

Nursery Rhymes

Over the years I have seen many a collection of Mother Goose. The rhymes are folk literature. Many are very old, and there are many variations, some English, some American. These are the ones I grew up with, those I remember, those I love, those I told my children and hope to tell my grandchildren. This is the way I remember them. I am sure my ear heard them in a way pleasing to me. There is no right or wrong form. That is the magic of folk literature, the magic of poetry. AA Burrows

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A,b,c,d,e,f,g	Gypsy, Gypsy, tell it me
A diller, a dollar	Handy Pandey, Jack-a-dandy
All around the cobbler's bench	Hark, hark, the dogs to bark
A man of words and not of deeds	Here's Sally Sue. What shall she do?
As I walked by myself	Here we go round the mulberry bush
As I was going to St. Ives	Hey diddle diddle
A was an archer, who shot at a frog	Hickory dickory dock
Barney Bodkin broke his nose	Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen
Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?	Hot cross buns, hot cross buns
Barber, barber, shave a big.	Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Birds of a feather flock together	Hush-a-bye, Baby, in the tree top
Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!	Hush, little baby, don't say a word
Boby Shaftoe's gone to sea	I do not like thee, Doctor Fell
Bow, wow, wow, who's dog art thou?	If you've dimple on your cheek
Bye, Baby Bunting	I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen
Cackle, cackle, Mother Goose	I had a little pony
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe	I saw a ship a-sailing
Cock-a-doodle-do	It's raining, it's pouring
Daffy-down-dilly	Jack and Jill went up the hill
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John	Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Ding dong bell, Pussy's in the well!	Jack Sprat could eat no fat
Doctor Foster went to Gloucester	Jerry Hall
Donkey, donkey, old and gray	Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess	Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
Elsie Marley is grown so fine	Little Boy Blue come blow your horn
Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear	Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Georgie Porgie pudding 'n pie	Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Goosey, goosey, gander	Little Robin Redbreast

Mary had a little lamb
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary
 Monday's child is fair of face
 Needles and pins, needles and pins
 Now I lay m down to sleep
 Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
 Old King Cole was a merry old soul
 Old Mother Goose
 Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
 Once I saw a little bird
 One for sorrow
 One, he loves. Two, he loves.
 One misty, moisty morning
 One, two, buckle my shoe
 One, two, three, four, five
 Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man
 Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold
 Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
 Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on
 Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?
 Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
 Ring around the rosies
 Rock-a-bye, baby, on the treetop
 Roses are red
 'Round and 'round the cobbler's bench
 Rub a dub dub
 See-saw, Margery Daw
 Simple Simon met a pieman
 Sing a song of six pence
 Solomon Grundy
 The fair maid who, the first of May
 The man in the moon came down too soon
 The man in the wilderness asked me
 The north wind doth blow
 The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub
 The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
 There was a man in our town

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell
 There was an old woman tossed in a basket
 There was a crooked man
 There was a little girl
 There was an old soldier of Bister
 There was an old woman lived under a hill
 There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
 Thirty days hath September
 This is the house that Jack built
 This little pig went to market
 Three blind mice. See, how they run
 Three jolly huntsmen
 Three little kittens they lost their mittens
 Three wise men from Gotham
 To market, to market, to buy a fat pig
 Tom, Tom, the piper's son, he learned to play...
 Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig...
 Twenty white horses
 Twinkle, twinkle, little star
 Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall
 Up on Paul's steeple stands a tree
 Wee Willy Winkie ran through the town
 What are little boys made of?
 When the wind is in the east
 Who killed Cock Robin?
 Willy Boy, Willy Boy, where are you going?
 Will you step into my parlor?

Tongue twisters:

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
 She sells sea shells by the seashore
 Round and round the rough and ragged rock
 Rubber baby buggy bumpers
 The sixth sheik's sixth sheep
 A tutor who tooted a flute
 Betty bought some butter
 Vinegar, Veal and Venison

A,b,c,d,e,f,g,
 H,i,j,k,l,m,n,o,p,
 Q,r,s,and t,u,v,
 W and x, y, z.
 Now I know my ABCs,
 Next time won't you sing with me?

