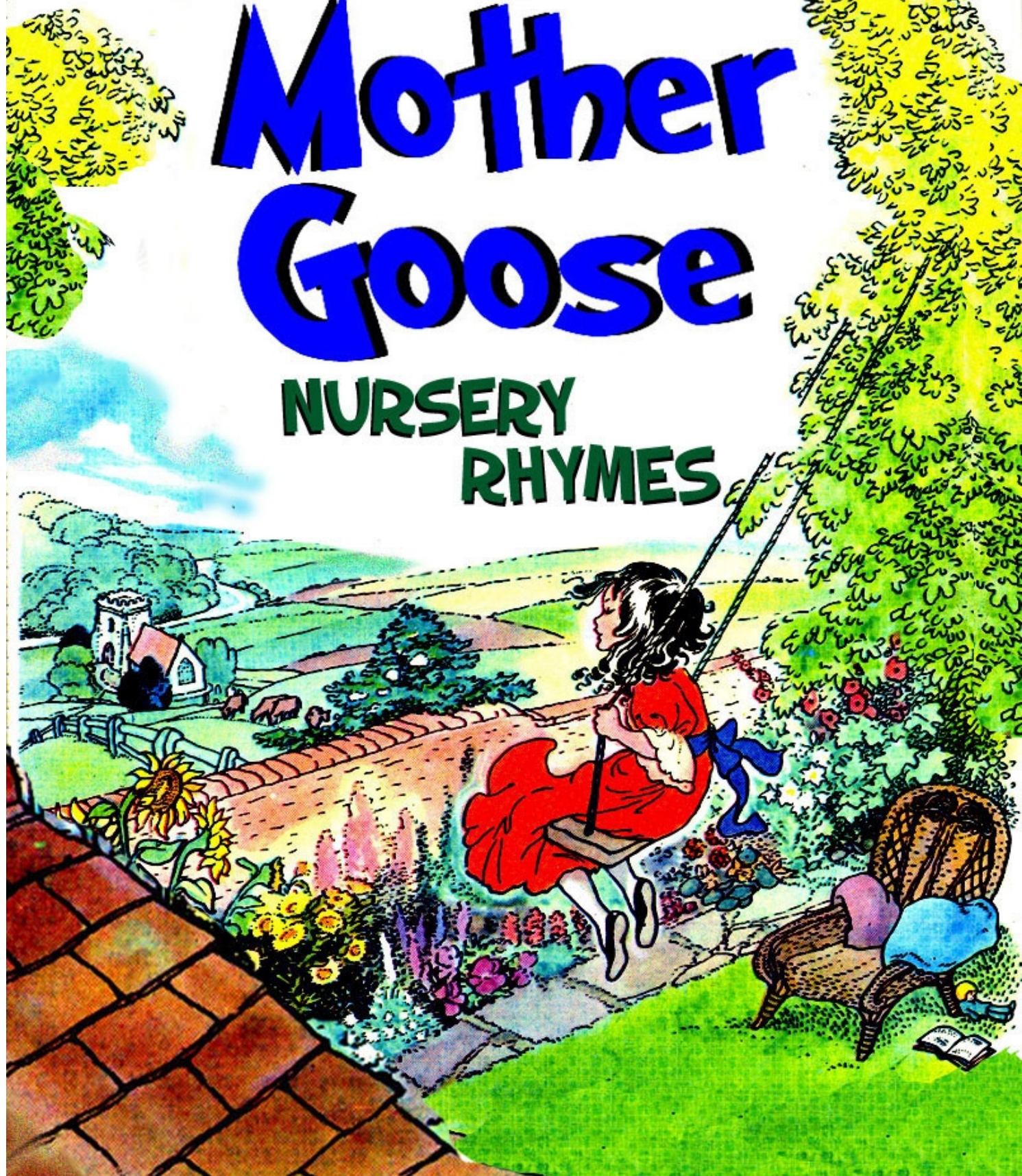


The Best of Mother Goose

NURSERY RHYMES



The Best Of Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes
www.billybogglesworth.com
Copyright 2011 Bogglesworth Publishing

ush-a-Bye, Baby



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,
cradle
and all.

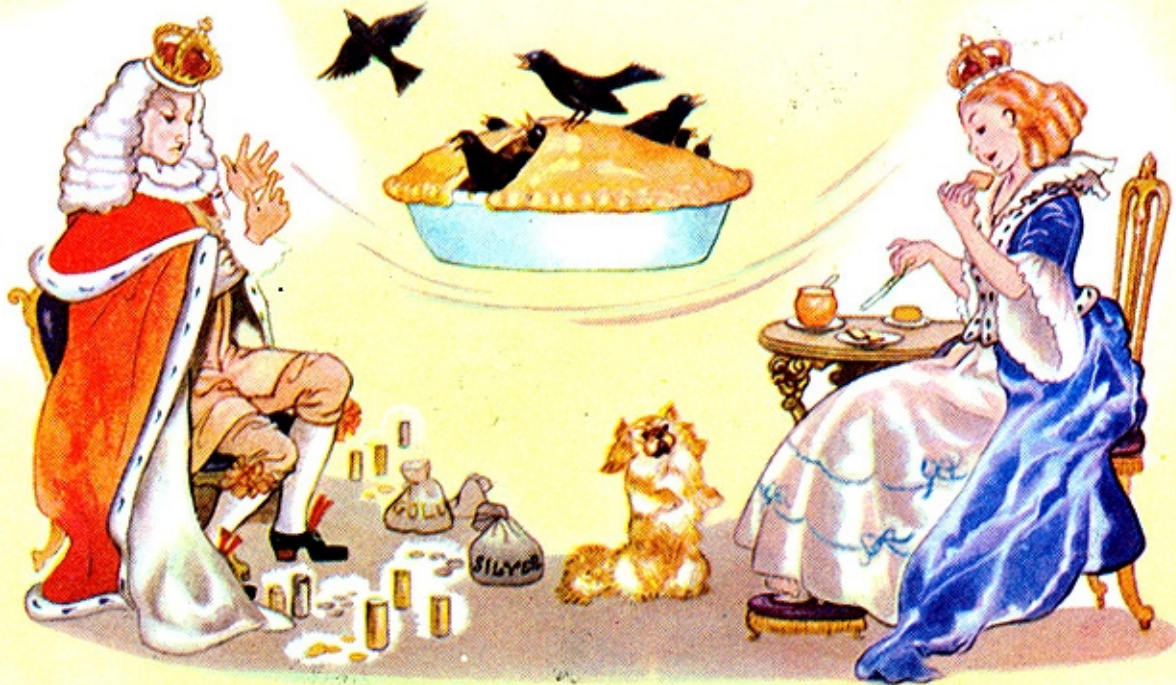
*S*ing a Song of Sixpence



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 the 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 came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.





