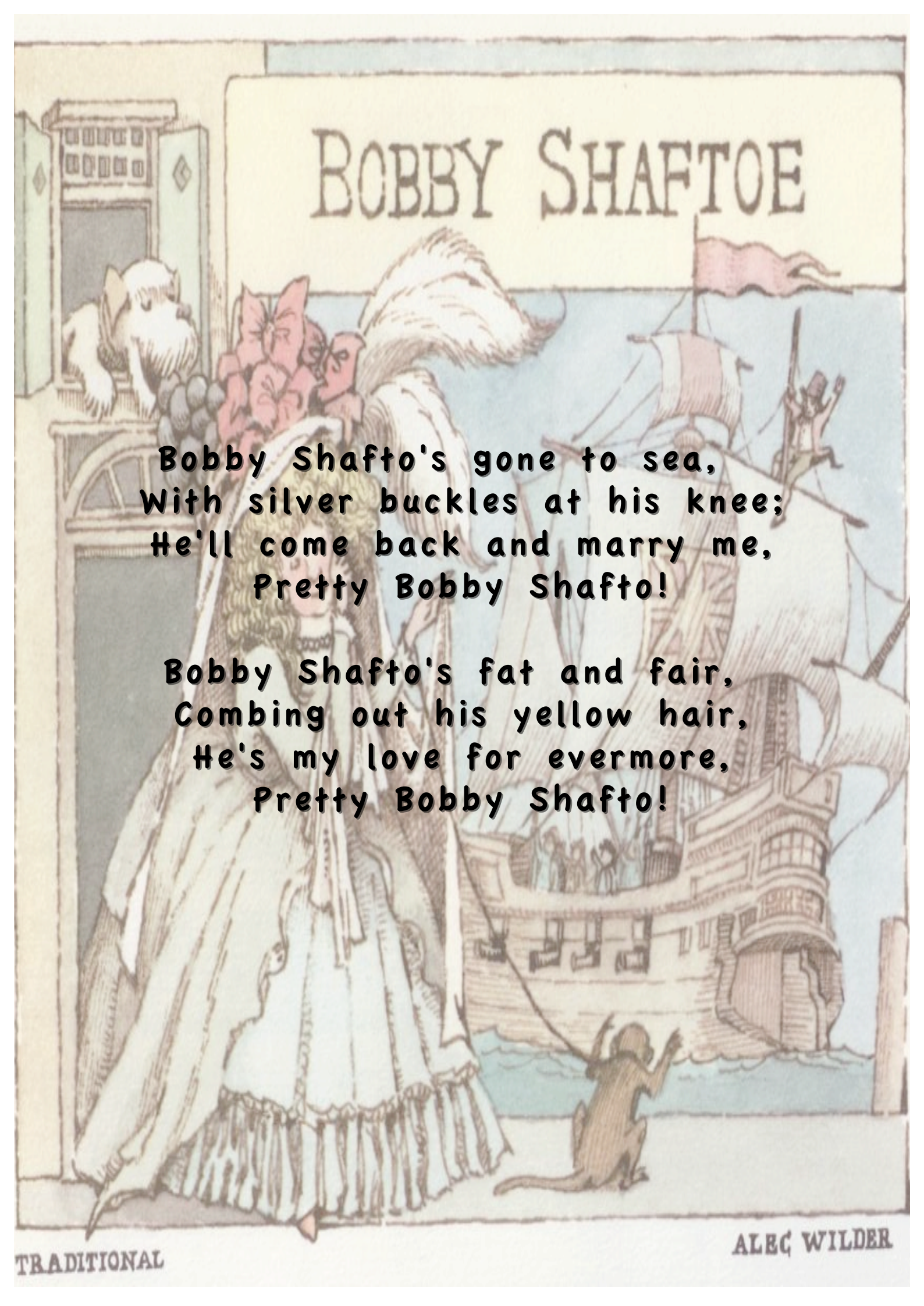
**Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?  
Yes sir, yes sir,  
Three bags full.**

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

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



# BOBBY SHAFTOE

An illustration in a classic, hand-drawn style. In the foreground, a woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the back, wearing a voluminous white dress with a ruffled hem and a white shawl draped over her shoulders. To her left, a small white dog with a fluffy coat sits on a wooden ledge. In the background, a large wooden sailing ship is docked at a pier. A red flag flies from the top of the mast. A small figure is visible on the ship's deck. The scene is set against a light blue sky and a light brown ground.

**Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,  
With silver buckles at his knee;  
He'll come back and marry me,  
Pretty Bobby Shafto!**

**Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,  
Combing out his yellow hair,  
He's my love for evermore,  
Pretty Bobby Shafto!**



A white goose is shown in profile, facing left. It has a long neck, a large orange beak, and a blue eye. The goose is standing on a white surface against a white background.

**Christmas Is Coming  
The Geese Are Getting Fat**

**Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,  
Please to put a penny in an old man's hat;  
you haven't got a penny a ha'penny will do,  
you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you.**





## Ding Dong Bell

Ding Dong Bell,  
Pussy's in the well.

Who put her in?

Little Tommy Lin.

Who pulled her out?

Little Tommy Trout.

What a naughty boy was that,  
To drown poor little Pussy cat,

Who never did him any harm,

But killed the mice in his father's barn.



An illustration of a man in a dark coat and hat walking in the rain. He is holding a green umbrella and has just stepped into a puddle on a cobblestone street. In the background, there are buildings with a chimney and a stone archway. The rain is depicted as diagonal lines falling from the sky.

## **Doctor Foster Went to Gloucester**

**Doctor Foster went to  
Gloucester  
In a shower of rain,  
He stepped in a puddle,  
Right up to his middle,  
And never went there again.**







# Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie  
Kissed the girls and made them cry;  
When the boys came out to play,  
Georgie Porgie ran away.

AWSON  
WOOD



An illustration in a folk-art style. On the left, a woman with long, wavy brown hair and a white bonnet with a red ribbon stands next to a large tree. She wears a dark, long-sleeved dress over a white dress. Her hands are clasped in prayer. In front of her, a young child in a white dress with red polka dots and a white bonnet stands with hands clasped. To the right, a large white goose stands on a path. The background shows a simple house with a chimney, tall cypress-like trees, and a large, pale moon in a light sky.

