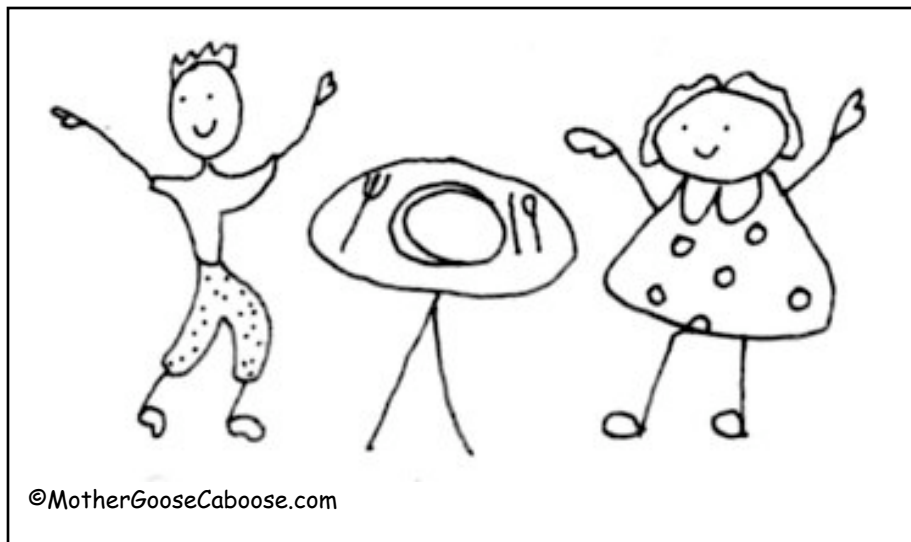


Nursery Rhyme Book. Directions. Print out all pages. Read the rhymes. Color the pages. Staple the pages into a book.

NURSERY RHYME BOOK



NAME _____



Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And, so between them both,
They licked the platter clean.



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.

It followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule;
I made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

RHYMES & POETRY

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Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.3.

Mary's Lamb cont'd.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,

And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her and laid,
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, 'I'm not afraid -
You'll shield me from all harm.'

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The little children cry;
'O Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply.

'And you each gentle animal,
In confidence may bind,
And make it follow at your call,

If you are always kind.

- Sarah Josepha Hale (1788-1879)

"Mary's Lamb appeared, above her [the author] name, in 'The Juvenile Miscellany,' September-October 1830; and soon afterwards in a volume of her work 'Poems for Our Children.' She later stated the poem was based on an actual incident that was partly true in her childhood when she cared for a lamb on her father's farm." (p.366, The Oxford Book Of Children's Verse.)

RHYMES & POETRY

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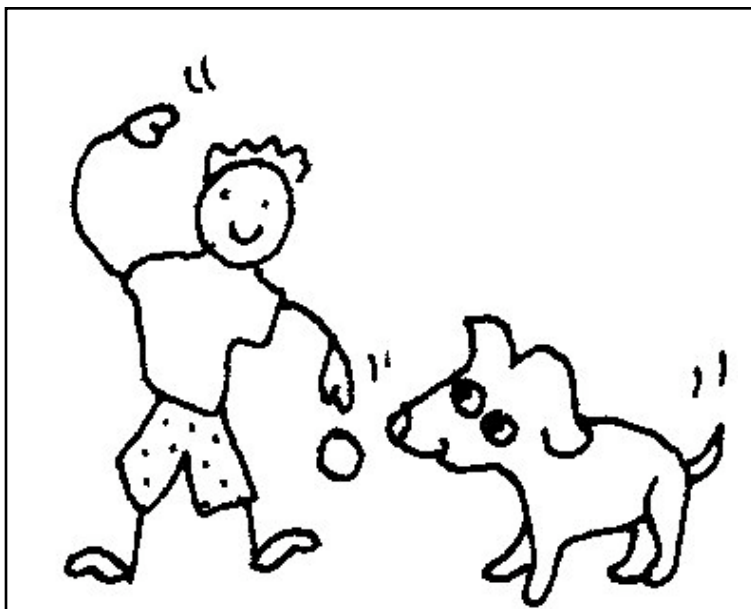
Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.5.



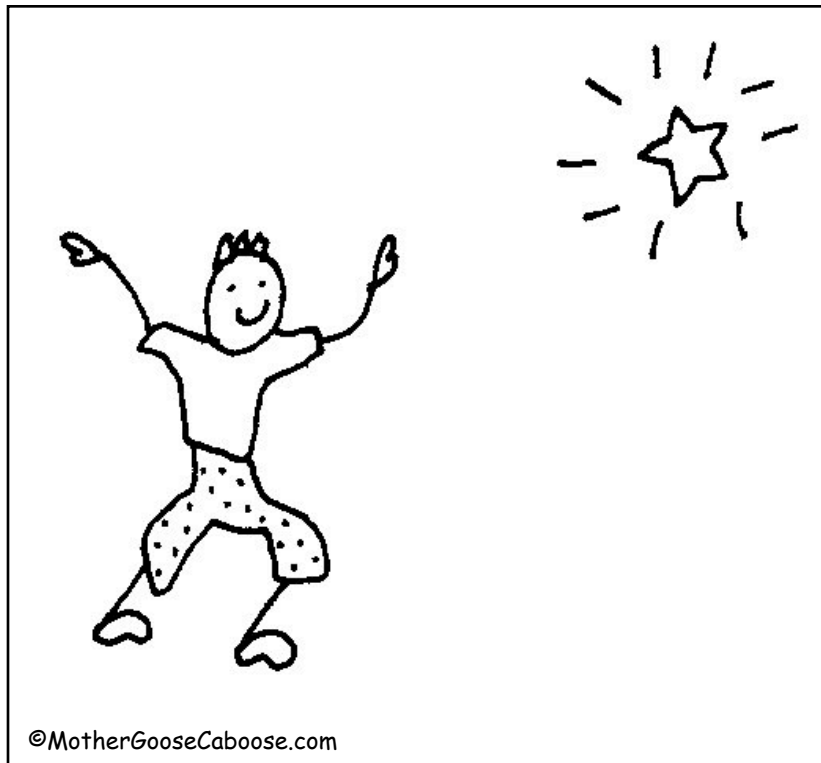
Roses Are Red

Roses are red,
Violets are blue;
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.



