

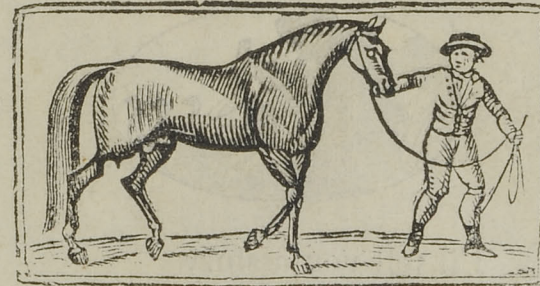


Pretty flowers, tell me why
 All your leaves do open wide,
 Every morning, when on high
 The noble sun begins to ride?
 This is why, my lady fair,
 If you would the reason know;
 For betimes the pleasant air
 Very cheerfully does blow:
 And the birds on every tree
 Sing a very merry tune,
 And the little honey bee
 Comes to suck my sugar soon:
 This is all the reason why
 I my little leaves undo;
 Lady, lady, wake and try,
 If I have not told you true.



There was a little man,
 Who had a little gun,
 And his bullets were made of lead;
 And he shot Johnny Sprig
 On the top of his wig,
 And sent it pop-bang off his head.

At reck'ning let's play,
 And, prithee, let's lay
 A wager, and let it be this,—
 Who first to the sum
 Of twenty doth come,
 Shall win, be they master or miss.



I had a little Pony,
 And call'd it Dapple Grey;
 I lent it to a lady,
 To ride a mile away:
 She whipped it, and she lashed it,
 She rode it through the mire;
 I would'nt give my pony pet,
 For all the lady's hire.

Little Robin Redbreast,
 So pretty and so good,
 Did cover o'er with leaves
 The Children in the Wood.

NURSERY POEMS,

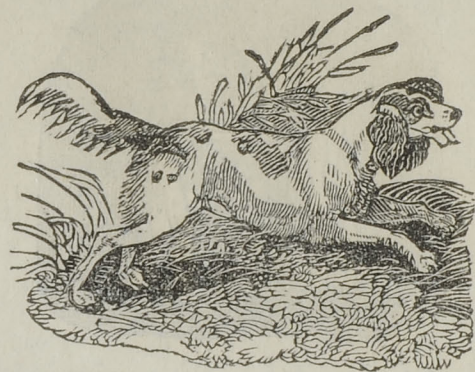
FROM THE
 ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

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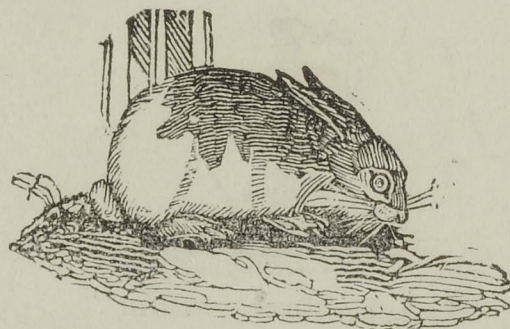
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BANBURY:
 PRINTED BY J. G. RUSHER.

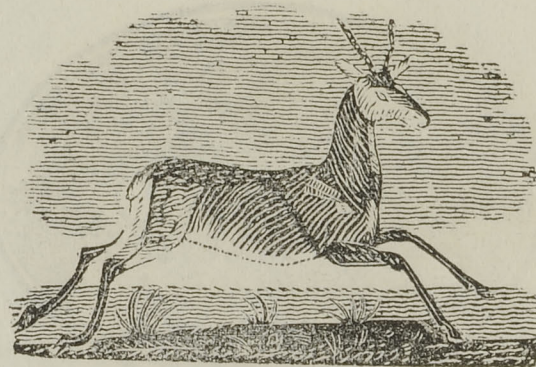


Two little Dogs sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-dust ;
When one said to the other dog,
If Pompey won't talk, why I must.

Handy-spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar candy ;
He bought some at the pastry shop,
And laughing came out, hop, hop,
hop !



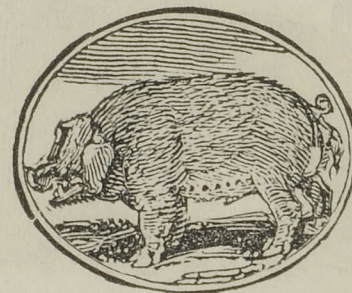
There was a little Rabbit sprig,
Which being little was not big ;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.
When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat :
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And, as I'm told, by men of sense,
He never has been walking since.



