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

Index of first lines

A,b,c,d,e,f,g
A diller, a dollar
All around the cobbler’s bench
A man of words and not of deeds
As I walked by myself
As I was going to St. Ives
A was an archer, who shot at a frog
Barney Bodkin broke his nose
Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Barber, barber, shave a big.
Birds of a feather flock together
Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
Boby Shaftoe’s gone to sea
Bow, wow, wow, who’s dog art thou?
Bye, Baby Bunting
Cackle, cackle, Mother Goose
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe
Cock-a-doodle-do
Daffy-down-dilly
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John
Ding dong bell, Pussy’s in the well!
Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
Donkey, donkey, old and gray
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess
Elsie Marley is grown so fine
Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear
Georgie Porgie pudding ‘n pie
Goosey, goosey, gander
Gypsy, Gypsy, tell it me
Handy Pandy, Jack-a-dandy
Hark, hark, the dogs to bark
Here’s Sally Sue. What shall she do?
Here we go round the mulberry bush
Hey diddle diddle
Hickory dickory dock
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen
Hot cross buns, hot cross buns
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Hush-a-bye, Baby, in the tree top
Hush, little baby, don’t say a word
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell
If you’ve dimple on your cheek
I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen
I had a little pony
I saw a ship a-sailing
It’s raining, it’s pouring
Jack and Jill went up the hill
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick
Jack Sprat could eat no fat
Jerry Hall
Lavender’s blue, dilly dilly, lavender’s green
Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
Little Boy Blue come blow your horn
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Little Robin Redbreast
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE ESL MISCELLANY</th>
<th>TOPICS • COMMUNICATIVE ASPECT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary had a little lamb</td>
<td>There was an old woman, as I've heard tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mistress Mary, quite contrary</td>
<td>There was an old woman tossed in a basket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday's child is fair of face</td>
<td>There was a crooked man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Needles and pins, needles and pins</td>
<td>There was a little girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Now I lay me down to sleep</td>
<td>There was an old soldier of Bister</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Grimes is dead, that good old man</td>
<td>There was an old woman lived under a hill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old King Cole was a merry old soul</td>
<td>There was an old woman who lived in a shoe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Mother Goose</td>
<td>Thirty days hath September</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard</td>
<td>This is the house that Jack built</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once I saw a little bird</td>
<td>This little pig went to market</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One for sorrow</td>
<td>Three blind mice. See, how they run</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One, he loves. Two, he loves.</td>
<td>Three jolly huntsmen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One misty, moisty morning</td>
<td>Three little kittens they lost their mittens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One, two, buckle my shoe</td>
<td>Three wise men from Gotham</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One, two, three, four, five</td>
<td>To market, to market, to buy a fat pig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man</td>
<td>Tom, Tom, the piper’s son, he learned to play...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold</td>
<td>Tom, Tom, the piper’s son, stole a pig...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater</td>
<td>Twenty white horses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on</td>
<td>Twinkle, twinkle, little star</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?</td>
<td>Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross</td>
<td>Up on Paul’s steeple stands a tree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring around the rosies</td>
<td>Wee Willy Winkie ran through the town</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock-a-bye, baby, on the treetop</td>
<td>What are little boys made of?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roses are red</td>
<td>When the wind is in the east</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>‘Round and ‘round the cobbler’s bench</td>
<td>Who killed Cock Robin?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rub a dub dub</td>
<td>Willy Boy, Willy Boy, where are you going?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See-saw, Margery Daw</td>
<td>Will you step into my parlor?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple Simon met a pieman</td>
<td><strong>Tongue twisters:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing a song of six pence</td>
<td>Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solomon Grundy</td>
<td>She sells sea shells by the seashore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The fair maid who, the first of May</td>
<td>Round and round the rough and ragged rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The man in the moon came down too soon</td>
<td>Rubber baby buggy bumpers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The man in the wilderness asked me</td>
<td>The sixth sheik’s sixth sheep</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The north wind doth blow</td>
<td>A tutor who tooted a flute</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The old woman must stand at the tub, tub</td>
<td>Betty bought some butter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts</td>
<td>Vinegar, Veal and Venison</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There was a man in our town</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 'twas 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.

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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE ESL MISCELLANY</th>
<th>TOPICS • COMMUNICATIVE ASPECT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boby 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</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor Foster went to Gloucester In a shower of rain, Fell into a puddle right to his middle, And never went there again.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bow, wow, wow, who’s dog art thou? I’m Tommy Tinker’s dog, bow, wow, wow!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bye, Baby Bunting, Daddy’s gone a hunting To get himself a rabbit’s skin To wrap my Baby Bunting in.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear, Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair, Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn’t fuzzy, wuzzy?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cock-a-doodle-do, The maid has lost her shoe And master’s lost is fiddling stick And don’t know what to do.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgie Porgie pudding ‘n pie, kissed the girls and made them cry, But when the boys came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daffy-down-dilly Has come to town with a yellow petticoat And a pretty green gown.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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 Pandy, 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, naggle, went his head,  
Wiggle, waggle, 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 me 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 ’twas 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, meow, meow,  
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, meow, meow,  
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 you mittens? you naughty kittens!  
Then they began to cry,  
Meeow, meow, meow  
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, jiggity-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.
’Tis 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.

This collection of Nursery Rhymes and Tongue Twisters has been collected and edited by AA Burrows for the Web Supplement of The ESL Miscellany published by and available at ProLinguaAssociates.com. None of the rhymes are protected by copyright but the editing is. Copyright © 2007 by Arthur A Burrows,

These pages can be printed and photocopied for use in developing teaching materials or for classroom use.

If you would like to add either nursery rhymes or tongue twisters, please contact: Andy@ProLinguaAssociates.com