## **Goosey, Goosey Gander**

**Goosey, Goosey Gander,  
Whither shall I wander?  
Upstairs, downstairs,  
In my lady's chamber.**

**There I met an old man  
Who would not say his prayers:  
I took him by the left leg,  
And threw him down the stairs.**



# 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.





An illustration of a room with green and white striped wallpaper. On the left is a tall, ornate wooden grandfather clock. To the right is a window with a white frame and a view of a white house. In the foreground, a young girl in a red shirt and a patterned skirt is sitting on the floor near the base of the clock. To her right, a young boy in a red sweater and dark shorts is crawling on the floor. In the background, a girl in a blue dress is standing near a bed with a pink and white patterned coverlet.

# Hickery, Dickery, Dock

Hickery, dickery, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickery, dickery, dock.  
The clock struck three,  
The mouse ran away,  
Hickery, dickery, dock.  
The clock struck ten,  
The mouse came again,  
Hickery, dickery, dock.





# Hot-cross Buns!

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.



# Humpty Dumpty

A colorful illustration of Humpty Dumpty, a large, egg-shaped character with a human-like face, wearing a brown tunic and a yellow sash. He is shown falling backwards from a white stone wall. His arms are outstretched, and his expression is one of surprise or concern. The background features a landscape with green trees, a blue sky, and a body of water in the distance. The scene is framed by a thin black border.

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.



# Incy Wincy Spider

Incy wincy spider  
Climbed up the spout  
Down came the rain  
And washed the spider out  
Out came the sunshine  
And dried up all the rain  
So incy wincy spider  
Climbed the spout again.





# It's Raining, It's Pouring

It's raining, it's pouring,  
The old man is snoring.  
He went to bed and he  
Bumped his head  
And he couldn't get up in the morning.







# 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 did trot,  
As fast as he could caper;  
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his  
knob,  
With vinegar and brown paper.





# Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so betwixt them both,  
They lick'd the platter clean.

JACK SPRAT.





# Lavender's Blue

Lavender's blue,  
Dilly dilly,  
Lavender's green,  
When I am king,  
Dilly dilly,  
You shall be queen.

Call up your men,  
Dilly dilly,  
Set them to work,  
Some to the plow,  
Dilly dilly,  
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay,  
Dilly dilly,  
Some to cut corn,  
While you and I,  
Dilly dilly,  
Keep ourselves warm.

Lavender's green,  
Dilly dilly,  
Lavender's blue,  
If you love me,  
Dilly dilly,  
I will love you.



# 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 Bo Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating.

But when she awoke,  
She found it a joke  
For they were still all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them.

She found them indeed,  
But it made her heart bleed,  
For they'd left all their tails behind them!

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray  
Into a meadow nearby.

There she espied,  
Their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
And over the hillocks went rambling.

And tried as she could,  
As a shepherdess should  
To tack each again to its lambkin.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, CO. LTD.

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A vintage-style illustration of a young boy, Little Jack Horner, sitting on a patterned rug on the floor. He is wearing a blue jacket with a white collar and a red bow tie. He is holding a large, round Christmas pie on a white plate. He is using a knife to cut into the pie. The background shows a wall with vertical paneling and a framed picture of a man in a blue coat and hat. The text is overlaid on the illustration in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

**Little Jack Horner**

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



# Little Tommy Tucker

A stylized illustration of a woman with dark hair, wearing a bright yellow raincoat and teal boots. She is carrying a newspaper under her left arm and a bag over her shoulder. Her mouth is open as if she is singing or speaking. The background is a plain, light color.

Little Tommy Tucker,  
He sang for his supper.

What did he sing for?

Why, white bread and butter.

How can I cut it without a  
knife?

How can I marry without a  
wife?



# London Bridge Is Falling Down

London Bridge is falling down,  
Falling down, falling down.  
London Bridge is falling down,  
My fair lady.

Take a key and lock her up,  
Lock her up, Lock her up.  
Take a key and lock her up,  
My fair lady.

How will we build it up,  
Build it up, Build it up?  
How will we build it up,  
My fair lady?

Build it up with silver and gold,  
Silver and gold, Silver and gold.  
Build it up with silver and gold,  
My fair lady.

Gold and silver I have none,  
I have none, I have none.  
Gold and silver I have none,  
My fair lady.

Build it up with needles and pins,  
Needles and pins, Needles and pins.  
Build it up with needles and pins,  
My fair lady.

Pins and needles bend and break,  
Bend and break, Bend and break.  
Pins and needles bend and break,  
My fair lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,  
Wood and clay, Wood and clay.  
Build it up with wood and clay,  
My fair lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,  
Wash away, Wash away.  
Wood and clay will wash away,  
My fair lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,  
Stone so strong, Stone so strong.  
Build it up with stone so strong,  
My fair lady.

