

My BOOKHOUSE IN THE NURSERY





MY BOOK HOUSE
IN THE NURSERY



IN THE NURSERY

SUNSHINE in the nursery,
Sunshine everywhere,
Floods of pure and golden light,
Not a shadow there.



IN THE NURSERY *of* MY BOOKHOUSE

Edited by
Olive Beaupré Miller



CHICAGO
The BOOKHOUSE *for* CHILDREN
PUBLISHERS

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* * *

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I N T H E N U R S E R Y



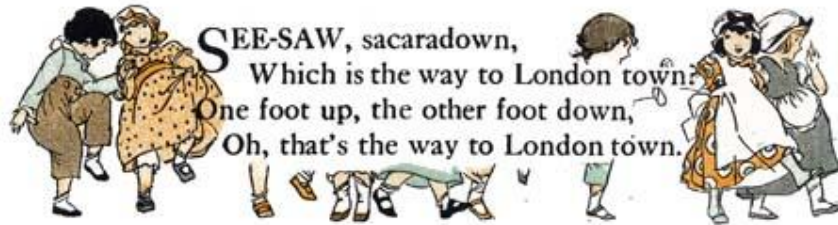
THE world is so full
of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all
be as happy as kings.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

M Y B O O K H O U S E



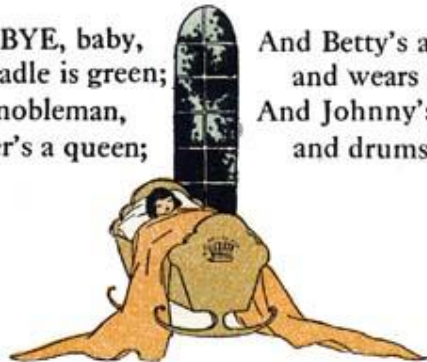
DANCE, little Baby, dance up high!
 Never mind, Baby, Mother is by.
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,
 There, little Baby, there you go!
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards,
 round and round,
 Dance, little Baby, and Mother will sing
 With a merry carol, ding! ding! ding!



SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
 Which is the way to London town?
 One foot up, the other foot down,
 Oh, that's the way to London town.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby,
 thy cradle is green;
 Father's a nobleman,
 mother's a queen;

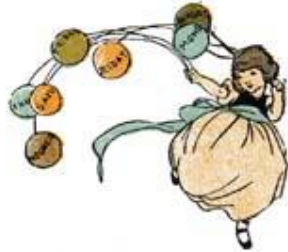
And Betty's a lady,
 and wears a gold ring,
 And Johnny's a drummer,
 and drums for the king.



IN THE NURSERY

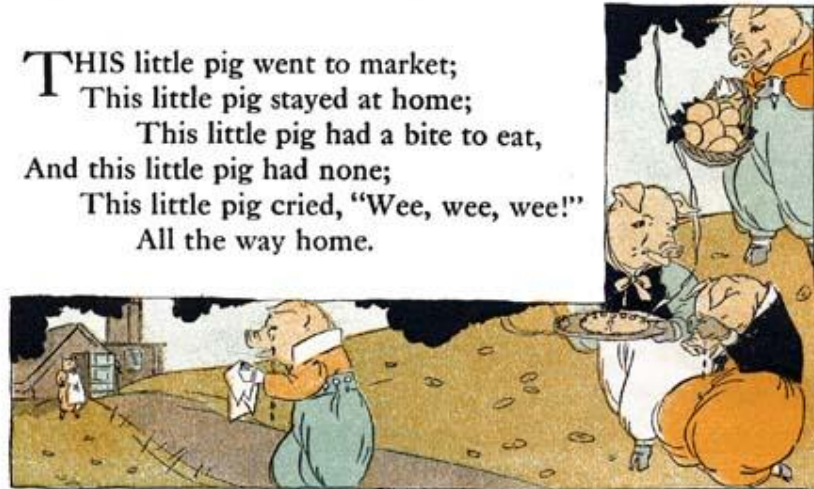


PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday—
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THIS little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had a bite to eat,
And this little pig had none;
This little pig cried, "Wee, wee, wee!"
All the way home.