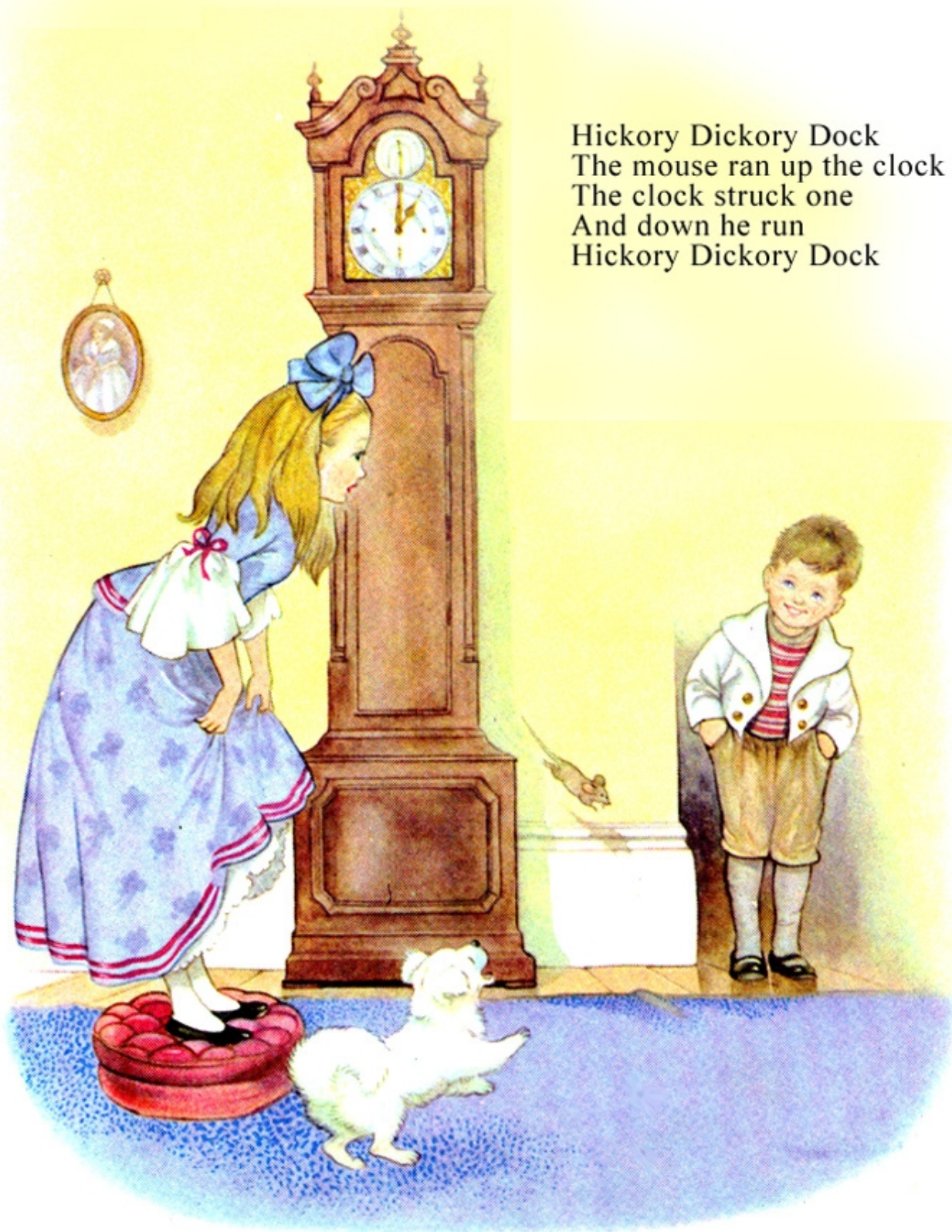
There was a crooked man

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Who caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.



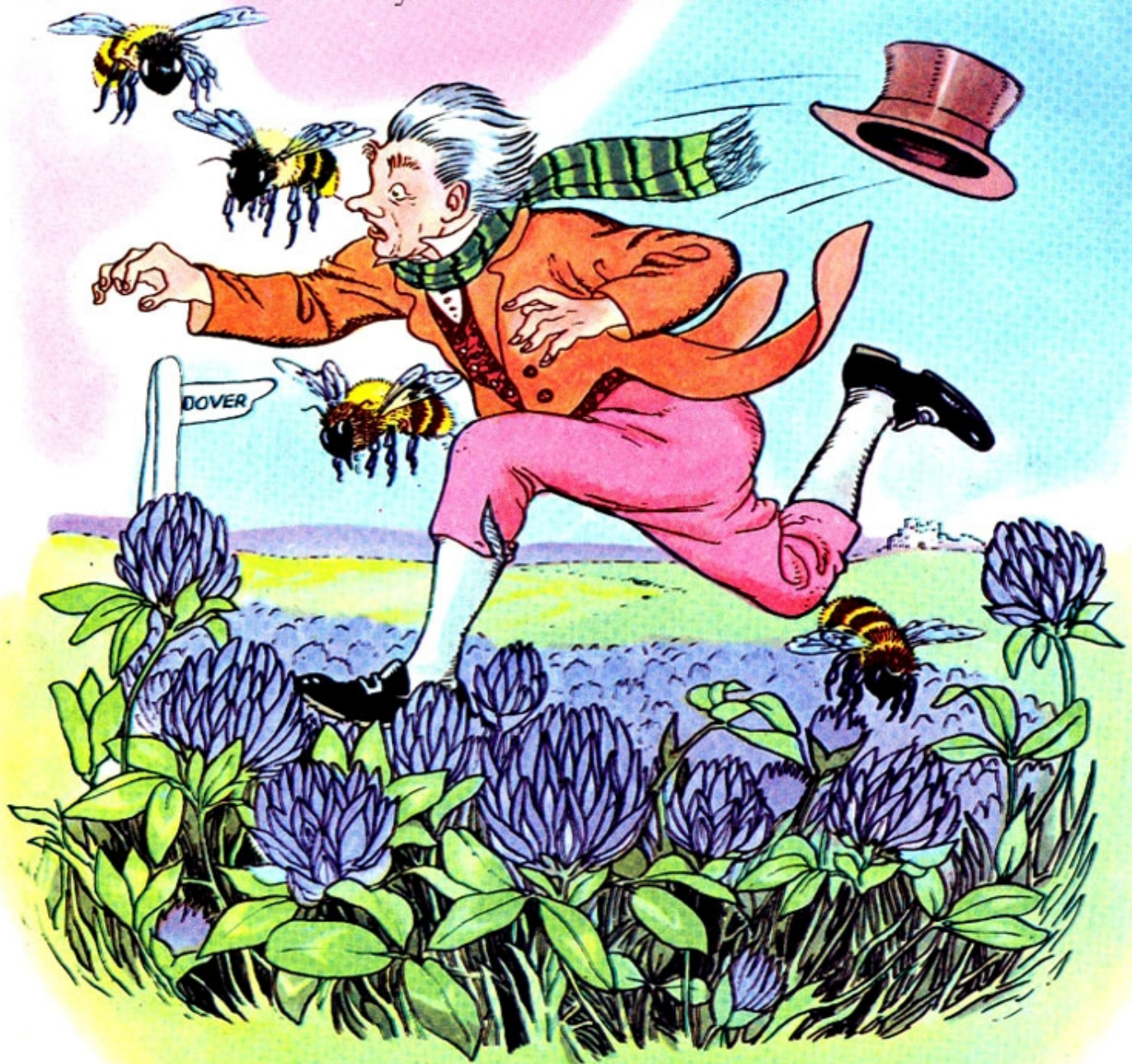
HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

Hickory Dickory Dock
The mouse ran up the clock
The clock struck one
And down he run
Hickory Dickory Dock