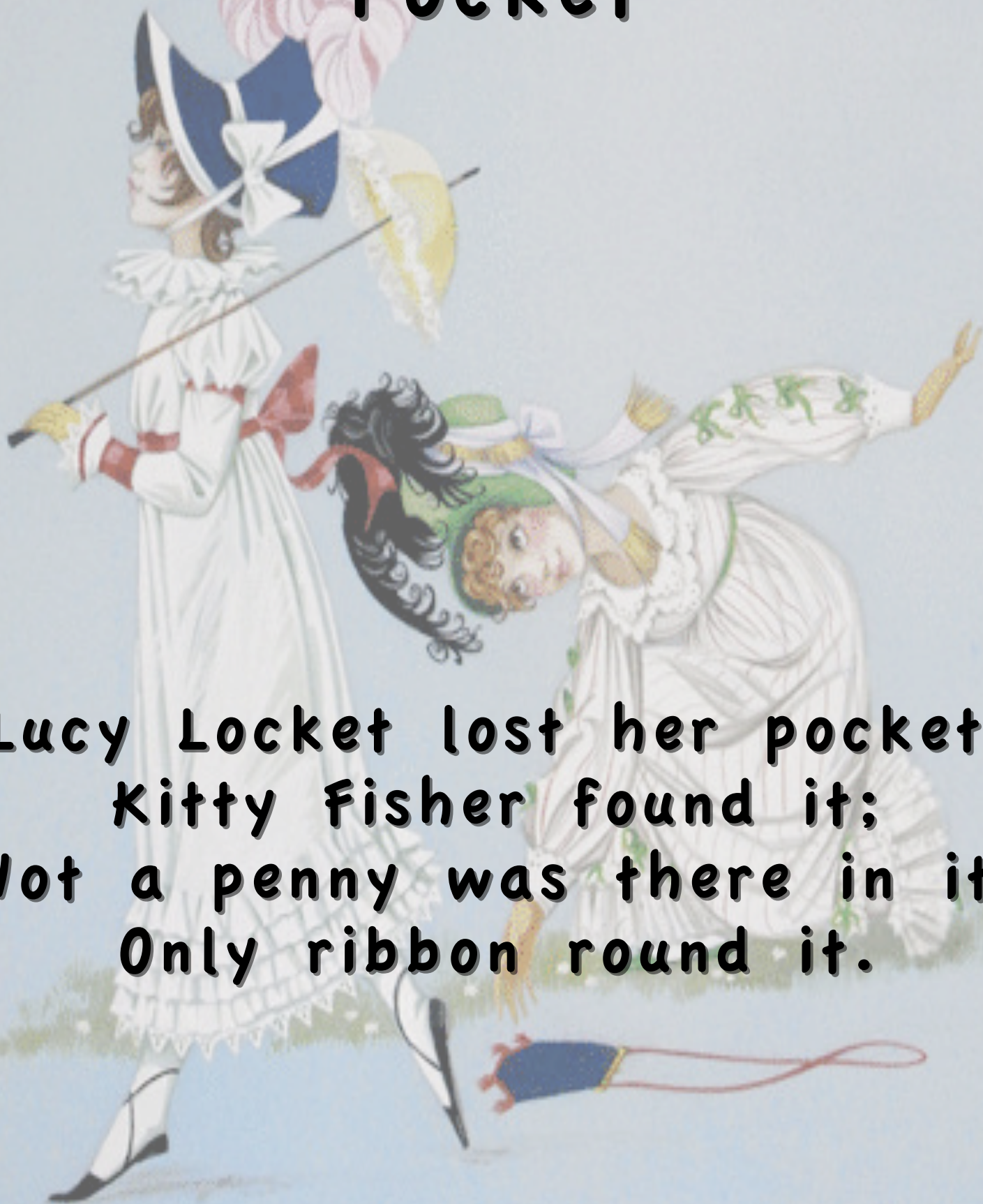
Stone so strong will last so long,  
Last so long, Last so long.  
Stone so strong will last so long,  
My fair lady.





# Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket

Lucy Locket 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,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
He followed her to school one day,  
That was against the rule.  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about,  
Till Mary did appear.  
And then he ran to her and laid  
His head upon her arm  
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,  
You'll keep me from all harm."

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"  
The eager children cry.  
"O, Mary loves the lamb you know,"  
The teacher did reply;  
"And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your call  
If you are always kind."







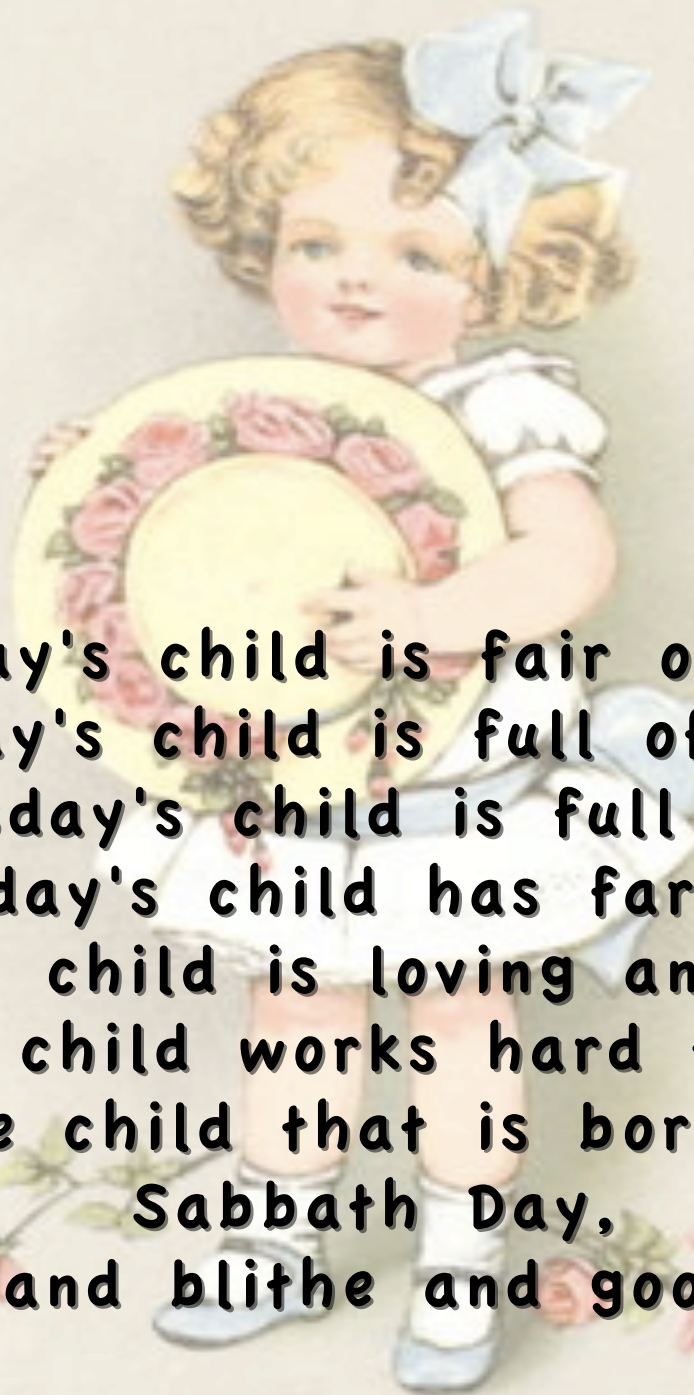
# Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

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



Monday's Child is fair of face.

# Monday's Child




Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go.  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for a living,  
And the child that is born on the  
Sabbath Day,  
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

*G. Wiedemann*



# Old King Cole



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
And he called for his pipe,  
And he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler, he had a fine  
fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he;  
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the  
fiddlers:

"Oh, there's none so rare as can  
compare

With King Cole and his fiddlers three.'



A detailed illustration of a large goose in flight, carrying a large bundle on its back. The bundle is wrapped in red and yellow fabric. The goose is shown from a side profile, flying towards the right. Its wings are spread wide, showing the texture of the feathers. The background is a light, hazy sky.