Who thinks she'll recover ?
I do, sir, said the Deer,
And I thought so last year ;
I think she'll recover.



And when Puss is quite well,
All shall have noble fare ;
Beasts, and fowls of the air,
And we'll ring the great bell.



Now have you ever heard
Of Billy Pringle's Pig ?
It was not very small,
Nor yet so very big :

When alive it lived in clover,
Now its dead, and that's all over ;
Poor Billy, he lay down and died,
And Betsy, she sat up and cried :

So there's an end of three ;
Of Billy Pringle, he,
Of Betsy Pringle, she,
And poor piggy wiggee.



Sing a song a sixpence,
 A bag full of rye;
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;
 When the pie was opened,
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not this a dainty dish
 To set before the king?

The king in his counting house,
 Counting up his money;
 The queen in the parlour,
 Eating bread and honey:
 The maid in the garden,
 Hanging out the clothes;
 By came a little bird,
 And snapt at her nose.



I'll tell you a story
 About Peg Amo-re,
 And now is my story begun:
 I'll tell you another
 'Bout Peg and her brother,
 And now my short story is done.

Pussy sat beside the fire,
 So pretty and so fair;
 In came Prin, the little dog,
 Says pussy, Are you there?
 And now, Mistress Pussy,
 Pray how do you do?
 Quite well, my little dog;
 And pray how are you?

Robin and Richard
 Were two little men,
 They did not awake
 Till the clock struck ten:
 Then up starts Robin,
 And looks at the sky;
 Oh! brother Richard,
 The sun's very high!
 They both were ashamed,
 On such a fine day,
 When they were wanted
 To make the new hay.
 Do you go before
 With bottle and bag,
 I will come after
 On little jack nag.

Dick, the first of the race,
 His racer is the best;
 The fleetest in the chase,
 When mettle's put to test.



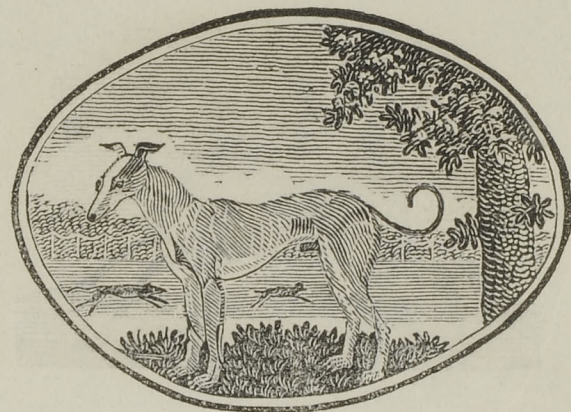
Crows Cock-a-doodle-do!
 My dame has lost her shoe;
 Master broke his fiddle-stick,
 And don't know what to do.



POOR PUSS.

Why is Pussy in bed?
 She is sick, says the fly,
 And I fear she will die;
 And that's why she's in bed.

Pray what's her disorder?
 A lock'd-jaw is come on,
 Said the fine downy swan;
 And that's her disorder.



Who makes her nice gruel?
 That she might not get worse,
 Dog Tray is her nurse,
 And makes her nice gruel.

Pray who is her doctor?
 I, said fam'd Mister Punch,
 At my back a great hunch;
 But I am her doctor.



Is John Smith within?
 Yes, Mister Griffin.
 Can he set a shoe?
 Yes, sir, one or two:
 Here's a nail, there's a nail,
 Tit, tat, too!

To market, to market,
 To buy a fat pig;
 Home again, home again,
 Jiggety jig:
 To Banbury market,
 To buy a fat hog;
 Home again, home again,
 Jiggety jog.



Little miss, pretty miss,
 May blessings light on you!
 If I'd a crown a day,
 I'd spend it upon you.

Song set to the five Toes.

- 1 This little pig went to market,
- 2 That little pig staid at home,
- 3 This pig had nice bread and butter,
- 4 And that little pig had none;
- 5 This little pig cried week, week, week!
 And could n't find his way home.