<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E1) Old mother goose</th>
<th>(E2) Old Mother Goose, when She wanted to wander, Would ride through the air On a very fine gander.</th>
<th>(E3) Old mother goose</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Old Mother Goose, when She wanted to wander, Would ride through the air On a very fine gander.</td>
<td>Old Mother Goose, when She wanted to wander, Would ride through the air On a very fine gander.</td>
<td>Old Mother Goose, when She wanted to wander, Would ride through the air On a very fine gander.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Goose had a house, 'Twas built in a wood, Where an owl at the door For sentinel stood.</td>
<td>Mother Goose had a house, 'Twas built in a wood, Where an owl at the door For sentinel stood.</td>
<td>Mother Goose had a house, 'Twas built in a wood, An owl at the door For a porter stood.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She had a son Jack, A plain-looking lad; He was not very good, Nor yet very bad.</td>
<td>She had a son Jack, A plain-looking lad, He was not very good, Nor yet very bad.</td>
<td>She had a son Jack, A plain-looking lad, He was not very good, Nor yet very bad.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She sent him to market, A live goose he bought. “Here, mother,” says he, “It will not go for nought.”</td>
<td>She sent him to market, A live goose he bought. “Here, mother,” says he, “It will not go for nought.”</td>
<td>She sent him to market, A live goose he bought: “Here! mother,” says he, “It will not go for nought.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack’s goose and her gander Grew very fond; They’d both eat together, Or swim in one pond.</td>
<td>Jack’s goose and her gander Grew very fond; They’d both eat together, Or swim in one pond.</td>
<td>Jack’s goose and her gander Grew very fond; They’d both eat together, or swim in one pond.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack found one morning, As I have been told, His goose had laid him An egg of pure gold.</td>
<td>Jack found one morning, As I have been told, His goose had laid him An egg of pure gold.</td>
<td>Jack found one morning, As I have been told, His goose had laid him An egg of pure gold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack rode to his mother, The news for to tell, She called him a good boy And said it was well.</td>
<td>Jack rode to his mother The news for to tell; She called him a good boy, And said it was well.</td>
<td>Jack rode to his mother, The news for to tell; She called him a good boy, And said it was well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack sold his gold egg To a thief in disguise, Who cheated him out of The half of his prize.</td>
<td>Jack sold his gold egg To a rogue of a Jew, Who cheated him out of The half of his due.</td>
<td>Jack sold his gold egg To a rogue of a Jew, Who cheated him out of The half of his due.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then Jack went a-courting A lady so gray, As fair as the lily, And sweet as the May.</td>
<td>Then Jack went a-courting A lady so gray, As fair as the lily, And sweet as the May.</td>
<td>Then Jack went a-courting A lady so gray, As fair as the lily, And sweet as the May.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The thief and the Squire Came behind his back, And began to belabour The sides of poor Jack.</td>
<td>The Jew and the Squire Came behind his back, And began to belabour The sides of poor Jack.</td>
<td>The Jew and the Squire Came behind his back, And began to belabour The sides of poor Jack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And then the gold egg Was thrown into the sea, When Jack he jumped in,</td>
<td>But Old Mother Goose That instant came in, And turned her son Jack Into famed Harlequin.</td>
<td>And Old Mother Goose The goose saddled soon, And mounting its back, Flew up to the moon. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 10-11)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>And got it back presently.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The thief got the goose,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Which he vowed he would kill,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Resolving at once</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>His pockets to fill.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Jack’s mother came in,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>And caught the goose soon,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>And mounting its back,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Flew up to the moon. (“Classic book” 1986: 5)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>She then with her wand</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Touched the lady so fine,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>And turn’d her at once</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Into sweet Columbine.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The gold egg into the sea</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Was thrown then –</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>When Jack jumped in,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>And got the egg back again.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The Jew got the goose,</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Which he vowed he would kill,</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Jack’s mother came in,</strong></td>
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<td><strong>And caught the goose soon,</strong></td>
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<td><strong>And mounting its back,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Flew up to the moon.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>(Rackham 1994: 66)</em></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E4)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty-dumpty</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>All the King’s horses, and all</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>the King’s men,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E5)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty Dumpty</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>All the king’s horses and all the king’s men,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Couldn’t put Humpty together again. (Foreman 1998; Rackham 1994: 73; Alexander 2008: 114; Collins 1990: 11)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E6)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.</strong></td>
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<td><strong>All the king’s horses and all the king’s men</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Couldn’t put Humpty together again. (Gliori 2007: 10)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E7)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>A sure test</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>If you are to be a gentleman,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>As I suppose you’ll be,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>You’ll neither laugh nor smile,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>For a tickling of the knee. (“Real Mother Goose” 1984)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E8)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>If you are to be a gentleman,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>And I suppose you’ll be,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>You’ll neither laugh nor smile,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>For a tickling of the knee. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 96)</strong></td>
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<td><strong>(E9)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Hush-a-bye, baby</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>When the bough bends, the cradle will fall: Down will come baby, cradle, and all. (“Classic book” 1986: 9)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E10)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Hush-a-Bye, Baby</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Hush-a-bye, baby,</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>On the tree top,</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>When the wind blows,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The cradle will rock,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>When the bough breaks</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The cradle will fall,</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Down tumbles baby, Cradle and all. (Foreman 1998)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>(E11)</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top; When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall; Down will come baby, and cradle, and all. (Rackham 1994: 14)</strong></td>
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<td>(E12)</td>
<td>(E13)</td>
<td>(E14)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hush-a-by, Baby, upon the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, Down tumbles cradle and Baby and all. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 27)</td>
<td>Hush-a-by, baby, on 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. (Collins 1990: 9)</td>
<td>Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock; When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, Down will come baby, cradle and all. (Gliori 2007: 62)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E15)</th>
<th>(E16)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Three wise men of Gotham Went to sea in a bowl: And if the bowl had been stronger, My song would have been longer. (Rackham 1994: 108; Alexander 2008: 173; “Classic book” 1986: 9)</td>
<td>Three wise men of Gotham Went to sea in a bowl, And if the bowl had been stronger My song had been longer. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 58)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E17)</th>
<th>(E18)</th>
<th>(E19)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Old King Cole</strong> 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 glass, And he called for his fiddlers three! (“Classic book” 1986: 73)</td>
<td><strong>Old King Cole</strong> 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. (Alexander 2008: 268)</td>
<td>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. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 108)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E20)</th>
<th>(E21)</th>
<th>(E22)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Old King Cole</strong> Old King Cole Was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three. Every fiddler, he had a fiddle, And a very fine fiddle had he; Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers. Oh, there’s none so rare, As can compare With King Cole and his fiddlers three! (Foreman 1998)</td>
<td><strong>Old King Cole</strong> Old King Cole Was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three. Every fiddler he had a fiddle, And a very fine fiddle had he; Oh, there’s none so rare As can compare With King Cole and his fiddlers three. (Collins 1990: 34)</td>
<td>Old King Cole Was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three. Every fiddler, he had a fiddle, And a very fine fiddle had he; Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers. Oh, there’s none so rare As can compare With King Cole and his fiddlers three. (Gliori 2007: 26)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E23)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>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.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Now every fiddler, he had a fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he;  
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.  
Oh, there’s none so rare,  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

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 harpers three.

Now every harper, he had a harp,  
And a very fine harp had he;  
Twang, twang, twang, went the harpers,  
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.

Oh, there’s none so rare,  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his harpers three!

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 trumpeters three.

Now every trumpeter, he had a trumpet,  
And a very fine trumpet had he;  
Tantara, tantara, went the trumpeters,  
Twang, twang, twang, went the harpers,  
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.

Oh, there’s none so rare,  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his trumpeters three!

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 pipers three.

Now every piper, he had a pipe,  
And a very fine pipe had he;  
Whew, whew, whew, went the pipers,  
Tantara, tantara, went the trumpeters,  
Twang, twang, twang, went the harpers,  
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.

Oh, there’s none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his pipers three!

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 fifers three.

Now every fifer, he had a fife,
And a very fine fife had he;
Tootle, tootle, toot, went the fifers,
Whew, whew, whew, went the pipers,
Tantara, tantara, went the trumpeters,
Twang, twang, twang, went the harpers,
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers.

Oh, there’s none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fifers three!

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three.

Now every drummer he had a drum,
And a very fine drum had he;
Rub-a-dub-dub went the drummers,
Tootle, tootle, toot, went the fifers,
Whew, whew, whew, went the pipers,
Tantara, tantara, went the trumpeters,
Twang, twang, twang, went the harpers,
Twee-tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee, went the fiddlers,
Oh, there’s none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his drummers three! (Rackham 1994: 110)

(E24) **The 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 soundly and sent them to bed. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 42)

(E25) 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 soundly and put them to bed. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 42)

(E26) 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,
And whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.
(Rackham 1994: 33; Gliori 2007: 31)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E27) Hark, Hark, the Dogs Do Bark</th>
<th>(E28) Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, The beggars are coming to town. Some in rags, and some in tags, And some in velvet gown. (Rackham 1994: 48)</th>
<th>(E29) Hark, hark, The dogs do bark, The beggars are coming to town; Some in rags, And some in jags, And one in a velvet gown. (Collins 1990: 37)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hark, hark, The dogs do bark! The beggars are coming to town, Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in velvet gown. (“Classic book” 1986: 12)</td>
<td>Hark, hark, the dogs do bark, The beggars are coming to town. Some in rags, and some in tags, And some in velvet gown. (Rackham 1994: 48)</td>
<td>Hark, hark, The dogs do bark, The beggars are coming to town; Some in rags, And some in jags, And one in a velvet gown. (Collins 1990: 37)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| (E30) Elsie Marley has grown so fine, She won’t get up to serve the swine, But lies in bed till eight or nine, And surely she does take her time. (Rackham 1994: 80) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E31) Hot Cross Buns</th>
<th>(E32) Hot Cross Buns</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hot cross buns, hot cross bun, One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns. If your daughters don’t like them, Give them to your sons, One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns. (“Classic book” 1986: 14; Gliori 2007: 29)</td>
<td>Hot cross buns, (Clap baby’s hands.) Hot cross buns, (Clap baby’s hands.) One a penny, (Count out one of baby’s fingers.) Two a penny, (Count out another finger.) Hot cross buns. (Clap again.) (Slier 1988)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| (E33) Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns! One a penny, two a penny, Hot-cross buns! If ye have no daughters, Give them to your sons. One a penny, two a penny, Hot-cross buns! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110; Alexander 2008: 204) |
| (E34) Hot cross buns! Old woman runs! One a penny, two a penny, Hot cross buns! If you have no daughters, Give them to your sons. If you have not any Of these pretty little elves, You cannot do better Than eat them yourselves. (Rackham 1994: 96) |

| (E36) See-saw, Margery Daw | (E37) See-Saw |
| See-saw, Margery Daw, Jenny shall have a new master; She shall have but a penny a day, | See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master, Jacky shall have put a penny a day, |

<p>| (E37) See-Saw | (E38) See, saw, Margery Daw, Johnny shall have a new master; He shall have but a penny a day, |
| See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master, Jacky shall have put a penny a day, | See, saw, Margery Daw, Johnny shall have a new master; He shall have but a penny a day, |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Because she can’t work any faster. (“Classic book” 1986: 15)</th>
<th>Because he can’t work any faster. (Foreman 1998)</th>
<th>Because he can’t work any faster. (Rackham 1994: 7)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(E39)</td>
<td>See, saw, Margery Daw, Sold her bed and lay upon straw. Was she not a dirty slut, To sell her bed and lie in the dirt? (Rackham 1994: 8)</td>
<td>See saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master: Jacky must have but a penny a day Because he can work no faster. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 102)</td>
<td>See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master; He shall have but a penny a day, Because he can’t work any faster.(Gliori 2007: 49; “Playtime Rhymes” 1987)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>(E42)</strong></td>
<td><strong>Little Polly Flinders</strong> Little Polly Flinders Sat among the cinders Warming her pretty little toes! Her mother came and caught her, And whipped her little daughter, For spoiling her nice new clothes. (“Classic book” 1986: 16; Rackham 1994: 75; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 63)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(E43)</td>
<td><strong>Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling</strong> Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John, He went to bed with his stockings on; One shoe off, and one shoe on, Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John. (“Classic book” 1986: 16)</td>
<td>Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John Went to bed with his trousers on; One shoe off, the other shoe on, Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John. (Rackham 1994: 101)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E45)</td>
<td><strong>To Market, To Market</strong> To market, to market, to buy a fat pig, Home again, home again, jiggety jog. To market, to market, to buy a fat hog, Home again, home again, jiggety jog. (“Classic book” 1986: 17)</td>
<td>To market, to market, To buy a plum cake; Home again, home again, Market’s late. To market, to market, To buy a plum bun; Home again, home again, Market’s done. (Rackham 1994: 18; “Classic book” 1986: 90)</td>
<td>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. (Rackham 1994: 20; Alexander 2008: 162)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E48)</td>
<td>To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. Home again, home again, jiggety, jig. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 54)</td>
<td><strong>To Market, to Market</strong> To market, to market, to buy a plum bun; Home again, home again, market is done. (Alexander 2008: 162)</td>
<td>To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. Home again, home again, jiggety jig. To market, to market, to buy a fat hog. Home again, home again, jiggety jog.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| (E51) | **There Was a Little Man**  
There was a little man, and he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;  
He shot Johnny King through the middle of his wig,  
And knocked it right off his head, head, head. (“Classic book” 1986: 18) | (E52) | **There was a little man,**  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;  
He went to the brook  
And he saw a little duck,  
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.  
He carried it home  
To his old wife Joan,  
And he bid her a fire for to make, make, make;  
To roast the little duck  
He had shot in the brook,  
And he’d go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake. (Rackham 1994: 52) | (E53) | **There was a little man,**  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;  
He went to the brook,  
And saw a little duck,  
And shot it through the head, head, head.  
He carried it home  
To his good wife Joan,  
And bade her a fire to make, make, make;  
To roast the little duck  
He had shot in the brook,  
And he’d go fetch the drake, drake, drake. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 64) |
| (E54) | **Little Tom Tucker**  
Little Tom Tucker  
Sings for his supper:  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it  
Without e’er a knife?  
How can he marry  
Without e’er a wife? (“Classic book” 1986: 19) | (E55) | **Little Tom Tucker**  
Sang for his supper;  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it,  
Without e’er a knife?  
How shall he marry  
Without e’er a wife?  
(Rackham 1994: 45) | (E56) | **Little Tom Tucker**  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.  
How will he cut it  
Without e’er a knife?  
How will he marry  
Without e’er a wife? (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 79) |
| (E57) | **Little Tommy Tucker**  
Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper.  
What shall we give him?  
Brown bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it without a knife?  
How can he marry without a wife? (Alexander 2008: 376) | (E58) | **Little Tommy Tucker**  
Sings for his supper:  
What shall we give him?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall he cut it  
Without e’er a knife?  
How will he be married  
Without e’er a wife? (Collins 1990: 21) | (E59) | **Little Tommy Tucker**  
Sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter;  
How will he cut it,  
Without a knife?  
And how will he be married,  
Without a wife? (Gliori 2007: 40) |
| (E60) | **Little Tom Tucker**  
Little Tom Tucker  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.  
How will he cut it |  |  |  |
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife? (“Real Mother Goose” 1984)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E61)</th>
<th>(E62)</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **Early To Bed** | **Early to bed, and early to rise,**
Is the way to be healthy,
wealthy, and wise. (“Classic book” 1986: 19) | **Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.**
(Rackham 1994: 98) |

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<th>(E63)</th>
<th>(E64)</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **A Diller, A Dollar** | **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. (“Classic book” 1986: 20) | **A diller, a dollar,**
A ten o’clock scholar,
What makes you came so soon?
You used to come at ten o’clock,
But now you come at noon. (Alexander 2008: 14; Collins 1990: 26) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E65)</th>
<th>(E66)</th>
<th>(E67)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **The Rose Is Red** | **Roses are red,**
The rose is red, the violet’s blue;
The pink is sweet, and so are you. (“Classic book” 1986: 20) | **Roses are red,**
Roses are red, violets are blue, A face like yours belongs in a zoo.
Violets are blue,
Roses are red, violets are black,
Sugar is sweet
You’d look better with a knife in your back.
And so are you. (Collins 1990: 41; Gliori 2007: 42) | **Roses are red,**
Roses are red, violets are green,
Violets are blue,
My face is funny, but yours is a scream. (Fowke 1969: 120) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E68)</th>
<th>(E69)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Little Girl</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Hobby-Horse</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Little girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe. (“Classic book” 1986: 21; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 56) | I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple grey,
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay. |
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I’ll not sing my song again
Without a new coat. (“Classic book” 1986: 22) |
Georgie Porgie

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away. (“Classic book” 1986: 23)

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play
Georgie Porgie runs away. (Rackham 1994: 20)

Rosie Posie pudding and pie
Kissed the boys and made them cry.
When the girls came out to play
Rosie Posie ran away. (Fowke 1969: 114)

Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgy Porgy ran away. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 46)

If I’d as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry, old chairs to mend.

If I’d as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell;
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell. (Rackham 1994: 50)

If I’d as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry, old chair to mend.

If I’d as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry, old clothes to sell. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 73)

Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in an 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. (“Classic book” 1986: 26; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86)

Christmas is coming,
The geese are 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,
Then God bless you! (Collins 1990: 47)
| (E79) | Come when you’re called,  
Do as you’re bid,  
Shut the door after you –  
Never be chid. (Rackham 1994: 20) |
| (E80) | **Jack Be Nimble**  
Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jack jump over  
| (E81) | **Jack Be Nimble**  
Jack be nimble,  
And Jack be quick:  
And Jack jump over  
The candlestick. (Alexander 2008: 142; Rackham 1994: 21) |
| (E82) | **Little Miss Muffet**  
Little Miss Muffet  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away. (“Classic book” 1986: 28; Collins 1990: 21)  
| (E83) | **Little Miss Muffet**  
Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey;  
There came a big spider,  
Who sat down beside her  
And frightened Miss Muffet away. (Foreman 1998) |
| (E84) | **Little Miss Muffet**  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away. (Rackham 1994: 29) |
| (E85) | **Little Miss Muffet**  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating some curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 57) |
| (E86) | **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. (Gliori 2007: 18) |
| (E87) | **Birch and Green Holly, Boys**  
Birch and green holly, boys,  
Birch and green holly.  
If you get beaten, boys,  
‘Twill be your own folly. (“Classic book” 1986: 28) |
| (E88) | **The First of May**  
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. (“Classic book” 1986: 29; Rackham 1994: 76) |
| (E89) | **The Lost Shoe**  
Doodle doodle doo,  
The Princess lost her shoe; |
Her Highness hopped,  
The fiddler stopped,  
Not knowing what to do. (“Classic book” 1986: 30)

(E90)  
**As I Was Going Up Primrose Hill**  
As I was going up Primrose Hill,  
Primrose Hill was dirty;  
There I met a pretty Miss,  
And she dropped me a curtsey.  
Little Miss, pretty Miss,  
Blessings light upon you;  
If I had half-a-crown a day,  
I’d spend it all upon you. (“Classic book” 1986: 31)

(E91)  
**Elsie Marley**  
Do you ken Elsie Marley, honey,  
The wife that sells the barley, honey?  
She won’t get up to serve her swine,  
But lies in bed till eight or nine,  
And surely she does take her time:  

(E92)  
**Needles And Pins**  
Needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When a man marries his trouble begins. (“Classic book” 1986: 32)

(E93)  
**Pat-A-Cake, Baker’s Man**  
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;  
Prick it and pat it, and mark it with G;  
And put it in the oven for Teddy and me. (“Classic book” 1986: 33)

(E94)  
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
baker’s man!  
Make me a cake as fast as you can:  
Prick it and stick it, and mark it with B,  
And put it in the oven for Baby and me. (Rackham 1994: 8)

(E95)  
Pat a cake, pat a cake,  
Baker’s man;  
So I do, master, as fast as I can.  
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,  
And then it will serve for Tommy and me. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 70)

(E96)  
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;  
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B,  
Put it in the oven for Baby and me. (Collins 1990: 8; Gliori 2007: 28)

(E97)  
Patty cake, patty cake, baker’s man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can.  
Roll it and pat it and mark it with B  
And put it in the oven for Baby and me. (Fowke 1969: 88; “Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

(E98)  
**Pat-a-cake**  
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
Baker’s man!  
So I do, master,  
As fast as I can.  
Pat it, and prick it,  
And mark it with T,  
Put it in the oven  
For Tommy and me. (“Real Mother Goose” 1984)
### Pat-a-cake

**Pat-a-cake**

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker’s man. *(Clap baby’s hands in time.)*
Bake me a cake as fast as you can.
Pat it and prick it *(Hold out baby’s palm, pat it, and pretend to prick it.)*
And mark it with B. *(Draw a B on it.)*
And put it in the oven *(Mime putting a cake into the oven.)*
for baby and me. *(Slier 1988)*

### Round The Mulberry Bush

**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, was 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. *(“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)*

### I Love Little Pussy

**I Love Little Pussy**

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don’t hurt her, she’ll do me no harm.
I’ll sit by the fire, and give her some food,
And Pussy will love me, because I am good.
*(“Classic book” 1986: 36)*

### I Like Little Pussy

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don’t hurt her she’ll do me no harm;
So I’ll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play. *(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 19; “Real Mother Goose” 1984; “Playtime Rhymes” 1987)*
Very gently will play.
She shall sit by my side,
And I’ll give her some food;
And pussy will love me
Because I am good. 

(Gliori 2007: 37)

“Come, let’s to bed,”
Says Sleepy-head;
“Tarry a while,” says Slow;
“Put on the pan,”
Says greedy Nan,
“Let’s sup before we go.”

“To bed, to bed,” says Sleepy-Head;
“Let’s stay awhile,” says Slow;
“Put on the pot,” says Greedy-Sot,
“We’ll sup before we go.”
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 80)

Says Sleepy-head;
“Tarry awhile,” says Slow;
“Put on the pan,”
Says Greedy Nan;
“We’ll sup before we go.”
(“Real Mother Goose” 1984)

The Owl That Lived In an Oak
There was an Owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle,
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.

A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
Says he, “I’ll shoot you, silly bird,
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle!” (“Classic book” 1986: 37)

Smiling Girls, Rosy Boys
Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys:
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar houses painted red. (“Classic book” 1986: 38)

Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys:
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar houses painted red. (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

The Orange-Stealer
Dingty, diddledy, my mummy’s maid,
She stole oranges, I’m afraid;
Some in her pockets, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe. (“Classic book” 1986: 38)

My Mummy’s Maid
Dingty diddlety,
My mummy’s maid,
She stole oranges,
I am afraid;
Some in her pocket,
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges,
I do believe. (Alexander 2008: 275)

A dillar, 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. (Rackham 1994: 51; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 67)
Snail, Snail, Come Put out Your Horn
Snail, snail, come put out your horn,
To-morrow is the day to shear the corn.

Snail, Snail
Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I’ll beat you as black as a coal.
(“Classic book” 1986: 57)

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?
“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”
“I am going a-milking, sir,” she said.
“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.
“What is your father, my pretty maid?”
“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.
“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.
“Then I won’t marry you, my pretty maid.”
“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.
(“Classic book” 1986: 40)

Little Maid
“Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?”
“Down in the forest to milky my cow.”
“Shall I go with thee?”
“No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou.”

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.
“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.
“What is your father, my pretty maid?”
“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.
“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.
“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid!”
“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 46; Rackham 1994: 49)

I’m walking through the jungle.
What can I see?
I can see a tiger
Looking at me.

I’m walking through the jungle.
What can I see?
I can see a snake
Looking at me. (Dunn 1993: 26)

Saturday, Sunday
On Saturday night
Shall be all my care
To powder my locks
And curl my hair.
On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring. (“Classic book” 1986: 41)

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes

Molly, My Sister, and I Fell Out
Molly, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn’t agree. (“Classic book” 1986: 43)

The Little Nut Tree
I had a little nut tree; nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear.
The King of Spain’s daughter came to see me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn’t catch me. (“Classic book” 1986: 44)

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear;
The king of Spain’s daughter Came to visit me,
And all for the sake
Of my little nut tree. I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air Couldn’t catch me. (Collins 1990: 35; Gliori 2007: 25)

I Had a Little Wife
I had a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed up the dishes
and kept the house clean;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
And always got home in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she
brewed me my ale;
She sat by the fire and told me a tale. (“Classic book” 1986: 45)

I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
He washed me the dishes and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
And always got home in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale, She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 88)

Bye, Baby Bunting
Bye, Baby Bunting,
Father’s gone a-hunting, 
Mother’s gone a-milking, 
Sister’s gone a-silking, 
Brother’s gone to buy a skin
To wrap the Baby bunting in. (“Classic nursery
<table>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bye, baby bunting, Daddy’s gone a hunting, To get a little rabbit’s skin To wrap the baby bunting in. (Rackham 1994: 10)</td>
<td>Bye, baby bunting, Daddy’s gone a-hunting, Gone to get a rabbit skin To wrap the baby bunting in. (Collins 1990: 8)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**E131**

**Dance to Your Daddy**

Dance to your daddy, My little babby; Dance to your daddy, My little lamb. You shall have a fishy, In a little dishy; You shall have a fishy, When the boat comes in. ("Classic book" 1986: 46; Foreman 1998)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E132</th>
<th>Dance to your daddy, My little babby; Dance to your daddy, My little lamb. You shall have a fishy, In a little dishy; You shall have a fishy, When the boat comes in. (&quot;Classic book&quot; 1986: 46; Foreman 1998)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E133</td>
<td>Dance to your daddy, My little babby; Dance to your daddy, My little lamb. You shall have a fishy, In a little dishy; You shall have a fishy, When the boat comes in. (Rackham 1994: 23)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E134</td>
<td>Dance to your daddy, my bonne laddie; Dance to your daddy, my bonne lamb. You shall have a fishy on a little dishy, You shall have a fishy when the boat comes in. (&quot;Playtime Rhymes” 1987)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**E135**

Dance to your daddy, My little babby; Dance to your daddy, My little lamb. You shall have a fishy, In a little dishy; You shall have a fishy, When the boat comes in.

You shall have an apple, You shall have a plum, You shall have a rattle-basket When your daddy comes home. (Collins 1990: 8)

| E136 | Dance to your daddie, My bonne laddie, Dance to your daddie, my bonne lamb! You shall get a fishie, On a little dishie, You shall get a fishie when the boat comes home. Dance to your daddie, My bonne laddie, Dance to your daddie, and to your mammie sing! You shall get a coatie, And a pair of breekies, You shall get a coatie when the boat comes in. ("Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 83) |

**E138**

**Lavender and Rosemary**

Lavender blue and rosemary green, When I am king you shall be queen; Call up my maids at four o’clock, Some to the wheel and some to the rock, Some to make hay and some to shear corn, And you and I will keep ourselves warm. ("Classic book” 1986: 47)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E139</th>
<th>Sneeze on a Monday, sneeze for danger; Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger; Sneeze on a Wednesday, get a letter;</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E140</td>
<td>Sneeze on a Monday, sneeze for danger; Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger; Sneeze on a Wednesday, get a letter;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E141</td>
<td>If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger; Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger; Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E142)</td>
<td><strong>Of Washing</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>They that wash on Friday, Wash in need; And they that wash on Saturday, Oh! they are sluts indeed.</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 49)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E143)</th>
<th><strong>Rain, Rain, Go Away</strong></th>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E144)</th>
<th><strong>Rain, Rain, Go Away</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rain, rain, go away, Come again April day; Little Johnny wants to play.</td>
<td>(“Real Mother Goose” 1984; Foreman 1998)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E145)</th>
<th><strong>Rain, Rain, Go to Spain</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rain, rain, go to Spain, Never show your face again.</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 49)</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E146)</th>
<th><strong>Rain, Rain, Go to Spain</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rain, rain, go to Spain, Don’t come back again!</td>
<td>(“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E147)</th>
<th><strong>Rain, Rain, Go to Spain</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rain, rain, go to Spain, And never come back again.</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 49)</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E149)</th>
<th><strong>One, Two</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One, two, whatever you do, Start it well and carry it through. Try, try, never say die, Things will come right, You know, by and by.</td>
<td>(Alexander 2008: 274)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E150)</th>
<th><strong>Polly and Sukey</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Polly put the kettle on, We’ll all have tea.</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 48)</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E151)</th>
<th><strong>Polly and Sukey</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Polly, put the kettle on, Polly, put the kettle on, And we’ll have tea.</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 48)</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E152)</th>
<th><strong>Polly and Sukey</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sukey, take it off again, Sukey, take it off again, Sukey, take it off again,</td>
<td>(“Classic book” 1986: 48)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page Numbers</td>
<td>Sources</td>
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<tr>
<td>48; Giori 2007: 46; “Playtime Rhymes” 1987; Collins 1990: 20</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Farm Hide-and-seek**

Standing in the meadow,  
Underneath the tree,  
Chewing, mooing, munching,  
Who can it be?  
Over in the barnyard,  
Bay the mummy sheep,  
Small and white and woolly,  
Who’s fast asleep?