A diller, a dollar,
 A ten o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You used to come at ten o'clock,
 But now you come at noon.

All around the cobbler's bench,
 The monkey chased the weasel,
 The monkey thought t'was all in fun,
 Pop! goes the weasel.
 A penny for a spool of thread,
 A penny for a needle,
 That's the way the money goes,
 Pop! goes the weasel.

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.

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

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, 'n wives,
 How many were going to St. Ives?

A was an archer, who 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 a squire, with pride on his brow,
 F was a farmer, and followed the plow.
 G was a gamester, who had but ill-luck,
 H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
 I was an innkeeper, who lived to carouse,
 J was a joiner, and built a fine house.
 K was a king, who governed the land,
 L was his 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 girl, who went about town,
 P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
 Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip,
 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, who guarded the door,
 X was expensive, and so became poor.
 Y was a youth, who didn't love school,
 And Z was zany, a poor harmless fool.

Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
 Without feet we can't have toes;
 Crazy folks are always mad,
 Want of money makes us sad.

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
 Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
 Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.

Barber, barber, shave a big.
 How many hairs to make a wig?
 Four and twenty, that's enough.
 Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

Birds of a feather flock together
and so do pigs and swine.
Rats and mice will have their choice
and so will I have mine.

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
that the miller may grind corn,
that the baker may take it
and into rolls make it
and send us some hot in the morn.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe
Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love forever more,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe

Bow, wow, wow, who's dog art thou?
I'm Tommy Tinker's dog, bow, wow, wow!

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

Cackle, cackle, Mother Goose,
Have you any feathers loose?
Truly have I, my pretty fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow.
And here are quills, take one or two,
And down to make a bed for you.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Give it a stitch and that will do.
Here's a nail, and there's a prod,
How fine it is to be well shod.

Cock-a-doodle-do,
The maid has lost her shoe
And master's lost is fiddling stick
And don't know what to do.

Daffy-down-dilly
Has come to town
with a yellow petticoat
And a pretty green gown.

Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on,
One shoe off and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

Ding dong bell, Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Johnny Flynn.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Stout.
Oh, what a naughty boy was that
To try 'n drown poor pussycat
Who's never done us any harm
And kills the mice on father's farm.

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain,
Fell into a puddle right to his middle,
And never went there again.

Donkey, donkey, old and gray,
Open your mouth and gently bray.
Lift your ears and blow your horn
To wake the world this sleepy morn.

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.

Elsie Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to feed the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine.
Lazy Elsie Marley.

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear,
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair,
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, wuzzy?

Georgie Porgie pudding 'n pie,
kissed the girls and made them cry,
But when the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Goosey, goosey, gander
Whither doth thou wander
Up stairs and down stairs
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
So I took him by the left leg
And threw him down the stairs.

Gypsy, Gypsy, tell it me
 What's my fortune going to be?
 Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor,
 Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief
 Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief.
 Tell me, tell me, tell me true.
 When I'm grown what will I do?

Handy Pandey, Jack-a-dandy,
 loves plum cake and sugar candy.
 He bought some at a grocer's shop
 and out he came, hop, hop, hop!

Hark, hark, the dogs to bark,
 The beggars are coming to town,
 Some in rags and some in tags.
 And one in an ermine gown.

Here's Sally Sue. What shall she do?
 Turn her face to the wall 'til she comes to.

Here we go round the mulberry bush,
 Here we go round the mulberry bush,
 Here we go round the mulberry bush,
 All of a frosty morning.

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,
 The mouse ran up the clock
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down,
 Hickory dickory dock.

Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen;
 The gentlemen come every day
 To see what my black hen doth lay.
 Sometimes nine, sometimes ten;
 Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen.

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

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.

Hush-a-bye, Baby, in the tree top,
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
 And down will come baby, cradle, and all.

