Baa, baa, black sheep,

Polly put the kettle on,

Polly put the kettle on,

Polly put the kettle on,

We'll all have tea.

Sukey take it off again,

Sukey take it off again,

Sukey take it off again,

They've all gone away.

Ring around a rosey,

A pocket full of posies,

Ashes, ashes,

We all fall down.

The old woman must stand

At the tub, tub, tub,

The dirty clothes

To rub, rub, rub:

But when they are clean

And fit to be seen,

She'll dress like a lady

And dance on the green.

Betty Botter bought some butter,

But, she said,

The butter's bitter;

If I put it in my batter

It will make my batter bitter.

But, a bit of better butter

Will make my batter better.

So, she bought a bit of butter

Better than her bitter butter,

And she put it in her batter

And the batter was not bitter.

So, 'twas better Betty Botter

Bought a bit of better butter.

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.

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.

Gregory Griggs,

Gregory Griggs

Had forty-seven different wigs.

He wore them up,

He wore them down,

To please the people of Boston town,

He wore them east,

He wore them west

But he could never tell

Which he loved best.

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.

Hickety, pickety,

My black hen,

She lays eggs

For gentlemen;

Gentlemen come

Every day

To see the eggs

My hen doth lay.

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

Together again.

Jack be nimble,

Jack be quick

Jack jump over

The candle stick.

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Eating her curds

And whey.

Along came a spider

And sat down beside her

And frightened

Miss Muffet away.

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,

And what do you think

It was all about?

She loved coffee

And I loved tea,

And that was the reason

We couldn't agree!

One, two,

Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,

Knock at the door;

Five, six,

Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,

Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,

A big, fat hen.

Star light, Star bright,

First star I see tonight,

I wish I may,

I wish I might,

Have the wish

I wish tonight.

Have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir,

Three bags full;

One for the master,

One for the dame,

And one for the little boy

Who lives down the lane.

Here we go round

The mulberry bush,

The mulberry bush,

The mulberry bush.

Here we go round

The mulberry bush,

So early in the morning.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock!

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one,

The mouse ran down,

Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

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.

Little Bo-Peep

Has lost her sheep,

And doesn't know where

To find them.

Leave them alone,

And they'll come home,

Wagging their tails

Behind them.

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.

Peter, Peter pumpkin eater,

Had a wife

And couldn't keep her;

Put her in a

Pumpkin shell

And there he kept her

Very well.

Handy Pandy, Jack-a-dandy,

Loves plum cake and sugar candy.

He bought some at the grocer's shop,

And out he came - Hop, hop, hop!

Pease porridge hot,

"Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck"

Good morning, pretty hen.

How many chickens

Have you got?

Madam, I've got ten.

Three of them are yellow,

And three of them are brown,

And four of them are black-and-white,

The nicest in the town.

Cobbler, cobbler,

Mend my shoe,

Get it done by half past two;

Stitch it up,

And stitch it down,

Then I'll give you

Half a crown.

Come, butter, come,

Come, butter, come;

Peter stands at the gate

Waiting for a butter cake.

Come, butter, come.

Cross Patch,

Draw the latch,

Sit by the fire and spin;

Take a cup,

And drink it up,

Then call your neighbours in.

Donkey, Donkey,

Old and gray

Ope your mouth

And gently bray;

Lift your ears

And blow your horn,

To wake the world

This sleepy morn.

If all the world were paper,

And all the seas were ink,

If all the trees were bread and cheese,

What should there be to drink?

If wishes were horses

Beggars would ride.

If turnips were watches

I'd wear one by my side.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,

His wife could eat no lean,

And so between them both, you see,

They licked the platter clean.

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?”

A diller, A dollar,

A ten o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come

At ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon.

A-hunting we will go,

A-hunting we will go,

We'll catch a fox

And put him in a box

And then we'll let him go.

Alas! Alas!

For Miss McKay!

Her knives and forks

Have run away.

And when the cups

And spoons are going,

She's sure there is

No way of knowing.

An apple pie,

When it looks nice,

Would make one long

To have a slice;

But if the taste

Should prove so, too,

I fear one slice

Would scarcely do.