Right inside the henhouse,  
Glowing in the sun,  
Fluffy, bright and yellow,  
Who’s about to run?  
Over in the paddock,  
Running wild and free,  
Galloping and trotting,  
Who can you see?

Past the grassy meadow,  
In the field beyond,  
Flapping wings and quacking,  
Who’s in the pond? (Alexander 2008: 353)

**The Pumpkin-Eater**

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,  
Had a wife and couldn’t keep her;  
He put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And there he kept her very well. (“Classic book” 1986: 51; Alexander 2008: 367)

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn’t keep her;  
He put her in a pumpkin shell,  
And then he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had another, and didn’t love her;  
Peter learned to read and spell,  
And then he loved her very well. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 15; Collins 1990: 30)

**Bounce, Buckram**

Bounce, buckram,  
velvet’s dear,  
Christmas comes but once a year. (“Classic book” 1986: 51)

**Goosey, Goosey, Gander**

Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander  
Upstairs, and downstairs, and in my lady’s chamber.  
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers,

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Whither shall I wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs,  
And in my lady’s chamber.  
There I met an old man  
That wouldn’t say his prayers;
| (E160) | **Solomon Grundy**  
Solomon Grundy,  
Born on a Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Very ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday.  
This is the end  
Of Solomon Grundy.  
(“Classic book” 1986: 53) | (E161) | **Solomon Grundy**  
Solomon Grundy,  
Born on a Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Told ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday.  
This is the end  
Of Solomon Grundy.  
(Rackham 1994: 31) | (E162) | **Solomon Grundy**  
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.  
(Alexander 2008: 233) |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
| (E163) | **Ride a Cock-Horse**  
Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady  
Upon a white horse.  
Rings on her fingers,  
Bell on her toes,  
She shall have music  
Wherever she goes.  
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.  
(Rackham 1994: 10) | (E165) | **Ride a cock horse**  
To Banbury Cross  
To see what Tommy can buy:  
A penny white loaf,  
A penny white cake,  
And a two-penny apple pie.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 55) |
| (E166) | **Ride a cock horse to Shrewsbury Cross,**  
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.  
It trots behind and it ambles before  
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110) | (E167) | **Ride a cock horse to Shrewsbury Cross,**  
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.  
It trots behind and it ambles before  
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110) |
| (E168) | **The Queen of Hearts**  
The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts  
All on a summer’s day;  
The Knave of Hearts  
He stole those 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.  
She made some tarts,  
All on a summer’s day;  
The Knave of Hearts  
He stole the tarts,  
And took them clean away.  
(Gliori 2007: 27) |
### I Had a Little Ponny

**E170**

I had a little pony;
They called him Dapple-grey.
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. ("Classic book" 1986: 56)

### Two Pigeons

**E171**

I had two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day.
What was the reason they did go?
I cannot tell, for I do not know. ("Classic book" 1986: 57)

### Hey, Diddle, Diddle

**E172**

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. ("Classic book" 1986: 58)

**E173**

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. (Foreman 1998; Rackham 1994: 38; Collins 1990: 10; Gliori 2007: 11)

**E174**

High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 82)

### The Crooked Man

**E175**

There was a crooked man,
and he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
which caught a crooked mouse;

**E176**

The crooked sixpence
There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house. ("Real Mother Goose" 1984)

### Sleep, Baby, Sleep

**E177**

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep:
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean
Sleep, baby, sleep.

**E178**

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Thy father guards the sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep.
### Sleep, baby, sleep
Down where the woodbines creep;  
Be always like the lamb so mild,  
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child.  

### Pease Pudding Hot
Pease pudding hot,  
Pease pudding cold,  
Pease pudding in the pot,  
Nine days old.  
Some like it hot,  
Some like it cold,  
Some like it in the pot,  

### 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. (Gliori 2007: 47)

### Pirate Song
Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest –  
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest –  
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! (Alexander 2008: 135)

### Little Boy Blue
Little Boy Blue, come, blow me your horn;  
The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn.  
Where’s the little boy that looks after the sheep?  
He’s under the haycock, fast asleep. (“Classic book” 1986: 62)  
Little Boy Blue,  
Come blow your horn,  
The sheep’s in the meadow,  
The cow’s in the corn;  
But where is the boy  
Who looks after the sheep?  
He’s under a haycock,  
Fast asleep.  
Will you wake him?

### Little Boy Blue, come, blow up your horn,
The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn.  
Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?  
He’s under a haystack, fast asleep.  
Will you wake him? No, not I,
| (E187) Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn.  
What! Is this the way you mind your sheep,  
Under the haycock fast asleep?"  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 71) | No, not I,  
For if I do,  
He’s sure to cry. (Foreman 1998) | For if I do he’s sure to cry. (Rackham 1994: 105) |
|---|---|---|
| (E188) Little Boy Blue,  
Come blow your horn,  
The sheep’s in the meadow,  
The cow’s in the corn.  
Where is the boy  
Who looks after the sheep?  
He’s under a haycock  
Fast asleep.  
Will you wake him?  
No, not I,  
For if I do,  
He’s sure to cry. (Collins 1990: 27) | (E189) Little boy blue,  
Come blow your horn,  
The sheep’s in the meadow,  
The cow’s in the corn;  
But where is the boy  
Who looks after the sheep?  
He’s under a haycock,  
Fast asleep. (Gliori 2007: 51) |
| (E190) **Three Men in A Tub**  
Rub-a-dub-dub!  
Three men in a tub;  
And what do you think they be?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candlestick maker;  
Turn ‘em out knaves all three!  
Rub-a-dub dub, three men in a tub,  
And who do you think they be?  
The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker,  
Turn them out knaves all three. (Alexander 2008: 232) | (E192) Rub-a-dub-dub,  
Three men in a tub,  
And how do you think they got there?  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candlestick-maker,  
They all jumped out of a rotten potato,  
’Twas enough to make a man stare. (Collins 1990: 10) |
| (E193) **As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks**  
As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks  
Were walking out one Sunday,  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks  
Wilt marry me on Monday? (“Classic book” 1986: 63) | (E194) **As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks**  
Were walking out one Sunday,  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,  
| (E195) **Ding, Dong, Bell**  
Ding, dong, bell,  
Pussy’s in the well.  
Who put her in?  
Little Tommy Green.  
Who pulled her out?  
Little Tommy Trout.  
What a naughty boy was that,  
Thus to drown poor Pussy Cat!  
(“Classic book” 1986: 64) | (E196) Ding, dong, bell,  
Pussy’s in the well!  
Who put her in?  
Little Tommy Green.  
Who pulled her out?  
Little Johnny Stout.  
What a naughty boy was that  
To try to drown poor pussy-cat,  
Who never did any harm,  
But killed all the mice in the farmer’s barn. (Rackham 1994: 32) | (E197) Ding-dong-bell, the cat’s in the well.  
Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.  
Who pulled her out? Great Johnny Stout.  
What a naughty boy was that  
To drown poor pussy cat  
Who never did him any harm,  
And killed the mice in his father’s barn. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 113) |
Dickery, Dickery, Dock
Dickery, dickery, dock!
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down
the mouse ran,
Dickery, dickery, dock.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery, dock.
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 30)

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon
brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 96)

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by
my side. (Rackham 1994: 97; Alexander 2008:

If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side. (“Classic nursery
rhymes” 1993: 110)

Here is the church,
(link hands)
Here is the steeple,
(put index fingers together)
Look inside,
(keeping your hands linked, turn them upside down)
Here are the people! (wiggle your fingers) (Alexander 2008: 356)

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 plaister
his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in and she did grin
To see his paper plaster,
Mother vexed did whip her
next,
For causing Jack’s disaster.

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.
Then up Jack got and home did
trot
As fast as he could caper;
And went to bed to mend his
head
With vinegar and brown paper. (Rackham 1994: 19)

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.

Then up Jack got,
And home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
He went to bed,
To mend his head,
With vinegar and brown paper. (Collins 1990: 22-
23)

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. (“Classic
tenursery rhymes” 1993: 66)

Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper,
To old Dame Dob, who patched his head
With vinegar and brown paper. (Gliori 2007: 53)
**Dance, Little Baby**
Dance, little Baby, dance up high!
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little Baby, there you go!
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance, little Baby, and Mother will sing,

**Taffy Was a Welshman**
Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a leg of beef.
I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house
And stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy’s house,
Taffy was in bed;
I took the marrow-bone.
And broke Taffy’s head. ("Classic book" 1986: 68)

**Green Gravel**
Around the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink. ("Classic book" 1986: 69)

**Little Bunny**
Come, little bunny,
Say, “Good night”.
There’s lots to do
Before you turn out the light.

Collect all your toys
And put them away.
Kiss them good night –
It’s the end of the day.
Hop in the bath
For a rinse and a scrub.
Play with the bubbles –
Rub-a-dub-dub!

Finish your story
And turn out the light.
Time to tuck you in warmly
And kiss you good night. (Alexander 2008: 60)

(E214)
Here am I, little jumping Joan.
When nobody’s with me,

**The Tailors and The Snail**
Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she’ll kill you all just now. (“Classic book” 1986: 70)

**Queen Anne**
Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as the lily, as white as the swan:
I send you three letters, so pray you read one.
I cannot read one unless I read all;
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the ball. (“Classic book” 1986: 71)

**The Squirrel**
The winds they did blow,
The leaves they did wag;
Along came a beggar-boy,
And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London:
A lady did me buy;
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high.

With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack:
Besides a little feather-bed
To rest my little back. (“Classic book” 1986: 72)

**Old Farmer Giles**
Old Farmer Giles
He went seven miles,
With his faithful dog, Old Rover;
And Old Farmer Giles,
When he came to the stiles,
Took a run and jumped clean over. (“Classic book” 1986: 73)
| (E222) | **Ba-A, Ba-A, Black Sheep**  
| Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?  
| Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:  
| One for my master, one for my dame,  
| And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.  
| Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?  
| Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full. (“Classic book” 1986: 74) |
| (E223) | **Baa, Baa, Black Sheep**  
| Baa, baa, black sheep,  
| Have you any wool?  
| Yes sir, yes sir,  
| Three bags full:  
| One for the master,  
| And one for the dame,  
| And one for the little boy  
| Who lives down the lane. (Foreman 1998; Collins 1990: 17) |
| (E224) | “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 in the lane.” (Rackham 1994: 49) |
| (E225) | Bah, bah, black sheep,  
| Have you any wool?  
| Yes, marry, have I,  
| Three bags full:  
| One for my master,  
| One for my dame,  
| But none for the little boy  
| Who cries in the lane. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 36) |
| (E226) | **Little Jack Horner**  
| Little Jack Horner  
| Sat in a corner,  
| Eating a Christmas pie;  
| He put in his thumb,  
| And he took out a plum,  
| (E227) | 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.” (Rackham 1994: 64; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 97; Collins 1990: 46) |
| (E228) | One, two,  
| Buckle my shoe;  
| Three, four,  
| Knock at the door;  
| Five, six,  
| Pick up sticks;  
| Seven, eight,  
| Lay them straight;  
| Nine, ten,  
| A big fat hen;  
| Eleven, twelve,  
| Dig and delve;  
| Thirteen, fourteen,  
| Maids a-courting;  
| Fifteen, sixteen,  
| Maids in the kitchen;  
| Seventeen, eighteen,  
| Maids in waiting;  
| Nineteen, twenty,  
| One, two,  
| Buckle my shoe;  
| Three, four,  
| Knock at the door;  
| Five, six,  
| Pick up sticks;  
| Seven, eight,  
| Lay them straight;  
| Nine, ten,  
| A good fat hen;  
| Eleven, twelve,  
| Dig and delve;  
| Thirteen, fourteen,  
| Maids a-courting;  
| Fifteen, sixteen,  
| Maids in the kitchen;  
| Seventeen, eighteen,  
| Maids a-waiting;  
| Nineteen, twenty,  
| One, Two – buckle my shoe;  
| Three, Four – open the door;  
| Five, Six – pick up sticks;  
| Seven, Eight – lay them straight;  
| Nine, Ten – a good fat hen;  
| Eleven, Twelve – I hope you’re well;  
| Thirteen, Fourteen – draw the curtain;  
| Fifteen, Sixteen – the maid’s in the kitchen;  
| Seventeen, Eighteen – she’s in waiting;  
<p>| Nineteen, Twenty – my stomach’s empty. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 96) |</p>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E231)</th>
<th>(E232)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>One, Two, Buckle My Shoe</strong>&lt;br&gt;One, two, buckle my shoe;&lt;br&gt;Three, four, shut the door;&lt;br&gt;Five, six, pick up sticks;&lt;br&gt;Seven, eight, lay them straight;&lt;br&gt;Nine, ten, a good fat hen;&lt;br&gt;Eleven, twelve, dig and delve;&lt;br&gt;Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;&lt;br&gt; Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;&lt;br&gt;Seventeen, eighteen, maids in waiting;&lt;br&gt;Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty. (“Classic book” 1986: 75)</td>
<td><strong>One, two, buckle my shoe;</strong>&lt;br&gt;Three, four, open the door;&lt;br&gt;Five, six, pick up sticks;&lt;br&gt;Seven, eight, lay them straight;&lt;br&gt;Nine, ten, a big fat hen;&lt;br&gt;Eleven, twelve, dig and delve;&lt;br&gt;Thirteen, fourteen, maids are courting;&lt;br&gt; Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;&lt;br&gt;Seventeen, eighteen, maids are waiting;&lt;br&gt;Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty. (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)</td>
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<th>(E233)</th>
<th>(E234)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>This Little Piggy</strong>&lt;br&gt;This little piggy went to market;&lt;br&gt;This little piggy stayed at home;&lt;br&gt;This little piggy had roast beef;&lt;br&gt;This little piggy had none;&lt;br&gt;And this little piggy cried&lt;br&gt;“Wee-wee-wee-wee!”&lt;br&gt;All the way home. (Alexander 2008: 143)</td>
<td><strong>This Little Pig</strong>&lt;br&gt;This little pig went to market,&lt;br&gt;This little pig stayed at home,&lt;br&gt;This little pig had roast meat,&lt;br&gt;This little pig had none;&lt;br&gt;And this little pig cried,&lt;br“Wee-wee-wee,” (Wiggle little toe.)&lt;br&gt;All the way home. (Run your fingers up to baby’s tummy and tickle it.) (Slier 1988)</td>
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<th>(E239)</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>There Was an Old Woman</strong>&lt;br&gt;There was an old woman lived under a hill,&lt;br&gt;And if she’s not gone, she lives there still.&lt;br&gt; (“Classic book” 1986: 77; Rackham 1994: 57)</td>
<td><strong>There was an old woman lived under the hill,</strong>&lt;br&gt;And if she’s not gone she lives there still.&lt;br&gt;Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,&lt;br&gt;And she’s the old woman that never told lies.&lt;br&gt; (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 51)</td>
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<th>(E241)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Boys and Girls, Come Out To Play</strong>&lt;br&gt;Boys and girls, come out to play,</td>
<td><strong>Boys and Girls</strong>&lt;br&gt;Boys and girls come out to play,&lt;br&gt;The moon doth shine as bright as</td>
<td><strong>Girls and boys come out to play;</strong>&lt;br&gt;The moon doth shine as</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The moon does shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
And come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.
You find milk and I’ll find flour,
And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour. (‘Classic book’ 1986: 78)

| The moon does shine as bright as day; |
| Leave your supper, and leave your sleep, |
| And meet your playfellows in the street; |
| Come with a whoop, and come with a call, |
| And come with a good will, or not at all. |
| Up the ladder and down the wall, |
| A halfpenny loaf will serve us all. |
| You find milk and I’ll find flour, |
| And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour. (‘Classic nursery rhymes’ 1993: 64) |

| Boys and girls come out to play, |
| The moon doth shine as bright as day, |
| Leave your supper and leave your sleep, |
| And meet your playfellows in the street; |
| Come with a whoop and come with a call, |
| And come with a good will, or not at all. |
| Up the ladder and down the wall, |
| A halfpenny roll will serve us all. |
| You find milk and I’ll find flour, |
| And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour. (‘Playtime Rhymes’ 1987) |

| Time for bed... |
| Boys and girls come out to play, |
| The moon doth shine as bright as day, |
| Leave your supper and leave your sleep, |
| And join your playfellows in the street; |
| Come with a whoop and come with a call, |
| Come with a good will or not at all; |
| Up the ladder and down the wall, |
| A halfpenny loaf will serve us all; |
| You find milk, and I’ll find flour, |
| And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour. (Collins 1990: 50) |

| Girls and boys, come out to play, |
| The moon does shine as bright as day, |
| Leave your supper, and leave your sleep, |
| Come to your playfellows in the street. |
| Come with a whoop, come with a call, |
| Come with a good will, or not at all. |
| Up the ladder and down the wall, |
| A halfpenny loaf will serve us all. |
| You find milk, and I’ll find flour, |
| And we’ll have a pudding in half an hour. (Rackham 1994: 94) |

| As I was going to Derby |
| Upon a market day, |
| I met the finest ram, sir, |
| That ever was fed on hay. |

This ram was fat behind, sir,
This ram was fat before,
This ram was three yards high, sir,
Indeed he was no more.

The wool upon his back, sir,
Reached up unto the sky,
The eagles built their nests there,
For I heard the young ones cry.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
Was three yards and an ell,
Of it they made a rope, sir,
To pull the parish bell.

The space between the horns, sir,
Was as far as man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit,
But no one in it preached.

This ram had four legs to walk upon,
This ram had four legs to stand,
And every leg he had, sir,
Stood on an acre of land.

Now the man that fed the ram, sir,
He fed him twice a day,
And each time that he fed him, sir,
He ate a rick of hay.

The man that killed the ram, sir,
Was up to his knees in blood,
And the boy that held the pail, sir,
Was carried away in the flood.

Indeed, sir, it’s the truth, sir,
For I never was taught to lie,
And if you go to Derby, sir,
You may eat a bit of the pie. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 107)

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe:
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two. (“Classic book” 1986: 79)

The North Wind Doth Blow
The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then,
Poor thing?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing! (“Classic book” 1986: 80)

(E252)
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
   Poor thing!
He’ll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.
   Poor thing! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 13)

(Poor thing! (Rackham 1994: 73; Collins 1990: 44; “Real Mother Goose” 1984)

(E253)
The North Wind Doth Blow
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
   Poor thing!
He’ll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing.
   Poor thing! (Alexander 2008: 37)

(E254)
When I Was a Bachelor
When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London, to get myself a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

(E255)
When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife;
The streets they were so broad, and the lanes they were so narrow;
I couldn’t get my wife home without a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Farewell, wheelbarrow, little wife, and all!
   (Rackham 1994: 56)

(E256)
The Bunch of Blue Ribbons
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny’s so long at the fair.

He promised he’d buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised he’d buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
He promised he’d buy me a bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up my bonnie brown hair. (“Classic book” 1986: 82)

(E257)
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple tree;
One came down, and the other stayed till Saturday. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 46)

(E258)
Poor Old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old Nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,

(E259)
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
He made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how he could do so!
With a ring-a-ting-tang,
And a ring-a-ting-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

(E260)
Poor Old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
| (E261) | **Little Bo-Peel**  
|------|--------------------------|
| Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
(“Classic book” 1986: 83) | Little Bo-Peel has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.  
Little Bo-Peel fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
For still they all were fleeing.  
Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them;  
She found ‘em indeed, but it made her heart bleed,  
For they’d left their tails behind ‘em.  
It happened one day, as Bo-Peel did stray  
Unto a meadow hard by,  
There she espied their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.  
Then she heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
And ran o’er hill and dale-o,  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
To tack each one to its lambkin.  
(“Classic book” 1986: 84) | Little Bo-Peel has lost her sheep,  
And can’t tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.  
(E262) | (Rackham 1994: 9) |
| (E263) | Little Bo-Peel has lost her sheep  
And can’t tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,  
Bringing their tails behind them.  
Little Bo-Peel fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
For they were still a-fleeing.  
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 their tails behind them.  
It happened one day, as Bo-Peel did stray  
Into a meadow hard by,  
There se 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 what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
To tack each one to its lambkin.  
(Gliori 2007: 32) | (E264) | Little Bo-Peel has lost her sheep,  
And can’t tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 20) |
| (E265) | Little Bo-Peel has lost her sheep,  
And doesn’t know where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they’ll come home,  
Bringing their tails behind them.  
(Collins 1990: 17) |
| (E266) | **Up Street, And Down Street**  
Up street and down street,  
Each window’s made of glass; |
If you go to Tommy Tickler’s house
You’ll find a pretty lass. (“Classic book” 1986: 85)

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| **I Saw a Ship A-Sailing**  
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,  
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 all 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!” (Rackham 1994: 84) |

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| **Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat**  
Pussy cat, Pussy cat,  
where have you been?  
I’ve been to London to look at the Queen.  
Pussy cat, Pussy cat,  
what did you do there?  
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.  
(“Classic book” 1986: 87)  
Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Where have you been?  
I’ve been to London  
To look at the queen.  
Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse  
Under her chair. (Foreman 1998) |

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<tr>
<th>(E271)</th>
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</table>
| Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?  
I’ve been up to London to look at the queen.  
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.  
(Rackham 1994: 82; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 69)  
Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
where have you been?  
I’ve been to London to look for the queen.  
Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.  
(Gliori 2007: 36) |

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<th>(E273)</th>
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| **Robin and Richard**  
Robin and Richard were two pretty men,  
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;  
Then up starts Robin and looks in the sky,  
“Oh, brother Richard, the sun’s very high;”  
Robin and Richard were two pretty men;  
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;  
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,  
Oh! brother Richard, the sun’s very high;  
Robin and Richard  
Were two pretty men;  
They stayed in bed  
Till the clock struck ten.  
Then up starts Robin  
And looks at the sky:  
“Oh, brother Richard,  
The sun’s very high.  |
| (E276) | A Week of Birthdays | (E277) | Monday’s bairn is fair of face, Tuesday’s bairn is full of grace, Wednesday’s bairn is full of woe, Thursday’s bairn has far to go, Friday’s bairn is loving and giving, Saturday’s bairn works hard for its living, But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay. (Rackham 1994: 19; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 16) | (E278) | Monday’s child is fair of face, Tuesday’s child is full of grace, Wednesday’s child is full of woe, Thursday’s child is far to go, Friday’s child is loving and giving, Saturday’s child works hard for a living, But the child that is born on the Sabbath day, Is bonny and blithe and good and gay. (Gliori 2007: 56) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 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 its living, But the child that is born on the Sabbath day Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay. (“Classic book” 1986: 89) | You go before With the bottle and bag, And I will come after On little Jack Nag.” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 85) | You go on with bottle and bag, And I’ll come after with jolly Jack Nag.” (“Classic book” 1986: 88) | You to first with bottle and bag, And I’ll come after on little Jack Nag; You go first and open the gate And I’ll come after, and break your pate. (Rackham 1994: 103) |

| (E279) | St Ives | (E280) | 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, and wives, How many were going to St Ives? (“Classic book” 1986: 90) | (E281) | Little Boy, Pretty Boy | (E282) | My Maid Mary | (E283) | My Maid Mary she minds the dairy, While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn; Gaily run the reel and the little spinning-wheel, Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn. (“Classic book” 1986: 91) | (E284) | Hink, Minx! | (E285) |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| As I was going to St Ives, I met a man with seven wives, Every wife had seven sacks, Every sack had seven cats, Every cat had seven kits: Kits, cats, sacks, and wives, How many were there going to St Ives? (“Classic book” 1986: 91) | My Maid Mary she minds the dairy, While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn. Gaily run the reel and the little spinning-wheel, Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn. (“Classic book” 1986: 91) | My Maid Mary she minds the dairy, While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn; Gaily run the reel and the little spinning wheel. While I am singing and mowing my corn. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 46) | Hink, minx! the old witch winks, | | | | | |
| (E285) | **Cross-Patch, Draw the Latch**  
Cross-patch,  
Draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin,  
Take a cup,  
And drink it up,  
And call your neighbours in.  
(“Classic book” 1986: 93) |
| (E286) | **Cross Patch, draw the latch**  
Lift the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup,  
And drink it up,  
Then call your neighbours in.  
(Rackham 1994: 47) |
| (E287) | **Cross patch, draw the latch**  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup and drink it up,  
Then call your neighbours in.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 117) |
| (E288) | **There Was an Old Woman**  
There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,  
Ninety times as high as the moon;  
And where she was going, I couldn’t but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.  
“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” quoth I,  
“O whither, O whither, O whither so high?”  
“To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!”  
| (E289) | **There was an old woman tossed up in a basket**  
Nineteen times as high as the moon;  
Where she was going I couldn’t but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.  
‘Old woman, old woman, old woman,’ quoth I,  
“Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither, so high?”  
“To sweep the cobweb off the sky!”  
“Shall I go with thee?” “Ay, by and by.” (Rackham 1994: 76) |
| (E290) | **There was an old woman tossed up in a basket**  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
Where she was going I couldn’t but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.  
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,  
Where are you going to up so high?  
To brush the cobwebs off the sky!  
| (E291) | **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;  
Up came a little bird, |
| (E292) | **Sing a Song of Sixpence**  
Sing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds,  
Baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing;  
Wasn’t that a dainty dish,  
To set before the king?  
The king was in his counting-house,  
Counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey.  
The maid was in the garden, |
| (E293) | **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 that not 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 |
And snapt off her nose.
(“Classic book” 1986: 95)

Hanging out the clothes,
There came a great big blackbird,
And nipped off her nose.
(Foreman 1998)

Hanging out the clothes,
When came a little blackbird,
And snapped off her nose.
(Rackham 1994: 13)

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Wasn’t that a dainty dish
to set before the king?
The king was in 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,
When down flew a blackbird
And pecked off her nose. (Gliori 2007: 22)

Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
And wasn’t this a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in the parlour counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird and nipped off her nose. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 53)

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shall not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream!
(Rackham 1994: 102)

Curly locks, Curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
Sugar and cream. (Collins 1990: 40; “Classic book” 1986: 96)

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown;
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children in their beds, for it’s past eight o’clock?”
(“Classic book” 1986: 96)

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children all in bed, for now it’s eight o’clock?”
(Foreman 1998)

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children in their beds, for it’s now ten
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown;
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock:
“Are the babes in their beds, for it’s now ten
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown,
Peeping through the keyhole, crying through the
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| (E303) | **Three Blind Mice**  
Three blind mice! see how they run!  
They all run after the farmer’s wife,  
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,  
Did ever you see such a thing in your life as three blind mice? (“Classic book” 1986: 97)  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 93) |   |
| (E304) | Three blind mice,  
Three blind mice,  
See how they run!  
See how they run!  
They all ran after the farmer’s wife,  
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife;  
Did you ever see such fun in your life  
As three blind mice? (Rackham 1994: 41) |   |
| (E305) | **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 he 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:  
How could he see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so?  
In the dark blue sky you keep,  
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. (“Classic book” 1986: 98) |   |
| (E306) | **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.  
(Foreman 1998)  
(Collins 1990: 51) |   |
| (E307) | Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.  
When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
When you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night. (Gliori 2007: 60) |   |
| (E308) | **Three Straws on A Staff**  
Three straws on a staff,  
Would make a baby cry and laugh. (“Classic book” 1986: 99) |   |
| (E309) | **The Fat Man of Bombay**  
There was a fat man of Bombay,  
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,  
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,  
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay. (“Classic book” 1986: 100) |   |
# Apple-Pie

Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake,  
All begins with A. ("Classic book" 1986: 101)

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| **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 went roaring down the street. (Alexander 2008: 127) | **Tom, Tom, the Piper’s Son**  
Stole a pig and away did run;  
The pig was eat, And Tom was beat,  
Till he ran crying down the street. (Gliori 2007: 39) | **Tom, Tom, the Piper’s Son**  
Stole a pig, and away he run!  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street. (Rackham 1994: 56) |

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</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Tom, He Was a Piper’s Son**  
Tom he was a piper’s son,  
He learned to play when he was young,  
But the only tune that he could play,  
Was “Over the hills and far away””  
*Over the hills and a great way off,  
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off.*  
Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,  
That he pleased both the girls and boys,  
And they stopped to hear him play  
“Over the hills and far away”.  
*Over the hills and a great way off,  
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off.*  
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,  
That those who heard him could never keep still;  
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,  
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.  
*Over the hills and a great way off,  
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off.*  
**Tom, He Was a Piper’s Son**  
Tom, he was a piper’s son,  
He learnt to play when he was young,  
And the only tune that he could play,  
Was, “Over the hills and far away”,  
Over the hills and a great way off,  
The wind shall blow my topknot off! (Alexander 2008: 24) | **Tom, Tom, the Piper’s Son**  
Tom, Tom, the piper’s son,  
Stole a pig and away did run;  
The pig was eat, And Tom was beat,  
Till he ran crying down the street. (Gliori 2007: 39) | **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. (“Classic book” 1986: 102; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 56) |
As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced “the Cheshire Round”,
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs;
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke;
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass’s load was lightened full soon.

Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind shall blow my top-knot off. (Rackham 1994: 55)

Tom, he was a 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.”

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and the boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
“Over the hills and far away.” (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

I Saw Three Ships
I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sailing by, sailing by,</th>
<th>I saw three ships come sailing by,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I saw three ships come sailing by</td>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning. (“Classic book” 1986: 103)</td>
<td>And what do you think was in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Was in them then, was in them then?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And what do you think was in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three pretty girls were in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Were in them then, was in them then?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And what do you think was in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three pretty girls were in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Were in them then, were in them then;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Three pretty girls were in them then,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And one could whistle, and one could sing,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>And one could play on the violin –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Such joy there was at my wedding,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>On New Year’s Day in the morning. (Rackham 1994: 44)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(E320)
**Great A, Little A**
Great A, little A,  
Bouncing B,  
The cat’s in the cupboard,  
And can’t see me. (“Classic book” 1986: 104) (“Real Mother Goose” 1984; Rackham 1994: 43)

(E321)
**The Cock Doth Crow**
The Cock doth crow to let you know,  
If you be wise, ’tis time to rise. (“Classic book” 1986: 104)

(E322)
**Please To Remember**
Please to remember the fifth of November,  
The Gunpowder treason plot;  
I see no reason why Gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot.  
A stick and a stake for Victoria’s sake,  
Hollo, boys! hollo, boys! God save the Queen! (“Classic book” 1986: 105)

(E323)
**I Love Sixpence**
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,  
I love sixpence better than my life;  
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,  
And took fourpence home to my

(E324)
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,  
I love sixpence better than my life;  
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,  
And I took fourpence home to my wife.

(E325)
**I Love Sixpence**
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,  
I love sixpence better than my life;  
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,  
And I took fourpence home
wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife. ("Classic book" 1986: 106)

---

**Doctor Foster**

Doctor Foster went to Glo’ster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, right up to his middle,
And never went there again. ("Classic book" 1986: 107)

**E326**

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**E327**

Doctor Foster went to Glo’ster
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, right up to his middle,
And never went there again. (Rackham 1994: 21)

**E328**

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. (Collins 1990: 31; Gliori 2007: 12)

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**The Little Girl Who Had a Curl**

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,
And when she was bad she was horrid. ("Classic book" 1986: 108)

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**E329**

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**E330**

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

**E331**

Daffy-down-dilly is now come to town
With a petticoat green and a bright yellow gown. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 103)
### This Little Cow Eats Grass
This little cow eats grass, *(Hold baby’s thumb,)*
This little cow eats hay. *(Forefinger,)*
This little cow drinks water, *(Middle finger,)*
This little cow runs away. *(Fourth finger,)*
This little cow does nothing, *(Little finger,)*
Except lie down all day.
We’ll chase her, *(Tickle baby’s little finger,)*
We’ll chase her, *(Keep tickling all the way up the arm,)*
We’ll chase her away! *(Slier 1988)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it; There was not a penny in it, But a ribbon round it. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 77)</th>
<th>Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it; Not a penny was there in it, Only ribbon round it. <em>(Collins 1990: 28)</em></th>
<th>Lucy Locket lost her pocket, Kitty Fisher found it; Nothing in it, nothing in it, But the binding round it. <em>(“Real Mother Goose” 1984; “Classic book” 1986: 109)</em></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
### Dame, Get Up
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame, with makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,

### Peter Piper
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,

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 is that peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked? *(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 43)*
| (E340) | **Jack Sprat**  
| Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
| His wife could eat no lean;  
| And so betwixt them both, you see,  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (E341) | **Jack Sprat**  
| Jack Sprat  
| Could eat no fat,  
| His wife could eat no lean;  
| And so,  
| Betwixt them both,  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (“Real Mother Goose” 1984) |
| (E342) | **Jack Sprat**  
| Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
| His wife could eat no lean;  
| And so between the two of them  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (Alexander 2008: 232) |
| (E343) | Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
| His wife could eat no lean,  
| And so between them both, you see,  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (Collins 1990: 21) |
| (E344) | Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
| His wife could eat no lean;  
| And so, between them both,  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (Gliori 2007: 41) |
| (E345) | Jack Sprat could eat no fat  
| His wife could eat no lean;  
| And so, betwixt the two of them,  
| They licked the platter clean.  
| (Rackham 1994: 7) |
| (E346) | **The Rusty Miller**  
| Oh, the rusty, dusty, rusty miller,  
| I’ll not change my wife for gold or silver.  
| (E347) | **Evening Red and Morning Grey**  
| Evening red and morning grey,  
| It is the sign of a bonnie day;  
| Evening grey and morning red,  
| The lamb and the ewe go wet to bed.  
| (“Classic book” 1986: 113) |
| (E348) | **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.”  
| He went to catch a dickey-bird,  
| And thought he could not fail,  
| Because he’d got a little salt  
| To put upon its tail.  
| He went to take a bird’s nest,  
| Was built upon a bough:  
| A branch gave way, and Simon fell  
| Into a dirty slough.  
| (E349) | Simple Simon met a pieman,  
| Going to the fair;  
| Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
| “Let me taste your ware.”  
| Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
| “Show me first your penny.”  
| Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
| “Indeed I have not any.”  
| Simple Simon went a-fishing  
| For to catch a whale:  
| All the water he had got  
| Was in his mother’s pail!  
| (Rackham 1994: 74) |
He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simon, “I can’t hit him,
Because he will not stay.”

Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode an ass about the streets,
But couldn’t find one there.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother’s pail.

He went for to eat honey
Out of the mustard-pot;
He bit his tongue until he cried,
That was all the good he got.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had a little calf;
She threw him down upon the ground,
Which made the people laugh.

Once Simon made a great snowball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.

He washed himself with blacking-ball,
Because he had no soap;
Then said unto his mother,
“I’m a beauty now, I hope.”

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

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu. (“Classic book” 1986: 114)

(E350)
Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman:
“Pray let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon:  
“Show me first your penny;”

(E351)
**Simple Simon**
Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Let me taste your ware.”

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
Says Simple Simon to the pieman:  
“Indeed I have not any.” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 52)  
“Show me first your penny”;  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“Indeed I have not any,” (Alexander 2008: 366)

(E352)  
**Here Comes a Poor Woman**  
Here comes a poor woman from Babyland,  
With three small children in her hand:  
One can brew, another can bake,  
The other can make a pretty round cake.  
One can sit in the garden and spin,  
Another can make a fine bed for the king;  
Pray, ma’am, will you take on in? (“Classic book” 1986: 117)

(E353)  
**Little Poll Parrot**  
Little Poll Parrot  
Sat in her garret,  
Eating toast and tea;  
A little brown mouse  
Jumped into the house,  
And stole it all away. (“Classic book” 1986: 118)

(E354)  
**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.  
It followed her to school one day,  
That was against the rule;  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.  
And so the teacher turned it out,  
But still it lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.  
Why does the lamb love Mary so?  
The eager children cry;  
Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,  
The teacher did reply. (Collins 1990: 14-15; Gliori 2007: 14)

(E355)  
Mary had a little lamb,  
With fleece as white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.  
It followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule;  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.  
And so the teacher turned it out,  
But still it lingered near,  
And waited patiently about,  
Till Mary did appear.  
“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”  
The eager children cry.  
“Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know!”  
The teacher did reply. (Rackham 1994: 12)

(E356)  
Mary had a little lamb  
With fleece as white as snow.  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.  
It followed her to school one day –  
That was against the rule.  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.  
And so the teacher turned it out,  
But still it lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.  
“Why does the lamb love Mary so?”  
The eager children cry.  
“Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know!”  
The teacher did reply.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 21)
### Mary’s Lamb
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go. (“Classic book” 1986: 119)

### Little Lamb
Little Lamb couldn’t sleep,
Not a wink, not a peep!
Tossing, turning, all night through,
What was poor Little Lamb to do?

Owl came by, old and wise,
Said, “Silly lamb, use your eyes –
You’re lying in a field of sheep,
Try counting them to help you sleep!”

“Seven, four, thirteen, ten –
That’s not right, I’ll start again…”
Till daylight came, awake he lay,
And vowed to learn to count next day! (Alexander 2008: 192)

### There Was a Rat
There was a Rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers. (“Classic book” 1986: 119)

---

### The Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin
| Who killed Cock Robin? | I, said the Sparrow,      |
| Who saw him die?       | I, said the Fly,          |
| Who caught his blood?  | I, said the Fish,         |
| Who’ll make his shroud?| I, said the Beetle,       |
| Who’ll dig his grave?  | I, said the Owl,          |

| I killed Cock Robin. | With my bow and arrow,     |
| I saw him die.       | With my little eye,        |
| I caught his blood.   | With my little dish,       |
| I’ll make his shroud. | With my thread and needle, |
| I’ll dig his grave.   | With my spade and trowel,  |

| Who killed Cock Robin? | “I,” said the sparrow,      |
| Who saw him die?       | “I,” said the fly,          |
| Who caught his blood?  | “I,” said the fish,         |
| Who’ll make his shroud?| “I,” said the beetle,       |
| Who’ll dig his grave?  | “I,” said the linnet,       |

| “With my bow and arrow,” |
| “With my little eye,”    |
| “With my little dish,”   |
| “With my thread and needle,” |
| “With my spade and trowel,” |

---
With my spade and shovel,
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 carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,
If it’s not in the night,
I’ll carry him to the grave.

Who’ll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet,
I’ll fetch it in a minute,
I’ll carry the link.

Who’ll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I’ll be chief mourner.

Who’ll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I’ll sing a psalm.

Who’ll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell!

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin. ("Classic book" 1986: 120)

I’ll carry the torch.”

Who’ll be the clerk?
“I,” said the rook,
“For I mourn for my love,
I’ll be the parson.”

Who’ll dig his grave?
“I,” said the owl,
“With my spade and trowel,
I’ll dig his grave.”

Who’ll be the parson?
“II,” said the rook,
“When it’s not in the dark,
I’ll be the clerk.”

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’ll mourn for my love,
I’ll be chief mourner.

Who’ll carry the coffin?
“I,” said the Kite,
If it’s not in the dark,
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 carry the link?
“I,” said the Linnet,
I’ll fetch it in a minute,
I’ll carry the link.

Who’ll sing a psalm?
“I,” said the Thrush,
As she sat in 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 sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin. (Rackham 1994: 113)

All the birds of the air
Fell sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 24)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(E365)</strong></th>
<th><strong>(E366)</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| *Ladybird, ladybird,*  
Fly away home,  
Your house is on fire  
And your children are gone;  
All except one  
And that’s little Ann  
And she has crept under  
The frying pan. (Collins 1990: 26) | *Ladybird, ladybird,*  
Fly away home,  
Your house is on fire  
And your children all gone;  
All except one  
And that’s little Ann,  
And she has crept under  
The warming pan. (Gliori 2007: 21) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(E367)</strong></th>
<th><strong>(E368)</strong></th>
<th><strong>(E369)</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Round and Round the Garden**  
Round and round the garden  
Like a teddy bear;  
One step, two step,  
Tickle you under there! (Foreman 1998) | **Round and Round the Garden**  
Round and round the garden,  
Like a teddy bear,  
One step, two steps,  
Tickle under there! (Alexander 2008: 25) | **Round about, round about**  
Ran a wee mouse.  
Up a bit, up a bit,  
In a wee house! (Fowke 1969: 102) |

|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Round and round the cornfield  
Looking for a hare.  
Where can we find one?  
Right up there! (Fowke 1969: 102) | Round and round  
The garden,  
Goes the little mouse.  
One step,  
Two steps,  
And into his little house.  
Round and round  
The garden,  
Goes the hungry cat.  
Where’s the mouse?  
Where’s the mouse?  
He’s in his little house. (Dunn 1993: 19) | Round and Round the Garden  
Round and round the garden, *(Run your finger around baby’s palm.)*  
Like a teddy bear.  
One step, *(Walk your fingers up baby’s arm.)*  
Two steps,  
Tickle you under there.  
*(Tickle baby under the arm.)*  
Round and round the haystack, *(Repeat gestures.)*  
Went the little mouse.  
One step,  
Two steps,  
In his little house. (Slier 1988) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(E373)</strong></th>
<th><strong>(E374)</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **A Farmer Went Trotting**  
A farmer went trotting  
Upon his grey mare,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
With his daughter behind him  
So rosy and fair,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump! (Foreman 1998) | **A farmer went trotting**  
Upon his grey mare;  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
With his daughter behind him,  
So rosy and fair:  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!  
A raven cried “Croak!”  
And they all tumbled down;  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
The mare broke her knees,  
And the farmer his crown;  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The mischievous raven</th>
<th>The mischievous raven</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flew laughing away;</td>
<td>Flew laughing away;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bumpety, bumpety, bump!</td>
<td>Bumpety, bumpety, bump!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And vowed he would serve them</td>
<td>And vowed he would serve them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The same the next day;</td>
<td>The same the next day;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lumpety, lumpety, lump!</td>
<td>Lumpety, lumpety, lump!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 57)</td>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 57)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E375)</th>
<th>(E376)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Row the Boat</strong></td>
<td><strong>Row, Row, Row Your Boat</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Row, row, row the boat</td>
<td>Row, row, row your boat,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gently down the stream,</td>
<td>Gently down the stream,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrily, merrily, merrily,</td>
<td>Merrily, merrily, merrily,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life is but a dream. (Foreman 1998)</td>
<td>Life is but a dream. (Alexander 2008: 66)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E377)</th>
<th>(E378)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rain on the Green Grass</strong></td>
<td><strong>It’s raining on the blue roof,</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain on the green grass,</td>
<td>It’s raining on the tree,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And rain on the tree,</td>
<td>It’s raining on the sunflower,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rain on the house-top,</td>
<td>But it isn’t on me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But not on me. (Foreman 1998)</td>
<td>(Dunn 1993: 28)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E379)</th>
<th>(E380)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Incy Wincy Spider</strong></td>
<td><strong>Ipsey Wipsey spider</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incy Wincy Spider</td>
<td>Climbing up the spout;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbed the water spout,</td>
<td>Down came the rain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down came the rain</td>
<td>And washed the spider out:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And washed poor Incy out.</td>
<td>Out came the sunshine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out came the sun</td>
<td>And dried up all the rain;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And dried up all the rain,</td>
<td>Ipsey Wipsey spider</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So Incy Wincy Spider</td>
<td>Climbing up again. (Collins 1990: 25)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbed the spout again. (Foreman 1998)</td>
<td>(E382)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E381)</th>
<th>(E382)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Incy Wincy spider</strong></td>
<td><strong>Eensy Weensy Spider</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incy Wincy spider</td>
<td>(Encourage baby to imitate your gestures.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbed up the water spout;</td>
<td><strong>Eensy weensy Spider</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down came the rain</td>
<td>(Put your little finger against your thumb, then thumb to little finger.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And washed the spider out;</td>
<td>Climbed the water spout. (Walk your hands up in front of you.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out came the sunshine</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And dried up all the rain;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Incy wincy spider
Climbed up the spout again. (Gliori 2007: 19)

Down came the rain *(Lower your arms, wiggling your fingers like rain.)*
And washed the spider out. *(Palms down, scissor your arms in front of you.)*
Out came the sun *(Raise your hands.)*
And dried up all the rain. *(Bring your arms out and down, making a circle.)*
And eensy weensy spider *(Walk your hands up again, little finger to thumb, thumb to little finger.)*
Climbed the spout again. (Slier 1988)

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### “It’s Raining, It’s Pouring”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E383</th>
<th>E384</th>
<th>E385</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **It’s Raining, It’s Pouring**
It’s raining, it’s pouring.
The old man is snoring.
He got into bed
And bumped his head
And couldn’t get up in the morning. (Foreman 1998) |
| **It’s Raining, It’s Pouring**
It’s raining, it’s pouring.
The old man is snoring.
He went to bed and bumped his head
And couldn’t get up in the morning. (Alexander 2008: 52; Gliori 2007: 13) |
| **It’s raining, it’s pouring,**
The old man is snoring.
He went to bed with a hole in his head
And he couldn’t get up in the morning. (Fowke 1969: 94) |

### Old Mother Hubbard

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>E386</th>
<th>E387</th>
<th>E388</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **Old Mother Hubbard**
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.
She went to the baker’s
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.
She went to the undertaker’s
to buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.
She went to the fruitier’s
to buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.
She went to the tailor’s
to buy him a coat;
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.
She went to the barber’s
to buy him a wig;
But when she came back |
| **Old Mother Hubbard**
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She went to the baker’s
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.
She went to the joiner’s
to buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.
She took a clean dish
to get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.
She went to the alehouse
to get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair. |
| **Old Mother Hubbard**
Went to the cupboard,
To fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
She took a clean dish
to get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.
She went to the alehouse
to get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair. |

---

### Bonus

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.
She went to the fruitier’s
to buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.
She went to the tailor’s
to buy him a coat;
He was dancing a jig.
She went to the hosier’s
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, Your servant,
The dog said, Bow-wow.  
(Foreman 1998)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, “Your servant,”
The dog said, “Bow, wow.”  
(Rackham 1994: 87)
**Sally**

Sally go round the sun,
Sally go round the moon,
Sally go round the chimney-pots
On a Saturday afternoon. (Foreman 1998; Collins 1990: 13)

**Ring-a-Ring o’ Roses**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The cows are in the meadow, Lying fast asleep, A-tishoo! A-tishoo! We all get up again. (Foreman 1998; Collins 1990: 39)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Hush, Little Baby**

| Hush, little baby, don’t say a word, Daddy’s going to buy you a mocking bird; | Hush, little baby, don’t say a word, Papa’s going to buy you a mocking bird. If that mockingbird won’t sing, Papa’s gonna buy you a diamond ring. If that diamond ring turns to brass, Papa’s gonna buy you a looking glass. If that looking glass gets broke, Papa’s gonna buy you a billy goat. If that billy goat won’t pull, Papa’s gonna buy you a cart and bull. And if that card and bull turn over, Papa’s gonna buy you a dog named Rover. And if that dog named Rover won’t bark, Papa’s gonna buy you a horse and cart. (Collins 1990: 48-49) |
|---|---|---|
| Daddy’s going to buy you a diamond ring; If that diamond ring turns to brass, Daddy’s going to buy you a looking glass; If that looking glass gets broke, Daddy’s going to buy you a billy goat; If that billy goat runs away – Daddy’ll buy you another, today. (Foreman 1998) | Papa’s going to buy you a diamond ring. If the mocking bird won’t sing, Papa’s going to buy you a looking-glass. If the looking-glass gets broke, Papa’s going to buy you a billy-goat. If that billy-goat runs away, Papa’s going to buy you another today. (Collins 1990: 48-49) |  |

**Hush Little Baby**

Hush little baby, don’t say a word, Papa’s gonna buy you a mockingbird. And if that mockingbird won’t sing, Papa’s gonna buy you a diamond ring. And if that diamond ring turns to brass, Papa’s gonna buy you a looking glass. And if that looking glass gets broke, Papa’s gonna buy you a billy goat. And if that billy goat won’t pull, Papa’s gonna buy you a cart and bull. And if that card and bull turn over, Papa’s gonna buy you a dog named Rover. And if that dog named Rover won’t bark, Papa’s gonna buy you a horse and cart.
And if that horse and cart fall down,
You’ll still be the sweetes little baby in town! (Gliori 2007: 58)

(E397)
**Bedtime**
Down with the lambs
Up with the lark,
Run to bed children
Before it gets dark. (Foreman 1998)

(E398)
I’ll tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory-
And now my story’s begun;
I’ll tell you another
About Jack and his brother-
And now my story’s done. (Rackham 1994: 7)

(E399)
**Jackanory**
I’ll tell you a story
Of Jackanory,
And now my story’s begun;
I’ll tell you another
Of Jack his brother,
And now my story’s done. (Alexander 2008: 53)

(E400)
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.

(E401)
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,
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,
This 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,
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. (Rackham 1994: 34)

That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the pries all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked thee 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 pries 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 the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn.
That waked the pries 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. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 60)

(E402)
Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father’s a nobleman, mother’s a queen;
And Betty’s a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny’s a drummer, and drum for the king. (Rackham 1994: 8; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 73)

(E403)
Ring the bell! – Giving a lock of the hair a pull
Knock at the door!-Tapping the forehead
**Lift up the latch! – Pulling up the nose**
And walk in! – Opening the mouth and putting in a finger (Rackham 1994: 11)

---

(E404)

**Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,**
Bless the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head –
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away! (Rackham 1994: 81)

---

(E405)

Danty, baby, diddy,
What shall its mammy do wid’ e?
Sit in a lap,
And give it some pap,
Danty, baby, diddy. (Rackham 1994: 15)

---

(E406)

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather:

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin –
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again! (Rackham 1994: 16)

---

(E407)

Three little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear,
We very much fear,
That we have lost our mittens.
What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Yes, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, Mee-ow.

Three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear,
See here, see here,
See, we have found our mittens.
What! found your mittens, you little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie.
Purr, purr, purr.
Yes, you shall have some pie.

---

(E408)

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.
Lost your mittens! You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear, see her, see her,
See, we have found our mittens.
Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh! let us have the pie,

---

(E409)

The three little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear,
That we have lost our mittens.
What! Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Meow, meow, meow,
No, you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens, they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,
For we have found our mittens.
Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
Purr, purr, purr.
The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh! mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! soiled your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Miow, miow, miow;
Then they began to sigh,
Miow, miow, miow.
The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens.
What! washed your mittens, you darling kittens –
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! miew, miew;
We smell a rat close by,
Miew, miew, miew. (Rackham 1994: 16)

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.
The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh! mother dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
Soiled your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens.
Washed your mittens! Oh! you’re good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by.
Hush! hush! mee-ow. mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 38)

Purr, purr, purr,
Oh, let us have some pie.
The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh, mother dear, we greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Meow, meow, meow,
Then they began to sigh.
Meow, meow, meow.
The three little kittens, they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens?
What! washed your mittens, then you’re good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Meow, meow, meow,
We smell a rat close by. (Gliori 2007: 44)

See-saw Sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up and the other foot down,
That is the way to London town. (Rackham 1994: 20)

See-saw, Sacradown
See-saw, Sacradown,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up and one foot down,
That’s the way to London Town. (Alexander 2008: 104)

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat’s run off with the pudding-bag string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two. (Rackham 1994: 22)

Sing, Sing
Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat’s run away with the pudding-bag string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two. ("Classic book" 1986: 27)

Hickety, pickety,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen:
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 37)
And sometimes ten.
Hickety, picket,
My black hen! (Rackham 1994: 22)

(E416)
Barber, barber, shave a pig;
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four-and-twenty, that’s enough:
Give the barber a pinch of snuff. (Rackham 1994: 24)

(E417)
One to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare. (Rackham 1994: 24)

(E418)
A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drummer, and had a red face.
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an innkeeper, who loved to carouse,
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was a king, so mighty and grand,
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a queen, who was fond of good flip,
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a sailor, who drank all himself.
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was a usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool. (Rackham 1994: 27)

(E419)
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 an esquire, with pride on his brow;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck;
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an innkeeper, who loved to carouse;
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed this land;
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster girl, and 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 a usurer,
  a miserable elf;
  V was a vintner,
  who drank all himself.
  W was a watchman,
  and guarded the door;
  X was expensive,
  and so became poor.
  Y was a youth,
  that did not love school;
  Z was a zany,
  a poor harmless fool. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 115)

(E420)
The girl in the lane, that couldn’t speak plain,
Cried, “Gobble, gobble, gobble.”
The man on the hill, that couldn’t stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble. (Rackham 1994: 28)

(E421)
There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the girl,
“Shall I, oh! shall I?”
Says the little girl to the little boy,
“What shall we do?”
Says the little boy to the little girl,

(E422)
What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
“Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs’ tails,
And that’s what little boys are made of.”

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
“Sugar and spice, and all that’s nice,
And that’s what little girls are made of.” (Rackham 1994: 90)

(E423)
What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs tails;
And that’s what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that’s nice;
And that’s what little girls are made of, made of. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 29)

(E424)
What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy-dogs’ tails,
That’s what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And all things nice,
That’s what little girls are made of. (Collins 1990: 40)
### (E425)
One, two, three, four, five,
Catching fishes all alive!
“Why did you let them go?”
“Because they bit my finger so.”
“Which finger did they bite?”
“The little finger on the right.” (Rackham 1994: 29)

### (E426)
One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again.
Why did you let him go?
Because he bit my finger so. (Fowke 1969: 109)

### (E427)
One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little finger on the right. (Collins 1990: 6)

### (E428)
**One, Two, Three, Four, Five**
One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let him go again.
Why did you let him go?
Because he bit my finger so.
Which finger did he bite?
This little finger on the right. (Alexander 2008: 105)

### (E429)
**Two Little Ducks**
Two little ducks that I once knew, *(Hold baby’s hands in yours and clap hands in time. Put up forefinger, then middle finger.)*
A fat duck, a skinny duck, there were two. *(Indicate fat and thin and indicate two.)*
The one little duck with feathers on his back, *(Shake baby’)*
He led the other with a “quack, quack, quack.” *(Tuck baby’s hands in his or her armpits, and flap baby’s arms up and down.)*
Down to the river they would go, *(Put baby’s hands together and wiggle them like a duck’s behind.)*
Wobble, wobble, wobble, wobble, to and fro. (Slier 1988)

### (E430)
**Mary, Mary**
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all in a row. *(“Classic book” 1986: 8)*

### (E431)
**Mary, Mary**
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row. (Foreman 1998)

### (E432)
**Mary, Mary**
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row. (Rackham 1994: 31)

### (E433)
Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row. (Gliori 2007: 20)

### (E434)
Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row. *(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 109)*

### (E435)
**Mary, Mary, quite contrary**
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row. *(“Real Mother Goose” 1984)*
**Dance**

_Dance, Thumbkin, dance_

*Keep the thumb in motion.*

Dance, ye merrymen, every one;

_All the fingers in motion._

For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,

_The thumb only moving._

Thumbkin, he can dance alone,

_The thumb only moving._

Dance, Foreman, dance,

_The first finger moving._

Dance, ye merrymen, every one;

_All the fingers in motion._

But, Foreman, he can dance alone;

Foreman, he can dance alone. (Rackham 1994: 38)

---

**A** was an apple-pie;

B bit it;

C cut it;

D dealt it for

E to eat it;

F fought for it;

G got it;

H had it;

J joined it;

K kept it;

L longed for it;

M mourned for it;

N nodded at it;

O opened it;

P peeped in it;

Q quartered it;

R ran for it;

S stole it;

T took it;

V viewed it

W wanted it;

X, Y, Z and ampersand

All wished for a piece in hand. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 64; Rackham 1994: 39)

---

**Johnny** shall have a new bonnet

And Johnny shall go to the fair,

And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon

To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?

