

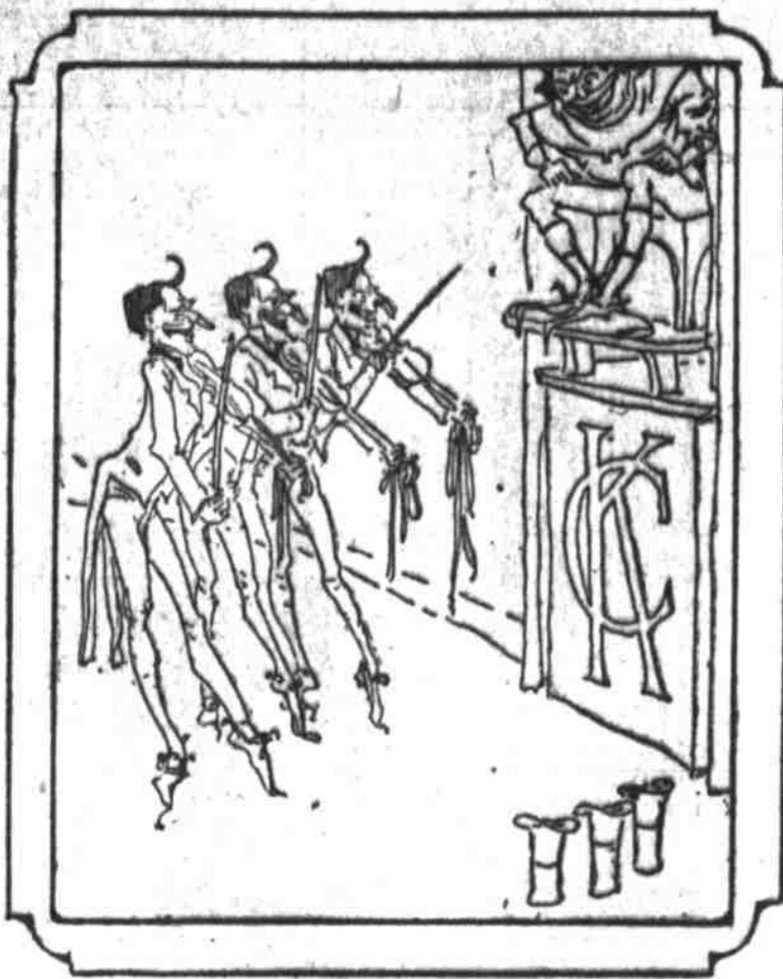


# Children's Stories That Never Grow Old.

MOTHER GOOSE  
RHYMES AND  
JINGLES

**T**HREE blind mice, see how they run.  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife—  
Did you ever see such fools in your life!  
Three blind mice.

**O**LD 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.  
And every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he:  
"Tweedle dee, tweedle-dee," said the fiddlers,  
"Oh there's none so rare  
As can compare,  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three."



**D**ING, dong, bell,  
Pussy's in the well!  
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green,  
Who pulled her out! Big Johnny Stout.  
What a naughty boy was that,  
To drown poor Pussy Cat,  
Who never did any harm,  
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

**P**EASE-pudding hot,  
Peach pudding cold,  
Peach pudding in the pot,  
Nine days old,  
Some like it hot,  
Some like it cold,  
Some like it in the pot,  
Nine days old.



**L**ITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow 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 hay-cock, fast asleep."  
"Go wake him, go wake him!" "Oh! no, not I;  
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry."

**P**ETER, 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.

**L**ITTLE 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!"



**J**ACK SPRATT could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so between them both, you see,  
They licked the platter clean.

**T**HERE 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.

**H**UMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a wall,  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.  
(An egg.)

**T**HERE was a crooked man,  
And he went a crooked mile;  
He found a crooked sixpence  
Against a crooked stile;  
He bought a crooked cat,  
Which caught a crooked mouse;  
And they all lived together  
In a little crooked house.

**T**OM, 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.

**H**EY 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.



**P**ETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers;  
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,  
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper  
picked!

**T**HERE 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 old wife, Joan,  
And bade her a fire to make, snake, make,  
To roast the little duck  
He had shot in the brook,  
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.



**S**ING 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!

**J**ACK 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 plaster his knob  
With vinegar and brown paper.



**L**ITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Let them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

**O**NE 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.

**P**USSY-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."