M Y B O O K H O U S E



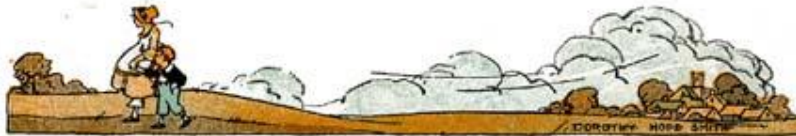
SLEEP, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep,
The little lamb is on the green,
With woolly fleece so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind and sweet and gentle child.
Sleep, baby, sleep.



JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

Oh, here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.



IN THE NURSERY



RING around the roses,
Pocket full of posies;
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!
We're all tumbled down.



HUSH, baby, my dolly, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by-and-by,
Or perhaps you like custard, or, maybe, a tart.
Then to either you're welcome, with all of my heart.



PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

M Y B O O K H O U S E



THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose and tail
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's
tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low.
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Daskam Bacon.

IN THE NURSERY



‘BOW WOW ” SAYS THE DOG

“**B**OW, wow,” says the dog,
“Mew, mew,” says the cat,
“Grunt, grunt,” goes the hog,
And “Squeak!” goes the rat.
“Chirp, chirp,” says the sparrow,
“Caw, caw,” says the crow,
“Quack, quack,” says the duck
And the cuckoo you know.

So with sparrows and cuckoos,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs!
A fine song I’ve made
To please you, my dear,
And if it’s well sung,
’Twill be charming to hear.



ROCKABY-LULLABY

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees on the clover!
 Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
 Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
 Down into wonderland—
 Down to the under-land—
 Go, oh go!
 Down into wonderland, go!

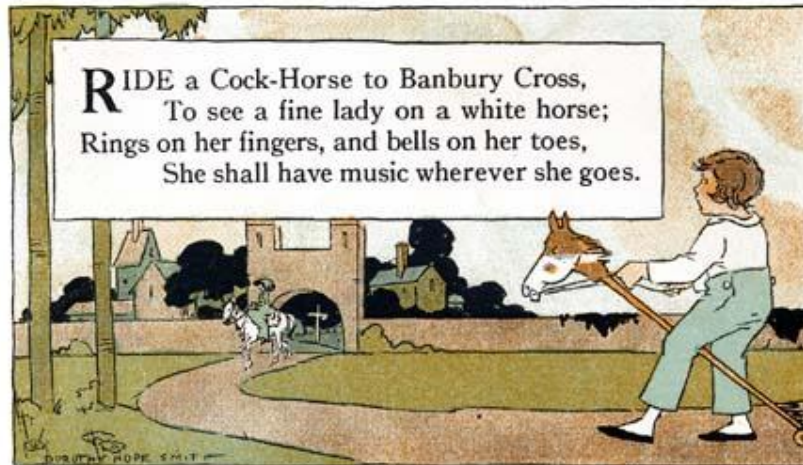
J. G. Holland



HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
 And ho! my kitten, my deary,
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
 Here we go down, down, down;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, round.

IN THE NURSERY



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

THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Tri-Tre-Tre-tree,
Tri-Tre-Tre-tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri-tre-tre-tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!



M Y B O O K H O U S E



DICKORY, dickory, dock! the mouse ran up
the clock;
The clock struck one, the mouse
ran down,
Dickory, dickory, dock!



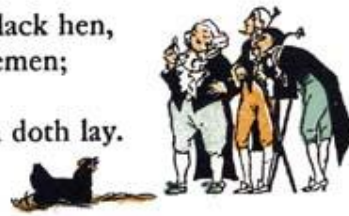
GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.

HHEY 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.

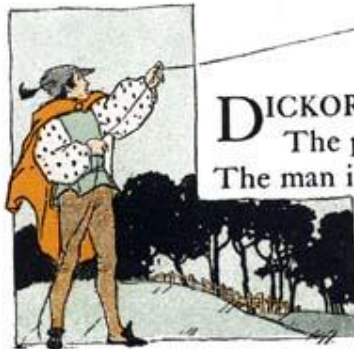


M Y B O O K H O U S E

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen;
 Gentlemen come every day
 To see what my black hen doth lay.



RIDE away, ride away,
 Johnny shall ride,
 And he shall have pussy-cat
 Tied to one side;
 He shall have little dog
 Tied to the other,
 And Johnny shall ride
 To see his grandmother.