And why may not Johnny love me?

And why may not I love Johnny

As well as another body?

And here’s a leg for a stocking,

And here’s a leg for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny, 
As well as another body? (Rackham 1994: 40; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E439) Elisabeth, 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. (Rackham 1994: 43)

(E440) 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 it, 
They all took one and left four in it. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 56)

(E441) This is the way the ladies ride: 
Tri, tre, tre, tree, 
Tri, tre, tre, tre-tree! 
This is the way the gentlemen ride: 
Gallop-a-trot, Gallop-a-trot! 
This is the way the farmers ride: 
Hobbledy-hoy, Hobbledy-hoy! 
This is the way the hunter rides: 
Gallupy, gallupy, gallupy over the fence! (Fowke 1969: 100)

(E443) This is the way the lady rides: 
Trit trot, trit trot. 
This is the way the gentleman rides: 
Jiggety jog, jiggety jog. 
This is the way the farmer rides: 
Hobbledehoy, hobbledehoy. 
This is the way the hunter rides: 
Gallupy, gallupy, gallupy over the fence! (Fowke 1969: 100)

(E444) Cry, baby, cry, 
Put your finger in your eye. 
And tell your mother it wasn’t I. (Rackham 1994: 50; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E445) Cry, Baby, Cry 
Cry, Baby, cry, 
Put your finger in your eye, 
And tell your mother it wasn’t I. (“Classic book” 1986: 39)

(E446) Cry, baby, cry! 
Stick your finger in your eye. 
Tell your mother it wasn’t I. (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E447) The lion and the unicorn 
Were fighting for the crown; 
The lion beat the unicorn 
All round the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And drummed them out of town. (Rackham 1994: 52)

(E449)
There was an old woman, as I’ve heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king’s highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout;
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

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

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

Home went the little woman all in the dark;
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
“Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!” (Rackham 1994: 54)

(E450)
An old woman was sweeping her house, and
she found a little crooked sixpence. “What,” said she,
“shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go
to market and buy a little pig.”
As she was coming home, she came to a stile;
but the pig would not go over the stile.
She went a little farther, and she met a dog.
So she said to the dog –
“Dog, dog, bite pig!
Pig won’t get over the stile;
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the dog would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a stick.
So she said –
“Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the stick would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said –
“Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the fire would not.
She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said –

“Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the water would not.
She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said –
“Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the ox would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said –
“Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won’t drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the butcher would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said –
“Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won’t kill ox;
Ox won’t drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the rope would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a rat.
So she said –
“Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won’t hang butcher;
Butcher won’t kill ox;
Ox won’t drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

But the rat would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said –
“Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won’t gnaw rope;
Rope won’t hang butcher;
Butcher won’t kill ox;
Ox won’t drink water;
Water won’t quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile,
And I shan’t get home tonight.”

The cat said, “If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat.”
So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk –
The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night. (Rackham 1994: 58)

(E451)
Leg over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over. (Rackham 1994: 63)

(E452)
If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be!
And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish splash that would be! (Rackham 1994: 63; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 46; Alexander 2008: 73)

If all the world was apple-pie
If all the world was apple-pie
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?
(Alexander 2008: 143)

If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?
(Rackham 1994: 93)

Eena, deena, dina, duss,
Katla, weena, wina, wuss,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one,
O U T spells out! (Rackham 1994: 69)

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

“Oranges and lemons,”
Say the bells of St Clement’s.

“Brickbats and tiles,”
Say the bells of St Giles”.

“Halfpence and farthings,”
Say the bells of St Martin’s.

“Pancakes and fritters,”
Say the bells of St Peter’s.

“Two sticks and an apple,”
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

“Old Father Baldpate,”
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

“You owe me ten shillings,”
Say the bells at St Helen’s.

“Pokers and tongs,”
Say the bells at St John’s.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St Clement’s.
You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin’s.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I’m sure I don’t know,
Says the Great Bell of Bow. (Collins 1990: 13)
“Kettles and pans,”
Say the bells at St Ann’s.

“When will you pay me?”
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

“When I grow rich,”
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

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

“I am sure I don’t know,”
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.
Last, last, last, last, last man’s head. (Rackham 1994: 70)

(E459)
Upon my word and honour,
As I was going to Stonor,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour! (Rackham 1994: 74)

(E460)
When the wind is in the east,
‘Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes’ mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then ‘tis at the very best. (Rackham 1994: 76)

(E461)
My Turtle
Here’s my little turtle. (Make a fist and stick out your thumb.)
Here’s his little shell. (Hide your thumb in your fist.)
He liked his home very well.
He pokes his head out, (Extend your thumb.)
When he wants to eat,
And pulls it back in, (Hide your thumb again.)
When he wants to sleep. (Slier 1988)

(E462)
There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this little old woman could never keep quiet. (Rackham 1994: 80)
| (E463) | **Little Nancy Etticoat**  
Little Nancy Etticoat,  
In a white petticoat  
And a red nose;  
She has no feet or hands  
And the longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows. (Rackham 1994: 81) |
| (E464) | **Little Nanny Etticoat**  
Little Nanny Etticoat  
In a white petticoat,  
And a red nose;  
The longer she stands  
The shorter she grows. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 22) |

| (E465) | **Little Nancy Etticote**  
Little Nancy Etticote,  
In a white petticoat,  
With a red nose;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows. (“Classic book” 1986: 12) |

| (E466) | **The man in the wilderness, he asked me**  
The man in the wilderness asked me,  
How many strawberries grew in the sea;  
I answered him as I thought good,  
As many as red herrings grew in the wood. (Rackham 1994: 81) |
| (E467) | **The Man in the Wilderness**  
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 as grew in the wood. (Alexander 2008: 142) |
| (E468) | A man in the wilderness, he asked me,  
How many strawberries grow in the sea?  
I answered him, as I thought good,  
As many red herrings as swim in the wood. (Collins 1990: 10) |

| (E469) | **Tell tale tit!**  
Your tongue shall be slit,  
And all the dogs in the town  
Shall have a little bit. (Rackham 1994: 81) |
| (E470) | Tell tale tit,  
Your tongue shall be split  
And all the little puppy dogs,  
Shall have a little bit! (Collins 1990: 29) |
| (E471) | Tattle tale tit,  
You tongue must be split  
And every little puppy dog  
Will have a little bit. (Fowke 1969: 116) |

| (E472) | **Thirty days hath September,**  
Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone,  
Which has but twenty-eight days clear  
And twenty-nine in each leap year. (Rackham 1994: 83) |
| (E473) | Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting leap-year, that’s the time  
When February’s days are twenty-nine. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86) |

| (E474) | **For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,**  
For want of a nail, the shoe was lost,  
For want of a horse, the rider was lost,  
For want of a rider, the battle was lost,  
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,  
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail. (Rackham 1994: 85) |
“How many miles to Babylon?”
“Threescore miles and ten.”
“How I get there by candlelight?”
“Yes and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candlelight.” (Rackham 1994: 85)

_Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee_ Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow
As big as a tar-barrel –
Which frightened both the heroes so
They quite forgot their quarrel. (Rackham 1994: 85; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 38)

_Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee_ Agreed to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel. (Alexander 2008: 115)

_There_ was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes.

But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched 'em in again. (Rackham 1994: 90)

_London_ Bridge is broken down
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
_Dance over my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>With a gay lady.</th>
<th>With a gay lady.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Iron and steel will bend and bow,</td>
<td>Iron and steel will bend and bow,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron and steel will bend and bow,</td>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
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<tr>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
<td>Build it up with wood and clay,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Build it up with wood and clay,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wood and clay will wash away,</td>
<td>Wood and clay will wash away,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood and clay will wash away,</td>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
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<tr>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
<td>Build it up with stone so strong,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Dance over my Lady Lee;</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>Hurrah! ‘twill last for ages long,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>With a gay lady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 91)</td>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 91)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>London Bridge</th>
<th>In the city, in the street</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>London Bridge is falling down,</td>
<td>London Bridge is falling down,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Falling down, falling down.</td>
<td>Falling down, falling down;</td>
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<tr>
<td>London Bridge is falling down,</td>
<td>London Bridge is falling down,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My fair lady.</td>
<td>My fair lady.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>We must build it up again,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build it up with iron bars,</td>
<td>Up again, up again;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron bars, iron bars,</td>
<td>We must build it up again,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Build it up with iron bars,</td>
<td>My fair lady.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My fair lady.</td>
<td>(Collins 1990: 12)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron bars will bend and break,</td>
<td>And when they were up they were up,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bend and break, bend and break,</td>
<td>And when they were down they were down;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron bars will bend and break,</td>
<td>And when they were only half-way up,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My fair lady.</td>
<td>They were neither up nor down.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 91)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Oh, the grand old Duke of York,</th>
<th>The Grand Old Duke of York</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>He had ten thousand men;</td>
<td>The grand old Duke of York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He marched them up a great high hill,</td>
<td>He had ten thousand men;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And he marched them down again!</td>
<td>He marched them up to the top of the hill,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When they were up, they were up,</td>
<td>And he marched them down again!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And when they were down, they were down,</td>
<td>And when they were up they were up,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And when they were only half-way up,</td>
<td>And when they were down they were down;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They were neither up nor down.</td>
<td>(Rackham 1994: 91)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Line</td>
<td>Text</td>
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<td>------</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>1994: 95)</td>
<td>And when they were only halfway up, They were neither up nor down. (Alexander 2008: 286; Gliori 2007: 52)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E485)</td>
<td><strong>Doctor</strong> Faustus was a good man, He whipped his scholars now and then; When he whipped them he made them dance, Out of England into France, Out of France into Spain, And then he whipped them back again! (Rackham 1994: 95)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E486)</td>
<td><strong>March</strong> winds and April showers Bring forth May flowers. (Rackham 1994: 95; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 93; Collins 1990: 24)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E487)</td>
<td><strong>Some</strong> little mice sat in a barn to spin; Pussy came by, and popped her head in; “Shall I come in and cut your thread off?” “Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off.” (Rackham 1994: 96)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E488)</td>
<td><strong>All</strong> of a row, Bend the bow, Shot at a pigeon And killed a crow. (Rackham 1994: 97)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E489)</td>
<td><strong>Needles</strong> and pins, needles and pins, When a man marries his trouble begins. (Rackham 1994: 97)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E490)</td>
<td><strong>A sunshiny</strong> shower Won’t last half an hour. (Rackham 1994: 98; Alexander 2008: 275; Collins 1990: 25)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E491)</td>
<td><strong>Tit-tat-toe,</strong> My first go, Three jolly butcher-boys, All in a row; Stick one up, Stick one down, Stick one in the old man’s crown. (Rackham 1994: 98)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E492)</td>
<td><strong>One</strong>, two, three, four, Mary at the cottage door; Five, six, seven, eight, Eating cherries off a plate. O U T spells out! (Rackham 1994: 99)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E493)</td>
<td><strong>One</strong>, two, three, four, Mary’s at the cottage door. Five, six, seven, eight, She’s eating cherries On a plate. (Dunn 1993: 25)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| (E494) | **Cock-a-doodle-doo!**  
My dame has lost her shoe;  
My master’s lost his fiddling-stick,  
And don’t know what to do.  
Cock-a-doodle-do!  
What is my dame to do?  
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,  
She’ll dance without her shoe.  
Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame has lost her shoe,  
And master’s found his fiddling-stick,  
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!  
Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame will dance with you,  
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,  
For dame and doodle-doo. (Rackham 1994: 100) |
| (E495) | **Cock-a-doodle-doo,**  
My dame has lost her shoe;  
My master’s lost his fiddling-stick,  
And knows not what to do. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 14) |
| (E496) | **Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,**  
The fly shall marry the humble-bee.  
They went to the church, and married was she:  
The fly has married the humble-bee. (Rackham 1994: 102) |
| (E498) | **I had** a little hobby-horse,  
And it was dapple grey;  
Its head was made of pea-straw,  
Its tail was made of hay.  
I sold it to an old woman  
For a copper groat;  
And I’ll not sing my song again  
Without another coat. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 16) |
| (E497) | **I had** a little pony,  
His name was Dapple Grey,  
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. (Rackham 1994: 103) |
| (E499) | **There** was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,  
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small;  
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,  
And down at one gulp house and old woman went. (Rackham 1994: 104) |
| (E500) | **A red** sky at night is a shepherd’s delight,  
A red sky in the morning is a shepherd’s warning. (Rackham 1994: 105) |
| (E501) | **Red Sky**  
Red sky at night,  
Shepherd’s delight;  
Red sky in the morning,  
Shepherd’s warning. (Alexander 2008: 306) |
| (E502) | **The** rule of the road is a paradox quite,  
Though custom has proved it so long; |
If you go to the left, you go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong. (Rackham 1994: 105)

(E503)

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor make a cloak.
Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor shot, but he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
And shot the old sow right through the heart.
Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do. (Rackham 1994: 106)

(E504)

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
Runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.
One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs, a man; three legs, a stool; four legs a dog. (Rackham 1994: 109)

(E505)

Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with three young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain
And so they all went home again. (“Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 16)

(E506)

Three Young Rats
Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with white straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again. (Alexander 2008: 114)

(E507)

“Billy, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day.”

“Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.”

“Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsy on the green?"

“Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o’er the new-mown grass."

“Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song.” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 16)

(E508)
Hie to the market, jenny come trot,
Spilt all her buttermilk, every drop,
Every drop and every dram,
Jenny came home with an empty can. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 16)

(E509)
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Colt must go bare. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 16)

(E510)
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? (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 18)

(E511)
Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice have their choice,
And so will I have mine. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 21)

(E512)
Go to bed first,
A golden purse;
Go to bed second,
A golden pheasant;
Go to bed third,
A golden bird. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 21)

(E513)
My mother said, I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood.
If I did, then she would say:
Naughty girl to disobey.
Your hair shan’t curl and you shoes shan’t shine,
You gypsy girl you shan’t be mine.
And my father said that if I did,
My mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood.
If I did, she would say:
“Naughty girl to disobey!
Disobey, disobey,
Naughty girl to disobey!”
“Your hair shan’t curl, your shoes shan’t shine.
He’d rap my head with the teapot lid.

My mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood.
The wood was dark, the grass was green;
By came Sally with a tambourine.
I went to sea – no ship to get across;
I paid ten shillings for a blind white horse.
I upped on his back and was off in a crack,
Sally tell my mother I shall never come back.  
(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 21)

You naughty girl, you shan’t be mine.”
My father said that if I did,
He’d bang my head with a saucepan lid.
Saucepan lid, saucepan lid,
He’d bang my head with a saucepan lid.

The wood was dark, the grass was green.
Up comes Sally with a tambourine.
Alpaca frock, new scarf-shawl,
White straw bonnet and a pink parasol.
Pink parasol, pink parasol,
White straw bonnet and a pink parasol.

I went to the river, no ship to get across.
I paid ten shillings for an old blind horse.
I up on his back and off in a crack.
Sally, tell my mother that I’ll never come back.
Never come back, never come back,
Sally, tell my mother that I’ll never come back.  
(Fowke 1969: 97)

My mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood.
If I did, she would say,
“Naughty girl, to disobey.” (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

Pretty John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice, too, in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay
And nibble away,

I’ll tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
And now my story’s begun.
I’ll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story’s done. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 26)

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 28)
Little Jenny Wren fell sick, 
Upon a time; 
In came Robin Redbreast 
And brought her cake and wine.

“Eat well of my cake, Jenny, 
Drink well of my wine.”
“Thank you, Robin, kindly, 
You shall be mine.”

Jenny she got well, 
And stood upon her feet, 
And told Robin plainly 
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry, 
Hopped upon a twig, 
Saying, “Out upon you! Fie upon you! 
Boled-faced jig!” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 29)

There was an old woman of Gloucester, 
Whose parrot two guineas it cost her, 
But its tongue never ceasing, 
Was vastly displeasing 
To the talkative woman of Gloucester. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 29)

I am a pretty wench, 
And I come a great way hence, 
And sweethearts I can get none: 
But every dirty sow 
Can get sweethearts enough, 
And I pretty wench can get none. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 29)

A,B,C,D,E,F,G, 
H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O,P, 
Q,R,S, and T, U, V, 
W, X, and Y and Z. 
Now I’ve said my A, B, C, 
Tell me what you think of me. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 31)

The little robin grieves 
When the snow is on the ground, 
For the trees have no leaves, 
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid; 
For robin here what can be done?
Let’s strow around some crumbs of bread,
And then he’ll live till snow is gone. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 32)

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 forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 33)

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Telling his beads,
All in the greenwood
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
We shall fret full sore! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 33)

Robin Hood has gone to the wood;
He’ll come back again if we are good. (Alexander 2008: 307)

There was a lady loved a swine,
Honey, quoth she,
Pig-hog wilt thou be mine?
Hoogh, quoth he.

I’ll build thee a silver sty,
Honey, quoth she,
And in it thou shalt lie.
Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she.
That thou may go out and in.
Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou have me now,
Honey? quoth she.
Speak or my heart will break.
Hoogh, quoth he. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 33)
(E529)
About the bush, Willie, about the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willie, I’ll meet thee alive. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 35)

(E530)
Willie boy, Willie boy,
Where are you going?
O, let us go with you
This sunshiny day.

I’m going to the meadow
To see them a-mowing,
I’m going to help the girls
Turn the new hay. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 39)

(E531)
Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer’s day.
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.
Oh, had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny
They had not then been drowned.

Ye parents who have children dear,
And ye, too, who have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 40)

(E532)
When I was a little girl,
About seven years old,
I hadn’t got a petticoat,
To cover me from the cold.

So I went into Darlington,
That pretty little town,
And there I bought a petticoat,
A cloak, and a gown.

I went into the woods
And built me a kirk,
And all the birds of the air,
They helped me to work.

The hawk with his long claws
Pulled down the stone,
The dove with her rough bill
Brought me them home.
The parrot was the clergyman,  
The peacock was the clerk,  
The bullfinch played the organ,  
We made merry work. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 43)

(E533)  
There was a man and he had naught,  
And robbers came to rob him;  
He crept up to the chimney top,  
And then they thought they had him.  
But he got down on the other side,  
And then they could not find him;  
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,  
And never looked behind him. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 44)

(E534)  
There was an old man,  
And he had a calf,  
And that’s half;  
He took him out of the stall,  
And put him on the wall,  
And that’s all. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 45)

(E535)  
**Young Lambs to Sell**  
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;  
If I had as much money as I could tell  
I never would cry, young lambs to sell,  
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,  
I never would cry, young lambs to sell. ("Classic book" 1986: 24)

(E536)  
Thirty white horses upon a red hill,  
Now they tramp, now they champ,  
Now they stand still. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 46)

(E537)  
A wise old owl sat in an oak,  
The more he heard the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke the more he heard.  
Why aren’t we all like that wise old bird? ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 46)

(E538)  
Bow, wow, wow!  
Whose dog art thou?  
Little Tom Tinker’s dog,  
Bow, wow, wow! ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 47)

(E539)  
Pussy-Cat sits by the fire;  
How can she be fair?  
In walk the little dog;  
Says: “Pussy, are you there?
How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how d’ye do?”
“I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you!” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 48)

(E540)
Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the style, boys;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E541)
There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry and James and John,
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E542)
Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet:
All this is true, without deceit. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E543)
Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley,
I’ll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I’ll have none of your barley;
But I’ll have some of your very best flour
To make a white cake for my Charley. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E544)
There were once two cats of Kilkenny.
Each thought there was one cat too many;
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren’t any. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 50)

(E545)
Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story’s ended. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 56)

(E546)
Intery, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-u-t, and in again. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 56)

(E547)
Who made the pie?
I did.
Who stole the pie?
He did.
Who found the pie?
She did.
Who ate the pie?
You did.
Who cried for pie?
We all did. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 56)

(E548)
A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he:
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
“This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew,
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too.”
“Oh, no,” said the sparrow, “I won’t make a stew.”
So he flapped his wings, and away he flew. (Rackham 1994: 42)

(E549)
Jerry Hall, he was so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 56)

(E550)
There was a man of double deed,
Sowed his garden full of seed.
When the seed began to grow,
‘Twas like a garden full of snow;

When the snow began to melt,
‘Twas like a ship without a belt;
When the ship began to sail,
‘Twas like a bird without a tail;

When the bird began to fly,
‘Twas like an eagle in the sky;
When the ship began to sail,
‘Twas like a bird without a tail;

When the bird began to fly,
‘Twas like an eagle in the sky;
When the sky began to roar,
‘Twas like a lion at the door;

When the door began to crack,
‘Twas like a stick across my back;
When my back began to smart,
‘Twas like a penknife in my heart;
When my heart began to bleed,
‘Twas death and death and death indeed. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 56)

(E551)
There were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
One flew away and then there was one,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
The other flew after and then there was none,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
One of these little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
The other came after and then there were two,
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
Says one to the other: “Pray, how do you do?”
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy.
“Very well, thank you, and pray how are you?”
Fal de ral-al de ral-laddy. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 59)

(E552)
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 64)

(E553)
As I was walking in a field of wheat,
I picked up something good to eat;
Neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor bone,
I kept it till it ran alone. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 68)

(E554)
Wine and cakes for gentlemen,
Hay and corn for horses,
A cup of ale for good old wives,
And kisses for young lasses. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 68)

(E555)
See, see! What shall I see?
A horse’s head where his tail should be. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 68)

(E556)
Little fishes in a brook,
Father caught them on a hook,
Mother fried them in a pan,
Johnnie eats them like a man. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 68)

(E557)
Fishy, fishy in the brook,
Daddy catch it with a hook,
Mammy fry it in the pan,
Charlie eat it like a man. (Fowke 1969: 125)
There was an old woman tossed in a blanket
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, ah whither, ah whither so high?”
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I’ll be with you by and by,” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 72)

My dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don’t know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer’s day,
And left in a wood,
As I’ve heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!

They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things
They laid down and died.
And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spred.

And all the day long
They sang them this song:
“Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don’t you remember
The babes in the wood?” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 73)

A hill full, a hole full,
Yet you cannot catch a bowl full. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 73)

Rock-A-By
Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father’s a nobleman, mother’s a queen;
And Betty’s a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny’s a drummer, and drums for the King. (“Classic book” 1986: 25)
| (E562) | Pussy-cat Mole jumped over a coal,  
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.  
Poor pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk  
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 73) |
|---|---|
| (E563) | Cold and raw the north winds blow  
Bleak in the morning early,  
All the hills are covered with snow,  
And winter's now come fairly. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 74) |
| (E564) | The man in the moon came down too soon  
To inquire the way to Norridge;  
The man in the south, he burnt his mouth  
With eating cold plum porridge. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 75) |
| (E565) | Old Sir Simon the king,  
And young Sir Simon the squire,  
And old Mrs. Hickabout  
Kicked Mrs. Kickabout  
Round about our coal fire. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78) |
| (E566) | Round and round the rugged rock  
The ragged rascal ran.  
How many R’s are there in that?  
Now tell me if you can. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78) |
| (E567) | Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonny lasses;  
They built their house upon the lea,  
And covered it with rushes.  
Bessy kept the garden gate,  
And Mary kept the pantry;  
Bessy always had to wait,  
While Mary lived in plenty. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78) |
| (E568) | **Swan Swam Over the Sea**  
Swan swam over the sea –  
Swim, swim, swim,  
Swan swam back again,  
Well swum swan. (Alexander 2008: 233) |
| (E569) | Swan, swan, over the sea;  
Swim, swim, swim!  
Swan, swan, back again;  
Well swum, swan! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78) |
| (E570) | There is a well  
As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,  
And all the king’s horses can’t fill it up. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78) |
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by her shed.
She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head.

She waggled with her tail,
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78)

The boughs do shake and the bells do ring,
So merrily comes our harvest in,
Our harvest in, our harves in,
So merrily comes our harvest in.

We’ve ploughed, we’ve sowed,
We’ve reaped, we’ve mowed,
We’ve got our harvest in. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 78)

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 81)

Margaret wrote a letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.
Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the silver,
Dusty was the kiss
I’d from the dusty miller
If I had my pockets
Full of gold and silver,
I would give it all
To my dusty miller. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 83)

Clap, clap handies,
Mammie’s wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap handies,
Daddie’s comin’ hame;
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie:
Clap, clap handies,
My wee, wee ain. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 83)
<table>
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</table>
| 576  | Cocks crow in the morn  
To tell us to rise,  
And he who lies late  
Will never be wise  
For early to bed  
And early to rise  
Is the way to be healthy,  
Wealthy and wise. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 83) |
| 577  | Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?  
Oh where, oh where can he be?  
With his ears cut short and his tail cut long,  
Oh where, oh where is he? (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 83; Collins 1990: 37) |
| 578  | The two grey kits,  
And the grey kits’ mother,  
All went over  
The bridge together.  
The bridge broke down,  
They all fell in:  
“May the rats go with you.”  
Says Tom Bolin. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 84) |
| 579  | Anna Maria she sat on the fire;  
The fire was too hot, she sat on the pot;  
The pot was too round, she sat on the ground;  
The ground was too flat, she sat on the cat;  
The cat ran away with Maria on her back. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86) |
| 580  | **Cobbler, Cobbler**  
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,  
Get it done by half past two;  
Stitch it up, and stitch it down,  
Then I’ll give you half a crown.  
| 581  | **Cobbler, Cobbler**  
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.  
Give it one stitch; give it two.  
Give it three, give it four,  
And if it needs it, give it more. (Fowke 1969: 100) |
| 582  | **The Cobbler**  
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.  
(Knock baby’s fists together.)  
Get it done by half past two,  
(Shake your forefinger.)  
‘Cause my toe is peeping through.  
(Push your thumb through your fist and wiggle it.)  
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.  
(Knock baby’s fists together again.) (Slier 1988) |
The cock’s on the housetop blowing his horn;
The bull’s in the barn a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay;
The ducks in the river are swimming away. (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86)

Ladies and gentlemen come to supper –
Hot boiled beans and very good butter. (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86)

John Bull, John Bull,
Your belly’s so full,
You can’t jump over
A three-legged stool. (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86)

As I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto 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 look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.” (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 86)

Is John Smith within? – Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail and there a nail,
Tick-tack-too. (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 87; Alexander 2008: 15)

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke and my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all. (”Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 89)

’Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced and so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart, for he was a gallant bird,
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren, requesting to be heard.
“O, dearest Jenny Wren if you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry pie and drink new currant wine,
I’ll dress you like a goldfinch or any peacock gay,
So, dearest Jen, if you’ll be mine let us appoint the day.”

Jenny blushed behind her fan and thus declared her mind:
“Since, dearest Bob, I love you well, I take your offer kind;
Cherry pie is very nice and so is currant wine,
But I must wear my plain brown gown and never go too fine.” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 90)

(E590)
Twenty-fourth of May,
Firecracker day!
Kiss the girls, kiss the boys!
Oh, boy, what a joy! (Fowke 1969: 77)

(E591)
Zing, zang, zoom, my heart goes ka-boom!
Who stole the cookie from the cookie jar?
Was it you, Number One?
Who, me? – Yes, you.
Couldn’t be. – Then who?
Was it you, Number Two?
Who, me? – Yes, you.
Couldn’t be. – Then who?
Was it you, Number Three?... (Fowke 1969: 93)

(E592)
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 love.
Nine, he comes; ten, tarries;
Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 93)

(E593)
Here sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sits his two men,
Here sits the cock,
Here sits the hen,
Here sits the little chickens,
Here they run in,
Chin chopper, chin chopper,
Chin chopper, chin! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 93)

(E594)
As I was going to sell my eggs
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes;
I tripped up his heels,
And he fell on his nose. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 93)
I see the moon,
And the moon sees me;
God bless the moon,
And God bless me. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 93)

Nose, nose,
Jolly red nose,
And what gave thee
That jolly red nose?
Nutmeg and ginger,
Cinnamon and cloves,
That’s what gave me
This jolly red nose. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 93)

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes, - you ne’er saw the like! ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 94)

Clap Hands
Clap hands, clap hands,
Till daddy (Mummy) comes home.
(S)he will bring goodies
For baby alone. (Slier 1988)

Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings,
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.
Mamma stood by, and cried, “Oh, fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?” ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 96)

There was a little woman, as I’ve been told,
Who was not very young, nor yet very old;
Now this little woman her living got
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot! ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 96)

You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle,
When papa comes home. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 96)

Donkey, donkey, old and grey,
Open your mouth and gently bray;
Lift your ears and blow your horn,
To wake the world this sleepy morn. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 96)
(E603)
Hannah Bantry,
In the pantry,
Gnawing at a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it,
How she clawed it,
When she found herself alone. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 96)

(E604)
**Long** legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes. (Rackham 1994: 31)

(E605)
Miss Jane had a bag and a mouse was in it;
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump and run under the table,
And the dog said: “Catch him, Puss, soon as you’re able.” ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 98)

(E606)
Goosey, goosey gander, where dost thou wander?
Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady’s chamber;
There I met an old man that wouldn’t say his
prayers,
I took him by his hind legs and threw him
downstairs. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 100)

(E607)
Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And 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. (Collins 1990: 30)

(E608)
“I went up one pair of stairs.”
“Just like me.”
“I went up two pairs of stairs.”
“Just like me.”
“I went into a room.”
“Just like me.”
“I looked out of a window.”
“Just like me.”
“And there I saw a monkey.”
“Just like me.” ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 110)

(E609)
Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs – upon my word
He was a pretty fellow!