# Old Mother Goose

Old Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine gander.  
Mother Goose had a house,  
'T was built in a wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.  
She had a son Jack,  
A plain-looking lad;  
He was not very good,  
Nor yet very bad.  
She sent him to market,  
A live goose he bought:  
"Here! mother," says he,  
"It will not go for nought."  
Jack's goose and her gander  
Grew very fond;  
They'd both eat together,  
Or swim in one pond.  
Jack found one morning,  
As I have been told,  
His goose had laid him  
An egg of pure gold.  
Jack rode to his mother,  
The news for to tell.  
She called him a good boy,  
And said it was well.



# Old Mother Hubbard

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  
She thought he was dead.

She went to the joiner's  
To buy him a coffin,  
But when she came back  
The sly dog was laughing.

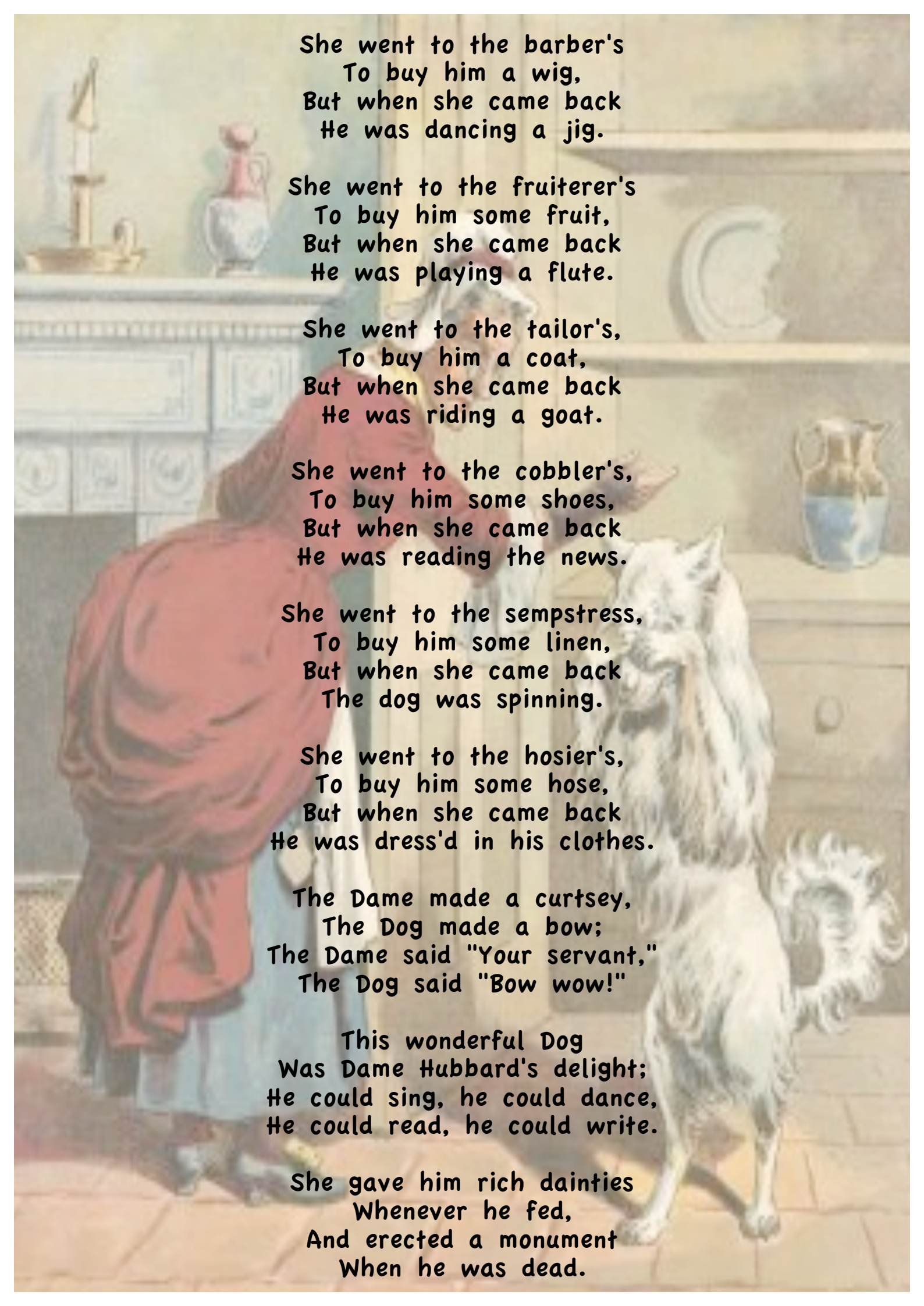
She took a clean dish,  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the 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  
He 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.



An illustration of a woman in a red dress and a white dog in a kitchen. The woman is standing on the left, looking towards the dog. The dog is standing on the right, looking back at the woman. The background shows a kitchen with a stove, shelves with various items, and a tiled floor.

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 a 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!"

This wonderful Dog  
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;  
He could sing, he could dance,  
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties  
Whenever he fed,  
And erected a monument  
When he was dead.






# Pop Goes The Weasel

Half a pound of twopenny rice,  
Half a pound of treacle,  
That's the way the money goes  
Pop! goes the weasel.

Up and down the City Road  
In and out the Eagle  
That's the way the money goes  
Pop! goes the weasel.



A vintage illustration of a woman in a blue dress holding a baby, and a baker in a white apron and hat carrying a tray of cakes. The scene is set in a kitchen with a brick oven and a shelf with a cake.

# Pat-A-Cake, Pat-A-Cake

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
Baker's man,  
Bake me a cake  
As fast as you can.  
Roll it and pat it,  
And mark it with a "B",  
And put it in the oven  
For baby and me.






# Pease Porridge Hot

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.

*Pease-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,  
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.*



# Peter Piper

A vintage-style illustration of Peter Piper, a young boy with curly hair, wearing a tall red pointed hat and a white shirt. He is holding a large woven basket filled with red peppers. A crow is perched on the brim of his hat. The background shows a garden with trees and a path. The entire scene is framed by a green border.

Peter Piper picked a peck  
Of pickled pepper;  
A peck of pickled pepper  
Peter Piper picked;  
If Peter Piper picked a peck  
Of pickled pepper,  
Where's the peck of pickled pepper  
Peter Piper picked?



A watercolor illustration of a woman in a red dress and white shawl, holding a large black kettle. She has a white bonnet with a large flower. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with a window frame on the left. The text is overlaid on the illustration.