Bow-Wow-Wow

Bow-wow-wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.



Star Light, Star Bright

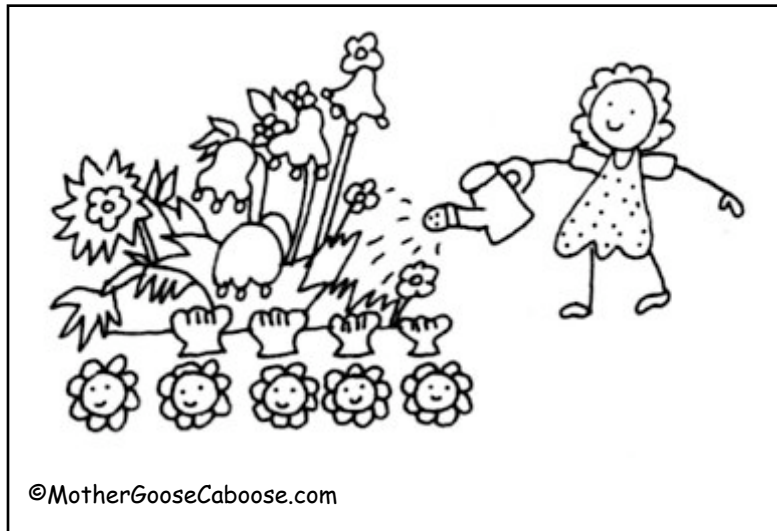
Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

RHYMES & POETRY

MotherGooseCaboose.com

Nursery Rhyme Book.

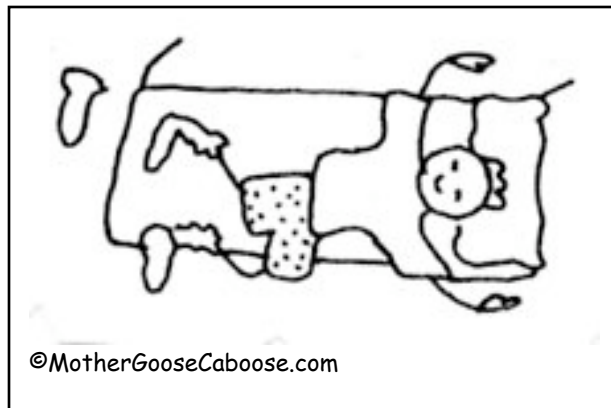
p.8.



Mistress Mary

Mistress Mary quite contrary,

How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,

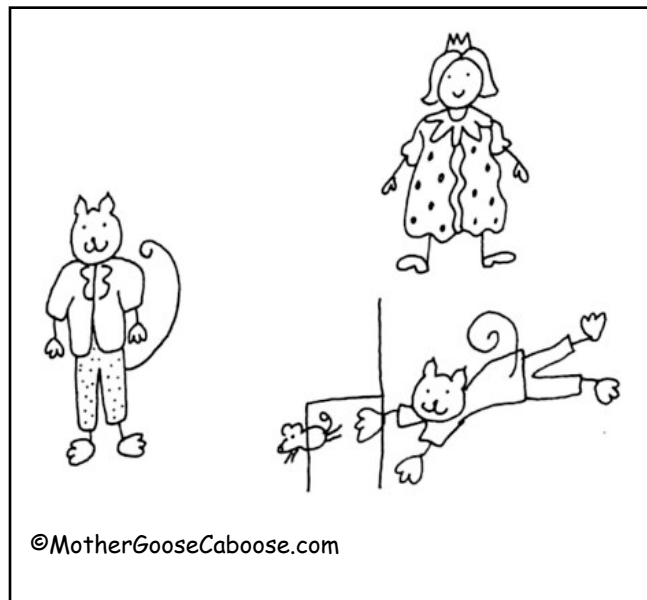
He went to bed with his stockings on
One shoe off and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

RHYMES & POETRY

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Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.10.



Pussycat, Pussycat

Pussycat, Pussycat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen;
Pussycat, Pussycat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

RHYMES & POETRY

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Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.11.



Baa Baa Black Sheep

Baa baa 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 who lives down the lane.

Baa baa black sheep, have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.

RHYMES & POETRY

MotherGooseCaboose.com

Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.12.