The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary.
She often, where the cage was hung,
Sat hearing her canary. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E610)
As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Redcap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you’ll tell me this riddle,
I’ll give you a groat. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E611)
St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
Once pulled the devil by his nose,
With red hot tongs, which made him roar,
That could be heard ten miles or more. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E612)
Terence McDiddler,
The three-stringed fiddler,
Can charm, if you please,
The fish from the seas. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E613)
**Ducks and drakes**
A duck and a drake,
And a halfpenny cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker.
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her. (“Real Mother Goose” 1984; “Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E614)
Punch and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A knock in the eye.
Says Punch to Judy,
Will you have any more?
Says Judy to Punch,
My eye is too sore. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 101)

(E615)
“Cock, cock, cock, cock,
I’ve laid an egg,
Am I to gang ba-are-foot?”

“Hen, hen, hen, hen,
I’ve been up and down
To every shop in town,
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your foot,  
If I’d crow my hea-art out.” (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 104)

| (E616) | The lion and the unicorn  
Were fighting for the crown.  
The lion beat the unicorn  
All about the town.  
Some gave them white bread,  
And some gave them brown;  
Some gave them plum-cake,  
And sent them out of town. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 105) |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

| (E617) | A frog he would a-wooing go,  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
Whether his mother would let him or no.  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.  
So off he set with his opera hat,  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
And on the road he met with a rat.  
With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.  
Pray, Mister Rat, will you go with me?  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
Kind Mistress Mousey for to see?  
With a rowely, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.  
The came to the door of Mousey’s hall,  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
They gave a loud knock, and  
they gave a loud call.  
With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.  
Pray, Mistress Mouse, are you within?  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
Oh yes, kind sirs, I’m sitting to spin.  
With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley.  
Pray, Mistress Mouse, will you give us some beer?  
Heigh ho! says Rowley,  
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.  
With a Rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigh ho! says Anthony Rowley. (“Classic |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

| (E618) | A frog he would a-wooing go,  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
Whether his mother would let him or no,  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
So off he sets in his opera hat,  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
And on the road he met with a rat,  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
“Pray, Mr Rat, will you go with me,”  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
“Kind Mrs Mousey for to see?”  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
When they came to the door of Mousey’s Hall,  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
“Pray, Mrs Mouse, are you within?”  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
“Oh, yes, kind sirs, I’m sitting to spin.”  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
“Pray, Mrs Mouse, will you give us some beer?”  
Heigho, says Rowley,  
“For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.”  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!  
“Pray, Mr Frog, will you give us a song?” |
Heigho, says Rowley,
“But let it be something that’s not very long.”
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But while they were all a-merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and wished them good night.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and swallowed him up.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley! (Rackham 1994: 77)

(E619)
I went to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat’s wing; what would you have more? (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110)

(E620)
See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you’ll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you’ll have all the day. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110)

(E621)
Oh, I am so happy!
A little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark
From her low trundle bed.
It is morning, bright morning,
Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me on kiss
For good morning, mamma! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110)
The Man in The Moon
The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge. ("Classic book" 1986: 55)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 110)

Bonny lass, pretty lass,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet serve the swine.
Thou shalt sit on a cushion
And sew a fine seam,
And thou shalt eat strawberries,
Sugar and cream. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 111)

Handy-spandy, Jacky dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer’s shop,
And pleased away went hop, hop, hop. ("Classic nursery rhymes" 1993: 112)

Old Mother Widdle Waddle
Old Mother Widdle Waddle jumped out of bed,
And out of the casement she popped her head,
Crying, “The house is on fire, the grey goose is dead,
And the fox has come to the town, oh!” ("Classic book” 1986: 77)

Come when you’re called,
Do what you’re bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid. ("Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 115)

Blind man, blind man,
Sure you can’t see?
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.
Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can,
Did you think you’d caught me?
Blind, blind man! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 115)

(E629)

**Tugboat**
The tugboat blows his horn to say,
Toot! Toot! Toot! Please make way!

Little Tugboat’s tough and strong,
He’s built to tow big ships along.

Pushing, pulling! Tug! Tug! Tug!
Backwards, forwards! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Tugboat guides a ship to shore,
Then off he goes to help some more.

Tugboat never gets out of puff,
Even when the waves are rough!

Rain or sunshine, wind or fog –
Toot! Toot! Tugboat loves his job! (Alexander 2008: 29)

(E630)

**Witch’s Brew**
Eye of lizard, toe of frog,
Tail of rat and bark of dog.
Sneeze of chicken, cough of bat,
Lick of weasel, smell of cat.
Stir it up and mix it well,
To make a magic monster spell.

Now it’s done, the spell is ready,
The monster’s rising, slow and steady.
“Pleased to meet you,” Winnie sighs.
“Pleased to eat you,” he replies.
What’s gone wrong, she cannot tell,
To spoil the magic monster spell.

The witch goes pale, she must act fast,
or else this day may be her last!
She grabs her wand. She has a notion
Of how to get rid of this potion.
She shakes her wand, which breaks the spell,
And waves the monster fond farewell! (Alexander 2008: 12)

(E631)

**A Spelling Lesson**
Wanda Witch went wandering,
Within a spooky wood.
She loved to practise spooky spells,
And hated being good!

She crept up on a wizard,
And before he could respond,
Wanda waved her wand and he
Fell straight into a pond!

Although it was not very deep,
The wizard soon saw red.
He cast a spell which made his cloak
Flap right round Wanda’s head.

It wrapped around her body,
And squeezed her really tight.
“Say sorry,” roared the wizard,
“Or stay like that all night!”

The witch agreed and told him,
“Your magic is so fast.
No more naughty spells from me,
I’ve really cast my last!” (Alexander 2008: 13)

(F632)

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum!
Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood
Of an Englishman:
Be he alive or he dead,
I’ll grind his bones
To make my bread. (Alexander 2008: 14)

(F633)

Little Hare
Round about there
Sat a little hare,
The bow-wows came and chased him
Right up there! (Alexander 2008: 14)

(F634)

Round About
Round about the rose bush,
Three steps,
Four steps,
All the little boys and girls
Are sitting
On the doorsteps. (Alexander 2008: 15)

(F635)

The Magpie
Magpie, magpie, flutter and flee,
Turn up your tail and good luck come to me. (Alexander 2008: 15)
I Wish...
I wish I was an elephant,
’Cause it would make me laugh.
To use my nose like a garden hose
To rinse myself in the bath.

I wish I was a chameleon,
Chameleons are best.
I’d change my colour and life would be fuller,
For a change is a good as a rest.

I wish I was a dolphin,
A dolphin would be my wish.
Leaping and splashing, I’d be very dashing,
And swim along with the fish.

I wish I was an ostrich,
An ostrich would be grand.
But if I got scared, would I be prepared
To bury my head in the sand?

I wish I had more wishes,
But now my game is through,
I’m happy to be quite simply me,
Enjoying a day at the zoo. (Alexander 2008: 16)

The Cow
The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers. (Alexander 2008: 18)

The Fieldmouse
Where the acorn tumbles down,
Where the ash tree sheds its berry,
With your fur so soft and brown,
With your eye so round and merry,
Scarcely moving the long grass,
Fieldmouse, I can see you pass.

Fieldmouse, fieldmouse, do not go.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Where</strong> the farmer stacks his treasure,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Find the nut that falls below,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eat the acorn at your pleasure,</td>
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<tr>
<td>But you must not steal the grain</td>
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<tr>
<td>He has stacked with so much pain.</td>
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<td>Make your hole where mosses spring,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Underneath the tall oak’s shadow,</td>
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<td>Pretty, quite, harmless thing,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Play about the sunny meadow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Keep away from corn and house,</td>
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<tr>
<td>None will harm you, little mouse. (Alexander 2008: 19)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E639)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Go to Bed, Tom</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Go to bed, Tom, go to bed, Tom,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tired or not, Tom, go to bed, Tom. (Alexander 2008: 25)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(E640)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Charley Warley</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charley Warley had a cow,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black and white about the brow,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Open the gate and let her through,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charley Warley’s old cow. (Alexander 2008: 25)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E641)</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Tractor’s Busy Day</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here’s the tractor, shiny and new.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chug chug chug! There’s so much to do.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The tractor starts a busy day,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Delivering sacks of bales and hay.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bumpety-bump! The ground is rough,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But the tractor’s wheels are wide and tough.</td>
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<td>Slow and careful, big and strong,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The tractor tows the trailer along.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The tractor crosses up and down,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughing the field, all muddy and brown.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Well done, Tractor! Chug chug chug!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Now home to the barn where it’s warm and snug. (Alexander 2008: 28)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(E642)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One named Jack and the other named Jill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly away, Jack! Fly away, Jill!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come again, Jack! Come again, Jill! (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 116)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E643)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Two Little Dicky Birds</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Two little dicky birds sitting on a wall,</td>
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<tr>
<td>One named Peter, one named Paul.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fly away, Peter!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly away, Paul!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come back, Peter!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come back, Paul! (Alexander 2008: 36)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E644)</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| Two little black birds  
Are sitting on a wall.  
This is Peter,  
This is Paul.  
Go away, Peter,  
Go away, Paul.  
Come here, Peter,  
Come here, Paul. (Dunn 1993: 18) |
| Two little dickie birds sitting on a wall,  
One named Peter, the other named Paul.  
Fly away, Peter. Fly away, Paul.  
Come back, Peter. Come back, Paul.  
Fly away, fly away, fly away, all! (Fowke 1969: 103) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E646)</th>
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</table>
| **Once I Saw a Little Bird**  
Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop,  
So I cried, “Little bird,  
Will you stop, stop, stop?”  
And was going to the window,  
To say, “How do you do?”  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew. (Alexander 2008: 36) |

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<th>(E647)</th>
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</table>
| **Little Robin Redbreast**  
Little Robin Redbreast  
Sat upon a rail:  
Niddle-noddle went his head!  
Wiggle-waggle went his tail. (Alexander 2008: 36) |

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<thead>
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</table>
| **Intery, Mintery, Cutery, Corn**  
Intery, mintery, cutery, corn,  
Apple seed and apple thorn.  
Wire, briar, limber, lock,  
Three geese in a flock.  
One flew east and one flew west;  
One flew over the cuckoo’s nest. (Alexander 2008: 37) |

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<th>(E649)</th>
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| Wire, brier, limberlock,  
Three geese in a flock.  
One flew east and one flew west  
And one flew over the cuckoo’s nest. (Fowke 1969: 110) |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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| **Magpies**  
One for sorrow, two for joy,  
Three for a girl, four for a boy,  
Five for silver, six for gold,  
Seven for a secret never to be told. (Alexander 2008: 37) |

<table>
<thead>
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</table>
| One for sorrow,  
Two for joy,  
Three for a girl,  
Four for a boy,  
Five for silver,  
Six for gold,  
Seven for a secret ne’er to be told. (Gliori 2007: 57) |
### Blow, Wind, Blow

- Blow, wind, blow! And go, mill, go!
- That the miller may grind his corn;
- That the baked may take it,
- And into rolls make it,
- And send us home hot in the morn. (Alexander 2008: 52)

### Rain, rain, go away!

- Blow, wind, blow!
- And go, mill, go!
- That the miller may grind his corn;
- That the baker may take it,
- And bring us a loaf in the morn. (Collins 1990: 25)

### Monster Mash

- Beware the monster mash!
  - ‘Cause monsters cook up trash,
  - Spaghetti hoops with liquorice loops –
  - They’ll give you a nasty rash!

- Beware the monster brew!
  - It’s a grim and gristly stew,
  - Of turnip tops and vile black drops –
  - Better flush it down the loo!

- Beware the monster drink!
  - It’s lime green, mauve and pink,
  - And made with peas and dead gnats’ knees –
  - It’s bound to cause a stink!

- Beware the monster gruel!
  - It’s only good for fuel,
  - Brown rats’ tails and slugs and snails –
  - To eat it would be cruel!

- Beware the monster sweets!
  - They’re made of dragons’ feet,
  - With sugared claws and chocolate paws –
  - They’re gruesome, not a treat!

- Beware the monster snack!
  - It’s bubbling puce and black,
  - It’s made from tar and bits of car –
  - So quickly hand it back!

- Beware the monster bill,
  - They’re adding at the till,
  - If the food’s not enough to make you rough –
  - The cost will make you ill! (Alexander 2008: 56)

### Mr Moon

- Look through the window
  - At the moon shining bright.
- Who can you see
  - In the twinkling starlight?
Up in the trees,
The grey doves coo.
Calling a friendly
“Good night” to you.

Good night, little squirrel.
Good night, little mouse.
Hurrying, scurrying to bed
In the house.

Listen to Owl calling,
“Who-whoo-whooo!”
While old Mr Moon
Watches over you. (Alexander 2008: 61)

(E656)
**Take the Ghost Train**
There’s a tumbledown old station,
Where a ghost train waits to go.
All aboard, ghosts, ghouls and goblins,
Watch the engine brightly glow!

Ghostly guards are whistling wildly,
Bony fingers wave goodbye,
As along the rails the ghost train glides,
Beneath the moonlit sky.

Witches shriek along the railcars,
While inside the dining car,
Vampires munch and crunch with monsters
Sipping cocktails at the bar!

If there were tickets for the ghost train,
Would you dare to take a ride?
Or would you quickly run away,
And find somewhere to hide? (Alexander 2008: 64)

(E657)
**Ode to Ghosts**
A ghost he has a sad old life
Haunting empty castles.
On birthdays and at Christmas time
The postman brings no parcels.

He floats around from room to room,
He howls and clanks his chains.
But everyone ignores the noise,
And blames it on the drains.

And if by chance he should appear
Most people scream with fright.
He just can’t understand it –
Is he such a dreadful sight?
So if you ever meet a ghost
Don’t run away in fright.
Stay awhile and have a chat,
You’ll find they’re most polite. (Alexander 2008: 65)

(E658)
**Jay-bird**
Jay-bird, jay-bird, sittin’ on a rail,
Pickin’ his teeth with the end of his tail;
Mulberry leaves and calico sleeves –
All school teachers are hard to please. (Alexander 2008: 66)

(E659)
**Spin, Dame**
Spin, dame, spin,
Your bread you must win;
Twist the thread and break it not,
Spin, dame, spin. (Alexander 2008: 66)

(E660)
**The Robin and the Wren**
The robin and the wren,
They fought upon the porridge pan;
But before the robin got a spoon,
The wren had eaten the porridge down. (Alexander 2008: 67)

(E661)
**The Mouse’s Lullaby**
Oh, rock-a-by, baby mouse, rock-a-by, so!
When baby’s asleep to the baker’s I’ll go,
And while he’s not looking I’ll pop from a hole,
And bring to my baby a fresh penny roll. (Alexander 2008: 67)

(E662)
**Bow-wow**
Bow-wow, says the dog,
Mew, mew, says the cat,
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog,
And squeak goes the rat.
Tu-whu, says the owl,
Caw, caw, says the crow,
Quack, quack, says the duck,
And what cuckoos say you know. (Alexander 2008: 67)

(E663)
Bow-wow, says the dog,
Mew, mew, says the cat,
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog,
And squeak goes the rat.
Tu-whu, says the owl,
Caw, caw, says the crow,
Quack, quack, says the duck,
And what cuckoos says you know. (Collins 1990: 36)

(E664)
**Autumn Fires**
In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires,
See the smoke trail!
Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall! (Alexander 2008: 72)

(E665)
**There Was an Old Man With a Beard**
There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, “It is just as I feared! –
Two owls and a hen, four larks and a wren
Have all built their nests in my beard!” (Alexander 2008: 78)

(E666)
**Greedy Tom**
Jimmy the Mowdy
Made a great crowdy;
Barney O’Neal
Found all the meal;
Old Jack Rutter
Sent two stone of butter;
The laird of the Hot
Boiled it in his pot;
And Big Tom of the Hall
He supped it all. (Alexander 2008: 78)

(E667)
**Punctuality**
Be always in time,
Too late is a crime. (Alexander 2008: 78)

(E668)
**Here’s the Lady’s Knives and Forks**
Here’s the lady’s knives and forks.
Here’s the lady’s table.
Here’s the lady’s looking glass.
And here’s the baby’s cradle.

(E669)
**On Oath**
As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour. (Alexander 2008: 79; (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 95)
Bless You
Bless you, bless you, burnie-bee,
Tell me when my wedding be;
If it be tomorrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to him I love the best. (Alexander 2008: 79)

The Planet Where Time Goes Backwards
Far beyond our solar system,
In the outer reaches of space,
There’s a planet where time goes backwards,
And it’s the most peculiar place.

Cooks wash the dishes before the meal starts,
And unpeel potatoes, I’m told.
Your dinner goes into the oven
And comes out nice and cold.

Petrol pumps take the fuel out of cars,
And football’s not much of a laugh:
The game ends with both teams at zero,
And they start by taking a bath.

You know something bad’s going to happen,
When somebody starts to cry.
But the people get younger each day,
And they greet you by saying “Goodbye!” (Alexander 2008: 88)

A Whale of a Time
Did you hear the story of Wendy Bligh?
The remarkable whale who loved to fly?
It happened like this: she was sleeping one day,
When a hot-air balloonist flew her way.
He looked down below and spotted her hump,
“I’ll land on that rock,” said he, with a thump.
He tied up his balloon with a beautiful bow,
While Wendy slept on – she just didn’t know.
Then a big tornado whirled over the sea,
It blew Wendy upwards as high as could be.
“What a wonderful feeling!” the whale cried in glee.
“I am floating above the sparkling blue sea!”
The hot-air balloonist took her for a spin;
She chatted to birds and waved her huge fin.
He dropped her back home at the end of the day.
“Oh thank you!” she smiled, and then swam away. (Alexander 2008: 89)
**Brother and Sister**

“*Sister, sister, go to bed! Go and rest your weary head.*”

Thus the prudent brother said.

“Do you want a battered hide, Or scratches to your face applied?”

Thus his sister calm replied.

“*Sister, do not raise my wrath. I’d make you into mutton broth As easily as kill a moth!*”

The sister raised her beaming eye
And looked on him indignantly
And sternly answered, “*Only try!*”

Off to the cook he quickly ran.

“*Dear Cook, please lend a frying-pan To me as quickly as you can.*”

“And wherefore should I lend it you?”

“The reason, Cook, is plain to view. I wish to make an Irish stew.”

“What meat is in that stew to go?”

“My sister’ll be the contents!” “Oh!”

“You’ll lend the pan to me, Cook?” “No!”

*Moral: Never stew your sister.* (Alexander 2008: 94)

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**A Rat**

There was a rat,
For want of stairs,
Went down a rope
To say his prayers. (Alexander 2008: 96)

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**Milking**

Let down thy milk, old brown cow,
Let down thy milk and I’ll give you a bow;
A bow, a coin and a golden key,
If thou wilt make sweet white milk for me.

*(Alexander 2008: 96)*

**Cushy Cow Bonny**

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

*(Alexander 2008: 127)*

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**Little Jack Jingle**

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and lived with his wife. (Alexander 2008: 96)
Way Down Yonder in the Maple Swamp
Way down yonder in the maple swamp
The wild geese gather and the ganders honk;
The mares kick up and the ponies prance;
The old sow whistles and the little pigs dance. (Alexander 2008: 97)

Follow My Bangalorey Man
Follow my Bangalorey Man,
Follow my Bangalorey Man;
I’ll do all that ever I can
To follow my Bangalorey Man.
We’ll borrow a horse, and steal a gig,
And round the world we’ll do a jig,
And I’ll do all that ever I can
To follow my Bangalorey Man! (Alexander 2008: 97)

The Spooks’ Ball
At midnight they gather. They are off to a ball,
Which is held once a year in the Haunted Hall.
There they all dance by the light of the moon,
While the spooky band plays a terrible tune.

A vampire violinist stabs out notes with her bow,
There’s a skull for a drum, and a piano
That’s made from the teeth of a dinosaur.
The skeletons dance and call out for more!

There’s a ghost with his head tucked under his arm.
He feeds it with crisps without causing alarm.
A witch and her cat are dancing a jig.
But the witch can’t keep up ‘cause her boots are too big.

But the time will soon come for the sun to rise,
And the spooks will all vanish before your eyes.
They’ve had such frightful fun at the ball tonight.
Will you see them next year? Well you just might…(Alexander 2008: 98)

The Toast Ghost
A hungry ghost wished for some toast.
“I’d eat a loaf!” he’d often boast.
The words he longed someone to utter
Were, “Here’s hot toast with lots of butter!”

The ghost despaired. “What shall I do?”
A mouse replied, “If I were you,
I’d seek a café or a restaurant.
Ask them to make the toast you want!”

So he found a café, and a kitchen.
For buttered toast the ghost was itchin’!
The something white behind the door
Floated softly to the floor.

The nervous ghost took off in fright –
He found he’d lost his appetite.
“That’s really put me off my tea!”
But let me tell, ‘tween you and me –
It was the chef’s white hat he saw.
That ghost, he don’t eat toast no more! (Alexander 2008: 99)

The Incredible Centipede
I’m not just an ordinary centipede,
I live in a circus van.
I know all the top performers,
And I have a wonderful plan…

We’ll reach a town, and as the sun goes down,
The folks will crowd the tent;
With music to thrill, they’ll look at the line-up
And read with astonishment:

‘Star of the show in the ring tonight,
And we hope he does succeed,
Is the enterprising, most surprising,
Incredible Centipede!’

The curtains will part and out I’ll dart
And shake a leg or six,
Then in spangled tights I’ll scale the heights
To perform my amazing tricks.

It will be so grand, in every land,
Royalty will want to be seen
Meeting the Incredible Centipede –
And I’ll meet lots of kings and queens. (Alexander 2008: 103)

Over the Hills and Far Away
When I was young and had no sense,
I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
And the only tune that I could play
Was, ‘Over the Hills and Far Away’. (Alexander 2008: 104)

Dancing Dolly had no sense.
She bought a fiddle for fifteen cents.
The only tune that she could play
Was “Over the Hills and Far Away.”

Over the hills and far away there was a school,
And in that school there was a room,
And in that room there was a stool,
And on that stool there was a fool,
And the fool is Polly Perkins. (Fowke 1969: 58)

(E685)

**As I Was Going Along**
As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went on was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sang was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along. (Alexander 2008: 104)

(E686)

**A Sailor Went to Sea**
A sailor went to sea, sea, sea,
To see what he could see, see, see,
But all that he could see, see, see,
Was the bottom of the deep blue sea, sea, sea. (Alexander 2008: 104)

(E687)

**From Wibbleton to Wobbleton**
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton is fifteen miles,
From Wobbleton to Wibbleton is fifteen miles,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton is fifteen miles. (Alexander 2008: 105)

(E688)

**We’re All in the Dumps**
We’re all in the dumps,
For diamonds and trumps,
The kittens are gone to St Paul’s,
The babies are bit,
The moon’s in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls. (Alexander 2008: 114)

(E689)

**The Fairy Ball**
Late at night when the moon is bright,
And the air is soft and still,
Pixies peep and fairies creep,
And goblins roam at will.

Elves sneak out, and slink about,
Leprechauns come leaping.
Little sprites wave magic lights,
While the world is sleeping.

Singing songs, they skip along,
Towards the forest glade.
Hung with lights, all twinkling bright,
While gentle music’s played.

They appear, from far and near,
A host of fairy folk.
This happy band dance hand in hand,
Beneath the magic oak. (Alexander 2008: 118)

(E690)

Where Lies the Land?
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
On sunny noons upon the deck’s smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o’er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
how proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.
Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say. (Alexander 2008: 119)

(E691)

Ice Cool Duel
Angelino’s Famous Ice cream
Has a rival in town,
A juggling ice cream man called Bob,
Who’ll bring his business down.

Bob, who’s not such a nice fellow,
Says, “Angelino, I want you out,
We’ll have a juggling contest,
And the winner keeps the route.”

Angelino keeps his cool, though,
Knows that he will be just fine.
What goes up a plain old cone,
Comes down a lemon and lime.

Bob hates the thought of losing,
Reaches down towards his knees,
Juggles sixteen triple-dippers,
Tells Angelino, “Time to freeze!”

But Angelino’s wise to Bob,
So he plays his final trick,
Bob falls, knocked out cold,
By a large vanilla brick! (Alexander 2008: 120)
Dino’s
There’s a prehistoric venue
That’s open day and night.
With a megasaurus menu
For the larger appetite.

Try their Stegosaurus Steak
Or Brontosaurus Brunch,
A massive Mammoth Milkshake
Or the three-course Caveman’s Lunch.

Triceratops call in to try
The Diplodocus Dips.
Pterodactyls leave the sky
For Dino’s famous chips.

For the best in haute cuisine,
Nowhere could be finer.
It’s the place you should be seen,
It’s Dino’s Downtown Diner.

So grant the dinosaur his wish
And come and join the queue.
You’re sure to like his ‘special’ dish,
Why? Because it’s you! (Alexander 2008: 121)

Hector Protector
Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector
Was sent back again. (Alexander 2008: 126; Collins 1990: 34)

Higglety, Pigglety, Pop!
Higglety, pigglety, pop!
The dog has eaten the mop;
The pig’s in a hurry,
The cat’s in a flurry,
Higglety, pigglety, pop! (Alexander 2008: 126)

There Was a Piper
There was a piper, he’d a cow,
And he’d no hay to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune:
“Consider, old cow, consider!”
The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of, ‘Corn rigs are bonnie’. (Alexander 2008: 127)
### Yankee Doodle
Yankee Doodle went to town, Riding on a pony; He stuck a feather in his hat, And called it macaroni. Yankee Doodle fa, so, la, Yankee Doodle dandy, Yankee Doodle fa, so, la, Buttermilk and brandy.

Yankee Doodle went to town
To buy a pair of trousers
He swore he could not see the town
For so many houses.
Yankee Doodle fa, so, la, Yankee Doodle dandy, Yankee Doodle fa, so, la, Buttermilk and brandy. (Alexander 2008: 130)

### Yankee Doodle came to town
Yankee Doodle came to town, Riding on a pony; He stuck a feather in his cap And called it macaroni. (Gliori 2007: 17)

### Yankee Doodle went to town
Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony. He stuck a feather in his hat And called it macaroni. (Fowke 1969: 60)

### Cat of Cats
I am the cat of cats. I am
The everlasting cat!
Cunning, and old, and sleek as jam,
The everlasting cat!
I hunt the vermin in the night –
The everlasting cat!
For I see best without the light –
The everlasting cat! (Alexander 2008: 131)

### Seal Song
You mustn’t swim till you’re six weeks old, Or your head will be sunk by your heels; And summer gales and killer whales Are bad for baby seals. Are bad for baby seals, dear rat, As bad as bad can be; But splash and grow strong, And you can’t be wrong, Child of the Open Sea! (Alexander 2008: 134)

### Mad Monsters
Squeak! Squeak! Monster fun! Orange tickles everyone!

Squeak! Squeak! Clumsy Green
Has the biggest feet you’ve ever seen!

*Squeak! Squeak!*
Silly Red,
Hiding underneath the bed!

*Squeak! Squeak!*
Snoozy Yellow,
Fast asleep, the lazy fellow!