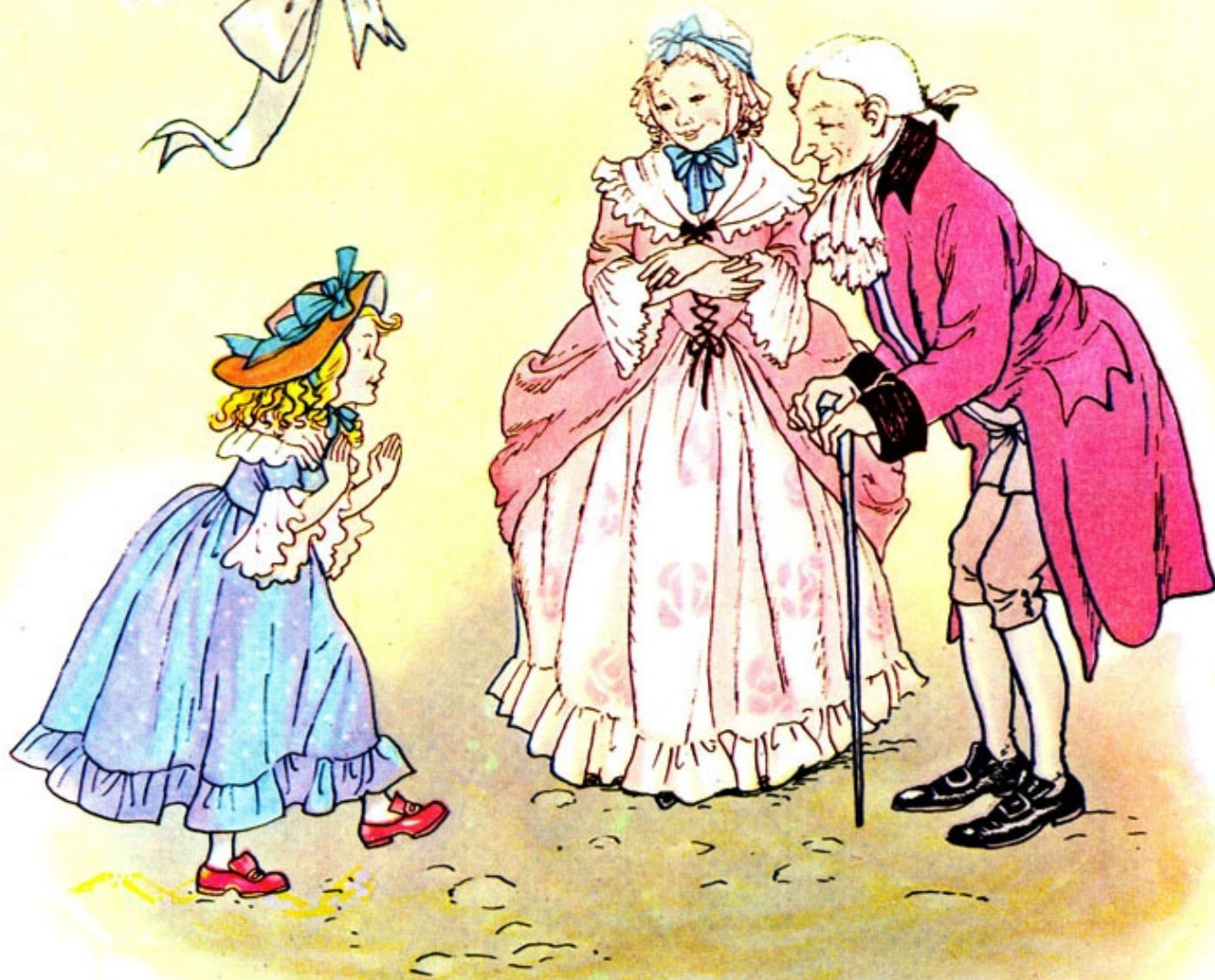
The Old Person of Dover

There was an old person of Dover,
Who rushed through a field of blue clover;
But some very large bees stung his nose and his knees,
So he very soon went back to Dover.



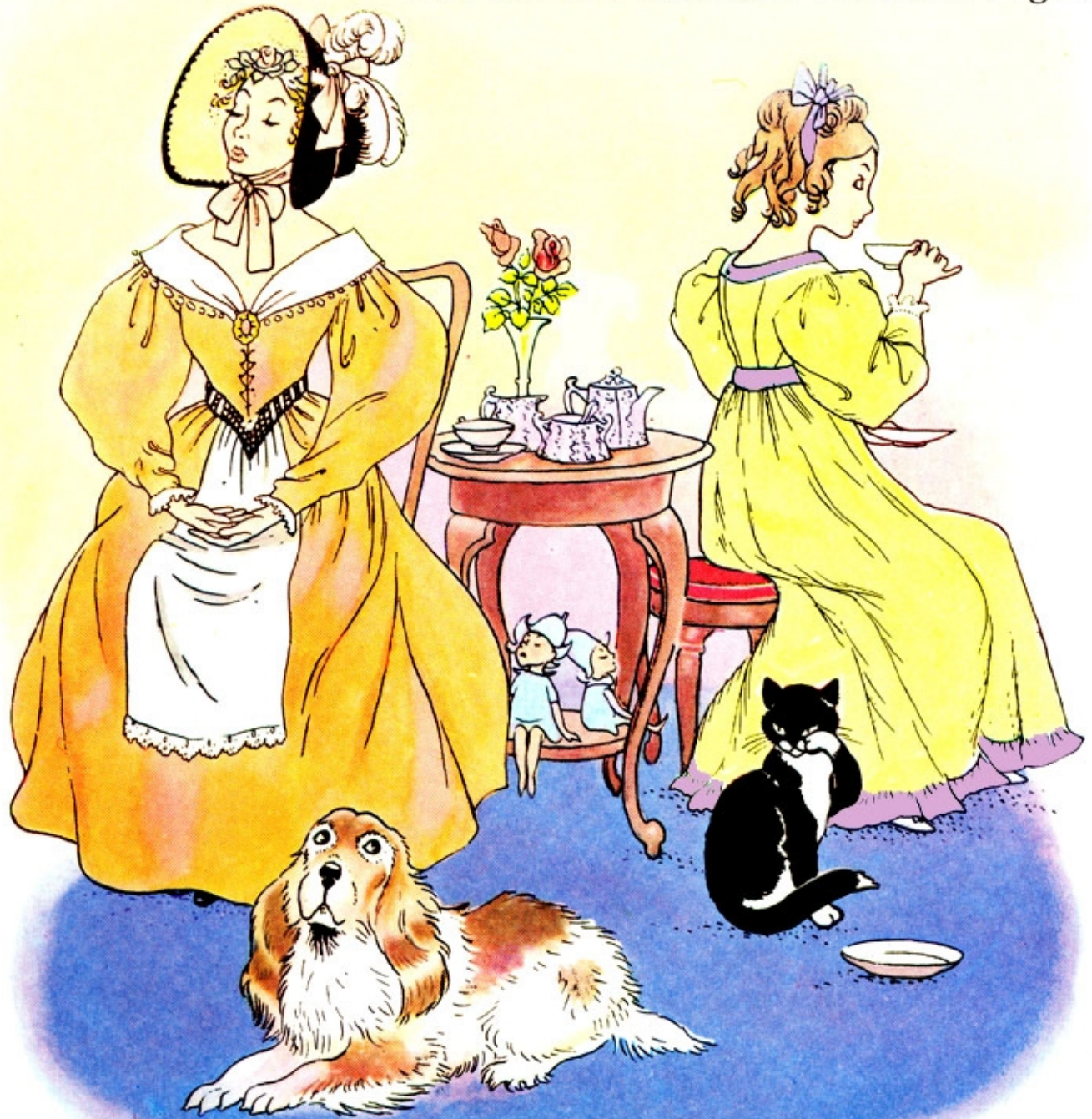
Little Girl, Little Girl

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.



Molly my sister, and I, fell out

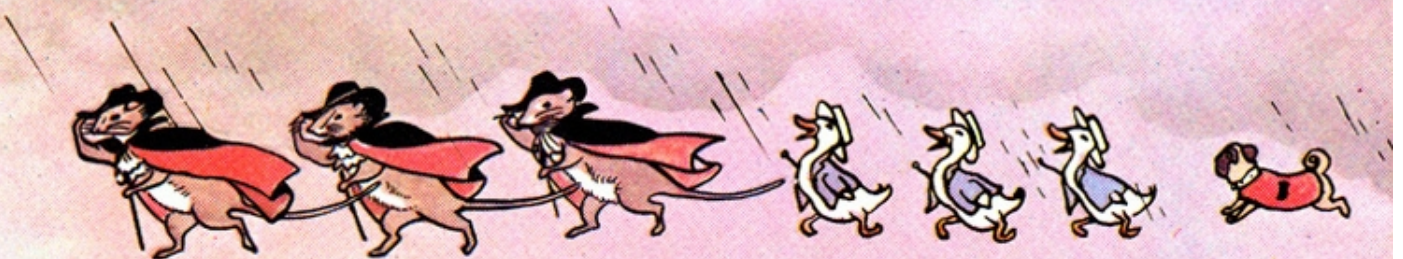
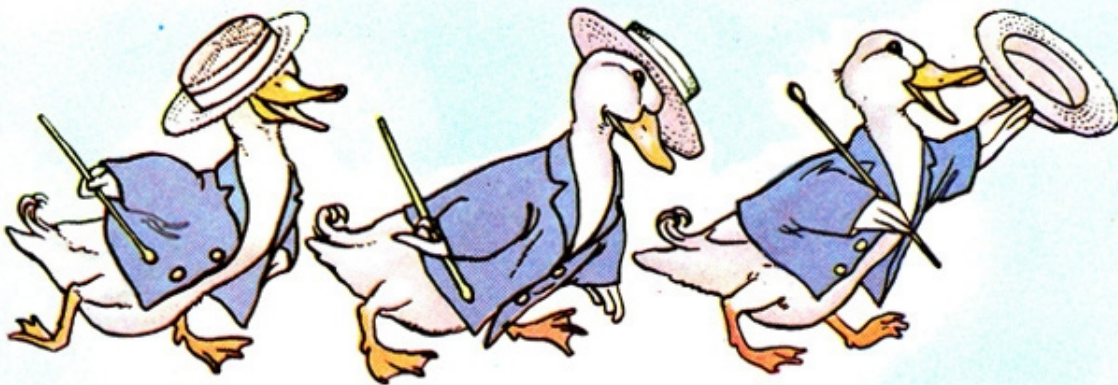
Molly my sister, and I, fell out.
And what do you think it was about!
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.