DICKORY, dickory, dare,
 The pig flew up in the air,
 The man in brown soon brought him down,
 Dickory,
 dickory,
 dare.

I N T H E N U R S E R Y

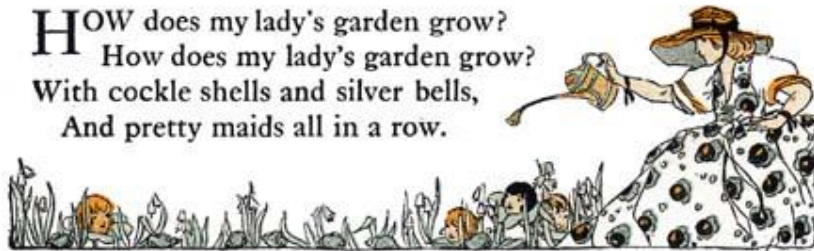


ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And away he flew.



D AFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

HOW does my lady's garden grow?
How does my lady's garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



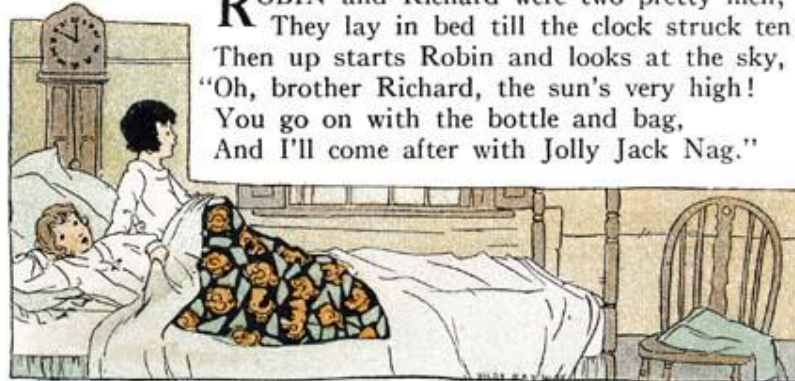
M Y B O O K H O U S E



THERE was an old woman of Harrow,
Who visited in a wheelbarrow,
And her servant before
Knocked loud at each door
To announce the old woman of Harrow.



Lucy Locket lost her pocket;
Kittie Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it!



ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
"Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!
You go on with the bottle and bag,
And I'll come after with Jolly Jack Nag."

IN THE NURSERY



THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
We sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens."



"Lost your mittens!
You careless kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"
"No, you shall have no pie!"
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mammy dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens."

"What, found your mittens
You little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O, thank you for the pie
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."



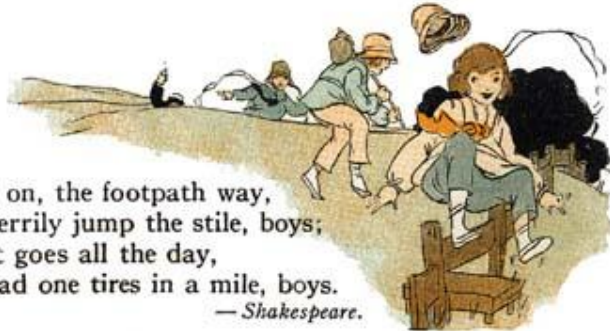
MY BOOK HOUSE



WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night-gown.
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children all in bed,
For it's past eight o'clock?"