So, to prevent

My asking twice,

Pray, Mamma,

Cut a large slice!

Cackle, cackle,

Mother Goose,

Have you any

Feathers loose?

Truly have I, pretty fellow,

Half enough to fill a pillow.

Here are quills,

Take one or two,

And down enough

To make a bed for you.

Come, butter, come,

Come, butter, come;

Peter stands at the gate

Waiting for a butter cake.

Come, butter, come.

Pease porridge cold,

Pease porridge in a pot

Nine days old.

Some like it hot,

Some like it cold,

Some like it in a pot

Nine days old.

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 her chair.

The north wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow,

And what will poor robin do then?

Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,

And keep himself warm,

And hide his head under his wing.

Poor thing!

The Queen of Hearts

She made some tarts,

All on a summer's day.

The Knave of Hearts

He stole those tarts,

And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts

Called for the tarts,

And beat the knave full sore.

The Knave of Hearts

Brought back the tarts

And vowed he'd steal no more!

There was a crooked man,

And he walked 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 crooked little house.

There was an old woman

Lived under a hill

And if she's not gone

She lives there still.

Baked apples she sold,

And cranberry pies,

And she's the old woman

That never told lies.

Ladybug, ladybug

See-saw,

Margery Daw

Sold her bed

And lay on the straw

Sold the straw

And lay on the grass

To buy herself

A new looking glass.

Simple Simon went a-fishing

For to catch a whale;

All the water he had got

Was in his mother's pail.

He went to catch a dickie bird

And thought he could not fail,

Because he'd got a little salt,

To put upon its tail.

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?

Sing, sing,

What shall I sing?

The cat's run away

With the pudding string!

Do, do,

What shall I do?

The cat's run away

With the pudding, too!

Two little blackbirds

Sitting on a hill,

One named Jack,

The other named Jill.

Fly away, Jack,

Fly away, Jill.

Come back, Jack.

Come back, Jill.

I had a little nut tree,  
Nothing would it bear  
But a silver nutmeg,  
And a golden pear;  
The King of Spain's daughter  
Came to visit me,  
And all for the sake  
Of my little nut tree.  
Her dress was made of crimson,  
Jet black was her hair,  
She asked me for my nut tree  
And my golden pear.  
I said, "So fair a princess  
Never did I see,  
I'll give you all the fruit  
From my little nuttree.”

Once I saw a little bird

Come hop, hop, hop,

And I cried, Little Bird,

Will you stop, stop, stop?

I was going to the window

To say, How do you do?

But he shook his little tail

And far away he flew.

One misty, moisty morning,

When cloudy was the weather,

I met 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?

One, Two, Three, Four,

Mary's at the cottage door.

Five, six, seven, eight,

Eating cherries off a plate.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,

Baker's man,

Bake me a cake

As fast as you can;

Pat it and prick it,

And mark it with a B,

Put it in the oven

For Baby and me.

Ride a cock-horse

To Banbury Cross,

To see a fine lady

On a white horse;

With rings on her fingers

And bells on her toes,

She shall have music

Wherever she goes.

Rock a-bye baby,

On the tree top,

When the wind blows

The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks,

The cradle will fall,

And down will come baby

Cradle and all.

Rub a dub dub

Three men in a tub

And who do you think

They be?

The butcher, The baker,

The candlestick-maker,

Turn them out,

Knaves all three!

Fly away home,

Your house is on fire

And your children all gone;

All except one

And that's little Ann

And she has crept under

The warming pan.

Little Boy Blue,

Come blow your horn,

The sheep's in the meadow

The cow's in the corn;

But where is the little boy

Who 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.

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."

Little Tommy Tucker

Sings for his supper

What shall we give him?

White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it

Without e'er a knife?

How will he be married

Without e'er a wife?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,

How does your garden grow?

With silver bells

And cockle shells,

And pretty maids all in a row.

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.

Old Mother Hubbard

Went to the cupboard,

To fetch her poor doggie a bone.

But when she got there

The cupboard was bare

And so her poor doggie had none.