*Squeak! Squeak!*
What a noise!
Purple plays with all his toys.
*Squeak! Squeak!*
Pretty Pink!
She looks lovely, don’t you think? (Alexander 2008: 138)

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(E702)

**Mystery Monster**
You wake with a start,
In the still of the night,
With your toes all exposed,
And your quilt pulled up tight.

You open your eyes,
You stare through the gloom,
Strange shadows loom large,
On the walls of your room.

You hear a loud creak,
As the monster draws near,
And the more that you listen,
The more that you hear.

Then you see its weird shape,
At the end of your bed,
With long skinny legs,
And a great lumpy head.

So you switch on the light,
And you whisper, “Who’s there?”
But it’s only your clothes,
Hanging over the chair! (Alexander 2008: 139)

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(E703)

**Fire on the Mountain**
Rats in the garden – catch ‘em Towser!
Cows in the cornfield – run boys run!
Cat’s in the cream pot – stop her now, sir!
Fire on the mountain – run boys run! (Alexander 2008: 142)
**Bob Robin**

Little Bob Robin,  
Where do you live?  
Up in yonder wood, sir,  
On a hazel twig. (Alexander 2008: 143)

**Welcome to the Haunted House!**

Step in through the rusty gates –  
Be quiet as a mouse.  
We’re going to sneak, and take  
A peek, inside the Haunted House!

Upstairs in the dusty bedrooms  
Skeletons are getting dressed.  
Vampires brush their hair and teeth.  
All the spooks must look their best!

An empty suit of shiny armour  
Is clanking loudly down the hall,  
To a party in the ballroom –  
It’s the Spooks’ Secret Ball!

So while the party’s in full swing,  
Be quiet as a mouse.  
Tiptoe out while you still can –  
Escape the Haunted House! (Alexander 2008: 148)

**Five Little Monkeys**

Five little monkeys walked along the shore;  
One went a-sailing,  
Then there were four.  
Four little monkeys climbed up a tree;  
One of them tumbled down,  
Then there were three.  
Three little monkeys found a pot of glue;  
One got stuck in it,  
Then there were two.  
Two little monkeys found a currant bun;  
One ran away with it,  
Then there was one.  
One little monkey cried all afternoon,  
So they put him in an aeroplane  
And sent him to the moon. (Alexander 2008: 149)

**Creepy Castle**

In a castle, dark and dusty,  
Stood an armour suit all rusty.  
Haunted from breastplate to visor,  
Visitors were none the wiser.
Then, one day, the suit went walking,
Past some tourists who were talking.
How they stared with big, round eyes.
Some let out astonished cries!

“This way! Run!” the tour guide said,
And everybody soon had fled.
The empty suit marched down the hall,
And shut the door on one and all!

Soon the news spread far and wide
And queues of tourists formed outside.
A great big crowd had come to see,
The clanking ghost that wandered free.

The empty suit was most perplexed
(And not to say a little vexed).
He’d meant to scare them all away
– And so he left that very day! (Alexander 2008: 152)

Where Animals Rule
In the land where the animals rule,
The children don’t go to school.
They live on farms, and flap their arms,
Just like the chickens used to do.

Jaguars and speeding cheetahs,
Are stopped when they go too fast
By policing cats, in pointed hats,
And pandas in people-coloured cars.

If you go for a round-the-world sail
You travel on the back of a whale.
Hold on for dear life when he starts to dive,
And look out for that over-sized tail.

It’s fun where the animals rule,
No one tells you what you ought to do.
Their idea of fun is to sleep in the sun,
It’s just the place for a person like you. (Alexander 2008: 153)

Monsters Everywhere
In the jungles and the valleys,
In the cupboard by the stairs,
In the bedroom, in the kitchen,
You’ll find monsters everywhere!

Find a lake, a pond, a puddle,
Anywhere that fishes swim,
There’s just one thing you can be sure of,
Down below there’s something grim.
Steal a look inside a pyramid,
Just be careful when you do,
If you wake a sleeping mummy
He’ll come clomping after you!

Trek into the craggy mountains
Where the snow lies all year long,
If you listen to the silence
You can hear the yeti’s song.

Gaze into the starry twilight,
You might glimpse a UFO,
Could it be from outer space?
You will never really know. (Alexander 2008: 154)

**Hunting-song of the Seeone Pack**

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
Once, twice and again!
And a doe leaped up, and a doe leaped up,
From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.
This I, scouting alone, beheld,
Once, twice and again!
As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
Once, twice and again!
And a wolf stole back, and a wolf stole back,
To carry the word to the waiting pack,
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track,
Once, twice and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled
Once, twice and again!
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!
Eyes that can see in the dark – the dark!
Tongue – give tongue to it! Hark! Oh hark!
Once, twice and again! (Alexander 2008: 155)

**Two Little Men**

Two little men in a flying saucer
Flew round the world one day.
They looked left and right,
And they didn’t like the sight,
So then they flew away! (Alexander 2008: 162)

**Higgledy Piggledy**

Higgledy piggledy,
Here we lie,
Picked and plucked,
And put in a pie! (Alexander 2008: 163)
Jack, Jack, the Bread’s a-Burning
Jack, Jack, the bread’s a-burning,
All to a cinder;
If you don’t come and fetch it out
We’ll throw it through the window. (Alexander 2008: 163)

My Rabbit
I love my rabbit,
Who’s soft and furry,
And wiggles his nose
All the time – it’s his habit. (Alexander 2008: 163)

When Monsters Go to Fancy-dress Parties
What is it like for a monster
When they’re asked to a fancy dress do?
Do they dress up in a human costume
And go as a person like you?

Do they put on their best outfits
And thing of polite things to say?
Nibble no more than a modest amount
And dance in a fashionable way?

Monsters aren’t good at pretending.
They gulp down their food in one go.
When they take to the floor for a tango,
They jerk and they stamp to and fro.

No, monsters will always be monstrous.
It’s a fact that you just cannot hide.
You might make a monster look human,
But you can’t change the monster inside. (Alexander 2008: 166)

The Timid Troll
Timothy the Timid Troll
Though horrible and hairy,
Had a meek, mild-mannered streak
That simply wasn’t scary.

He said to Mum, all misty-eyed,
“I’d like to learn to sing.”
His father said, “Don’t be absurd,
Who’s heard of such a thing?”

But though Tim tried with all his might
The highest notes to reach,
All that he could manage was
A shrill and evil screech.

A sound that froze the very soul
And made the windows crack.
“That’s our lad,” said Mum to Dad
And slapped him on the back. (Alexander 2008: 167)

(E717)
**Tumbling**
In jumping and tumbling we spend the whole day,
Till night by arriving has finished our play.
What then? One and all, there’s no more to be said,
As we tumbled all day, so we tumble to bed. (Alexander 2008: 172)

(E718)
**Lie a-Bed**
Lie a-bed,
Sleepy head,
Shut up eyes, bo-peep;
Till day-break
Never wake:-
Baby, sleep. (Alexander 2008: 172)

(E719)
**I Hear Thunder**
I hear thunder, I hear thunder,
Hark! don’t you? Hark! don’t you?
Pitter, patter raindrops, pitter, patter raindrops,
I’m wet through, I’m wet through. (Alexander 2008: 173)

(E720)
I can hear thunder,
I can hear thunder,
Listen, can you?
Listen, can you?
Pitter patter rain drops,
Pitter patter rain drops,
I’m wet through.
So are you. (Dunn 1993: 30)

(E721)
**Pop Goes the Weasel**
Half a pound of tuppenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle.
That’s the way the money goes,
Pop! goes the weasel. (Alexander 2008: 173)

(E722)
Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That’s the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel!

Half a pound of tuppenny rice,
Half a pound of treacle,
Mix it up and make it nice,
Pop goes the weasel!!

Every night when I go out
The monkey’s on the table;
Take a stick and knock it off,
Pop goes the weasel! (Collins 1990: 12)

(E723)
Johnny’s got the whooping cough
And Mary’s got the measles.
That’s the way the money goes:
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! (Fowke 1969: 51)

(E724)
**Hark At the Robbers**
Hark at the robbers going through,
Through, through, through; through, through, through;
Hark at the robbers going through, my fair lady.
What have the robbers done to you,
You, you, you; you, you, you?
What have the robbers done to you, my fair lady?

Stole my gold watch and chain,
Chain, chain, chain; chain, chain, chain;
Stole my gold watch and chain, my fair lady.

How many pounds will set us free,
Free, free, free; free, free, free?
How many pounds will set us free, my fair lady?

A hundred pounds will set you free,
Free, free, free; free, free, free;
A hundred pounds will set you free, my fair lady. (Alexander 2008: 176)

(E725)
**My Father He Died**
My father he died, but I can’t tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I’d fain have made a fortune,
But did not know how:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I’d fain have made a fortune,
But lost the best half:
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom. (Alexander 2008: 177)

(E726)
**I Saw a Slippery, Slithery Snake**
I saw a slippery, slithery snake
Slide through the grasses, making them shake.
He looked at me with his beady eye.
“Go away from my pretty green garden,” said I.
“Sssss,” said the slippery, slithery snake,
As he slid through the grasses, making them shake. (Alexander 2008: 184)
Fosy’s Hole
Put your finger 
In Foxy’s hole. 
Foxy’s not at home. 
Foxy’s out, 
At the back door 
A-picking at a bone. (Alexander 2008: 184)

Round About There
Round about there, 
Sat a little bear, 
He went to get some honey, 
Right up there! (Alexander 2008: 184)

Clap, Clap Hands
Clap, clap hands, one, two, three, 
Put your hands upon your knees, 
Lift them up high to touch the sky, 
Clap, clap hands and away they fly. (Alexander 2008: 185)

Head, Shoulders, Knees and Toes
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes, 
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes, 
And eyes, and ears and mouth and nose. 
Head, shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes. (Alexander 2008: 185)

Leg Over Leg
Leg over leg, 
As the dog went to Dover; 
When he came to a stile, 
Jump he went over. (Alexander 2008: 185)

Cooking Up a Storm
I’ve got my biggest cauldron 
Heating up upon the fire, 
And I’ve gathered the ingredients 
This fine spell will require! 
A handful of cat’s whiskers, 
The tails from three young pups, 
A big ladle full of eyeballs, 
And froggy slime – two cups! 
Bangs and crashes shake the windows, 
It’s raining cats and dogs, 
Outside the storm is stirring up
A nasty shower of frogs!

For, although it may be August,
So sunny, bright and warm,
You’d better run for cover –
I’ve cooked up the perfect storm! (Alexander 2008: 186)

(E733)

When Dreams Come True
There’s a town called Corking, not far from here,
Where dreams come true every hundred years.
“That sounds terrific,” I hear you cry,
But it isn’t so great and I’ll tell you why.

There was a girl called Lucy who climbed into trees,
Because she wanted to talk to the birds and bees,
But the sparrows and starlings all wanted a word,
And poor little Lucy couldn’t make herself heard.

There was a boy called Arnie who wished he was strong.
His dream came true, but it didn’t last long.
Everything he touched just snapped into two,
And in no time at all, he had run out of glue.

So you see what I’m getting at in this little rhyme,
It’s easy to work out, if you give it some time.
Beware what you wish for – and I’m talking to you,
You never know, it might come true! (Alexander 2008: 187)

(E734)

Snow
In the gloom of whiteness,
In the great silence of snow,
A child was sighing
And bitterly saying: “Oh,
They have killed a white bird up there on her nest,
The down is fluttering from her breast!”
And still it fell through that dusky brightness
On the child crying for the bird of the snow. (Alexander 2008: 193)

(E735)

From a Railway Carriage
Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever! (Alexander 2008: 197)

(E736)
Clap Hands
Clap hands for Daddy coming
Down the wagon way,
With a pocketful of money
And a cartload of hay. (Alexander 2008: 198)

(E737)
Jack and Guy
Jack and Guy went out in the rye,
And they found a little boy with one black eye.
Come, says Jack, let’s knock him on the head.
No, says Guy, let’s buy him some bread;
You buy one loaf and I’ll buy two,
And we’ll bring him up as other folk do. (Alexander 2008: 198)

(E738)
Young Roger Came Tapping
Young Roger came tapping at Dolly’s window,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!
He asked for admittance, she answered him “No!”
Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!

“No, no, Roger, no! As you came you may go!”
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump! (Alexander 2008: 199)

(E739)
Five Little Peas
Five little peas in a pea-pod pressed,
One grew, two grew, and so did all the rest.
They grew, and they grew, and they did not stop,
Until one day the pod went…POP! (Alexander 2008: 199)

(E740)
Harry Parry
O rare Harry Parry,
When will you marry?
When apples and pears are ripe.
I’ll come to your wedding,
Without any bidding,
And dance and sing all the night. (Alexander 2008: 199)
Wash Hands
Wash, hands, wash,
Daddy’s gone to plough;
If you want your hands wash’d,
Have them wash’d now. (Alexander 2008: 204)

Willie Wastle
I, Willie Wastle,
Stand on my castle,
An’ a’ the dogs o’ your toon,
Will no’ drive Willie Wastle down. (Alexander 2008: 204)

Richard Dick
Richard Dick upon a stick,
Sampson on a sow,
We’ll ride away to Colley fair
To buy a horse to plough. (Alexander 2008: 205)

Parliament Soldiers
High diddle ding, did you hear the bells ring?
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.
Some they did laugh, and some they did cry,
To see the parliament soldiers go by. (Alexander 2008: 205)

Oats and Beans
Oats and beans and barley grow,
Oats and beans and barley grow,
Do you or I or anyone know,
How oats and beans and barley grow?

First the farmer sows his seeds,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet and claps his hands,
Turns around to view the land. (Alexander 2008: 205)

A Jittery Journey
The moon’s like a wizard’s face up in the sky,
The night is as black as a cat.
The trees’ branches rustle and wave as you pass,
Then reach down to snatch off your hat.

The wind wants to whisper a secret to you,
An owl hoots, “Noo! Noo! Mustn’t tell!”
You can hear a dog howling (or is it a wolf?)
And the chimes of a distant church bell.
A monster is lying in wait by the path –
With hundreds of feet and big teeth!
Or is it a tree fallen, struck in a storm,
With toadstools growing beneath?

Quick! Is that a light you can see through the wood?
Hurry up, there are bats flying round!
Here you are at the gate – Mum opens the door,
And you’re home once again – safe and sound! (Alexander 2008: 210)

(E747)

It's Raining
It's raining cats and dogs,
And warty toads and frogs,
And red-kneed bats and bowler hats.
It’s raining big fat hogs.
It’s raining needles and pins,
And rusty cans and tins,
And things I don’t like – such as bits of bike.
It’s raining wheelie bins.

It’s raining apples and pears,
And dolls and teddy bears,
And silly pigs in curly wigs.
It’s raining plastic chairs.

It’s raining bacon and eggs,
And washing lines and pegs,
And cowboy suits and exotic fruits.
It’s raining hairy legs.

It’s raining ducks and drakes,
And chocolate bars and cakes,
And glasses of milk and colourful silk.
It’s raining garden rakes. (Alexander 2008: 211)

(E748)

Without a Growl
When Old MacDonald’s work is done,
And twilight falls with the setting sun,
He sits down in his chair.
For he knows that he has a friend,
From day’s beginning to day’s end,
Bruce the sheepdog is there. (Alexander 2008: 216)

(E749)

Bread and Milk for Breakfast
Bread and milk for breakfast,
And woollen frocks to wear,
And a crumb for robin redbreast
On the cold day of the year. (Alexander 2008: 216)
Old Joe Brown
Old Joe Brown, he had a wife,
She was all of eight feet tall.
She slept with her head in the kitchen,
And her feet stuck out in the hall. (Alexander 2008: 216)

Robert Rowley
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round? (Alexander 2008: 217)

Old John Muddlecombe
Old John Muddlecombe lost his cap,
He couldn’t find it anywhere, the poor old chap.
He walked down the High Street, and everybody said,
“Silly John Muddlecombe, you’ve got it on your head!” (Alexander 2008: 217)

There Was a King
There was a king, and he had three daughters,
And they all lived in a basin of water;
The basin’s bended,
My story’s ended.
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer. (Alexander 2008: 217)

Marching Band
Oompah, oompah goes the trombone,
Held tight in a bony hand.
Boom, boom, boom the bass drum thunders.
meet the Monster Marching Band!

Ghoulish fingers clutch at drumsticks,
Zombies march past with glazed eyes,
Vampires play on tuneless tubas,
Mummies blow horns to the skies.

A spectral player sounds the bugle,
Ghostly ghosts play clarinets,
On they march past church and graveyard,
Led by phantom majorettes!

So if you ever chance to hear them,
Marching through the town at night,
Just stay put beneath your covers,
Or you’ll be in for a fright. (Alexander 2008: 222)
(E755)

A Good Play
We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, “Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake”;
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on the sea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me. (Alexander 2008: 223)

(E756)

Me, Myself and I
Me, myself and I—
We went to the kitchen and ate a pie.
Then my mother she came in
And chased us out with a rolling pin. (Alexander 2008: 233)

(E757)

Naughty Duckling
Mummy Duck is in a flap.
“My naughty duckling won’t come back!”

She’s off to chase him, on his tail—
Following Little Duckling’s trail.

“Go over the hill!” the little foal neighs,
“I saw Little Duckling run that way!”

“Along the fence!” baby calf moos,
“You’ll catch him if you hurry, too!”

The piglets oink, “We saw him slide!
Up on the roof and down the side!”

“Look under here!” the lambs all baa,
“He can’t have gone so very far!”

“He came past here!” cheeps little chick,
“He said hello, then ran off, quick!”

And there he is! He loves to roam.
But most of all he loves his home! (Alexander 2008: 243)
Michael Finnegan
There was an old man called Michael Finnegan,
He grew whiskers on his chinegan.
The wind came out and blew them in again,
Poor old Michael Finnegan. Begin again…(Alexander 2008: 246)

There Was a Man
There was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.
Cob, says Dob,
Chitterabob, says Mob,
Cob was Dob’s dog, Chitterabob Mob’s cat. (Alexander 2008: 246)

Hey, Dorolot, Dorolot!
Hey, dorolot, dorolot!
Hey, dorolay, dorolay!
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away! (Alexander 2008: 246)

Adam and Eve and Pinchme
Adam and Eve and Pinchme
Went down to the river to bathe.
Adam and Eve were drowned –
Who do you think was saved? (Alexander 2008: 247)

Peter and Paul and Pinch Me
Went down to the beach to bathe.
Peter and Paul were drowned,
And who do you think was saved?
- Pinch Me. (Fowke 1969: 122)

There Was an Old Lady
There was an old lady
Who lived down our street,
You wouldn’t believe all
The things she could eat.

For breakfast each morning,
A full slap up meal
Of nuts and bolts served in
A bicycle wheel!
She always took care
To never miss lunch,
On brooms, mops and buckets
She’d nibble and crunch.

Trumpets and trombones were
Her favourite dinner,
But though always eating
She kept getting thinner.

Finally, for supper she’d snack on
Some bees in their hives,
All swiftly washed down with
The forks, spoons and knives! (Alexander 2008: 254)

(E764)
Did You Ever See…
Did you ever see a jester juggling with ice creams,
Or a pair of giant hamsters, wrestling in your dreams?
If you’ve never seen a crocodile swallow twenty conkers,
Then you, my friend, are honestly quite bonkers!

Did you ever see a puppy dancing with a brolly,
Or a pair of sweet old ladies pushing bandits on a trolley?
If you’ve never seen an elephant sitting on a daisy,
Then you, my friend, are honestly quite crazy!

Did you ever see singing worm climbing up a wall,
Or a judge stand up in court, and catch a cricket ball?
If you’ve never seen a kangaroo asleep in silk pyjamas,
Then you, my friend, are honestly quite bananas!

I know people think I’m mad – but here’s my explanation:
I make up lots of stuff with my wild imagination! (Alexander 2008: 255)

(E765)
Witches on the Run
At night, when it’s all dark and scary,
I peek from my covers, quite wary.
And there on the wall
Are shadows so tall –
Pointed hats, capes and noses all hairy.

They love casting spells late at night,
Their cauldron glows with a strange light.
It bubbles and spits,
Spilling slimy green bits,
And gives me and Teddy a fright!

My mum says that I must be dreaming,
When I spy witches high on the ceiling.
But they keep me awake
With the noise that they make,
All that ear-piercing cackling and screaming!

But tonight when they come I’ll be ready,
All I need is to keep my aim steady.
One squirt from my gun,
Will have them on the run,
Witches hate getting wet, don’t they, Teddy? (Alexander 2008: 264)

(E766)
Meet-on-the-Road
“Now, pray, where are you going?” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“To school sir, to school sir,” said Child-as-it-Stood.
“What have you in your basket, child?” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“My dinner, sir, my dinner, sir,” said Child-as-it-Stood.

“What have you for dinner, child?” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“Some pudding, sir, some pudding, sir,” said Child-as-it-Stood.
“Oh then, I pray, give me a share,” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“I’ve little enough for myself, sir,” said Child-as-it-Stood.

“What have you got that cloak on for?” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“To keep the wind and cold from me,” said Child-as-it-Stood.
“I wish the wind would blow through you,” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“Oh, what a wish! What a wish!” said Child-as-it-Stood.

“Pray, what are those bells ringing for?” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“To ring bad spirits home again,” said Child-as-it-Stood.
“Oh, then I must be going, child!” said Meet-on-the-Road.
“So fare you well, so fare you well,” said Child-as-it-Stood. (Alexander 2008: 265)

(E767)
**Sippity, Sippity Sup**
Sippity sup, sippity sup,
Bread and milk from a china cup.
Bread and milk from a bright silver spoon
Made of a piece of the bright silver moon.
Sippity sup, sippity sup,
Sippity, sippity sup. (Alexander 2008: 268)

(E768)
**Hannah Bantry**
Hannah Bantry,
In the pantry,
Gnawing on a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it,
Ho she clawed it,
When she found herself alone. (Alexander 2008: 268)

(E769)
**Little Blue Ben**
Little Blue Ben, who lives in the glen,
Keeps a blue cat and one blue hen,
Which lays of blue eggs a score and ten;
Where shall I find the little Blue Ben? (Alexander 2008: 269)

(E770)
**Eeper Weeper**
Eeper Weeper, chimney sweeper,
Married a wife and could not keep her.
Married another,
Did not love her,
Up the chimney he did shove her! (Alexander 2008: 269)
Dame Trot
Dame Trot and her cat
Sat down for a chat;
The dame sat on this side
And puss sat on that.
“Puss,” says the dame,
“Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark?”
“Purr,” says the cat. (Alexander 2008: 269)

Old Bandy Legs
As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose. (Alexander 2008: 274)

I Do Not Like Thee
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell. (Alexander 2008: 274)

Charlie Wag
Charlie Wag,
Charlie Wag,
Ate the pudding
And left the bag. (Alexander 2008: 275)

Fire! Fire!
Nee naw! Nee naw! the sirens say,
The big red fire engine is on its way.

Round the corner with a screech of tyres,
The fire engine races to put out fires.

Listen to the sirens! They seem to say,
“Coming through! Please make way!”

See the smoke! The barn fire grows!
Quickly! Quickly! Roll out the hose.
Here comes the water – swoosh! – from the spout.
Splish! Splash! Hiss! And the fire is out! (Alexander 2008: 278)
Choo! Choo!
All aboard, off we go!
The wheels are turning – start off slow!

Choo! Choo! Choo! Count with me,
Shiny carriages, one, two, three.

Up the hill, along the track,
Faster, faster, clickety-clack!

Across the bridge the train goes by,
Clouds of some puff way up high.

Here’s the tunnel… Whoo! Whoo!
The whistle blows. We’re coming through!

Chuffa! Chuffa! At last we’re here!
“Hip hooray!” the passengers cheer. (Alexander 2008: 279)

Monster Munch
I may be big and hairy
And I may look mean and tough,
But I’m a nice, kind monster,
And I’ve simply had enough!
It’s really most distressing
When you scream and run away –
I have no plans to eat you,
All I want to do is play!

Oh, can’t you see I’m lonely?
Can’t you tell I’m feeling blue?
I’ve got no friends to talk to,
But I like the look of you!

I’m just about to make some lunch,
And I’d love it if you’d come.
You will? Oh, great, that’s perfect!
Ha, ha – I tricked you! Yum! (Alexander 2008: 282)

What Is the Rhyme for Porringer?
What is the rhyme for porringer?
The King he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her. (Alexander 2008: 286)

Go to Bed
Go to bed late,
Stay very small;
Go to bed early
Grow very tall. (Alexander 2008: 286)
| (E780) Grey Goose and Gander | Grey goose and gander,  
| | Waft your wings together,  
| | And carry the good king’s daughter  
| | Over the one strand river. (Alexander 2008: 287) |
| (E781) Ten Little Men | Ten little men standing straight,  
| | Ten little men open the gate,  
| | Ten little men all in a ring,  
| | Ten little men bow to the king,  
| | Ten little men dance all day,  
| | Ten little men hide away. (Alexander 2008: 287) |
| (E782) I Met a Man | As I was going up the stair  
| | I met a man who wasn’t there.  
| | He wasn’t there again today –  
| | Oh how I wish he’d go away! (Alexander 2008: 287) |
| (E783) Washing Up | When I was a little boy  
| | I washed my mummy’s dishes;  
| | I put my finger in one eye,  
| | And pulled out golden fishes. (Alexander 2008: 294) |
| (E784) What’s the News? | “What’s the news of the day,  
| | Good neighbour, I pray?”  
| | “They say the balloon  
| | Is gone up to the moon.” (Alexander 2008: 294) |
| (E785) Rain | Rain before seven,  
| | Fine by eleven. (Alexander 2008: 295) |
| (E786) I Just Can’t Sleep | It’s time to sleep.  
| | I’ve brushed my teeth  
| | And read my book,  
| | I’ve put my bathrobe  
| | On the hook, and…  
| | I just can’t sleep.  
| | The bed’s too hot,  
| | The light’s too bright, |
There are far too many
Sounds tonight, and…
Maybe I’ll sleep.
I think I might,
I think I’ll - yawn –
Turn out the light.
Good night.
Zzzzz….(Alexander 2008: 298)

(E787)
**Holiday Time**
We’re off on holiday. Oh, what fun!
There may be rain or there may be sun.
But we’ll all have a lovely time together,
And enjoy ourselves, whatever the weather! (Alexander 2008: 299)

(E788)
**Bunny in a Hurry**
Tick tock! It’s eight o’clock!
Can you tell the time?
Wake up, Bunny! Don’t be late!
It’s time to rise and shine.

Tick tock! It’s twelve o’clock!
No time for any stops!
Bunny has a bouncy lunch,
Munching as he hops!

Tick tock! It’s three o’clock!
So many things to do,
Like finding everything he needs
To make a carrot stew.

Tick tock! It’s six o’clock!
And something smells delicious!
Hurry, Bunny, eat your stew!
You’ve got to wash the dishes!
Tick tock! It’s seven o’clock!
Shhh! Don’t make a peep.
What a busy day it’s been.
Now Bunny’s fast asleep! (Alexander 2008: 300)

(E789)
**Jungle Hide-and-seek**
Crouching in the jungle,
Roaring by a tree,
Looking for his dinner,
Who can you see?

Deep in the jungle,
Hiding up a tree,
Eating a big banana,
Who can it be?
Down beside the river,
Showing lots of teeth,
Waiting still and silent,
Who’s underneath?

High up in the branches,
Noisy as can be,
With bright, shiny feathers,
Who’s in the tree?

Creeping through the jungle,
Such a king is he,
Fierce, gold and furry,
Who can it be? (Alexander 2008: 301)

(E790)
My Hobby Horse
I had a little hobby horse, it was well shod,
It carried me to London, niddety nod,
And when we got to London we heard a great shout,
Down fell my hobby horse and I cried out:
“Up again, hobby horse, if thou be a beast,
When we get to our town we will have a feast,
And if there be but a little, why thou shall have some,
And dance to the bag-pipes and beating of the drum.” (Alexander 2008: 306)

(E791)
Engine, Engine
Engine, engine, number nine,
Sliding down Chicago line;
When she’s polished she will shine,
Engine, engine, number nine. (Alexander 2008: 306)

(E793)
Engine, engine number nine
Running on Chicago line,
At the lake at half-past eight,
Back once more at half-past four.
O-U-T spells out and out goes she! (Fowke 1969: 110)

(E794)
Engine, engine number nine
Going down Chicago line,
If the train goes off the track,
Do you want your money back?
Yes. Y-E-S spells yes, and out you must go
With a dirty rag tied on your mother’s big fat toe. (Fowke 1969: 110)

(E795)
Catch Him
Catch him, crow! Carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe and ready to fall,
Here comes a baby, apples and all. (Alexander 2008: 323)

(E796)
Wine and Cakes
Wine and cakes for gentlemen,
Hay and corn for horses,
### Crazy Animals

*Stomp! Stomp!* Zebra’s proud,
Because he stands out in a crowd.