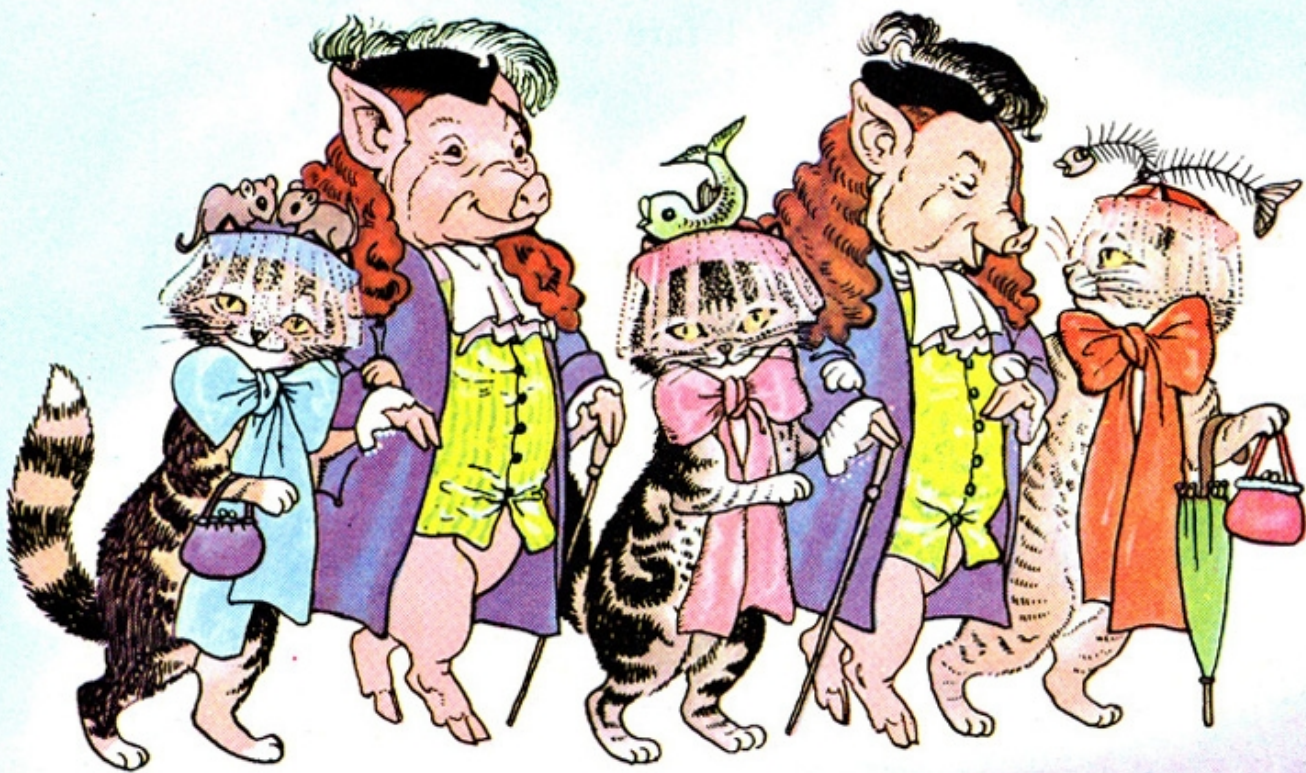
THREE YOUNG RATS



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.



TWINKLE★TWINKLE★LITTLE★STAR

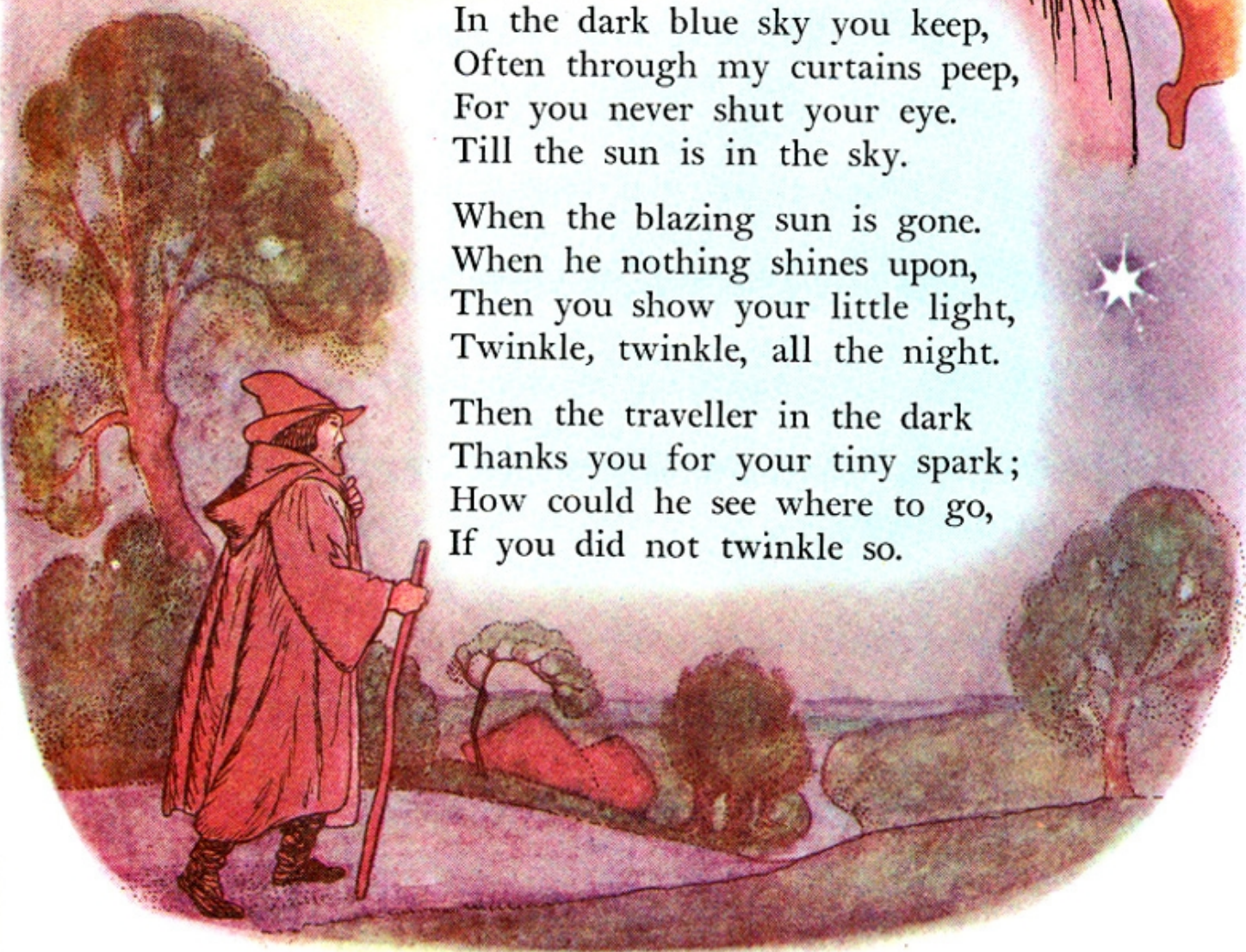


Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

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.

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.





Little *Jack Horner*

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

Pussy-cat, *Pussy-cat*



"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"

"I've been to London
To visit the Queen."

"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?"

"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

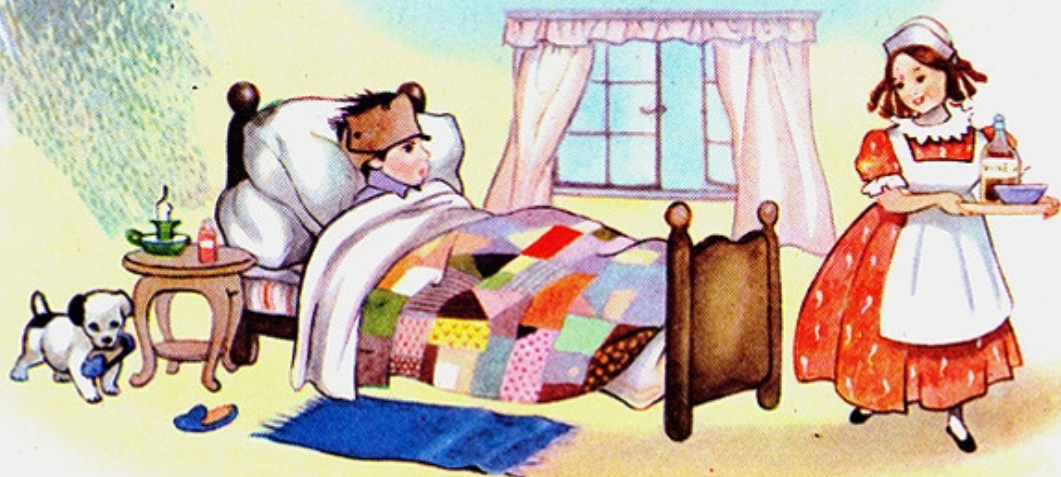


A colorful illustration depicting the story of Jack and Jill. At the top, a woman in a brown bonnet and a red dress with a white apron carries a golden pail up a grassy hill towards a stone well with a red-roofed tower. Below her, a girl in a red dress and white bonnet is tumbling down the hill. Further down, a boy in a red jacket and pink pants is also tumbling, with a red hat and a wooden bucket following him. In the background, a small village with white houses and red roofs sits on a hillside under a blue sky with green trees. The title 'Jack and Jill' is written in a stylized font, with 'Jack' in red and 'and Jill' in black.