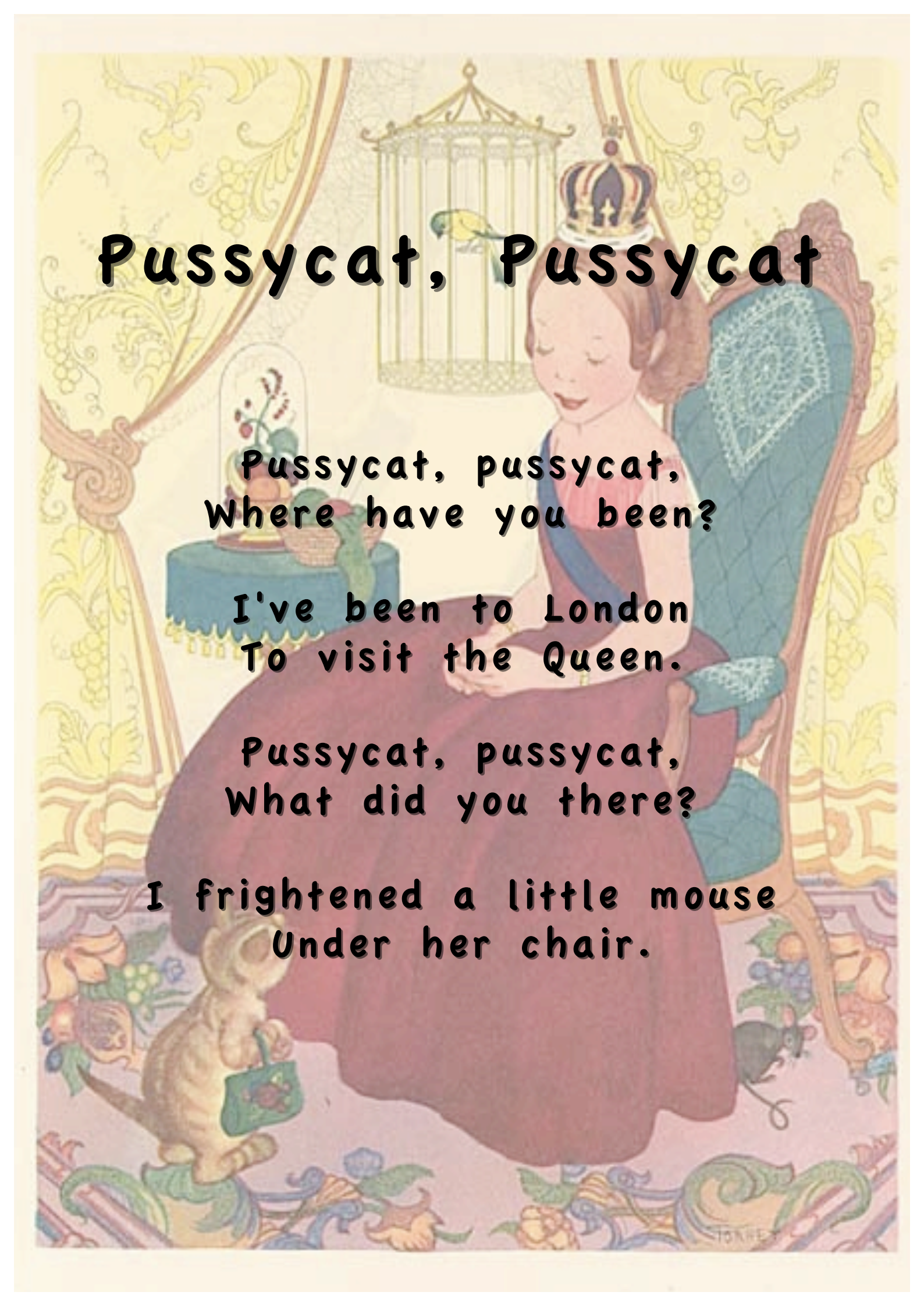
# Polly Put The Kettle On

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.

M.W.T.  
POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON.





# Pussycat, Pussycat

Pussycat, pussycat,  
Where have you been?

I've been to London  
To visit the Queen.

Pussycat, pussycat,  
What did you there?

I frightened a little mouse  
Under her chair.





**Ride A Cock-Horse  
To Banbury Cross**

**Ride a cock-horse to  
Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady  
upon a white horse;  
Rings on her fingers  
and bells on her toes,  
And she shall have  
music wherever she  
goes.**