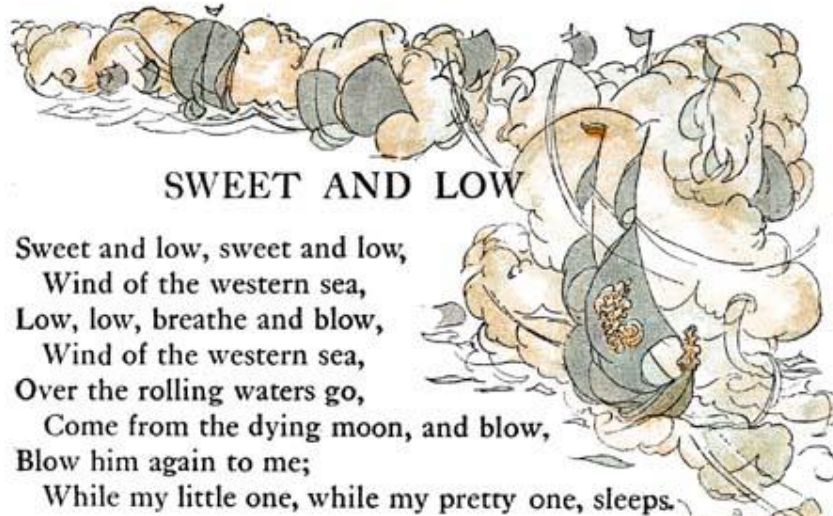


HIPPETY hop to the barber shop,
To get a stick of candy,
One for you and one for me,
And one for Sister Mandy.



JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.
— Shakespeare.

IN THE NURSERY



SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea,
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon.
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson



M Y B O O K H O U S E

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father's watching the sheep,
Thy mother's shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—Elizabeth Prentiss



IN THE NURSERY

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys:
Monkeys made of ginger bread,
And sugar horses painted red.



THERE was an old man
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

UP in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe, and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.



MY BOOK HOUSE



LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep—
And doesn't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.



COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
My master's lost his fiddling stick
And knows not what to do!
Cock a doodle doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.
Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing cock a doodle doo!

HERE am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone.



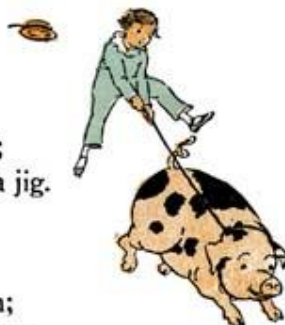
IN THE NURSERY



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 hay-cock, fast asleep.



HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a baker's shop,
And pleased, away ran, hop, hop, hop.



TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

M Y B O O K H O U S E

LITTLE King Boggin, he built a fine hall,
Pie crust and pastry crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.



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



Now Tom with his pipe did make such a noise,
That he surely pleased both the girls and the boys,
And they all stopped still, for to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard him, they'd all begin to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.



IN THE NURSERY



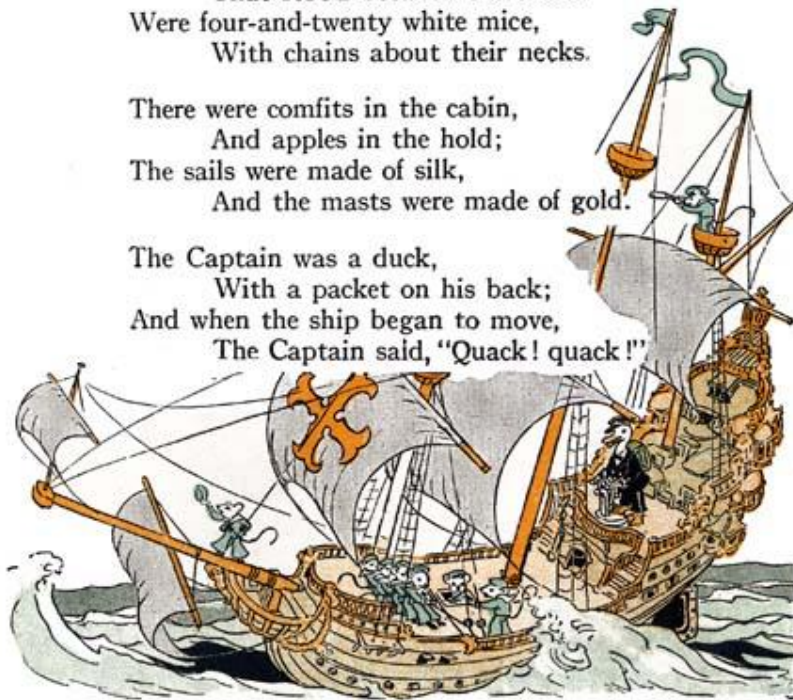
I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

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

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

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

The Captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The Captain said, "Quack! quack!"