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;
He went to bed and plastered his head
With vinegar and brown paper.



Here we go round the Mulberry Bush

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



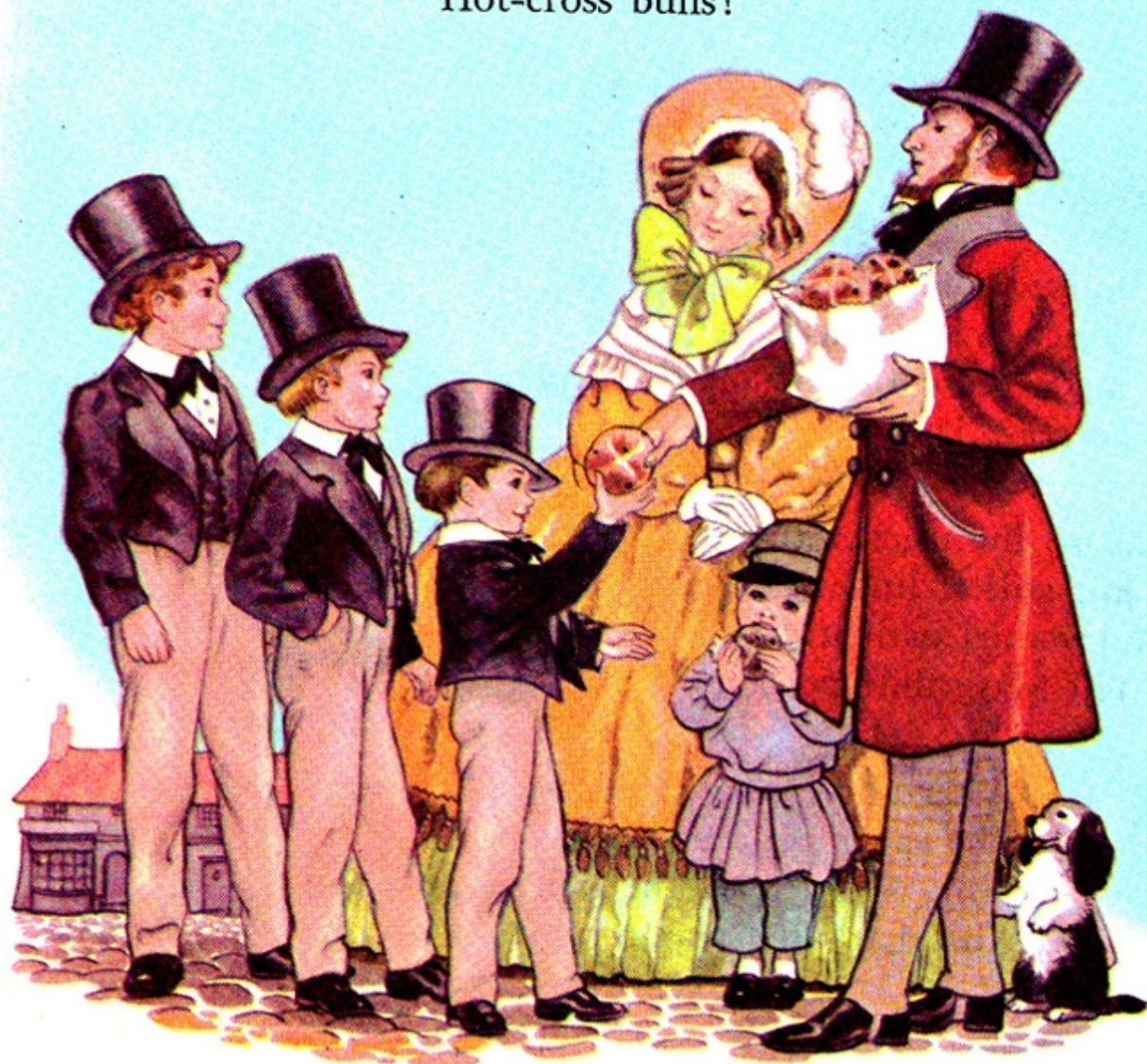
ot-Cross Buns!

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!



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,
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.

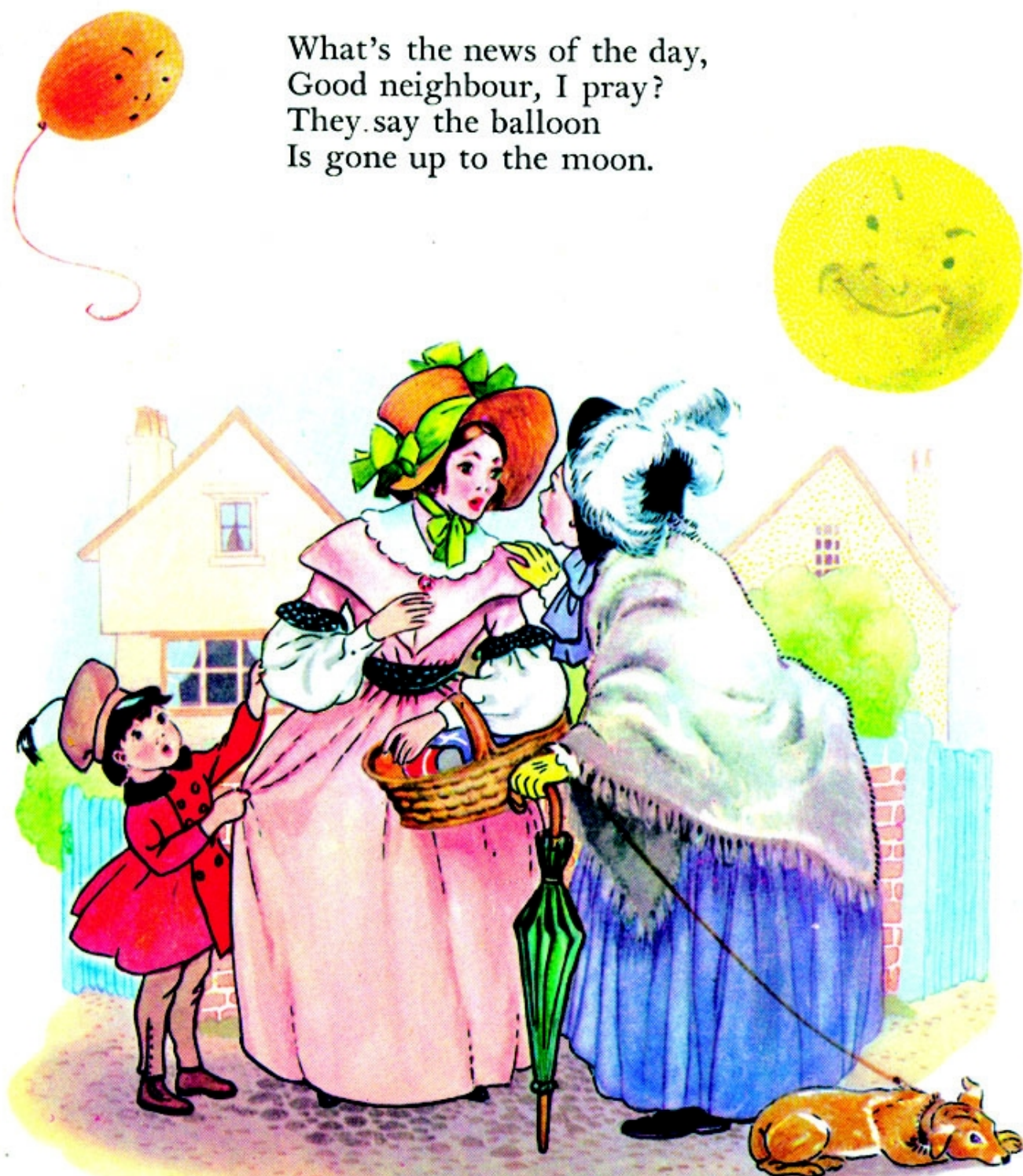


“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”
The eager children cry.
“Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know.”
And that’s the reason why.