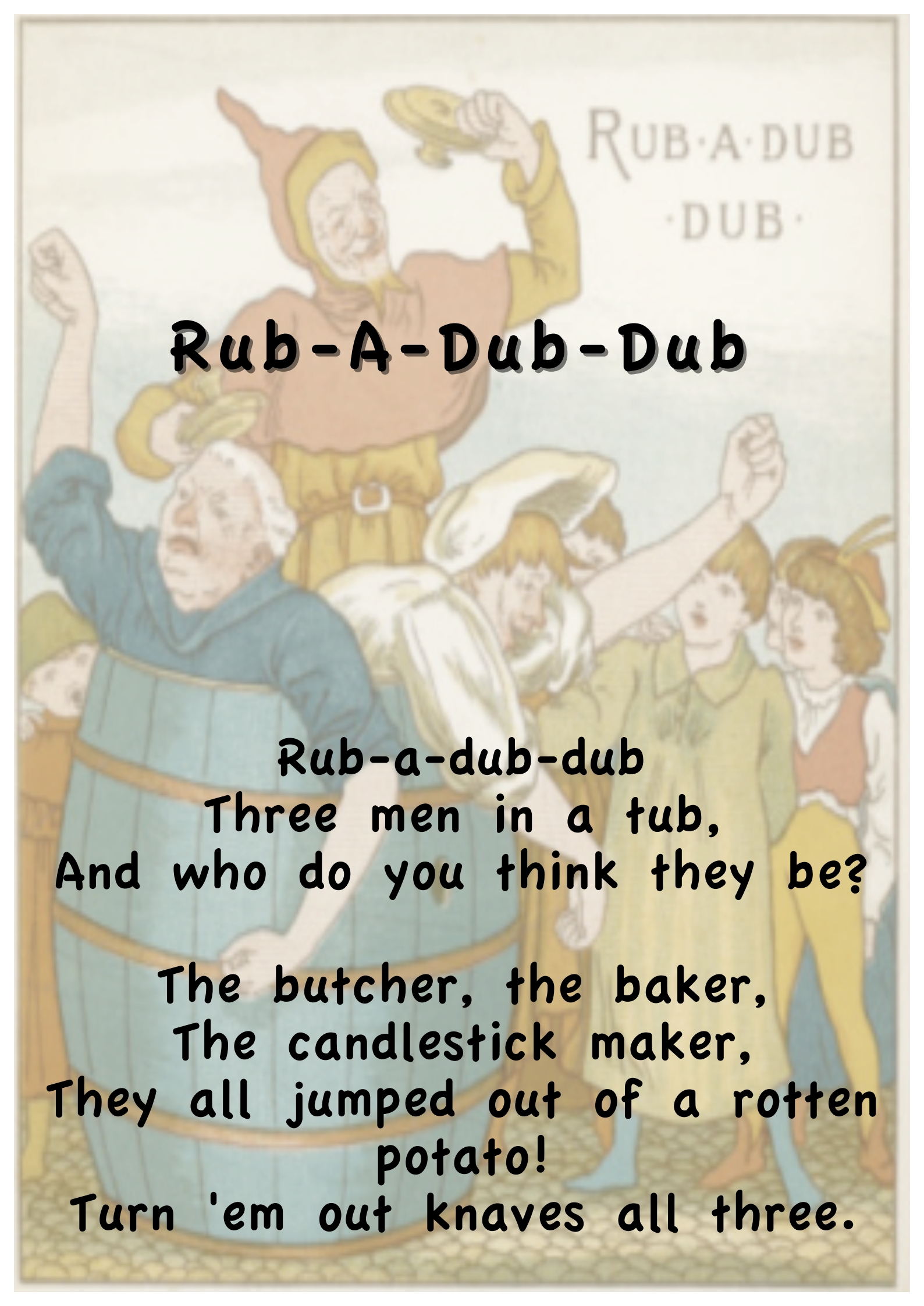


A colorful illustration of six children playing the game 'Ring a Ring o' Roses' in a field of flowers. The children are holding hands in a circle. In the center is a girl in a pink dress with a floral crown. To her left is a girl in a blue dress, and to her right is a girl in a purple dress. In the foreground, there are two boys, one in a green outfit and one in a blue outfit. The background features a light blue sky with two yellow butterflies and a field of various flowers like daisies and tulips.

# Ring A-Ring O'Roses

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



A colorful illustration of a crowd of people in medieval-style clothing. In the foreground, a man with white hair and a blue tunic is inside a large wooden tub, holding a golden coin aloft. Behind him, a man in a brown tunic and a pointed hat also holds a golden coin. To the right, a woman in a green dress and a man in a white hat are also visible. The background shows a crowd of people, some with their arms raised in celebration. The scene is set outdoors with a light sky.

RUB·A·DUB  
·DUB·

## **Rub-A-Dub-Dub**

**Rub-a-dub-dub  
Three men in a tub,  
And who do you think they be?**

**The butcher, the baker,  
The candlestick maker,  
They all jumped out of a rotten  
potato!**

**Turn 'em out knaves all three.**



# Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

★  
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 the nothing shines upon,  
Then you show 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.

★  
In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark,  
Lights the traveller in the dark.  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

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

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.  
How I wonder what you are.  
How I wonder what you are.



# Jack Be Nimble

A colorful illustration of a young boy with curly brown hair, wearing a green suit and a white ruffled shirt, jumping over a lit candle in a brass holder. The candle is on a wooden floor. In the background, there is a window with a crescent moon and stars, and a large shadow of the boy is cast on the wall behind him.

Jack be Nimble  
Jack, be nimble,  
Jack, be quick,  
Jack, jump over  
The candlestick. Jack jumped  
high

Jack jumped low  
Jack jumped over  
and burned his toe.



# Do You Know The Muffin Man



The Muffin Man,  
The Muffin Man?

Do you know the Muffin Man

Who lives in Drury Lane? Yes, I know the Muffin  
Man,

The Muffin Man,  
The Muffin Man.

Yes, I know the Muffin Man  
Who lives in Drury Lane.



# Hush Little Baby

Hush, little baby, don't say a word,  
Mama's going to buy you  
a mockingbird.

And if that mockingbird won't sing,  
Mama's going to buy you  
a diamond ring.

And if that diamond ring turns brass,  
Mama's going to buy you  
a looking glass.

And if that looking glass gets broke,  
Mama's going to buy you a billy goat.

And if that billy goat won't pull,  
Mama's going to buy you  
a cart and bull.

And if that cart and bull turn over,  
Mama's going to buy you  
a dog named Rover.

And if that dog named Rover  
won't bark,

Mama's going to buy you  
a horse and cart.

And if that horse and cart fall down,  
You'll still be the sweetest  
little baby in town.



# Little Miss Muffet



Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey;  
Along came a spider,  
Who sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.





# She Sells Seashells By The Seashore

She sells seashells by the  
seashore,  
The shells she sells are  
seashells, I'm sure.  
So if she sells seashells on  
the seashore,  
Then I'm sure she sells  
seashore shells.



# Simple Simon

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 could find  
Was in his mother's pail!

Simple Simon went to look  
If plums grew on a thistle;  
He pricked his fingers very much,  
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to catch a dicky bird,  
And thought he could not fail,  
Because he had a little salt,  
To put upon its tail.

He went for water with a sieve,  
But soon it ran all through;  
And now poor Simple Simon  
Bids you all adieu.





# 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.  
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:  
'Long came a blackbird  
And snapt off her nose.

But there came a Jenny Wren  
And popped it on again.



# Solomon Grundy

Here lies  
the body of

**Solomon Grundy,**

**Born on Monday,**

**Christened on Tuesday,**

**Married on Wednesday,**

**Took ill on Thursday,**

**Worse on Friday,**

**Died on Saturday,**

**Buried on Sunday:**

**And that was the end**

**Of Solomon Grundy.**



A portrait of a man with a full brown beard and a large, black, wide-brimmed hat. He is wearing a white lace collar over a dark garment. The background shows a building with many windows and a body of water. The text is overlaid on the image.

Remember, Remember  
The Fifth of November

Please to remember  
The fifth of November,  
Gunpowder treason and plot.

I know no reason  
Why gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.





# The Goose is Getting Fat

Christmas is coming, the goose is getting fat

Please put a penny in the old man's hat.

If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do.

If you haven't got a ha'penny, God Bless YOU!



# The Grand Old Duke Of York



The Grand Old Duke of York,  
He had 10,000 men,  
He marched them up to the top of the hill,  
And he marched them down again.