*Squeak! Squeak!* Little Mouse
Scampers quickly through the house.

*Roar! Roar!* Hear Lion roar!
Eats his lunch and still wants more!

*Miaow! Miaow!* Have you seen
Naughty Kitty licking cream?

*Bark! Bark!* Messy Pup!
Hides hiss bone, then digs it up.

*Baa! Baa!* Clever Sheep!
Counting lambs to fall asleep. (Alexander 2008: 330)

### Elephant’s Trunk

*Elephant loves to blow his trunk*
At the start of every day.
*“Tarrantarra!”* he loudly trumps,
To wake his friends to play.

*Elephant’s trunk is useful*
To shower and to squirt.
Down at the pool his friends join in,
To wash off all the dirt.

And when it comes to mealtimes,
A trunk can help once more –
To reach the highest, juiciest leaves
That jungle friends adore.

But best of all for Elephant,
When his friends are tucked up snug,
He loves to wrap his trunk around,
And give them a big hug! (Alexander 2008: 331)

### Teddy Bear

*Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around.*
*Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, touch the ground.*
*Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, show your shoe.*
*Teddy bear, teddy bear, that will do.*
*Teddy bear, teddy bear, go upstairs.*
*Teddy bear, teddy bear, say your prayers.*

Mr Bear, Mr Bear,
Touch the ground.
Mr Bear, Mr Bear,
Turn right round.
Mr Bear, MR Bear,
Go upstairs.
Mr Bear, Mr Bear,
Say your prayers.
| Show your shoe. | prayers. | Mr Bear, Mr Bear, Turn off the light. Mr Bear, Mr Bear, Say “Good night.” (Dunn 1993: 21) |
| Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, That will do! | Teddy bear, teddy bear, switch off the light. Teddy bear, teddy bear, say goodnight. GOODNIGHT! (Fowke 1969: 49) |
| Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Go upstairs. | Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Say your prayers. | |
| Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Say your prayers. | Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Turn out the lights | |
| Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, Say good-night! (Alexander 2008: 334) | |

(E802) **Jack-a-Dandy**
Nauty pauty Jack-a-Dandy
Stole a piece of sugar candy
From the grocer’s shoppy shop,
And away did hoppy-hop. (Alexander 2008: 336)

(E803) **Tommy’s Shop**
Tommy kept a chandler’s shop,
Richard went to buy a mop;
Tommy gave him such a whop,
That sent him out of the chandler’s shop. (Alexander 2008: 336)

(E804) **My aunt**
I’m glad I’ve got an aunt,
She really is a winner.
She takes me out to feed the ducks,
And then she makes me dinner. (Alexander 2008: 337)

(E805) **Marching**
March, march, head erect,
Left, right, that’s correct. (Alexander 2008: 337)

(E806) **King Boggen**
King Boggen, he built a fine new hall;
Pastry and piecrust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black pudding and white,
Roofed with pancakes – you never saw the like. (Alexander 2008: 337)
Old Roger Is Dead
Old Roger is dead and gone to his grave,
H’m ha! gone to his grave.

They planted an apple tree over his head,
H’m ha! over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
H’m ha! ready to fall.

There came an old woman and picked them all up,
H’m ha! picked them all up.

Old Roger jumped up and gave her a knock,
H’m ha! gave her a knock.

Which made the old woman go hippity hop,
H’m ha! hippity hop! (Alexander 2008: 342)

My Funny Family
My auntie May’s got a brain like a sieve –
She forgets where the things in her kitchen all live.
There are plates in the fridge and plum jam in the jug
A chop in the teapot and carrots in the mugs!

My cousin Bob’s got eyes like a hawk –
He can see across the ocean from London to New York!
He says he can see unknown planets orbiting in space
And the moon has got a handlebar moustache upon its face.

My sister Sarah’s got feet that love to dance –
She’s danced from Perth to Benidorm, from Italy to France.
She dances in a dress trimmed with black and yellow lace,
Mum says she looks just like a bee and that it’s a disgrace!

My dog Jasper’s got a ferocious appetite –
To see him eating up his food is really quite a sight.
He wolfs down chips and when he’s really feeling gross,
He’ll polish off a cake and several rounds of buttered toast! (Alexander 2008: 343)

A Boy’s Song
Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That’s the way for Billy and me.
Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That’s the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
or love to banter and fight so well,
That’s the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me. (Alexander 2008: 346)

(E810)
**Midnight Fun**
Just as midnight’s striking,
When everyone’s asleep,
Teddies yawn and stretch and shake,
And out of warm beds creep.

They sneak out from their houses,
And gather in the dark,
Then skip along the empty streets,
Heading for the park.

And there beneath the moonlight,
They tumble down the slides,
They swoosh up high upon the swings,
And play on all the rides.

And when the sun comes peeping,
They rush home to their beds,
And snuggle down as children wake,
To cuddle with their teds! (Alexander 2008: 352)

(E811)
**Green Cheese**
Green cheese,
Yellow laces,
Up and down
The market places. (Alexander 2008: 354)

(E812)
**Pit, Pat**
Pit, pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree. (Alexander 2008: 354)

(E813)

**The Wind**

Who has seen the wind? Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by. (Alexander 2008: 354)

(E814)

**Bagpipes**

Puss came dancing out of a barn
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but, “Fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee.”
Pipe, cat! Dance, mouse!
We’ll have a wedding at our good house. (Alexander 2008: 355)

(E815)

**Mother?**

“Mother, may I go out to swim?”
“Yes, my darling daughter.
Fold your clothes up neat and trim,
But don’t go near the water.” (Alexander 2008: 355)

(E816)

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
And don’t go near the water. (Collins 1990: 11)

(E817)

**Once I Was a Baby**

Once I was a baby,
Now suddenly, I’m big!
And there’s someone else
Sleeping in my crib.
Mum says it’s my new brother,
He’s very small and sweet,
With hands the size of daisies
And very smooth, pink feet.
I think I’m going to like him,
And I know that he’ll like me.
Won’t it be terrific
When I can hold him on my knee? (Alexander 2008: 357)

(E818)

**Did You See My Wife?**

Did you see my wife, did you see, did you see,
Did you see my wife looking for me?
She wears a straw bonnet, with white ribbands on it,
And diminity petticoats over her knee. (Alexander 2008: 366)
Punctuate
Every lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand.
Five and twenty on hands and feet
All this is true without deceit. (Alexander 2008: 366)

Billy Booster
Billy Billy Booster,
Had a little rooster,
The rooster died
And Billy cried.
Poor Billy Booster. (Alexander 2008: 367)

Raindrops
I love to see the raindrops
Splashing on the pavements;
I love to see the sunlight
Twinkling in the rain;
I love to see the wind-gusts
Drying up the raindrops;
I love to feel the sunshine
Coming out again! (Alexander 2008: 368)

The Dark Wood
In the dark, dark wood, there was a dark, dark house.
And in that dark, dark house there was a dark, dark room,
And in that dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark cupboard,
And in that dark, dark cupboard there was a dark, dark shelf,
And on that dark, dark shelf there was a dark, dark box,
And in that dark, dark box, there was a GHOST!(Alexander 2008: 369)

A Girl Named Mag
There was a girl named Mag with feet so large
That people cried, “They’re as big as a barge!”
She wished for little feet, small and round,
But when she got them, she kept falling down. (Alexander 2008: 376)

Good Night
Good night, God bless you,
Go to bed and undress you.
Good night, sweet repose,
Half the bed and all the clothes. (Alexander 2008: 376)
When Jacky’s a Good Boy
When Jacky’s a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard. (Alexander 2008: 376)

The Priest
The little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He killed a mouse within his house,
And nobody there to help him. (Alexander 2008: 377)

My Shadow
I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepyhead,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed. (Alexander 2008: 377)

Let's begin
Out goes the rat,
Out goes the cat,
Out goes the lady
With the big green hat.
Y, O, U, spells you;
O, U, T, spells out! (Collins 1990: 4)

Dip dip dip,
My blue ship,
Sailing on the water,
Like a cup and saucer.
Dip dip dip,
You're not It. (Collins 1990: 4)

Eeny meeny macker racker,
Rear ride down the racker.
Chicka poppa lollipop,
A rum tum trash. (Fowke 1969: 111)
(E831)  
Ickle ockle, blue bockle,  
Fishes in the sea,  
If you want a pretty maid,  
Please choose me. (Collins 1990: 5)

(E832)  
One potato, two potato,  
Three potato, four;  
Five potato, six potato,  
Seven potato, MORE. (Collins 1990: 5; Fowke 1969: 109)

(E833)  
**One to ten, and then again**  
One, two, three,  
I love coffee,  
And Billy loves tea,  
How good you be,  
One, two, three,  
I love coffee,  
And Billy loves tea. (Collins 1990: 6)

(E834)  
Owen Moore went away,  
Owing more than he could pay.  
Owen Moore came back next day,  
Owing more. (Collins 1990: 11)

(E835)  
Hoddley, poddley, puddle and fogs,  
Cats are to marry the poodle dogs;  
Cats in blue jackets and dogs in red hats,  
What will become of the mice and the rats? (Collins 1990: 11)

(E836)  
**Shrovetide**  
Once, twice, thrice,  
I give thee warning,  
Please to make pancakes  
Again in the morning. (Alexander 2008: 355)

(E837)  
Come, butter, come,  
Come, butter, come,  
Peter stands at the gate  
Waiting for a butter cake.  
Come, butter, come. (Collins 1990: 16)
If I had a donkey that wouldn’t go,
Would I beat him? OH no, no.
I’d put him in the barn and give him some corn,
The best little donkey that ever was born. (Collins 1990: 16)

Cherry stone rhymes
Who shall I marry?
Tinker,
Tailor,
Soldier,
Sailor,
Rich man,
Poor man,
Beggar man,
Thief.

When will it be?
This year,
Next year,
Sometime,
Never.

Where shall I marry?
Church,
Chapel,
Cathedral,
Abbey.

And the ring?
Gold,
Silver,
Copper,
Brass.

How shall I get there?
Coach,
Carriage,
Wheelbarrow,
Dustcart.

What shall I wear?
Silk,
Satin,
Cotton,
Rags.

And where shall we live happily ever after?
Big house,
Little house,
Pig sty,
Barn. (Collins 1990: 18-19)
What’s for dinner?
Davy Davy Dumpling,
Boil him in the pot;
Sugar him and butter him,
And eat him while he’s hot. (Collins 1990: 20)

Rain on the green grass,
And rain on the tree,
Rain on the house-top,
But not on me. (Collins 1990: 24)

Buttercups and daises,
Oh what pretty flowers,
Coming in the springtime
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere. (Collins 1990: 26)

The cock’s on the wood pile
Blowing his horn,
The bull’s in the barn
A-threshing the corn,
The maids in the meadow
Are making the hay,
The ducks in the river
Are swimming away. (Collins 1990: 27)

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly. (Collins 1990: 27)

I’m the king of the castle,
Get down you dirty rascal. (Collins 1990: 28)

Finders keepers,
Losers weepers. (Collins 1990: 28)
I'll sing you a song,
Nine verses long,
For a pin;
Three and three are six,
And three are nine;
You are a fool,
And the pin is mine. (Collins 1990: 29)

Mrs. Mason bought a basin,
Mrs Tyson said, What a nice 'un,
What did it cost? said Mrs. Frost,
Half a crown, said Mrs. Brown,
Did it indeed, said Mrs. Reed,
It did for certain, said Mrs. Burton.
Then Mrs. Nix up to her tricks
Threw the basin on the bricks. (Collins 1990: 31)

Soldier, Soldier
Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no coat to put on.

Then away she went
To her grandfather’s chest,
And bought him one of the very very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no socks to put on.

Then away she went
To her grandfather’s chest,
And bought him a pair of the very very best,
And the soldier put them on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no shoes to put on.

Then away she went
To her grandfather’s chest,
And bought him a pair of the very very best,
And the soldier put them on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no hat to put on.

Then away she went
To her grandfather’s chest,
And bought him one of the very very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh no, pretty maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have a wife at home. (Collins 1990: 32-33)

Lavender’s blue, diddle, diddle,
Lavender’s green;
When I am king, diddle, diddle,
You shall be queen. (Collins 1990: 35)

Lavender’s blue, diddle, diddle,
Lavender’s green;
When I am king, diddle, diddle,
You shall be queen.

Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work,
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to thresh corn,
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,
Keep ourselvses warm. (Gliori 2007: 24)

I had a dog
Whose name was Buff,
I sent him for
A bag of snuff;
He broke the bag
And spilled the stuff,
And that was all
My penny’s worth. (Collins 1990: 36)

I had a dog and his name was Dandy,
His tail was long and his legs were bandy,
His eyes were brown and his coat was sandy,
The best in the world was my dog Dandy. (Collins 1990: 36)

I have a dog, his name is Rover.
He is a very intelligent pup.
He will stand upon his hind legs
If you hold his hind legs up. (Fowke 1969: 77)

Poor Mary lies a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,
Poor Mary lies a-weeping, on a bright summer’s day!
Oh, why is she a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping?
Oh, why is she a-weeping, on a bright summer’s day?
She’s weeping for her true love, her true love, her true love,
She’s weeping for her true love, on a bright summer’s day.

On the carper she must kneel,
Till the grass grows in the field,
Stand up no, upon your feet,
Choose the one you love so sweet!
Now you’re married we wish you joy,
First the girl, and then the boy.
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,
Kiss her three times over! (Collins 1990: 38)
One I love,
Two I love,
Three I love, I say,
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away;
Six he loves me,
Seven he don’t,
Eight we’re lovers both;
Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts,
Twelve he marries. (Collins 1990: 41)

She loves me,
She loves me not,
She loves me,
She loves me not,
She loves me!

He loves me,
He don’t,
He'll have me,
He won't,
He would
If he could,
But he can’t,
So he don’t. (Collins 1990: 41)

Button to chin
When October comes in.
Cast not a clout
Till May be out. (Collins 1990: 44)

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it me;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail or rain or snow. (Collins 1990: 44)

Snow, snow faster,
Ally-ally-blastert;
The old woman's plucking her geese,
Selling the feathers a penny a piece. (Collins 1990: 45)

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way:
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh. (Collins 1990: 45)

(E862)
God bless the master of this house,
And its good mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near;
We wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year. (Collins 1990: 46)

(E863)
Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be. (Collins 1990: 47)

(E864)
Hello, hello,
How are you today?
Hello, hello,
How are you today?
Hello, hello,
I’m very well, thank you.
Hello, hello,
I’m very well, thank you. (Dunn 1993: 4)

(E865)
Goodbye, everyone,
Goodbye, everyone,
Goodbye, everyone,
It’s time to say goodbye. (Dunn 1993: 5)

(E866)
One, two, three,
You can’t touch me.
One, two, three,
You can’t see me. (Dunn 1993: 6)

(E867)
One, two, three,
Clap with me.
Clap, clap, clap,
Clap like me.
One, two, three,
Jump with me.
Jump, jump, jump,
Jump like me. (Dunn 1993: 7)
(E868)
Open them, shut them,
Open them, shut them,
Make a little clap.
Open them, shut them,
Open them, shut them,
Put them down like that. (Dunn 1993: 8)

(E869)
Five little sparrows
Are sitting in a row.
One says “Cheep, cheep,
I must go.”
One little, two little,
Three little, four little,
Four little sparrows
Are sitting in a row. (Dunn 1993: 9)

(E870)
One apple,
Two apples,
Three apples,
Four.
Five apples,
Six apples,
Seven apples,
Any more? (Dunn 1993: 10)

(E871)
Tommy Thumb, Tommy Thumb,
Where are you?
Here I am, here I am,
How are you?
Fine, thank you.

Peter Pointer, Peter Pointer,
Where are you?
Here I am, here I am,
How are you?
Fine, thank you.

Middle finger, middle finger,
Where are you?
Here I am, here I am,
How are you?
Fine, thank you.

Ring finger, ring finger,
Where are you?
Here I am, here I am,
How are you?
Fine, thank you.

Little finger, little finger,

(E872)
**Mister Thumb**
Tommy Thumb, Tommy Thumb, where are you?
Here I am, here I am. How do you do?
Peter Pointer, Peter Pointer, where are you?
Here I am, here I am. How do you do?
Tommy Tall, Tommy Tall, where are you?
Here I am, here I am. How do you do?
Ruby Ring, Ruby Ring, where are you?
Here I am, here I am. How do you do?
Baby Small, Baby Small, where are you?
Here I am, here I am. How do you do?
Fingers all, fingers all, where are you?
Here we are, here we are. How do you do? (Slier 1988)
Where are you?
Here I am, here I am,
How are you?
Fine, thank you. (Dunn 1993: 11)

(E873)
Ring the bell,
Ting, ting.
Open the door,
And look in.
Say “Hello,”
And walk in. (Dunn 1993: 14)

(E874)
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Listen to the clock.
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Listen to the clock.
One, two, three, four, five.
What time is it?
Five o’clock. (Dunn 1993: 15)

(E875)
Ten, twenty, thirty, forty,
Fifty, sixty, seventy,
Eighty, ninety, one hundred.
Ninety, eighty, seventy,
Sixty, fifty, forty,
Thirty, twenty, ten,
Nothing.
Nothing left,
Nothing left,
Nothing left at all. (Dunn 1993: 16)

(E876)
Touch the table, and touch the floor.
Point to the window, and point to the door. (Dunn 1993: 17)

(E877)
I’m tall like a house,
I’m small like a mouse,
I’m big like a tree,
And now look at me. (Dunn 1993: 20)

(E878)
Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday,
Sunday.
One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven.
Seven days in a week. (Dunn 1993: 22)
I have ten fingers,
I have ten toes,
I have black hair,
And a round nose.
Who am I? (Dunn 1993: 23)

One, two, three,
What can I see?
I can see something
Beginning with C. (Dunn 1993: 24)

Little boys have two legs,
Little dogs have four,
But little furry caterpillars
Have more and more and more. (Dunn 1993: 31)

I can walk with two legs,
With two legs,
With two legs.
I can walk with two legs,
Round and round and round.
I can skip with two legs,
With two legs,
With two legs.
I can skip with two legs,
Round and round and round.
I can run with two legs,
With two legs,
With two legs.
I can run with two legs,
Round and round and round.
But I can hop with one leg,
With one leg,
With one leg.
I can hop with one leg,
Round and round and round. (Dunn 1993: 32)

Let’s put a knife, fork and spoon
On the table,
On the table.
Let’s put a knife, for and spoon
On the table,
Near the plate.

Let’s put a teacup and saucer
On the table,  
On the table.  
Let’s put a teacup and saucer  
On the table,  
Near the plate. (Dunn 1993: 34)

(E883)  
Flying man, flying man,  
Up in the sky.  
Where are you going to,  
Flying so high?  

“Over the mountains  
And over the sea.”  
Flying man, flying man,  
Please take me. (Dunn 1993: 35)

(E884)  
Isn’t it funny,  
Mr Bear likes honey.  
Buzz, buzz, buzz,  
I know he does.  
Go to sleep, Mr Bear,  
Wake up, Mr Bear. (Dunn 1993: 36)

(E885)  
How many teeth have you, Mr Bear?  
How many teeth have you?  
How many teeth have you, Mr Bear?  
Can you tell me, please? (Dunn 1993: 37)

(E886)  
Five little squirrels  
Are sitting in a tree.  
The first squirrel says  
“What can I see?”  
The second squirrel says  
“A man with a gun.”  
The third squirrel says  
“Oh no! Let’s run.”  
The fourth squirrel says  
“Let’s hide in the shade.”  
The fifth squirrel says  
“I’m not afraid.”  
BANG! BANG!  
Goes the gun.  
Can you see them run? (Dunn 1993: 38)

(E887)  
The hen has a chick,  
What does it say?  
Cheep, cheep, cheep,  
All the day.
The duck has a duckling,
What does it say?
Quack, quack, quack,
All the day.

The cat has a kitten,
What does it say?
Meow, meow, meow,
All the day.

The snail has a baby,
What does it say?
It doesn’t say anything,
all the day. (Dunn 1993: 40)

Mix a pancake, Stir a pancake,
Pop it in a pan.
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,
Catch it if you can. (Dunn 1993: 42)

Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.
The cuckoo comes in April,
He sings a song in May.
In the middle of June
He sings another tune,
In July he flies away.
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo. (Dunn 1993: 43)

Miss Defoe broke her toe
On the way to Mexico.
Coming back she broke her back
Sliding down the railway track. (Fowke 1969: 110)

Eeny meeny hippory dick,
Delia dilia Dominick,
Ouchy pouchy dominouchy,
Fee fi fo fum,
Ugily buily boo,
Out goes Y-O-U. (Fowke 1969: 111)

Grandfather had some wheat and rye.
He put it out in the barn to dry.
Out came the mice to have some fun.
Up jumped pussy cat and made them all run. (Fowke 1969: 110)
Ealy mealy dibbly Dick,
Tine tone Tommy Nick.
Bock nock country brooch,
Tine tone tick. (Fowke 1969: 110)

Monkey, monkey, draw the beer.
How many monkeys have we here?
One, two, three – you are he! (Fowke 1969: 111)

When I went up an apple tree
All the apples fell on me.
Bake a pudding, bake a pie,
Did you ever tell a lie?
No, I never told a lie
But I ate my mother’s sweet apple pie,
With a dirty dish-cloth around her knee.
When this counts out, count one, two, three,
And out goes she! (Fowke 1969: 112)

Look! The leaves are falling.
They are falling down like rain.
Quickly go and get them
And throw them up again. (Dunn 1993: 44)

Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday, dear Mary,
Happy Birthday to you.

I say thank you to you,
I say thank you to you,
I say thank you, everyone,
I say thank you to you. (Dunn 1993: 45)

Here comes Father Christmas,
Here comes Father Christmas,
Here comes Father Christmas.
Do you want a present?
Yes, I do. (Dunn 1993: 46)

We wish you a Merry Christmas,
We wish you a Merry Christmas,
We wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year. (Dunn 1993: 47)
Star light, star light,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight. (Gliori 2007: 61)

**Little Wind**

Little wind, blow on the hill-top;
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine;
Little wind, blow off the rain. (Alexander 2008: 53)

Not last night but the night before
Twenty-four robbers came to my door.
This is what they said to me:
Lady, turn around, turn around, turn around.
Lady, tuch the ground, touch the ground, touch the ground.
lady, show your shoe, show your shoe, show your shoe.
Lady, that will do, that will do, that will do! (Fowke 1969: 48)

Not last night but the night before
Three little robber came knockin’ at my door.
One had a fiddle, one had a drum,
One had a stick-stack stuck to his bum. (Fowke 1969: 48)

Girl Guide, Girl Guide, dressed in blue,
These are the motions you must do:
Stand at attention; stand at ease.
Bend your elbows; bend your knees.
Salute to the captain; bow to the queen;
Turn your back on the dirty submarine.
I can do the heel-toe; I can do the spils.
I can do the wiggle-waggle just like this!

Girl Guide, Girl Guide, dressed in green,
The leader sent me to the queen.
The queen didn’t want me, sent me to the king.
The king said: “Turn around and count to seventeen.”
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,17.

Girl Guide, Girl Guide, dressed in yellow,
This is the way I treat my fello:
Hug him, kiss him, kick him in the pants
That is the way to find romance.

Girl Guide, Girl Guide, dressed in red,
What time do you go to bed?
One o’clock, two o’clock, three o’clock...(Fowke 1969: 48)
Cinderella dressed in yellow
Went upstairs to kiss her fella.
How many kisses did she get?
1,2,3,4,5...
Cinderella dressed in red
Went downstairs to bake some bread.
How many loves did she make?
1,2,3,4,5,... (Fowke 1969: 49)

Mary, Mary, all dressed in yellow
Went upstairs to kiss her fellow.
Made a mistake and kissed a snake
And came downstairs with a belly-ache. (Fowke 1969: 49)

Spanish dancer, do the split, split, split.
Spanish dancer, do the kick, kick, kick.
Spanish dancer, turn around, round, round.
Spanish dancer, touch the ground, gound, ground.
Spanish dancer, get out of town, town, town. (Fowke 1969: 49)

I had a little teddy bear, his name was Tiny Tim.
I put him in the bathtub to see if he could swim.
He drank all the water; he ate all the soap;
He died the next morning with a bubble in his throat.

In came the doctor; in came the nurse;
In came a lady with a big fat purse.
Out went the doctor, out went the nurse,
Out went the lady with the big fat purse. (Fowke 1969: 50)

Miss Lucy had a baby; she called him Tiny Tim.
She put him in a bathtub to see if he could swim.
He drank up all the water and ate up all the soap;
He died the next morning with bubbles in his throat.
Miss Lucy called the doctor; Miss Lucy called the nurse;
Miss Lucy called the lady with the alligator purse.
In walked the doctor; in walked the nurse;
In walked the lady with the alligator purse.