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.



LAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle,
Lavender's green;
When I am king, diddle, diddle,
You shall be queen.



What are Little Girls made of?



What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice.
That's what little girls are made of.

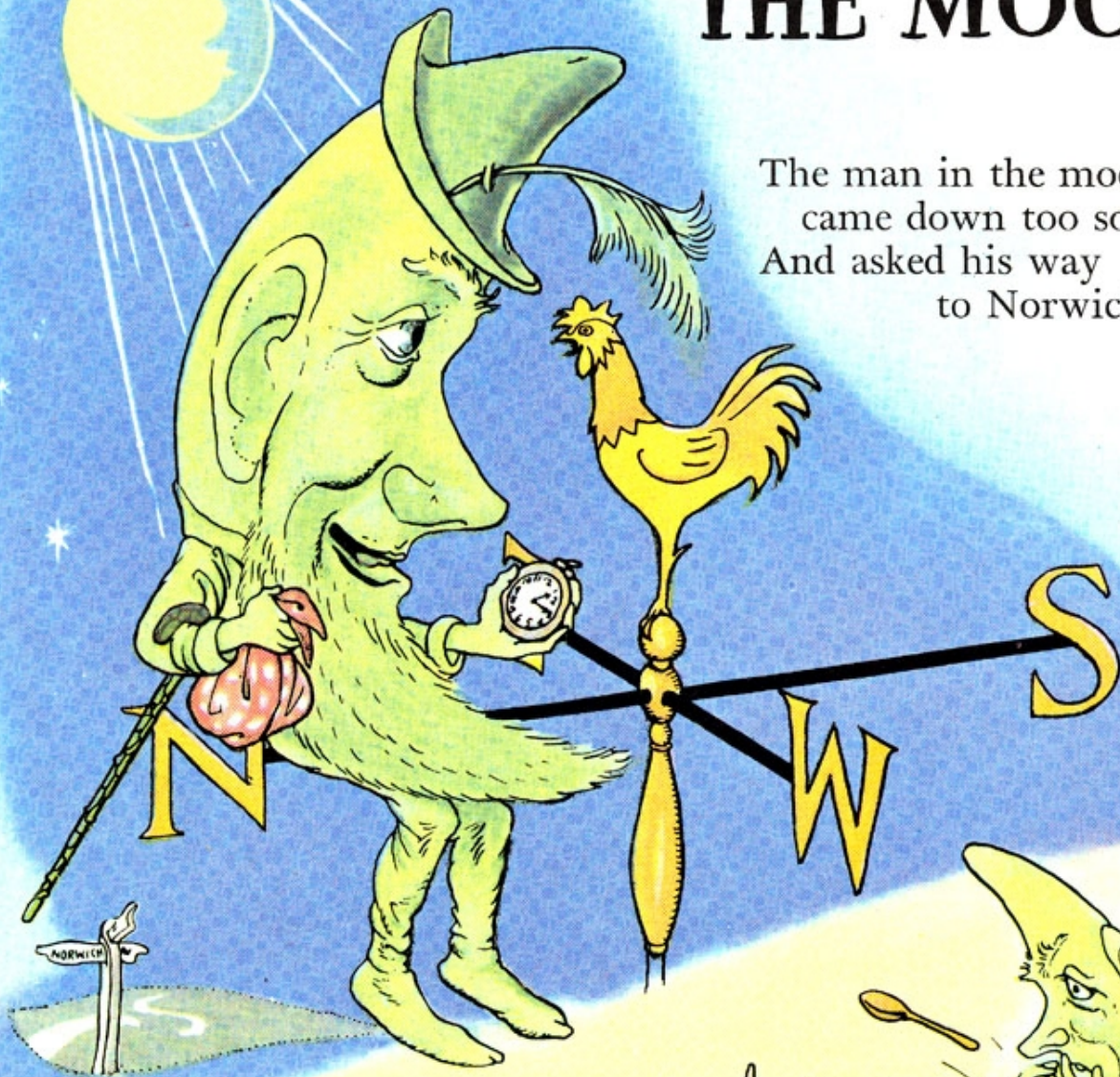


What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails,
And puppy dogs' tails.
That's what little boys are made of.



THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
came down too soon,
And asked his way
to Norwich.



He went by the south
and burnt his mouth,
With supping cold pease
porridge.