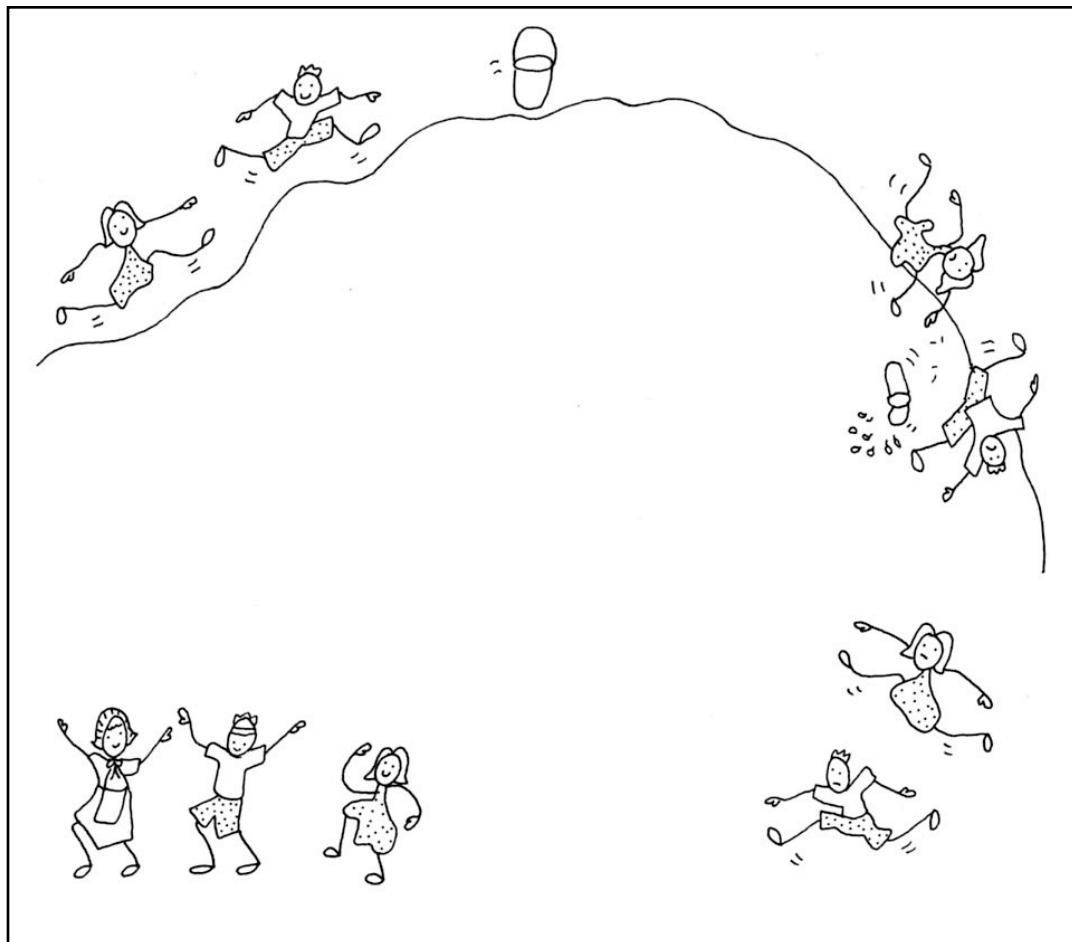


A Cat Came Fiddling Out Of A Barn

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,

With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm:
She could sing nothing but fiddle-dee-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat, - dance, mouse, -
We'll have a wedding at our house.

Jack And Jill



See the next page.



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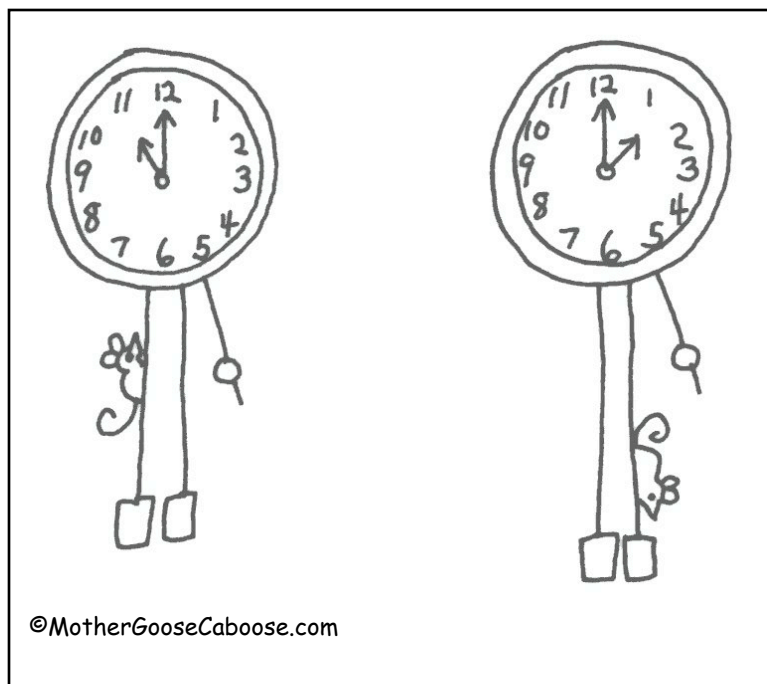
Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.14.

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;
To Old Dame Dob, who patched his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.



Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,

And down he run,
Hickory Dickory Dock.



LITTLE JACK HORNER

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!"



Jack Be Nimble

Jack be nimble,

Jack be quick,

Jack jumped over the candlestick.



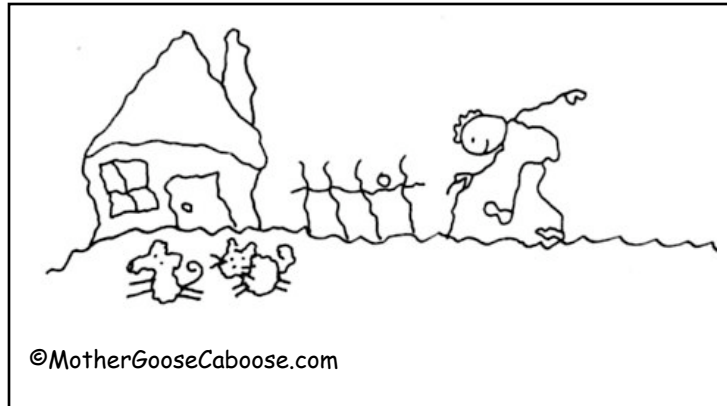
Cobbler, Cobbler

Cobbler, Cobbler mend my shoe,

Get it done by half past two.

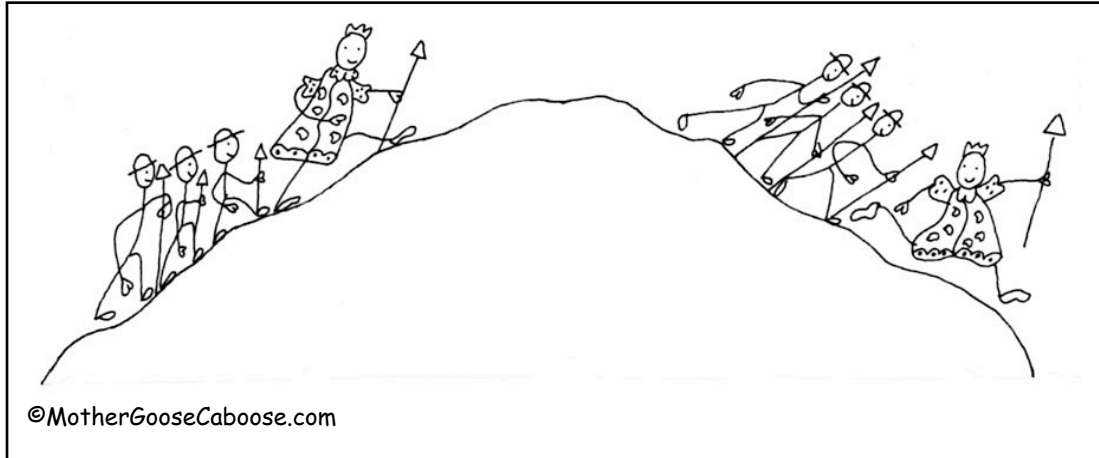
If half past two is much too late,

Get it done by half past eight.