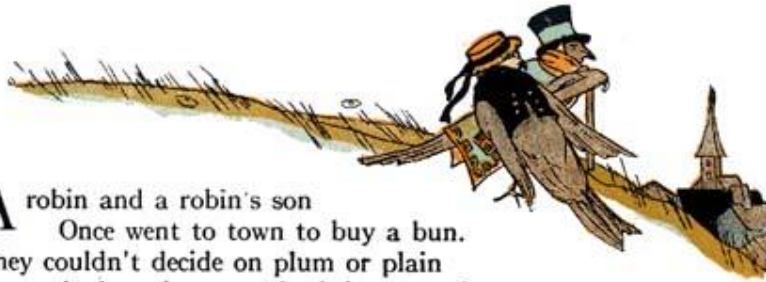


M Y B O O K H O U S E

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.

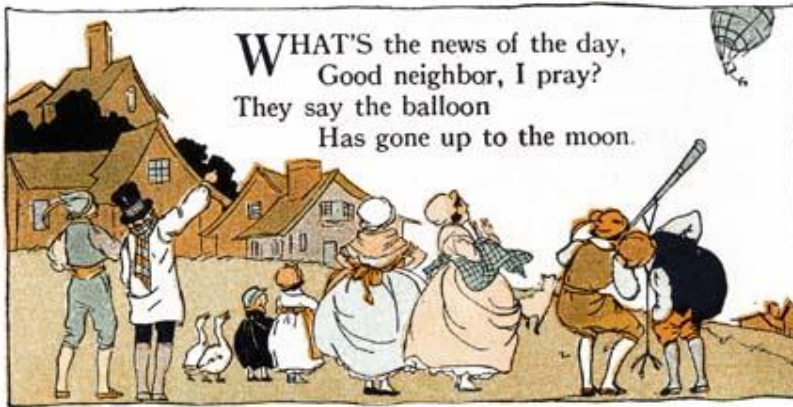


PUSSY sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do?"
"I, thank you, little Doggie,
I fare as well as you."



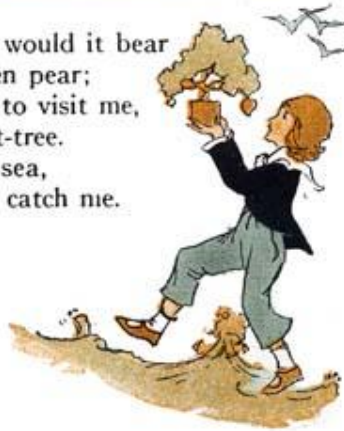
A robin and a robin's son
Once went to town to buy a bun.
They couldn't decide on plum or plain
And so they went back home again.

IN THE NURSERY



WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

I had a little nut-tree, and nothing would it bear
Save a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.



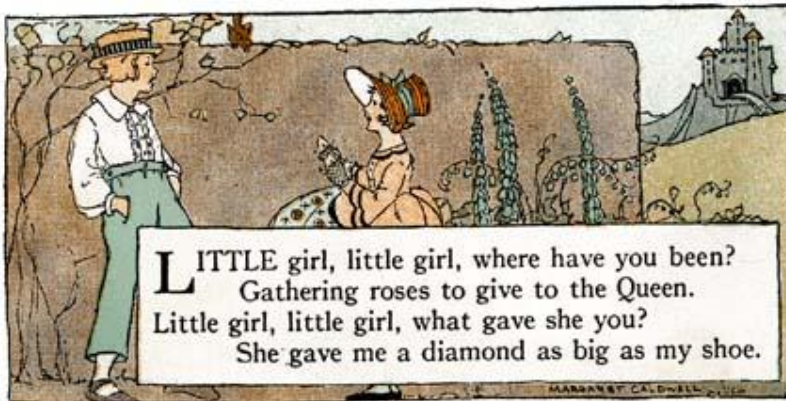
DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his trousers on,
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

MY BOOK HOUSE



AS little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed,
She waggled with her tail
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by the shed.

I'LL tell you a story
About Mother Morey —
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another
Of Jack and his brother —
And now my story's done.