Hush, little baby, don't say a word,
 Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird.
 And if that mockingbird don't sing,
 Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.
 And if that diamond ring turns to brass,
 Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass.
 And if that looking glass gets broke,
 Mama's gonna buy you a billy-goat.
 And if that billy-goat won't pull,
 Mama's gonna buy you a cart and bull.
 And if that cart and bull turns over,
 Mama's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.
 And if that dog named Rover won't bark,
 Mama's gonna buy you a horse and cart.
 And if that horse and cart falls down,
 You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.
 Just why that is, I cannot tell.
 But this I know, and know full well,
 I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

If you've dimple on your cheek,
 You are gentle, mild, and meek.
 But if a dimple's on your chin,
 You've a devil deep within.
 If wishes were horses,
 beggars would ride;
 if turnips were watches,
 I'd wear one by my side.

I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
 she washed me the dishes
 and kept the house clean,
 she went to the mill to fetch me some flour
 and she brought it home in less than an hour,
 she baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
 and she sat by the fire and told many a tale.

I had a little pony,
 His name was Dapple-gray,
 I lent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away;
 She whipped him, she slashed him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For all the lady's hire.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing on the sea;
 And oh, it was all laden
 With pretty things for thee!
 There were comfits in the cabin,
 And apples in the hold;
 The sails were made of silk,
 And the masts were made of gold.
 The four and twenty sailors,
 That stood between the decks,
 Were four and twenty white mice,
 With chains about their necks.
 The captain was a duck,
 With a packet on his back;
 And when the ship began to move,
 The captain said, Quack, Quack!

It's raining, it's pouring.
 The old man is snoring.
 He went to bed and hid his head,
 And won't get up 'til morning.

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.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
 Jack jump over the candle stick.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean,
 And so between the two of them
 They licked the platter clean.

Jerry Hall,
 He is so small,
 A rat could eat him,
 Hat and all.

Lavender's blue, dilly dilly, lavender's green,
 When I am king, dilly, dilly, you'll be queen.
 Lavender's green, dilly, dilly, Lavender's blue,
 If you love me, dilly, dilly, I will love you.

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 come blow your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow,
 The cow's in the corn.
 Where' the little boy who looks after the sheep?
 Under the haystack, fast asleep.

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

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
 Eating her curds and whey
 When along came a spider
 Who sat down beside her
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Robin Redbreast
 Sat upon a rail;
 Niggle, naggie, went his head,
 Wiggle, waggie, went his tail.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Little lamb, little lamb,
 Mary had a little lamb
 Its fleece was white as snow.
 And everywhere that Mary went,
 Mary went, Mary went,
 Everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go.

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

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.

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

Now I lay m down to sleep
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear a long brown coat
 All buttoned down before.

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 had a very fine fiddle
 And a very fine fiddle had he.
 Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
 With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

Old Mother Goose,
 When she wanted to wander,
 Rode through the air
 On a very fine gander.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
 To get her poor dog a bone.
 But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

Once I saw a little bird
 Come hop, hop, hop;
 So I cried, Little bird,
 Will you stop, stop, stop?
 I was going to the window
 To say, How do you do?
 When he shook his little tail,
 And away he flew.

One for sorrow,
 Two for joy,
 Three for girl,
 Four for boy,
 Five for silver,
 Six for gold,
 Seven for secrets
 Never told.

One, he loves. Two, he loves.
 Three, he loves, they say.
 Four, he loves with all his heart.
 Five, he casts away.
 Six, he loves. Seven, she loves.
 Eight, they both must love.
 Nine, he comes. Ten, he tarries.
 Eleven, he courts. Twelve, he marries

One misty, moisty morning,
 When cloudy was the weather,
 I chanced to meet an old man
 Clothed all in leather.
 He began to compliment
 And I began to grin.
 How do you do? And how do you do?
 And how do you do, again?

One, two, buckle my shoe,
 Three, four, shut 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 a-courting,
 Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-stitching,
 Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting,
 Nineteen, twenty, food's a-plenty,
 My plate is empty.

One, two, three, four, five,
 Once I caught a fish alive,
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 Then I let it go again.
 Why, oh why did you let it go?
 Because it bit my finger so.
 Which finger did it bite?
 My little finger on the right.