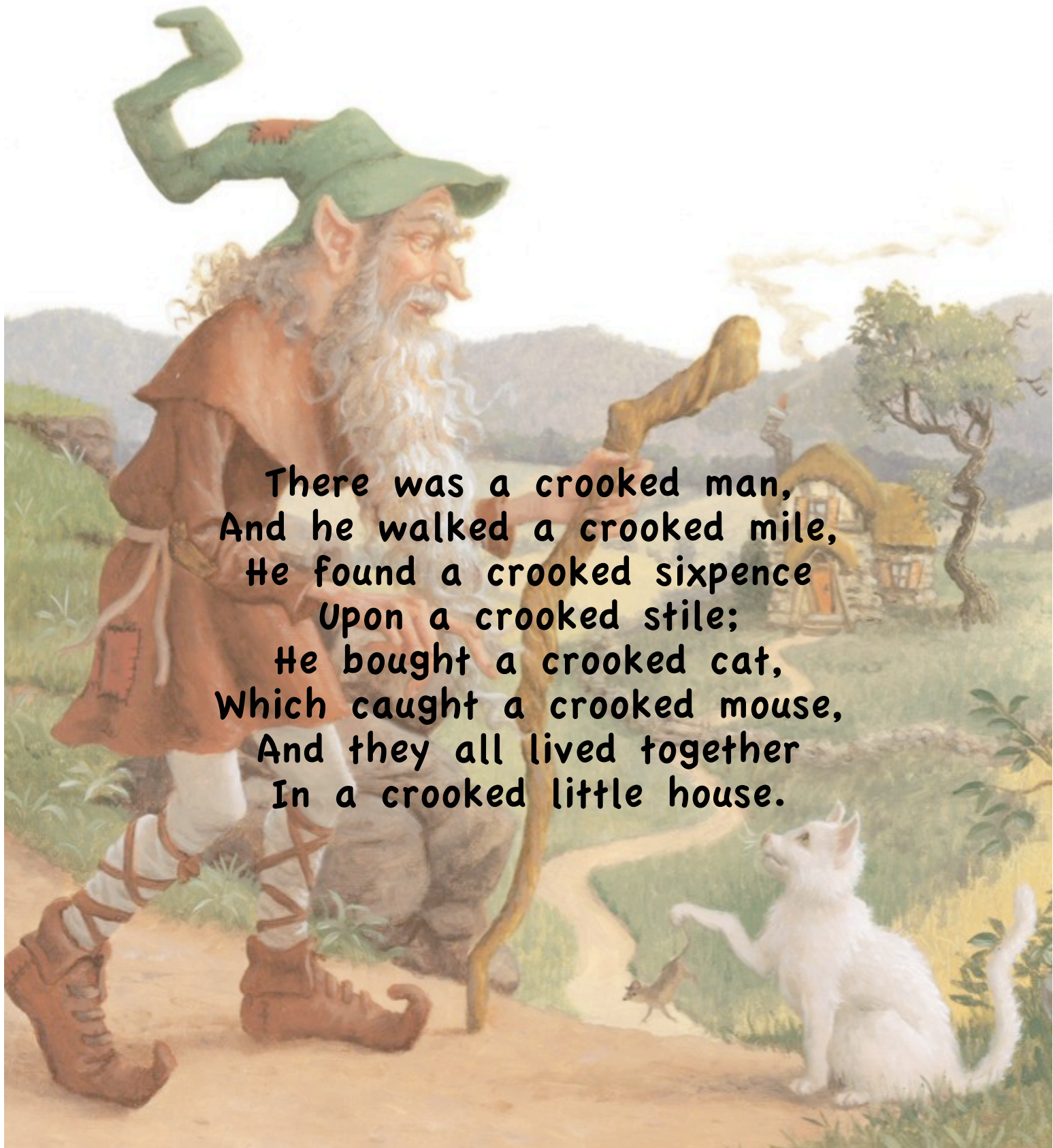
And when they were up, they were up,  
And when they were down, they were down,  
And when they were only half way up,  
They were neither up nor down.

and he marched them down again....