There Was A Crooked Man

There 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.



The King Of France

Version 1

The King of France
With forty thousand men;
Marched up the hill,
And then marched down again.

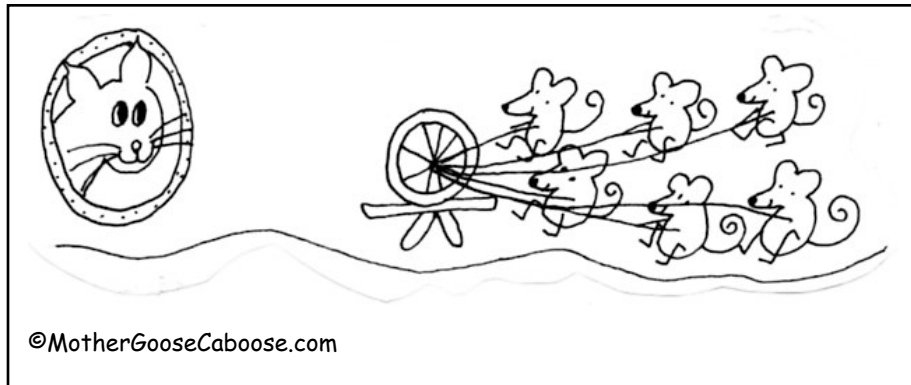
Version 2

The King of France went up the hill
With forty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And never went up again.



Hickety Pickety My Black Hen

Hickety Pickety my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
Sometimes 9 and sometimes 10.
Hickety Pickety, my black hen.



Six Little Mice Sat Down To Spin

Six little mice sat down to spin;

Kitty passed by and she peeped in.

What are you doing, my little men?

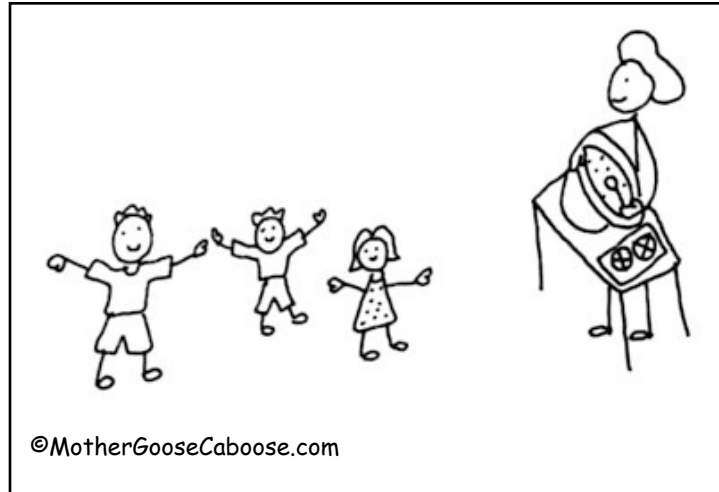
Weaving coats for gentlemen.

Shall I come in and cut off your threads?

No, no, Mistress Kitty, you'd bite off our heads.

Oh, no, I'll not; I'll help you spin.

That may be so, but you can't come in.



Hot-Cross Buns

Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross buns.

If you have no daughters,

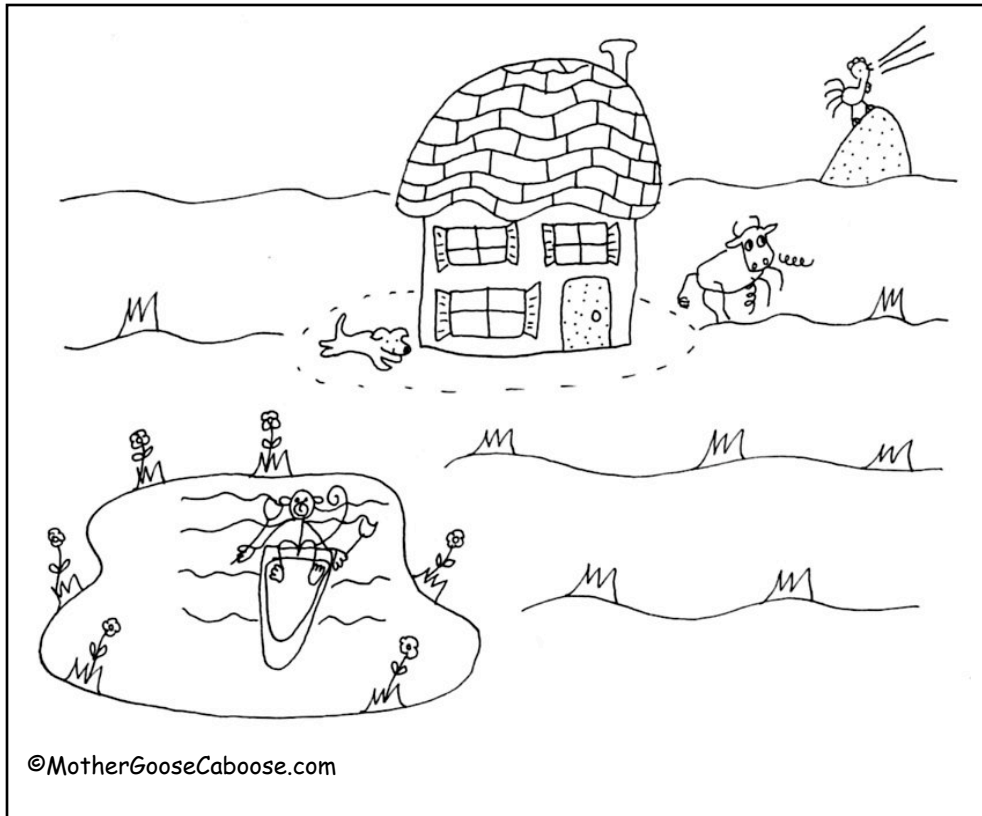
Give them to your sons.

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot cross buns!

But if you have none of these little elves,

Then you may eat them all yourselves.



