



OH, DEAR!

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.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

LITTLE JUMPING JOAN

Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone.

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.

MONEY AND THE MARE

"Lend me thy mare to ride a mile."
"She is lamed, leaping over a stile."

"Alack! and I must keep the fair!
I'll give thee money for thy mare."

"Oh, oh! say you so?
Money will make the mare to go!"

ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree
Up went Pussy-Cat, down went he,
Down came Pussy-Cat, away Robin
ran,

Says little Robin Redbreast: "Catch
me if you can!"

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon
a spade,

Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and
then he was afraid.

Little Robin chirped and sang, and
what did Pussy say?

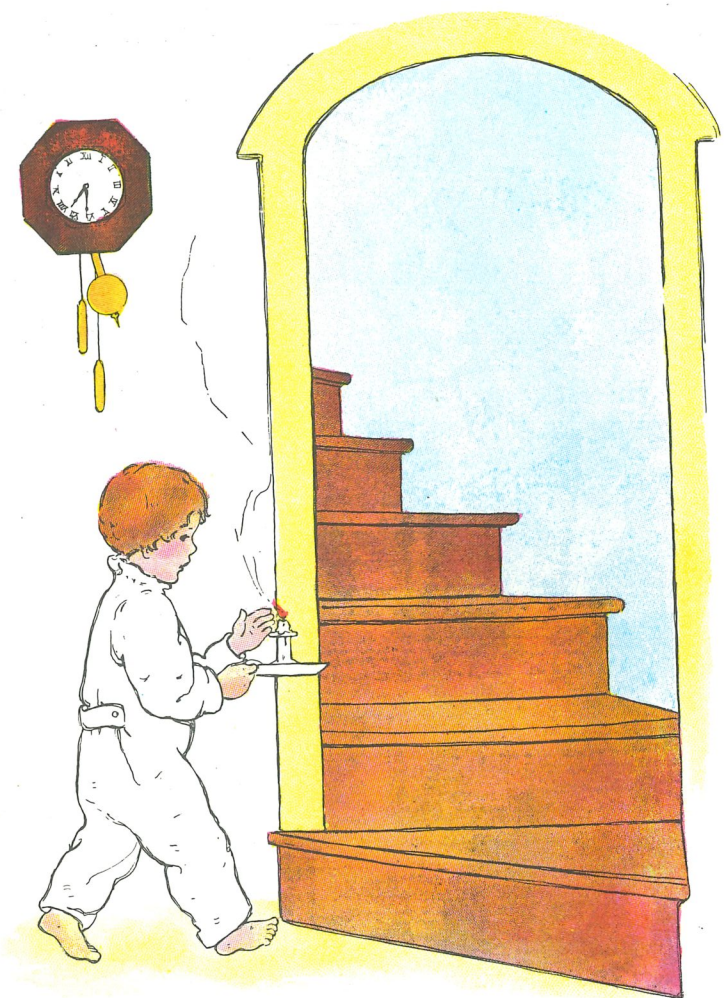
Pussy-Cat said: "Mew, mew, mew,
and Robin flew away."











BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, 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.

LITTLE FRED

When little Fred went to bed,
 He always said his prayers;
 He kissed mamma, and then papa,
 And straightway went upstairs.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

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.
 Sleep, baby, sleep,
 Down where the woodbines creep;
 Be always like the lamb so mild,
 A kind, and sweet, and gentle child.
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

CRY, BABY

Cry, baby, cry,
 Put your finger in your eye,
 And tell your mother it wasn't I.





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.

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 parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
When down came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