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

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,
 Had a wife and couldn't keep her,
 So he put her in a pumpkin shell,
 And there he kept her very well.

Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on,
 Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea.
 Suki take it off again, Suki take it off again,
 Suki take it off again, they've all gone away.

Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to see the Queen.
 Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?
 I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

Rain, rain, go away,
 Come again another day.

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 around the rosies
 A pocketful of posies,
 Ashes, ashes.
 We all fall down.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the treetop
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
 And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Roses are red,
 And violets are blue.
 Sugar is sweet,
 And so are you.

'Round and 'round the cobbler's bench,
 The monkey chased the weasel,
 The monkey thought t'was all in fun,
 Pop! goes the weasel.
 A penny for a spool of thread,
 A penny for a needle,
 That's the way the money goes,
 Pop! goes the weasel.

Rub a dub dub,
 Three men in a tub,
 And who do you think they be?
 The butcher, the baker,
 The candlestick maker.
 And they all set out to sea!

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

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 haven't any.

Sing a song of six pence,
 A pocket full of rye,
 Four and twenty black birds
 Baked in a pie.
 When the pie was opened
 The birds began to sing,
 Oh, wasn't that a dainty dish
 To set before the king.
 The king was in his counting house
 Counting out is money,
 The queen was in the parlor
 Eating bread and honey,
 The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 When along came a black bird
 And snipped off her nose.

Solomon Grundy,
 Born on Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Sick on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday.
 That was the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.
 Rain, rain, go away,
 Come again some other day.

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.

The man in the moon came down too soon
and asked the way to Norwich.
He went by the south and burnt his mouth
eating cold plum porridge.

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings grew in the wood.

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 keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty shirts to rub, rub, rub.
But when they're clean and fit to be seen,
She'll dress like a lady and dance on the green.

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.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a brier bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched 'em in again.

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs to sell;
She went to market all on 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 the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
Lord a mercy on me, this can't be I!
But if I be I, as I 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 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,
Lord a mercy on me, t'is none of I!

There was an old woman tossed in a basket.
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;
And I'll be with you by-and-by.

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 a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

There was an old soldier of Bister
Who went walking one day with his sister,
When a cow at one poke
Tossed her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman missed her.

There was an old woman
lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone,
she's living there still.

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,
Whipped them all soundly,
And sent them to bed.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February which alone
Has twenty-eight and one day more
When Leap Year comes one year in four.

This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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

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 a thing in your life,
As three blind mice.

Three jolly huntsmen,
 I have heard people say,
 Rode out a-hunting
 All on a summer's day.
 All the day they hunted,
 Nothing could they find,
 But a fine ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing with the wind.
 One said, it is a ship.
 The other he said nay;
 The third said, it is a house
 With the chimney blown away.
 Then all the night they hunted,
 Nothing could they find,
 But the bright moon a-gliding,
 A-gliding with the wind.
 One said, it is the moon.
 The other he said nay.
 The third said, it is a cheese,
 But half's cut away.

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
 and they began to cry,
 Oh mother dear, we sadly fear
 our mittens we have lost.
 What? Lost your mittens? you naughty kittens!
 Then you shall have no pie.
 Meeow, meeow, meeow,
 Now we shall have no pie.
 The three little kittens they found their mittens,
 And they began to cry,
 Oh mother dear, see here, see here
 Our mittens we have found.
 What? Found your mittens? you silly kittens,
 Then you shall have some pie.
 Meeow, meeow, meeow,
 Now we shall have some pie.
 The three little kittens put on their mittens
 And soon ate up the pie,
 Oh mother dear, we greatly fear
 Our mittens we have soiled.
 What? soiled your mittens? you naughty kittens!
 Then they began to cry,
 Meeow, meeow, meeow
 They all began to cry.
 The three little kittens they washed their mittens
 And hung them out to dry,
 Oh mother dear, see here, see here
 Our mittens we have washed.
 What? washed your mittens? you are good kittens.
 But hush! there's a rat near by.
 I smell a rat near by,

Three wise men from Gotham
 Went to sea in a bowl.
 If the bowl had been stronger,
 My song 'd been longer.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
 Home again, home again, dancing a jig.
 To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
 He learned to play when he was young,
 But all the tune 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 pleased both the girls and boys.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
 Stole a pig and away he run.
 They caught him neat
 And Tom was beat
 And the pig went squealing down the street.

