

# MOTHER GOOSE

# RHYMES



No. 861

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LOIS LENSKI

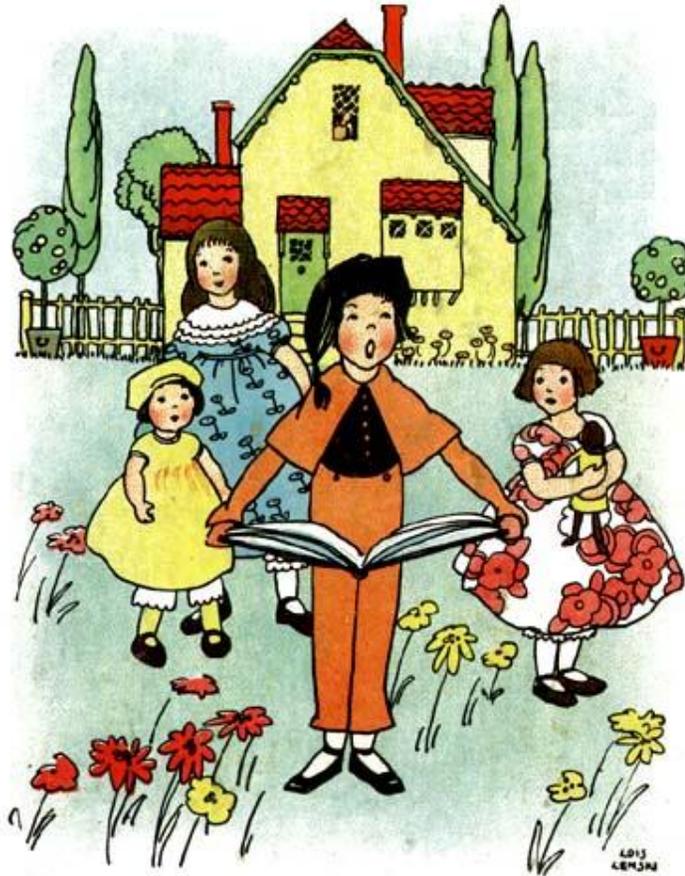


“Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker’s man,  
Makes me a cake, as fast as you can.  
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with a T,  
And put in the oven for Tommy and me.”

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Bye, Baby Bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunting,  
To get a little rabbit's skin,  
To wrap Baby Bunting in.



Little Tom Tucker, sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat? White bread and butter;  
How will he cut it without a knife?  
How will he be married without a wife?



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



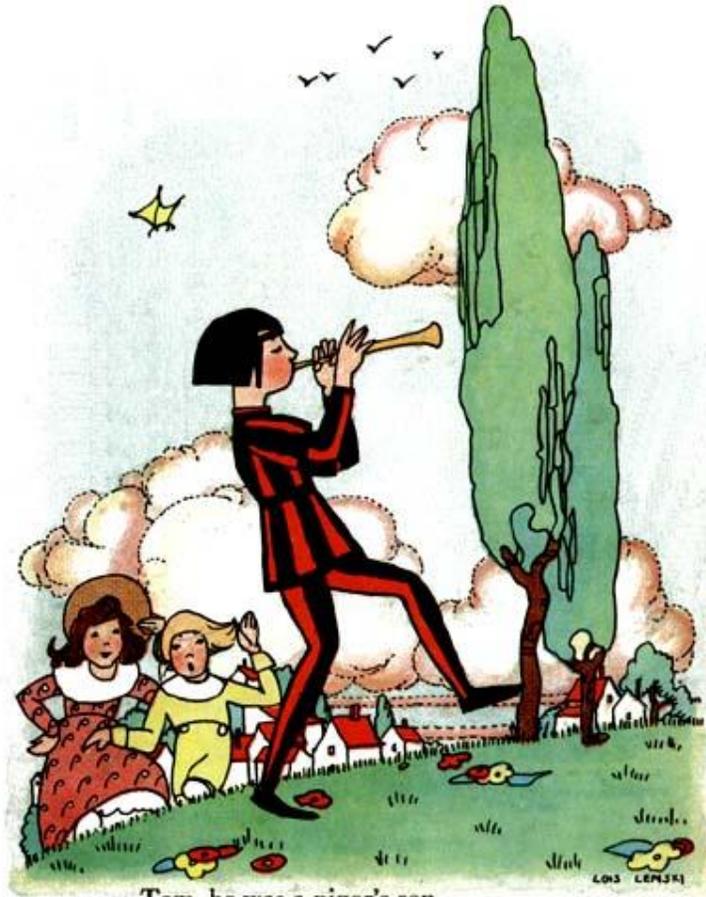
Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair;  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman, "Let me taste your ware."  
Said the pieman to Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny."  
Said Simple Simon to the pieman, "Indeed, I have not any."



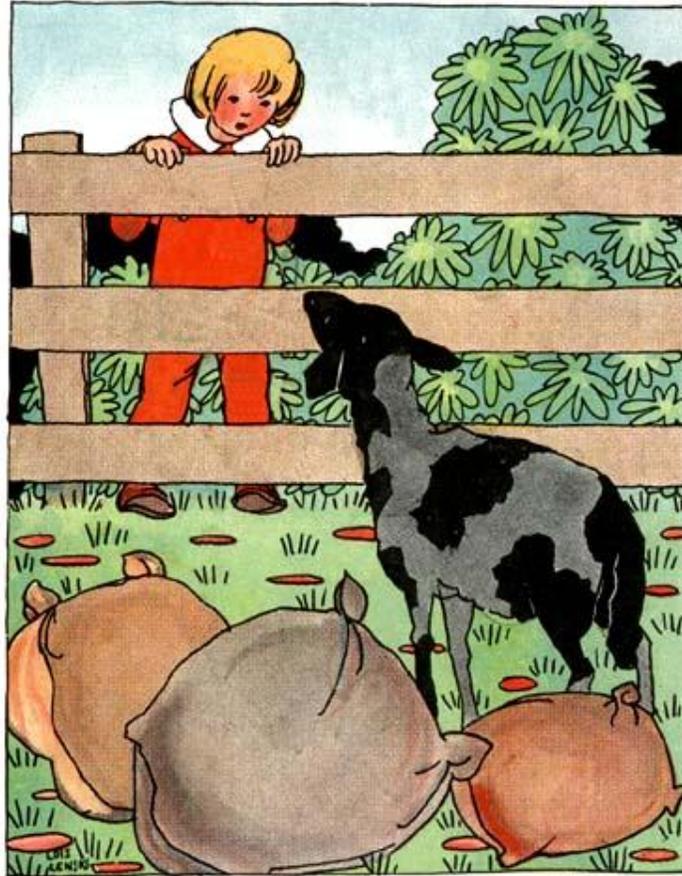
Ring-a-ring-a-roses,  
A pocket full of posies;  
Hush! Hush! Hush!  
We all tumble down.



Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn,  
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep's in the corn;  
But where is the little boy tending the sheep?  
He is under the haystack fast asleep.



Tom, he was a piper's son,  
He learnt to play when he was young,  
But all the tune that he could play  
Was "Over the hills and far away."



"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"  
"Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:  
One for my master, one for my dame,  
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane."



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells, and cockleshells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.



Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.