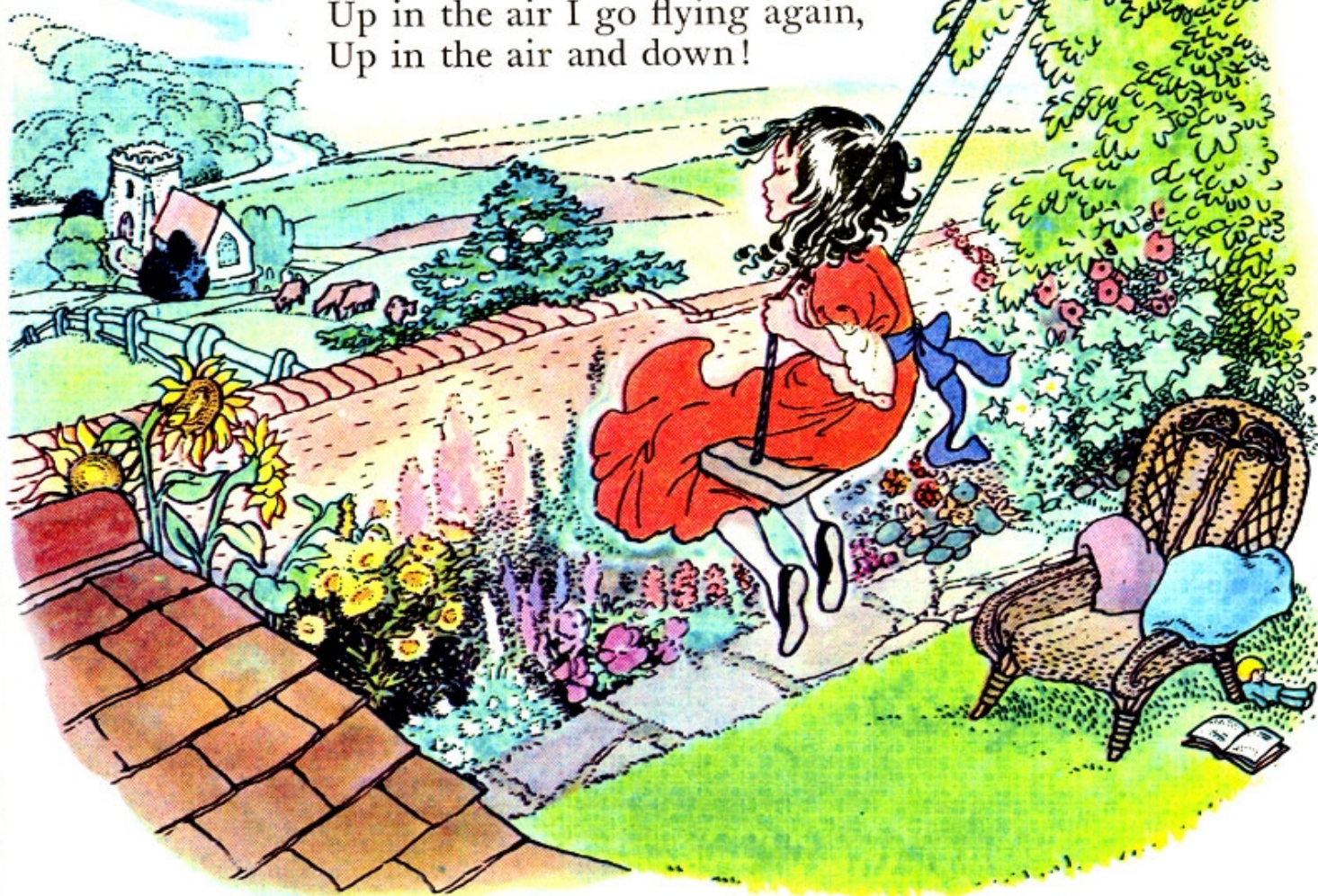


The Swing

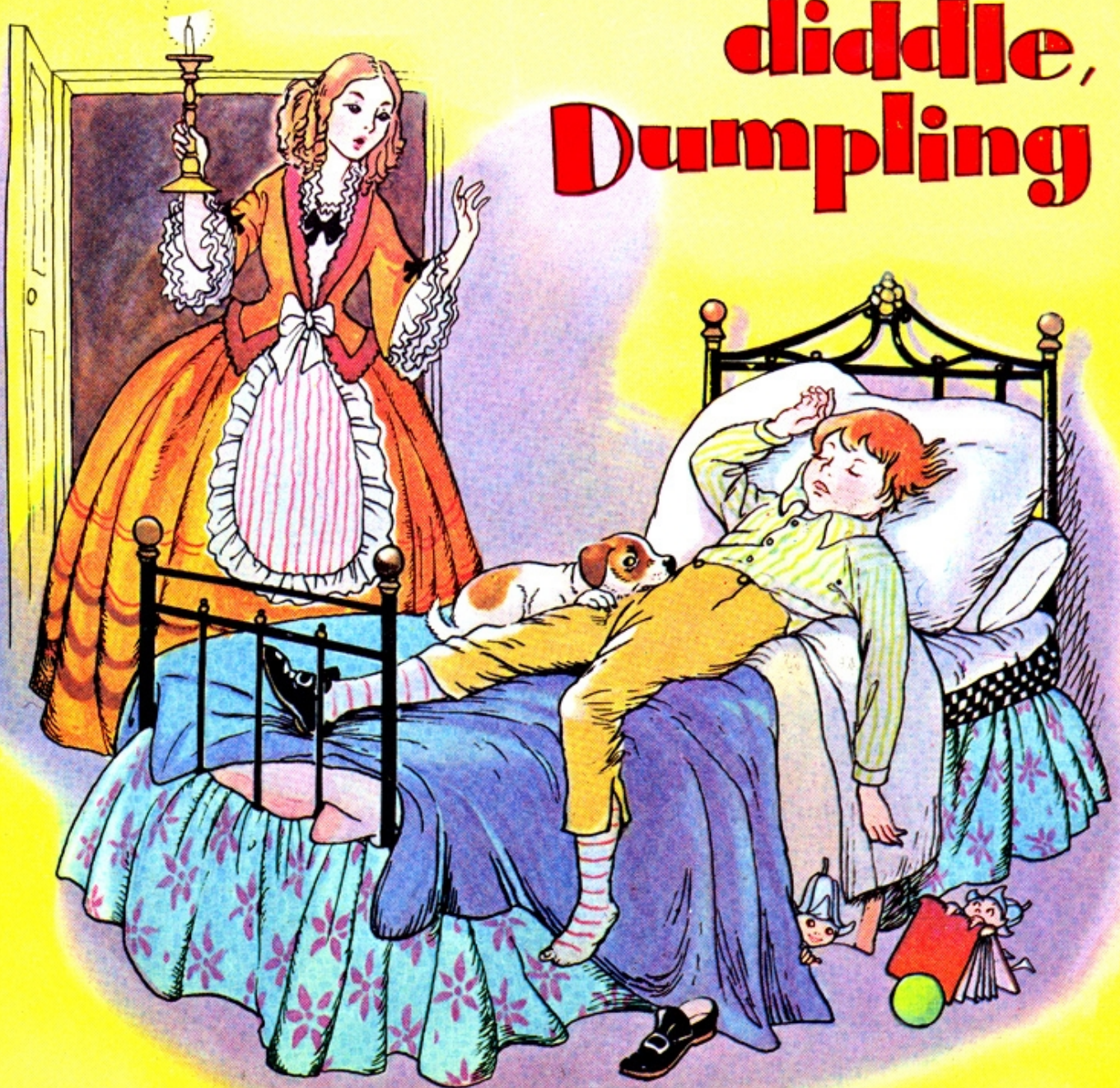
How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!



Diddle, diddle, Dumpling



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

Early to Bed



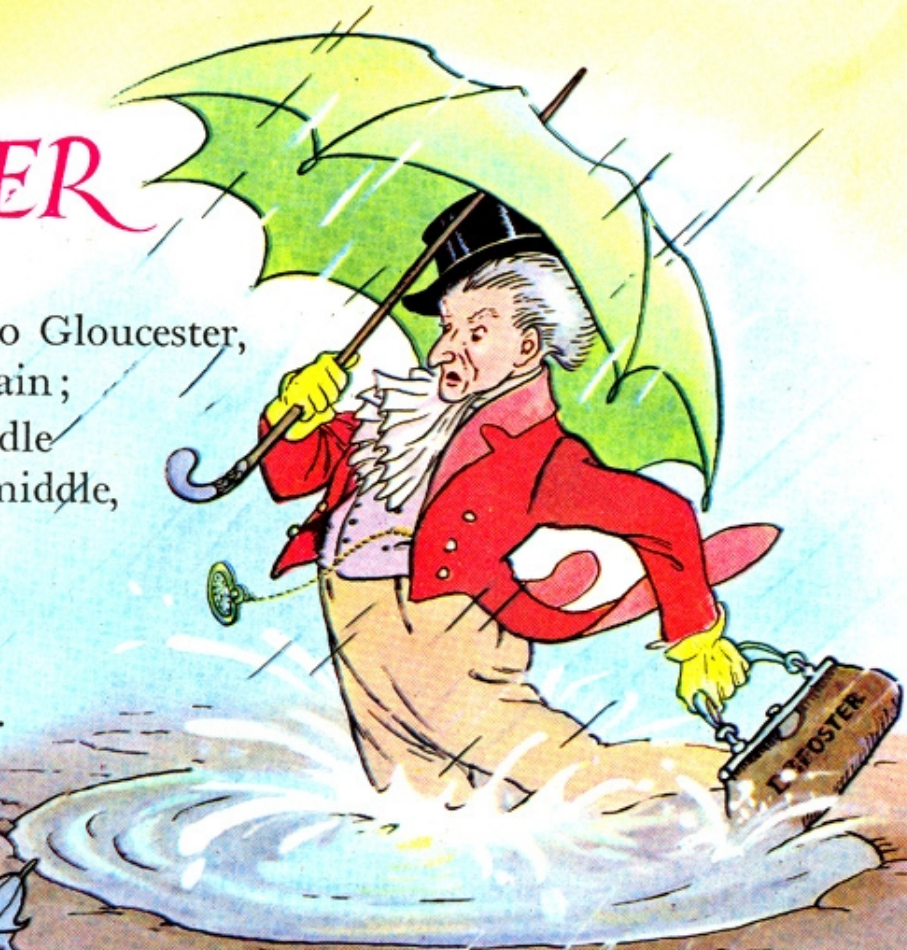
Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
wealthy
and wise.



Doctor FOSTER

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.

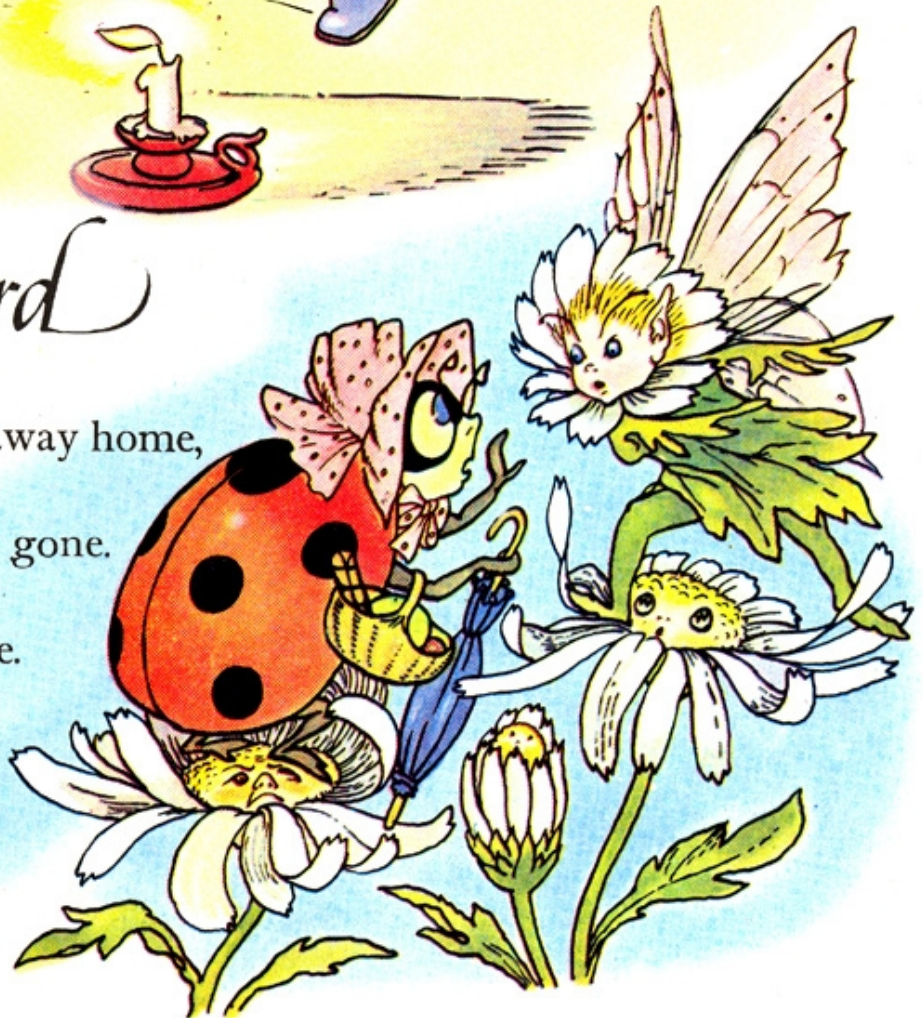


JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over,
The candlestick.