The Little Black Dog Ran 'Round The House

The little black dog ran 'round the house,

And set the bull a-roaring,

And drove the monkey in the boat,

Who set the oars a-rowing,

And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with crowing.

RHYMES & POETRY

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Nursery Rhyme Book.

p.25.



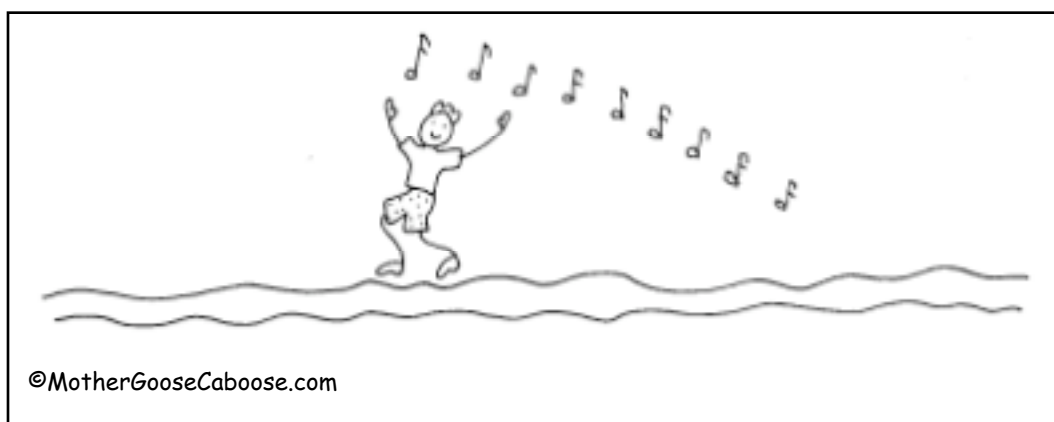
Great A, Little a

Great A, little a,

Bouncing B!

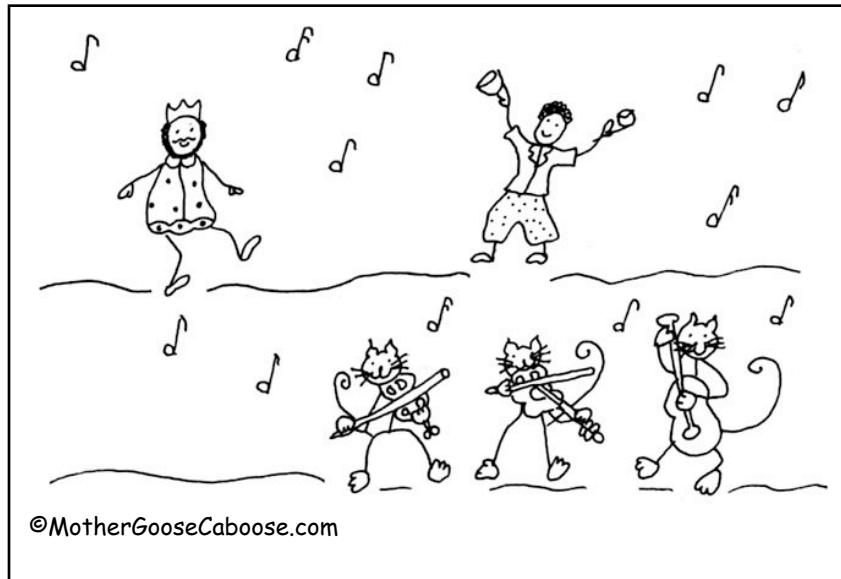
The cat's in the cupboard,

And can't see me.



As I Was Going Along, Long, Long

As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.



Old King Cole

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,

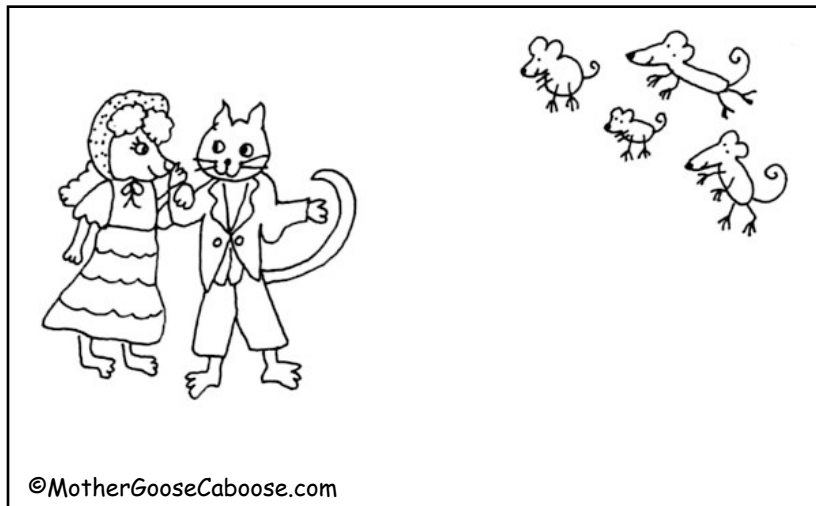
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he;

Oh there's none so rare as can compare,

With King Cole and his fiddlers three.



Hoddley, Poddley

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?



One Misty, Moisty Morning

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?



Go To Bed Late

Go to bed late,

Stay very small.

Go to bed early,

Grow very tall.



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 he couldn't get up in the morning.



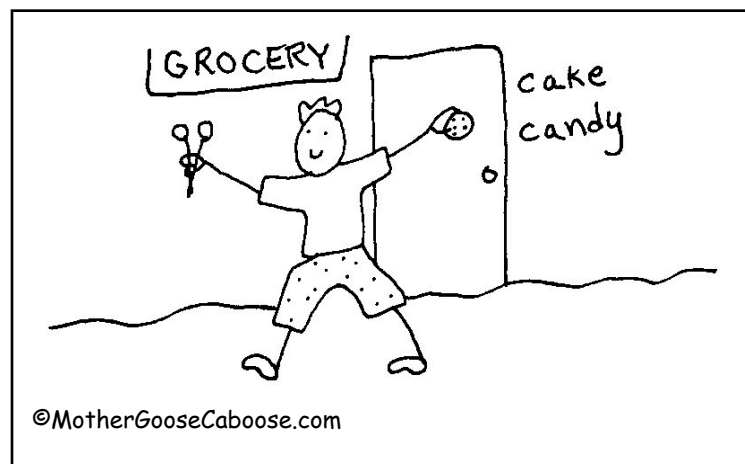
Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?

Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone,

Oh where, oh where can he be?

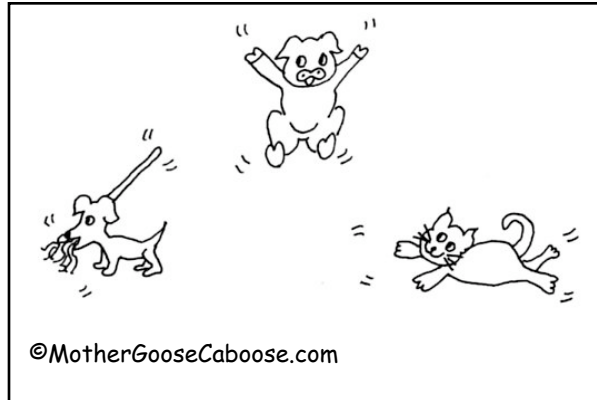
With his ears cut short and his tail cut long,

Oh where, oh where is he?



Handy Spandy, Jack-A-Dandy

Handy Spandy, Jack-A-Dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at the grocer's shop,
And out he came, a-hop, hop, hop.



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!

- Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793-1860)

Samuel Griswold Goodrich (1793-1860) was an American author, better known under the pseudonym Peter Parley. He was opposed to nursery rhymes, devoting thirty years to reform children's literature. He very nearly succeeded in banishing the nursery rhyme and fairy tale from the more expensive nurseries of England and America. In 1846, incensed by the revival of the old lore, he said anyone, even a child, could make one up. In writing this

rhyme which intentionally makes no sense, Goodrich unknowingly added to the store of nursery rhyme literature.



Dr. Foster Went To Gloucester

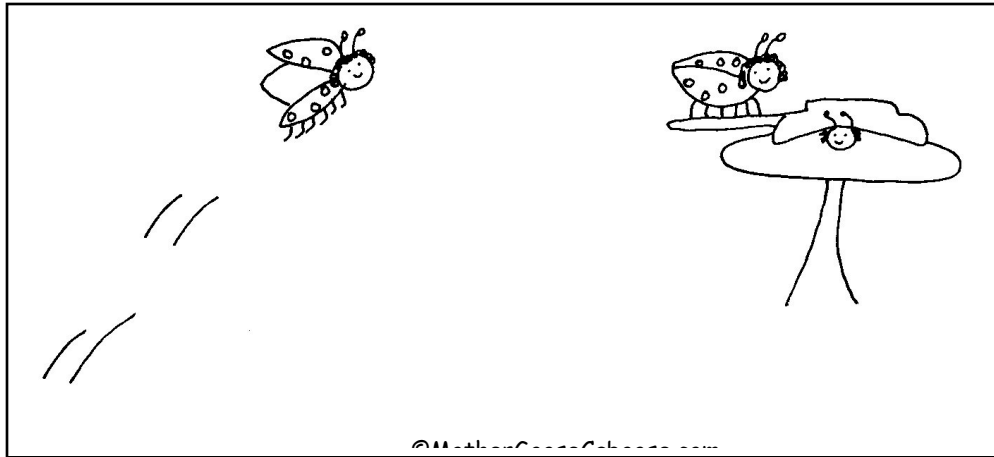
Dr. Foster went to Gloucester

In a shower of rain.

He stepped in a puddle

Right up to his middle

And never went there again.



Lady-Bug, Lady-Bug

Lady-bug, Lady-bug,
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 warming pan.



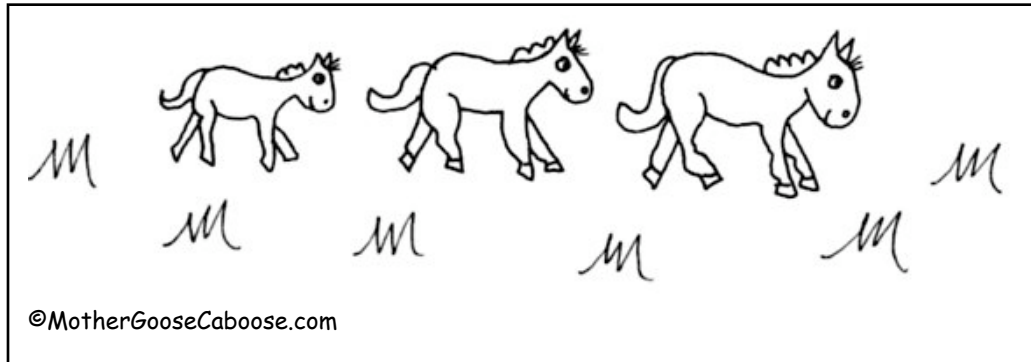
Star Light, Star Bright

Star light, star bright,

First star I see tonight.

I wish I may, I wish I might,

Have the wish I wish tonight.



Shoe A Little Horse

Shoe a little horse,
Shoe a little mare,
But let a little colt
Go bare, bare, bare.



Down With The Lambs

Down with the lambs,

Up with the lark.

Run to bed children,

Before it gets dark.



Daffy-Down-Dilly

Daffy-Down-Dilly

Is new come to town,
In a green petticoat
And a bright yellow gown.
And her white blossoms
Are peeping around.



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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?"

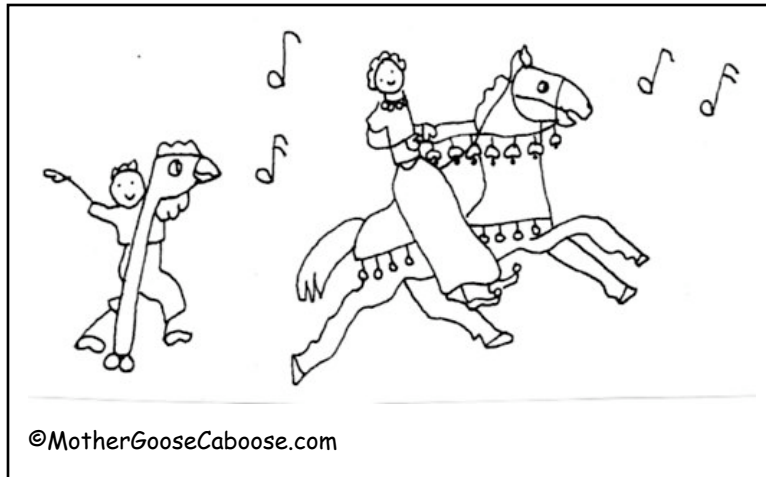
But he shook his little tail,

And far away flew.