# 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 crooked little house.

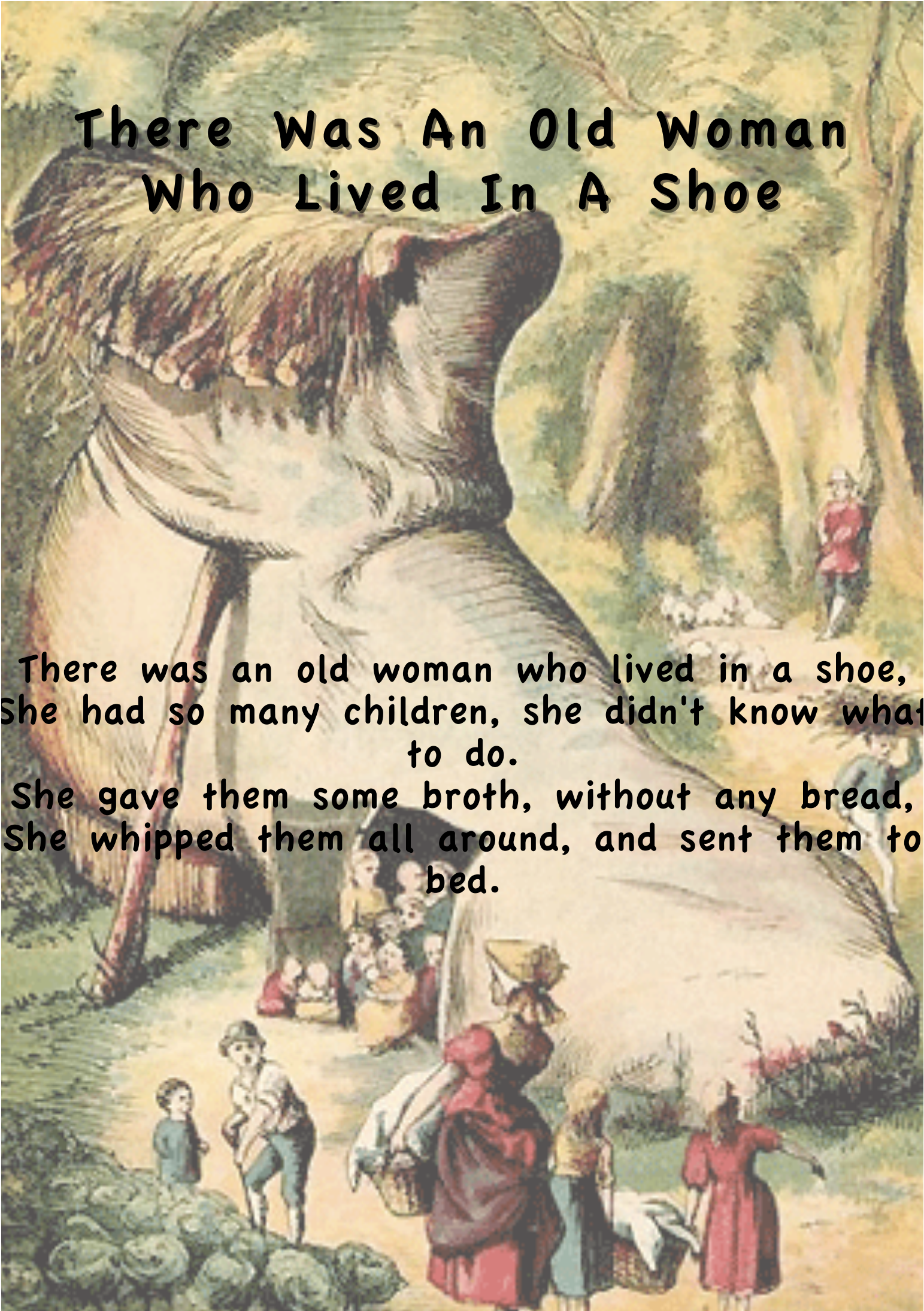




# There Was An Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe

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 around, and sent them to  
bed.





An illustration of two pigs sitting at a dining table. The pig in the foreground is wearing a white bib and is looking towards the camera. The pig in the background is wearing a blue and white striped shirt and is looking towards the right. On the table, there is a large roast beef on a platter, a white pitcher, a white cup and saucer, a plate of green beans, and a plate of yellow dumplings. A window with floral curtains is visible in the background.

# **This Little Piggy Went To Market**

**This little piggy went to market,  
This little piggy stayed at home,  
This little piggy ate roast beef,  
This little piggy had none.  
And this little piggy went...  
"Wee wee wee wee wee"  
All the way home...**



# Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice,  
Three blind mice,  
See how they run!  
See how they run!

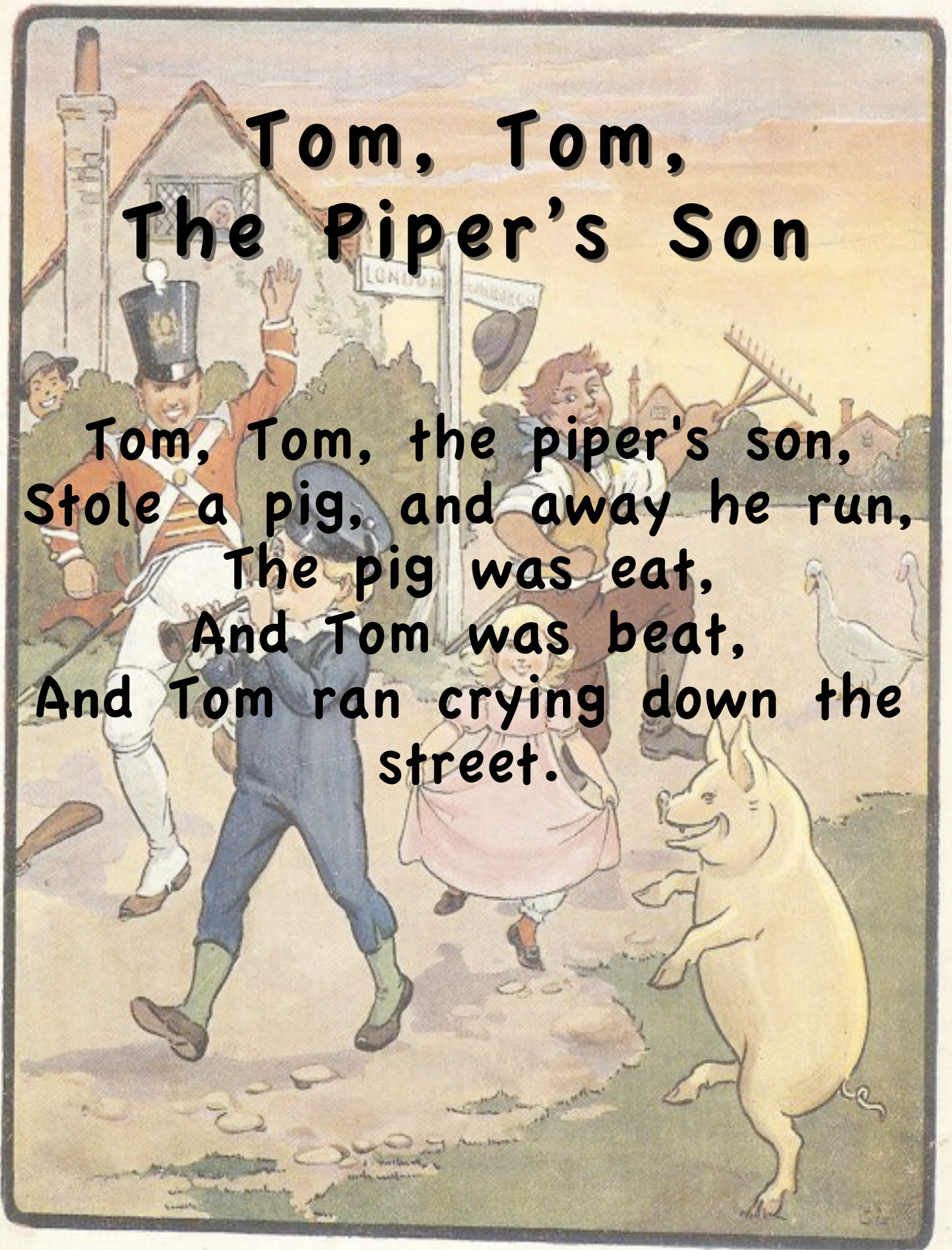
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
She cut off their tails with a carving knife;  
Did ever you hear such a thing in your life?  
As three blind mice.





# Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son

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





# Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,  
Up-stairs and doon-stairs, in his nicht-gown,  
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
'Are the weans in their bed? - for it's now ten o'clock.'

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?

The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,  
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep  
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! glow'rin' like the moon,  
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
Rumblin' tumblin' roun' about, crowin' like a cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what - wauknin' sleepin' folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!  
Waumblin' aff a body's knee like a vera eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums, -  
Hey, Willie Winkie! - See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,  
A wee stumpie stoussie that canna rin his lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to  
me.