Twenty white horses
 Upon a red hill;
 Now they tramp,
 Now they champ,
 Now they stand still.

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

Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall,
 One named Peter, one named Paul.
 Fly away Peter, fly away Paul,
 Come back Peter, come back Paul!

Up on Paul's steeple stands a tree,
 As full of apples as may be,
 The little boys of London town,
 They run with hooks to pull them down,
 And then they go from hedge to hedge,
 Until they come to London Bridge.

Wee Willy Winkie ran through the town
 Up stairs and down stairs in his night gown,
 Rapping on the window,
 Peeking through the lock,
 Are all the children in their beds?
 For now it's eight o'clock.

What are little boys made of?
 What are little boys made of?
 Snakes and snails,
 And puppy-dogs' tails.
 That's what little boys are made of.
 What are little girls made of?
 What are little girls made of?
 Sugar and spice,
 and everything nice.
 That's what little girls are made of.

When the wind is in the east,
 'tis good for neither man nor beast.
 When the wind is in the north,
 the skillful fisher goes not forth.
 When the wind is in the south,
 it blows the bait in the fish's mouth.
 But when the wind is in the west,
 that's when fishes bite the best.

Who killed Cock Robin?
 I, said the Sparrow, with my bow and arrow,
 I killed Cock Robin.
 Who saw him die?
 I, said the Fly, with my little eye,
 I saw him die.
 Who caught his blood?
 I, said the Fish, with my little dish,
 I caught his blood.
 Who'll make his shroud?
 I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle,
 I'll make his shroud."
 Who'll dig his grave?
 I, said the Owl, with my pick and trowel,
 I'll dig his grave.
 Who'll be the parson?
 I, said the Rook, with my little book,
 I'll be the parson.
 Who'll be the clerk?
 I, said the Lark, if it's not in the dark,
 I'll be the clerk.
 Who'll be chief mourner?
 I, said the Dove, I mourn for my love,
 I'll be chief mourner.
 Who'll carry the coffin?
 Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet, I'll fetch it in a minute,
 I'll carry the link.
 I, said the Kite, if it's not through the night,
 I'll carry the coffin.
 Who'll bear the pall?
 We, said the Wren, both the cock and the hen,
 we'll bear the pall.
 Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, said the Thrush, as she sat on a bush,
 I'll sing a psalm.
 Who'll toll the bell?
 I, said the bull, because I can pull,
 I'll toll the bell.
 All the birds of the air
 Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
 When they heard the bell toll
 For poor Cock Robin.
 While the cruel Cock Sparrow,
 The cause of their grief,
 Was hung on a gibbet
 Next day, like a thief.

Willy Boy, Willy Boy, where are you going?
 I will go with you, if that I may.
 I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
 I'm going to help them make the hay.

Will you step into my parlor?
 Said the spider to the fly.
 T'is the prettiest little parlor
 Ever you did spy.
 The way into my parlor
 Is up a winding stair,
 And I have many curious things
 To show you when you're there.
 Oh, no, no! said the fly,
 To ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair
 Can ne'er come down again.

Tongue Twisters

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?

She sells sea shells by the seashore.
The shells she sells are seashore shells.

Round and round the rough and ragged rock
the ragged rascal ran.

Rubber baby buggy bumpers

The sixth sheik's sixth sheep's sick.

A tutor who tooted a flute
Tried to teach two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

Betty bought some butter,
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter,
and a bit of better butter
would make a better batter."
So she bought a bit of butter
better than the bitter butter,
and it made her batter better—
so it was that Betty bought
a bit of better butter!

Vinegar, Veal and Venison
are very good victuals,
I vow.

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