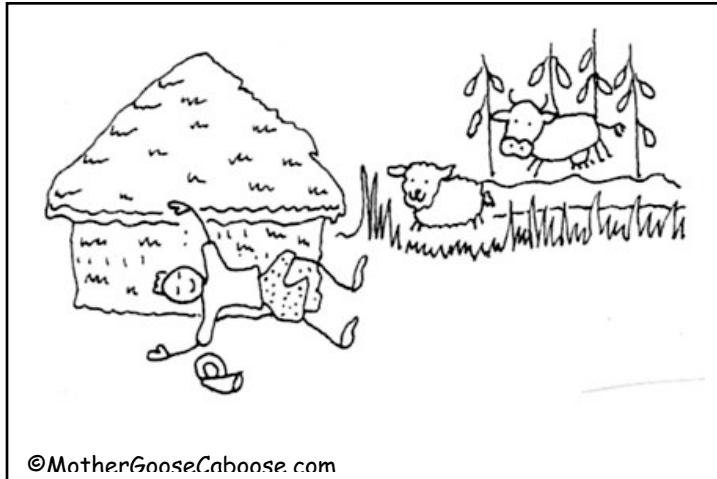
Peter, Peter Pumpkin-Eater

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.



Ride A Cock-Horse Or Banbury Cross

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.



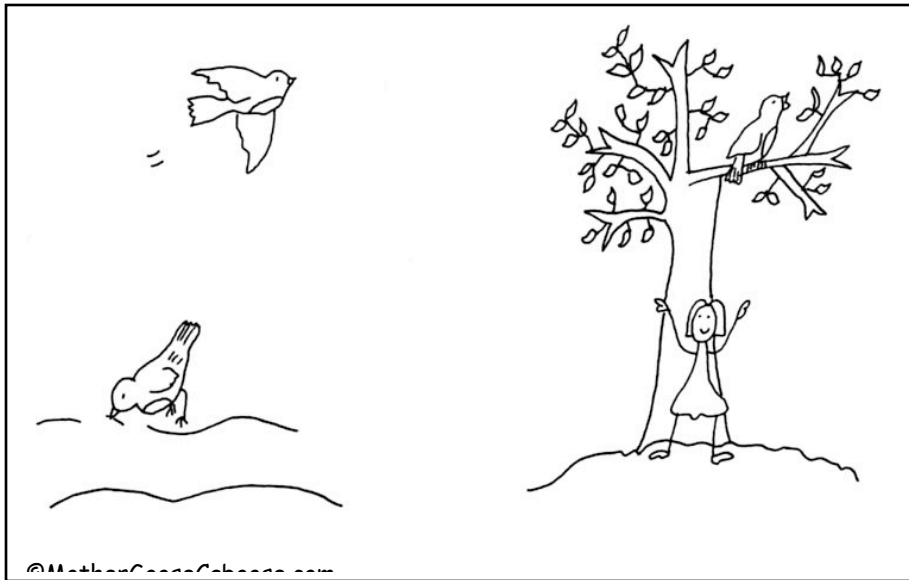
Little Boy Blue

Little boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I;
For if I do, he's sure to cry.



I See The Moon

I see the moon,
And the moon sees me,
God bless the moon,
And God bless me.



Little Robin Redbreast

Little Robin Redbreast

Pit-pat all the day,

Then he opened up his wings,

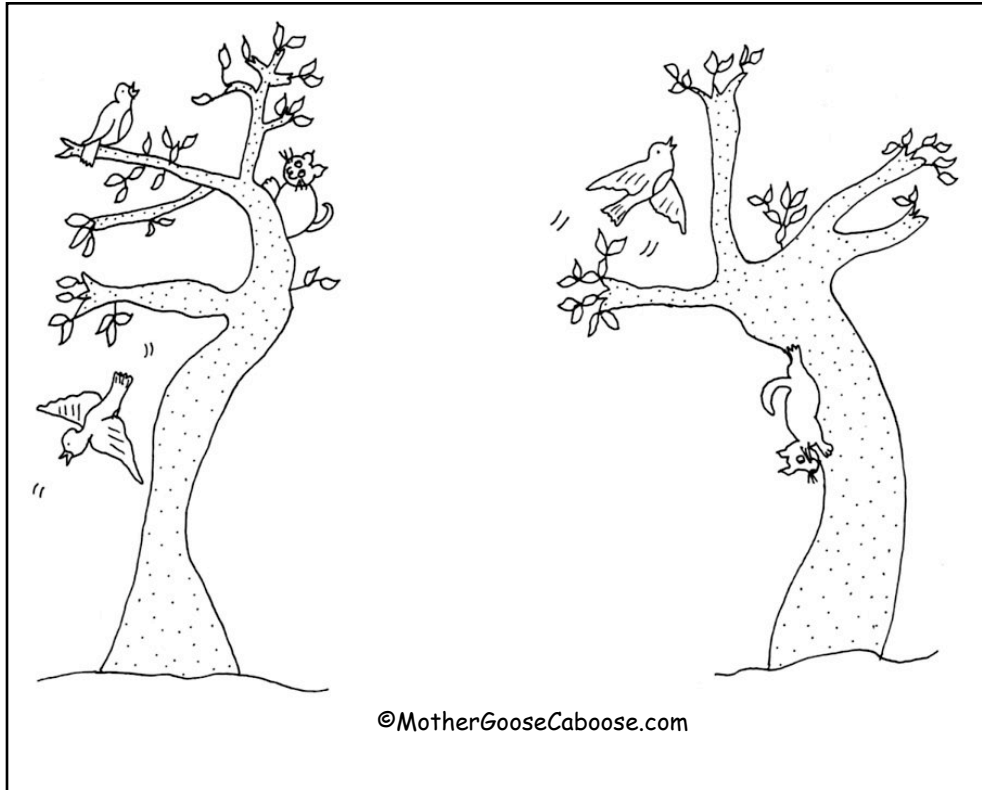
And he flew away.