Lady-bird Lady-bird

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
and your children all gone.
All but the youngest,
and her name is Anne.
And she has crept under
the dripping pan.



Ba-a, *Ba-a, black sheep*

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

that lives

down

the

lane.



***S**imple Simon*

Simple Simon met a pie-man
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
“Let me taste your ware.”
Said the pie-man to Simple Simon:
“Show me first your penny.”
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
“Sir, I haven’t any.”



umpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again.





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.



***L**ittle Miss Muffet*

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.

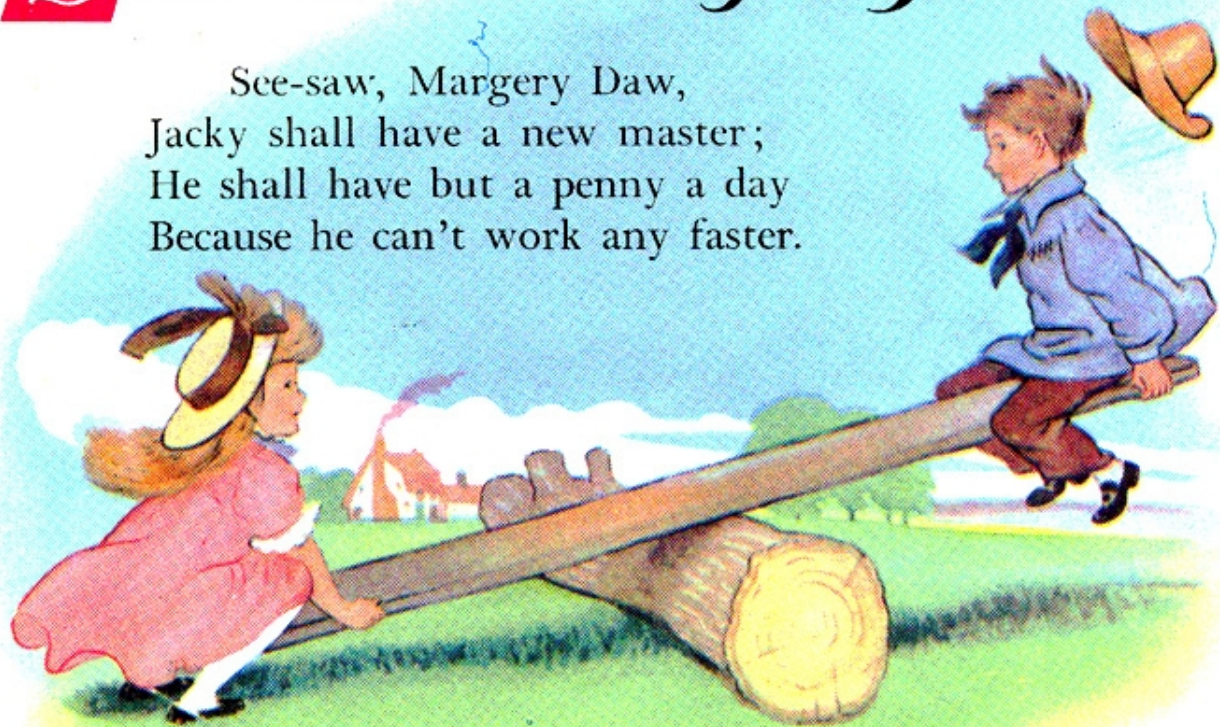


Little Betty Blue

Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.

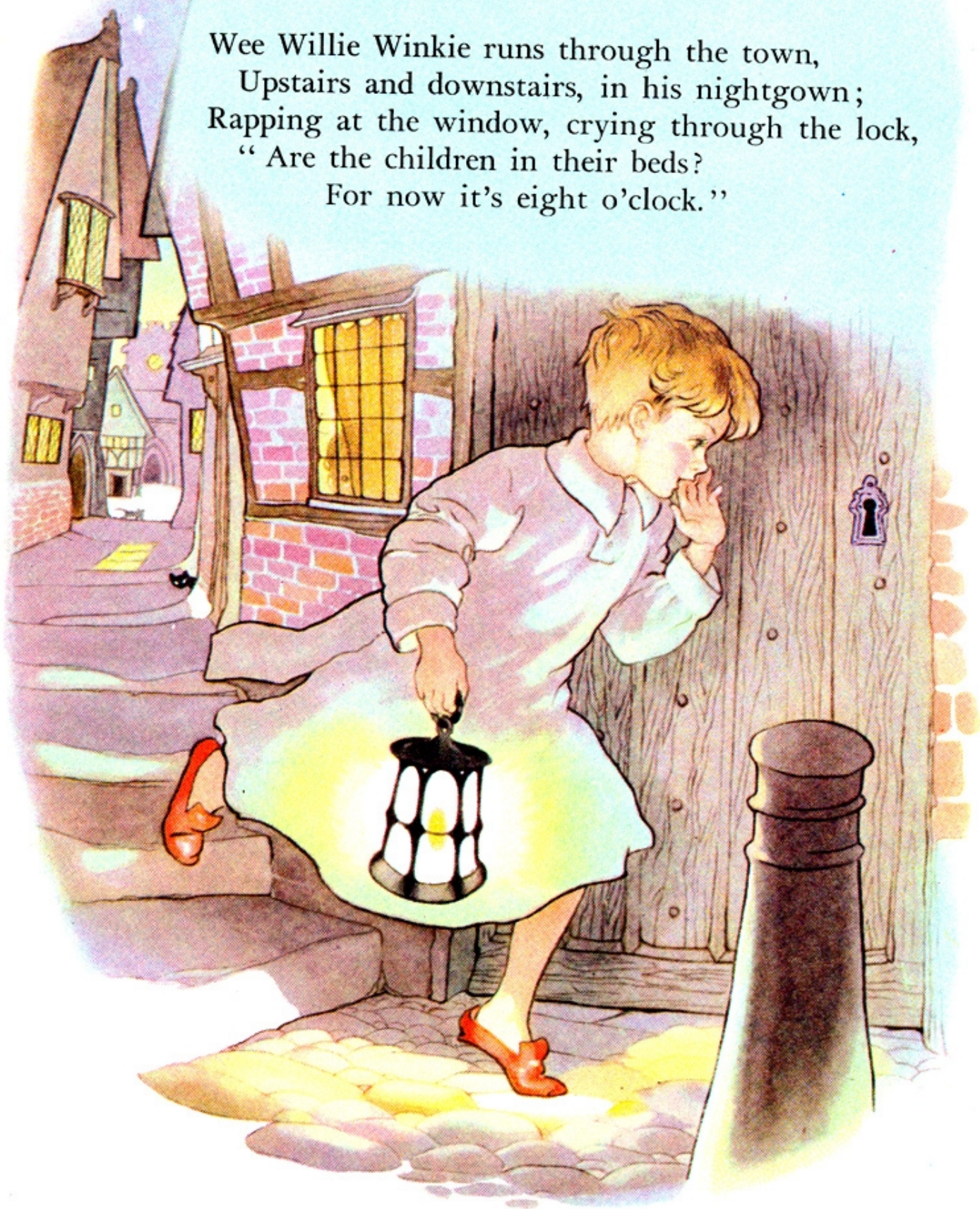
See-saw, Margery Daw

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.



Wee Willie Winkie

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 now it’s eight o’clock.”





The Best Of Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes
www.billybogglesworth.com
Copyright 2011 Bogglesworth Publishing