“Penicillin,” said the doctor. “Penicillin,” said the nurse.
“Penicillin,” said the lady with the alligator purse.
Out walked the doctor; out walked the nurse;
Out walked the lady with Tim in her purse. (Fowke 1969: 50)

Mother, mother, I feel ill:
Send for the doctor on the hill.
Doctor, doctor, will I live?
Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so... (Fowke 1969: 51)

Mother, mother I am sick.
Send for the doctor quick, quick, quick.
Doctor, doctor, will I die?
Yes, my darling, by and by. (Fowke 1969: 51)
<table>
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<th>(E913)</th>
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| Old Man Moses, sick in bed,  
He called for the doctor, and this is what he said:  
“Take two steps forward and turn yourself around.  
Do the wiggle-waggle and get out of town.” (Fowke 1969: 51) |

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<th>(E914)</th>
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| Policeman, policeman, do your duty.  
Here comes Janie, the bathing beauty.  
She can do the heel-toe; she can do the splits;  
She can do the wiggle-waggle just like this! (Fowke 1969: 51) |

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| I went down town to see Miss Brown.  
She gave me a nickel to buy a pickle.  
The pickle was sour: she gave me a flower.  
The flower was dead: she gave me a thread.  
The thread was black: she gave me a smack.  
The smack was hard: she gave me a card,  
And this is what the card said to do:  
Lady, turn around, turn around, turn around.  
Lady, tuch the ground, touch the ground, touch the ground.  
lady, show your shoe, show your shoe, show your shoe.  
Lady, that will do, that will do, that will do! (Fowke 1969: 54) |

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| Three chairs,  
Sit me down.  
Cross my legs  
And turn around. (Fowke 1969: 54) |

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</table>
| Mickey Mouse  
Ran through the house.  
Clapped his hands,  
Stamped his feet,  
Wiggled his tail,  
And around about! (Fowke 1969: 54) |

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| Bow, wow, wow!  
Whose dog art thou?  
Little Tommy Tinker’s dog,  
Bow, wow, wow! (Fowke 1969: 54) |

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| Ice cream soda, lemonade tart,  
Tell me the name of your sweetheart.  
A, B, C, D, E,... (Fowke 1969: 54) |
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| Bread and butter, sugar and spice,  
How many boys think I’m nice,  
1,2,3,4,5,... (Fowke 1969: 54) |

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<tr>
<th>(E921)</th>
<th>(E922)</th>
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</table>
| All in together, girls!  
First by the weather, girls!  
When you call your birthday  
You must fall out.  
January, February, March...  
When you call your date  
You must fall out.  
1,2,3,4,5,...  
When you call your first initial  
You must fall out.  
A, B, C, D, E, ...  
When you call your second initial  
You must fall out.  
A, B, C, D, E... (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| All in together girls!  
This is fine weather, girls!  
I saw the preacher kiss the teacher.  
How many kisses did she give him?  
1,2,3,4,5... (Fowke 1969: 55) |

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<th>(E923)</th>
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| All in together, girls!  
This fine weather, girls!  
I spy a nanny goat  
Hanging by its petticoat.  
If I call your name  
You must run out... (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| All in together, girls!  
This stormy weather, girls!  
Put your hats and jackets on –  
Tell your mother you won’t be long:  
Just around the corner.  
Red hot pepper! (Fowke 1969: 55) |

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| Grapes on the vine  
Ready to be picked.  
One fell off  
And the other did the splits. (Fowke 1969: 55) |

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| Apples, peaches, pears, and plums,  
Tell me when your birthday comes.  
January, February, March... (Fowke 1969: 55) |

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<th>(E927)</th>
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</table>
| Bluebells, cockle-shells,  
Eevy, ivy, over.  
My mother sent me to the store,  
And this is what she sent me for:  
Salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper,  
Salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper... (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| E928 | Mabel, Mabel,  
| | Set the table.  
| | Don't forget the  
| | Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper,  
| | Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper... (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| E929 | Peel a banana upside down.  
| | Peel an orange round and round.  
| | If you jump to twenty-four,  
| | You can have your turn once more.  
| | 1,2,3,4,5... (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| E930 | Jelly in the bowl,  
| | Jelly in the bowl,  
| | Wibble wabble, wibble wabble,  
| | Jelly in the bowl. (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| E931 | Two little sausages  
| | Frying in a pan.  
| | One went pop  
| | And the other went BAM! (Fowke 1969: 55) |
| E932 | Polly, put the kettle on  
| | And have a cup of tea.  
| | In comes Janie,  
| | And out goes me. (Fowke 1969: 57) |
| E933 | Andy Pandy,  
| | Sugar and candy,  
| | I pop in.  
| | Andy Pandy,  
| | Sugar and candy,  
| | I pop up.  
| | Andy Pandy,  
| | Sugar and candy,  
| | I pop down.  
| | Andy Pandy,  
| | Sugar and candy,  
| | I pop out. (Fowke 1969: 57) |
| (E934) | My father was a butcher,  
|        | My mother cuts the meat,  
|        | And I’m the little hot dog  
|        | That runs around the street. (Fowke 1969: 57) |
| (E935) | My father is a garbage man –  
Pheew!  
|        | My mother is a baker –  
Pheew! Yum yum!  
|        | My sister is a hairdresser –  
Pheew! Yum yum! Curl curl!  
|        | My brother is a cowboy –  
Pheew! Yum yum! Curl curl! Bang bang!  
|        | My baby is a cry-baby –  
Pheew! Yum yum! Curl curl! Bang bang! (Fowke 1969: 57) |
| (E936) | My mother and Nancy’s mother  
|        | Live across the street.  
|        | Every time they have a fight.  
|        | This is what they say:  
|        | Ickabacker, ickabacker, ickabacker boo!  
|        | Ickabacker, soda cracker, out goes you! (Fowke 1969: 57) |
| (E937) | Here comes teacher with a red hot stick.  
|        | Wonder what I got in arithmetic?  
|        | 10,20,30,40...  
|        | Here comes the teacher yelling.  
|        | Wonder what I got in spelling?  
|        | 10,20,30,40... (Fowke 1969: 58) |
| (E938) | Teacher, teacher, with the red stick:  
|        | Are you ready for arithmetic?  
|        | One and one? – Two. Two and two? – Four.  
|        | Are you ready for your spelling?  
|        | Are you ready for your exercise?  
|        | Up, down, around, and out. (Fowke 1969: 58) |
| (E939) | Mr. Green is a very nice man,  
|        | Tries to teach you all he can:  
|        | Reading, writing, arithmetic –  
|        | But he never fails to give the stick.  
|        | If he does, you will jump  
|        | Out of England, into France,  
|        | Out of France, into Spain,  
|        | Out of Spain, back home again. (Fowke 1969: 58) |
| (E940) | Sitting in the school-room  
|        | Chewing bubble gum.  
|        | In comes the principal –  
|        | And out goes the gum! (Fowke 1969: 58) |
(E941)  
Two in a hammock just about to kiss,  
When all of a sudden the darn thing slipped. (Fowke 1969: 58)

(E942)  
Two little cars, two little kisses:  
Two weeks later, Mister and Missus. (Fowke 1969: 58)

(E943)  
Cowboy Joe  
Went to Mexico.  
Hands up! Stick ‘em up!  
Cowboy Joe.

Cowboy Joe  
Broke his toe  
Riding on a buffalo.

Cowboy Joe  
Broke his back  
Riding on a railway track. (Fowke 1969: 59)

(E944)  
Nine o’clock is striking.  
Mother, may I go out?  
All the boys are waiting  
Just to get me out.

First she gave me an apple,  
Second she gave me a pear,  
Then she gave me a clout  
That sent me under the stair. (Fowke 1969: 59)

(E945)  
House to let, apply within.  
Jenny jump out and Jean jump in.  
(Fowke 1969: 59)

(E946)  
House to let, apply within.  
The lady upstairs is drinking gin.  
Now drinking gin is a very bad thing,  
So when I go out, let Mary come in. (Fowke 1969: 59)

(E947)  
As I was in the kitchen  
Doing a little stitchin’,  
In popped a bogey-man,  
Out popped me. (Fowke 1969: 59)

(E948)  
Miss Monroe broke her toe  
Riding on a buffalo.  
The buffalo died and Miss Monroe cried.  
And that was the end of the buffalo ride.

Miss Monroe broke her head
Riding on a slice of bread.  
The slice of bread broke and Miss Monroe choked,  
And that is the end of this funny, funny joke. (Fowke 1969: 59)

<table>
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<tr>
<th>(E949)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The King and the Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And the partners, too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The next King and Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will pass right through. (Fowke 1969: 59)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>(E950)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Old Mother Witch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fell in the ditch,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picked up a penny,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And thought she was rich. (Fowke 1969: 59)</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Die, die, little dog, die.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die fort he sake of your grandmother’s eye.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A penny to put in your purse,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A penny to pay the nurse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die, die, little dog, die.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Die fort he sake of your grandmother’s eye. (Fowke 1969: 59)</td>
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</table>

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Chaplin went to France</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To teach the ladies how to dance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heel, to, round you go.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How many ladies did he teach?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,2,3,4,5…(Fowke 1969: 60)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>(E953)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Funny Bob Hope,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silly as a dope.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wiggle waggle, waggle,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Funny Bob Hope. (Fowke 1969: 60)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
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<tr>
<th>(E954)</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jill had an ear-ache,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She didn’t know what to do.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She put her finger in her ear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And cracked it right in two. (Fowke 1969: 60)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<tr>
<th>(E955)</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fudge, fudge, tell the judge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janie’s having a baby.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, joy, it’s a boy!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janie’s going crazy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wrap it up in tissue paper,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Send it down the elevator.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How many pounds does it weigh?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,2,3,4,5…(Fowke 1969: 60)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Down in Czechoslovaky
Where the men chew tobaccy
And the women go wiggle-waggle-woo. (Fowke 1969: 60)

I had a little Dutch car
In nineteen forty-eight.
I took it down to Main Street
And put on the brake. (Fowke 1969: 60)

Maggie and Jiggs went down town.
Maggie bought a rolling pin to knock Jiggs down.
How many times did she hit him?
1,2,3,4,5…(Fowke 1969: 62)

Blondie and Dagwood went up town.
Blondie bought an evening gown.
Dagwood bought the Daily News,
And this is what it said:
Close your eyes and count to ten.
If you miss, you take the end.
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10. (Fowke 1969: 62)

Salami was a dancer:
She danced for the king,
And every time she danced
She wiggled everything.
“Stop!” said the king,
“You can’t do that in here.”
“Pooh!” said Salami
And kicked him in the rear. (Fowke 1969: 62)

I’m Popeye the sailor man.
I live in a garbage can.
I love to go swimmin’
With bare naked wimmin.
I’m Popeye the sailor man. (Fowke 1969: 62)

Tillie the Toiler
Never late.
She’s always at the office
At half-past eight. (Fowke 1969: 63)
| (E963) | I love coffee, I love tea,  
|        | I love the boys, and the boys love me.  
|        | Tell my mother to hold her tongue,  
|        | She had a boy when she was young.  
|        | Tell my father to do the same:  
|        | He had a girl and he changed her name. (Fowke 1969: 63) |
| (E964) | Lord Nelson lost his eye.  
|        | Lord Nelson lost his arm.  
|        | Lord Nelson lost his leg  
|        | In the Battle of Newfoundland.  
|        | Lord Nelson found his eye.  
|        | Lord Nelson found his arm.  
|        | Lord Nelson found his leg  
|        | In the Battle of Newfoundland. (Fowke 1969: 63) |
| (E965) | Christopher Columbus sailed the sea,  
|        | Huckleberry treasures all for me,  
|        | And the waves went higher, higher, higher. (Fowke 1969: 63) |
| (E966) | Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue  
|        | In fourteen hundred and ninety-two.  
|        | He sailed so far on the deep blue sea  
|        | That he didn’t get back till fourteen ninety-three. (Fowke 1969: 63) |
| (E967) | Old Man Daisy  
|        | He went crazy.  
|        | Up the ladder, down the ladder,  
|        | Over my head. (Fowke 1969: 65) |
| (E968) | Hi, Ricky Nelson, how about a date?  
|        | I’ll meet you at the corner at half-past eight.  
|        | Yes, no, yes, no…(Fowke 1969: 65) |
| (E969) | Look who’s coming down the street:  
|        | Nory Martin, ain’t she sweet?  
|        | She’s been married twice before:  
|        | Now she’s knocking at Henry’s door.  
|        | Henry, Henry, marry me:  
|        | Marry me at half-past three.  
|        | Half-past three is much too late:  
|        | Marry me at a quarter-past eight. (Fowke 1969: 72) |
| (E970) | Barbara and Tommy sitting in a tree  
|        | K-I-S-S-I-N-G.  
|        | First comes love, then comes marriage,  
|        | Then comes Barbara with a baby carriage. (Fowke 1969: 72) |
Gypsy, gypsy, lived in a tent.
She had no money to pay her rent.
She borrowed a one, she borrowed a two,
And passed it on to Y-O-U. (Fowke 1969: 72)

Bouncie, bouncie, ballie,
I broke my sister’s dollie.
She gave me a whack,
I paid her back,
Bouncie, bouncie, ballie. (Fowke 1969: 74)

What’s your name? – Mary Jane.
What’s the number? - Cucumber.
What do you eat? – Pig’s feet.
Where do you sleep? – In a jeep. (Fowke 1969: 76)

Number One, touch your tongue.
Number Two, touch your shoe.
Number Three, touch your knee.
Number Four, touch the floor.
Number Five, through the hive.
Number Six, do the splits.
Number Seven, up to heaven.
Number Eight, over the gate.
Number Nine, touch your spine.
Number Ten, do it all over again. (Fowke 1969: 81)

I am a pretty little Dutch girl,
As pretty as can be, be, be,
And all the boys in the baseball team
Are crazy over me, me, me.

I woke up Sunday morning
And looked up on the wall, wall, wall
The beetles and the bedbugs
Were having a game of ball.

The score was two to nothing –
The beetles were ahead.
The bedbugs knocked a homer
And knocked me out of bed. (Fowke 1969: 88)
Old Lady Mack, Mack, Mack,
All dressed in black, black, black,
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.

I asked my mother, mother, mother
For fifty cents, cents, cents,
To see the elephant, elephant, elephant
Jump the fence, fence, fence.

He jumped so high, high, high
He reached the sky, sky, sky.
He never came back, back, back
Till the end of July, July, July. (Fowke 1969: 89)

My boy friend’s name was Fatty –
He came from Cincinnati,
With a pimple on his nose and ten fat toes,
And this is how my story goes:

My mother was born in England,
My father was born in France,
And I was born in diapers
Because I had no pants. (Fowke 1969: 59)

Let’s take a W-A-L-K, walk
In the P-A-R-K, park,
And I will K-I-S-S, kiss you
In the D-A-R-K, dark,
And I will L-O-V-E, love you
All the T-I-M-E, time,
And I will never never leave you
For a D-I-M-E, dime. (Fowke 1969: 94)

There’s a neat little clock, -
In the schoolroom it stands, -
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right. (“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 21)

Ride a white mare to Banbury Fair
To see what a penny will buy.
A farthing for cake, a farthing for ale,
And a ha’penny apple pie. (Fowke 1969: 100)
A fox started out in a hungry plight,
And begged of the moon to give him light,
For he’d a long way to go that night
Before he could reach the downs, O!
Downs, O! Downs, O!
For he’d a long way to go that night
Before he could reach the downs, O!

The fox when he came to the farmer’s gate,
What should he see but the farmer’s black duck!
“I love you,” says he, “for your master’s sake,
And I long to be picking your bones, O!
Bones, O! Bones, O!
I love you,” says he, “for your master’s sake,
And I long to be picking your bones, O!”

Then he seized the black duck by the neck,
And swung her all across his back,
The black duck cried out, “Quack! Quack! Quack!”
With her legs dangling down, O!
Down, O! Down, O!
The black duck cried out, “Quack! Quack! Quack!”
With her legs hanging dangling down, O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her old head,
Crying, “John, John, John, the black duck is gone,
And the fox has run off to his den, O!
Den, O! Den, O!
John, John, John, the black duck is gone,
And the fox has run off to his den, O!”

Then John, he went up to the top of the hill,
And blew his horn both loud and shrill.
Says the fox, “That is very pretty music, still
I’d rather be safe in my den, O!
Den, O! Den, O!
Says the fox, “That is very pretty music, still
I’d rather be safe in my den, O!”

At last Mr Fox got home to his den,
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten,
Says he, “We’re in luck, here’s a fine fat duck,
With her legs all dangling down, O!
Down, O! Down, O!”
Says he, “We’re in luck, here’s a fine fat duck,
With her legs all dangling down, O!”

Then the fox sat down with his cubs and his wife;
They did very well without fork and knife,
Nor ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones, O!
Bones, O! Bones, O!
They never ate a better duck in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones, O! (Rackham 1994: 116)

(E982)
As I went up yonder hill
I met a fellow fogo
Turning up thumbeline,
Thumbeline a dogo.
I called to Peter Wilson
To fight a fellow fogo,
Turning up a thumbeline,
Thumbeline a dogo. (Fowke 1969: 100)

(E983)
Can you keep a secret?
I don’t believe you can.
You mustn’t laugh, you mustn’t cry,
But do the best you can. (Fowke 1969: 102)

(E984)
Here is the church
And here is the steeple.
Open the doors
And see all the people.

See the minister
Mounting the stairs,
And there he is
Saying his prayers. (Fowke 1969: 103)

(E985)
Knock on the door.
Ring the bell.
Peek in the window.
Lift up the latch.
Roll out the red carpet. (Fowke 1969: 103)

(E986)
These are mother’s knives and forks,
This is mother’s table,
This is mother’s looking-glass,
And this is baby’s cradle. (Fowke 1969: 103)

(E987)
Put your finger in the crow’s nest:
Crow is not at home.
Crow is with the jackdaw
Picking at a bone.

Put your finger in the fox’s hole:
Fox is not at home.
Fox came in the back door
Looking for a bone. (Fowke 1969: 103)
| (E988) | One, two, three, four,  
| | Mary at the kitchen door.  
| | Five, six, seven, eight,  
| | Mary at the garden gate. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E989) | Two, four, six, eight,  
| | Johnny had a rattlesnake.  
| | The snake he died and Johnny cried,  
| | Two, four, six, eight. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E990) | One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
| | All good children go to heaven.  
| | Those that swear don’t go there,  
| | One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E991) | My father had an old horseshoe.  
| | How many nails did he put through? (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E992) | Bubble gum, bubble gum in a dish,  
| | How many bubble gums do you wish?  
| | Three. One, two, three, and out you must go  
| | With your mother's big fat toe. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E993) | Inky, pinky, ponky,  
| | Daddy's bought a donkey.  
| | Donkey died, Daddy cried,  
| | Inky, pinky, ponky. (Fowke 1969: 103) |
| (E994) | Eskimo, Eskimo, Eskimo pie,  
| | Turn around and touch the sky. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E995) | Sky blue, sky blue,  
| | Who’s it? Not you. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
| (E996) | Boy Scout, watch out!  
| (E997) | Ittle, ottle, bluebottle,  
| | Ittle, ottle, out. (Fowke 1969: 109) |
(E998)

Warning
The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren:
If you take them from their nest
You'll never thrive again. (Alexander 2008: 322)

(E999)

The Little, Rusty, Dusty Miller
Oh the little, rusty, dusty miller,
Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was his colour,
Dusty was the kiss

I got from the miller.
If I had my pockets
Full of gold and silver,
I would give it all
To my dusty miller. (Alexander 2008: 322)

(E1000)

Mr East’s Feast
Mr East gave a feast;
Mr North laid the cloth;
Mr West did his best;
Mr South burnt his mouth
with eating a hot potato. (Alexander 2008: 322)

(E1001)

Eeny, meeny miny mo,
Catch a monkey by the toe.
If he hollers, let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo. (Fowke 1969: 111)

(E1002)

Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a beatnik by the toe.
If he hollers “Daddy-O,”
Play it cool and let him go. (Fowke 1969: 111)

(E1003)

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Catch a tiger by the toe,
If he hollers, let him go,
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo. (Collins 1990: 5)

(E1004)

Ink, mink, who stinks
Like any old mink:
O-U-T spells out
And out you must go. (Fowke 1969: 110)

(E1005)

Ink, ink, a bottle of ink,
The cork fell off and you stink.
Not because you’re dirty, not because you’re clean,
Just because you kiss the girls behind the magazine! (Fowke 1969: 110)
Piggy on the railway picking up stones.
Down came an engine and broke Piggy’s bones.
“Oh,” cried Piggy, “that’s not fair!”
“Oh,” cried the engine, “I don’t care!” (Fowke 1969: 110)

One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to get ready,
And four to go! (Fowke 1969: 114)

One to bed ready,
Two to bed steady,
And three’s away-a-a-ay! (Fowke 1969: 114)

One, two, three,
The bumble-bee.
The rooster crows,
And away she goes! (Fowke 1969: 114)

Ready or not, you must be caught,
Hiding around the goal or not.
Last caught’s it! (Fowke 1969: 114)

Charley on the water,
Charley on the sea,
Charley catch the catbird,
But can’t catch me! (Fowke 1969: 114)

Tattle tale, ginger ale,
Stick your head in a garbage pail. (Fowke 1969: 114)

Liar, liar, pants on fire,
Hang you from a telephone wire. (Fowke 1969: 114)

Standing on the corner chewing bubble gum,
Along came Nancy and asked for some.
No, you dirty rascal! NO, you dirty bum!
You ought to get a licking instead of bubble gum. (Fowke 1969: 116)
(E1015)
There she goes! There she goes!
High-heeled shoes and pointed toes.
Look at her feet! Ain’t she sweet!
Black stockings and dirty feet! (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1016)
My father is a king,
My mother is a queen,
And I’m the little princess,
And you’re the dirty thing.
It’s not because you’re dirty,
It’s not because you’re clean,
It’s just because you’ve got the whooping cough
And measles in between! (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1017)
Kindergarten baby,
Wash your face in gravy. (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1018)
Up the mountain, down the tree,
You’re a bigger fool than me! (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1019)
I’m the king of the castle
And you’re the dirty rascal! (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1020)
Teeter, totter, bread and water,
Wash your face in dirty water. (Fowke 1969: 116)

(E1021)
There lived a girl in our street
She’s shy and deceitful.
Every little tittle tat
She goes and tells the people.
Long nose and ugly face,
Put her in a glass case.
If you want to know her name
Her name is Megan Jenkins. (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1022)
Little Tommy Tinker
Sat upon a clinker
And he began to cry:
“Maw! Maw!”
Poor little innocent guy!

Little Tommy Tinder
Sat upon a cinder
And he began to cry:
Maw! Maw!”
Poor little innocent guy! (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1023)
Call me this, call me that,
Call yourself a dirty rat! (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1024)
Sticks and stones will break my bones
But words will never hurt me! (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1025)
Rosy’s it. Took a fit.
Couldn’t get over it. (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1026)
Cowardy, cowardy, custard!
Had to run from mustard! (Fowke 1969: 117)

(E1027)
Fatty, Fatty, two by four,
Couldn’t get through the bathroom door! (Fowke 1969: 118)

(E1028)
Blue-eyed beauty,
Do your duty.
Brown-eyed brandy,
Eat all the candy.
Green-eyed pickapie,
Turn around and tell a lie.
Grey-eyed greedy gut,
Eat all the world up! (Fowke 1969: 118)

(E1029)
Johnny on the woodpile,
Johnny on the fence,
Johnny get your hair cut,
Fifteen cents! (Fowke 1969: 118)

(E1030)
I saw you in the orchard,
I saw you in the sea,
I saw you in the bathtub –
Whoops! Pardon me. (Fowke 1969: 118)

(E1031)
Anne, Anne, if you’re able,
Get your elbows off the table.
This is not a horse’s stable
But a ritzy dining table. (Fowke 1969: 118)
(E1032)
Polly’s mad and I’m glad
And I know how to please her:
A bottle of gin to make her grin,
And Johnny Brown to squeeze her! (Fowke 1969: 120)

(E1033)
Order in the court house!
The donkey wants to speak. (Fowke 1969: 120)

(E1034)
Bill the rill, the rick stick still,
The reebo, the ryebo, the scabby-headed Bill.
Jack the rack, the rick stick stack,
The reebo, the ryebo, the scabby-headed Jack. (Fowke 1969: 120)

(E1035)
My Hands
My hands upon my head I place,
On my shoulders, on my face.
On my hips I place them so,
Then bend down to touch my toe.
Now I raise them up so high,
Make my fingers fairly fly.
Now I clap them, one, two, three.
Then I fold them silently. (Alexander 2008: 247)

(E1036)
Ice cream and jelly
And a punch in the belly. (Fowke 1969: 122)

(E1037)
Here comes a bumble-bee
From behind the barn,
Carrying his bagpipes
Under his arm.
Buzzzzzzzzz (poke). (Fowke 1969: 122)

(E1038)
Hippity hop to the barber shop
To buy a stick of candy:
One for me and one for you,
And one for sister Mandy. (Fowke 1969: 123)

(E1039)
Open your mouth and shut your eyes
And I’ll give you something to make you wise. (Fowke 1969: 124)
When you pass the pink ice cream,
Don’t act as if you’d like to scream.
Turn your head the other way –
Act like you had it EVERY day. (Fowke 1969: 125)

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear.
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair.
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy,
Was he? (Fowke 1969: 126)

John had some cake;
John had some jelly.
John went to bed
With a pain in his…
Now don’t get excited .
Don’t be misled.
All that John had
Was a pain in his head. (Fowke 1969: 126)

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of the Jews,
Bought his wife a pair of shoes.
When the shoes began to wear,
Nebuchadnezzar began to swear. (Fowke 1969: 126)

Away down south where the bananas grow
A grasshopper stepped on an elephant’s toe.
The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,
“Pick on someone your own size.” (Fowke 1969: 126)

Come, let’s to bed
“To bed! To bed!” ("Real Mother Goose" 1984)

Little girl and queen
“Little girl, little girl, where have you been?”
“Gathering roses to give to the Queen.”
“Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?”
“She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.” ("Real Mother Goose” 1984)

The flying pig
Dickory, dickory, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickory, dickory, dare. ("Real Mother Goose” 1984)
**Hush-a-bye**
Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake,
So pray, my dear baby, lie still. (“Real Mother Goose” 1984)

**Ride, baby, ride,**
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother. (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

**I had a little castle upon the seaside,**
One half was water, the other was land.
I opened my little castle door, and guess what I found:
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, and filled with wine;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine! (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

**What shall you buy?**
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon,
All through the sky!
But if, when it gets there,
It should stay in the air,
Or the Man in the Moon
Should open the door
And take it in with his long, long paw,
We should sing to another tune, oh! (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

**I took my dolly for a walk;**
Before we reached the gate,
She kicked her little slipper off,
And soon she lost the mate. (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

**Hush, baby, my dolly, I pray you don’t cry,**
And I’ll give you some bread, and some milk by and by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart,
Then to either you’re welcome, with all my heart. (“Playtime Rhymes” 1987)

**Knock at the Door**
Knock at the door. (*Gently tap baby’s forehead.*)
Pull the bell. (*Lightly pull baby’s hair.*)
Lift the latch. (*Press up the tip of baby’s nose.*)
| Walk in. *(Touch baby’s mouth.)*  
| Chin chopper, chin chopper, *(Tap baby’s neck under the chin.)*  
| Chin, chin, chin. *(Tickle baby there.)* *(Slier 1988)*

| (E1055) Diddlety, diddly, dumpty;  
The cat ran up the plum tree.  
Half-a-crown  
To fetch her down;  
Diddlety, diddly, dumpty. *(Rackham 1994: 30)* |
|---|---|
| (E1056) Diddlty, diddlty, dumpty,  
The cat ran up the plum tree;  
Give her a plum and down she’ll come,  
Diddly, diddly, dumpty. *(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 110)* |
| (E1057) Diddlty, diddlty  
The cat ran up the plum tree;  
Half a crown to fetch her down,  
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty. *(Alexander 2008: 96)* |

| (E1058) How many days has my baby to play?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday. *(Rackham 1994: 11)* |
|---|---|
| (E1059) How many days has my baby to play?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday. *(“Classic nursery rhymes” 1993: 91)* |
| (E1060) How many days has my baby to play?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,  
Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.  
Hop away, skip away,  
My baby wants to play;  
My baby wants to play every day! *(Collins 1990: 9)* |

| (E1061) **When** good King Arthur ruled this land,  
He was a goodly king;  
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,  
To make a bag pudding.  
A bag pudding the king did make,  
And stuffed it well with plums.  
And in it put great lumps of fat,  
As big as my two thumbs.  
The king and queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside;  
And what they could not eat that night,  
The queen next morning fried. *(Rackham 1994: 47)* |
|---|---|
| (E1062) **King Arthur**  
When famed King Arthur ruled this land  
He was a goodly king:  
He took three pecks of barley meal  
To make a bag pudding.  
A rare pudding the king did make,  
And stuffed it well with plums;  
And in it put such lumps of fat,  
As big as my two thumbs.  
The king and queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside,  
And what they could not eat that night  
The queen next morning fried. *(Alexander 2008: 295)* |

| (E1063) One, two, three, bologny.  
I had a little pony  
And its name was Macaroni.  
One, two, three, bologny. *(Fowke 1969: 76)* |
|---|---|
| (E1064) One, two, three, a-twirlsy,  
Four, five, six, a-twirlsy,  
Seven, eight, nine, a-twirlsy,  
Ten, a-twirlsy, catch me! *(Fowke 1969: 76)* |
Ordinary clapsies,
Roly poly backsides,
High, low, the heel-toe,
Clip, clop, and away she goes! (Fowke 1969: 76)

Ordinary moving,
Laughings, talkings,
One hand, the other hand,
One foot, the other foot.
Clap at the front, clap at the back,
Front and back, back and front.
Tweedles, twaddles,
Curtseys, salutsies,
Bowsies, jumpsies,
And away she goes! (Fowke 1969: 76)

Annie Lee, can’t you see?
If so, do so.
Touch your knee, touch your toes,
Bounce the ball, and away she goes! (Fowke 1969: 76)

Are you coming out, sir?
No, sir. Why, sir?
Because I’ve got a cold, sir.
Where’d you get the cold, sir?
At the North Pole, sir.
What were you doing there, sir?
Catching polar bears, sir.
How many did you catch, sir?
One, sir, two, sir, three, sir,
That’s enough for me, sir. (Fowke 1969: 77)

Dictation, dictation, dictation,
Two sausages went to the station.
One got lost, the other got squashed,
Dictation, dictation, dictation. (Fowke 1969: 77)

Help, murder, police!
The teacher fell in the grease.
She laughed so hard she fell in the lard.
Help, murder, police! (Fowke 1969: 77)

Queenie, Queenie, who’s got the ball?
Somebody stole it from your home.
Was it John? Was it Jack?
Whoever it was had better give it back. (Fowke 1969: 77)
The twenty-fourth of May
Is the Queen’s birthday.
If you don’t give us a holiday
We’ll all run away. (Fowke 1969: 77)
**Bibliography**