I went to look for Robin.

Where can Robin be?

I found him in the orchard,

Up in a cherry tree.



Little Robin Redbreast Sat Upon A Tree

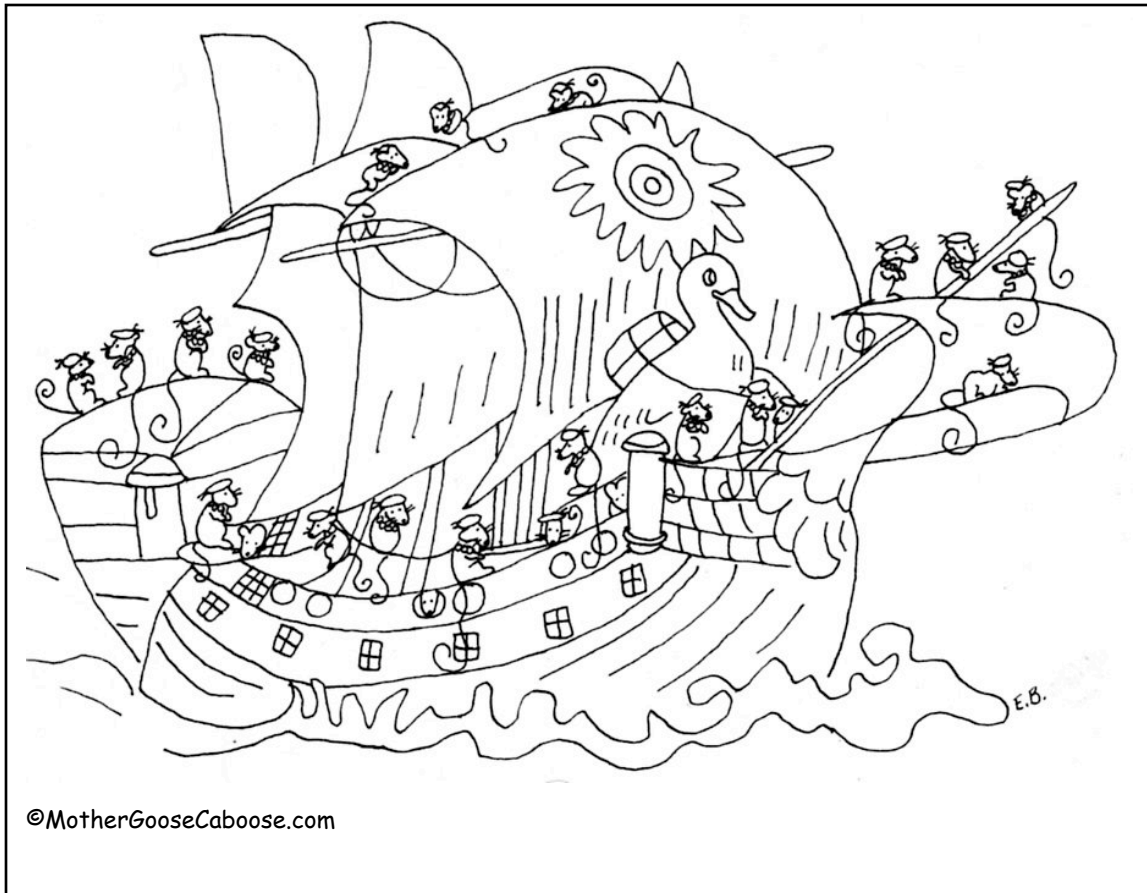
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,

Up went Kitty cat, and down went he;

Down came Kitty, and away Robin ran;

Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

I Saw A Ship A-Sailing



See the next page.

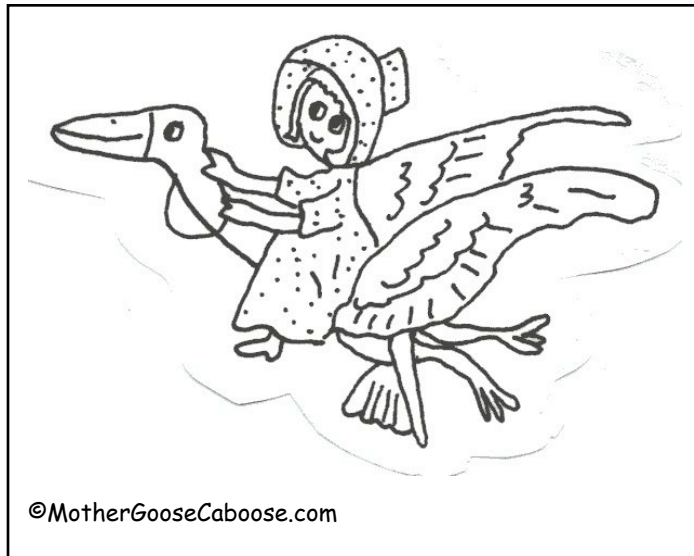
I Saw A Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold:

And twenty little sailors,
Were skipping on the deck,
And they were little white mice,
With rings about their neck.

The captain was a duck,
With a jacket on his back;
And when the ship began to sail,
The captain cried, "Quack! quack!"



Old Mother Goose

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

Mother Goose had a house, 'twas built in a wood,
An owl at the door for a sentinel (porter) stood.

She had a son Jack, a plain-looking lad,
He was not very good, nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market, a live goose he bought:
"Here! mother," says he, "It will not go for naught."

Old Mother Goose cont'd.

Jack's goose and her gander grew very fond;
They'd both eat together, or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning, as I have been told,
His goose had laid him an egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother, the news for to tell.
She called him a good boy, and said it was well.

Jack sold his egg to a rogue who came through,
Who cheated him out of a half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting a lady so gay,
As fair as the lily, and sweet as the May.

The rogue and the Squire came behind his back,
And began to belabor the sides of poor Jack.

Then old Mother Goose that instant came in,
And turned her son Jack into famed Harlequin.

Old Mother Goose cont'd.

She then with her wand touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea was thrown out amain,
When Jack jumped in and got the egg back again.

The rogue got the goose, which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once his pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in and caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back flew up to the moon.