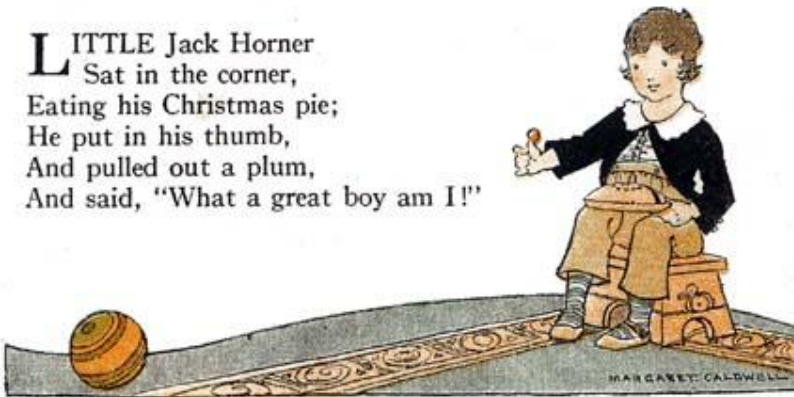
LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

IN THE NURSERY



RUB-A-DUB-DUB, three men in a tub,
And who do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"



MY BOOK HOUSE

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



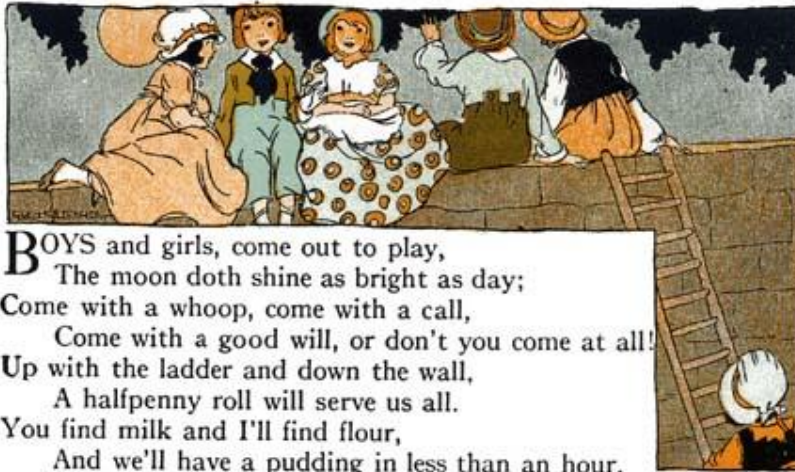
WILLIE boy, Willie boy,
Where are you going?
O, let us go with you,
This sunshiny day.

I'm going to the meadow,
To see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help the girls
Turn the new hay.



HECTOR Protector was dressed all in green,
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen;
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King,
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

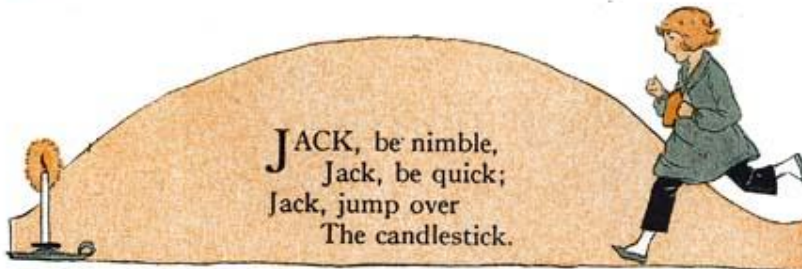
IN THE NURSERY



BOYS and girls, come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as day;
 Come with a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will, or don't you come at all!
 Up with the ladder and down the wall,
 A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
 You find milk and I'll find flour,
 And we'll have a pudding in less than an hour.



FOUR-AND-TWENTY tailors went to catch a snail,
 The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
 She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow;
 Run, tailors, run, or she'll butt you all just now.



JACK, be nimble,
 Jack, be quick;
 Jack, jump over
 The candlestick.

MY BOOK HOUSE



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

OLD Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone,

But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none.

She went to the Baker's to buy him some bread,
And when she came back the dog stood on his head.



She went to the Hatter's to buy him a hat,
And when she came back he was feeding the cat.



She went to the Tailor's to buy him a coat,
And when she came back he was riding the goat.



She went to the Barber's to buy him a wig,
And when she came back he was dancing a jig.



The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant," the dog said, "Bow-wow."



IN THE NURSERY



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon,
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Ay, by and by."



LITTLE Nanny Etticoat
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



THE King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.



M Y B O O K H O U S E

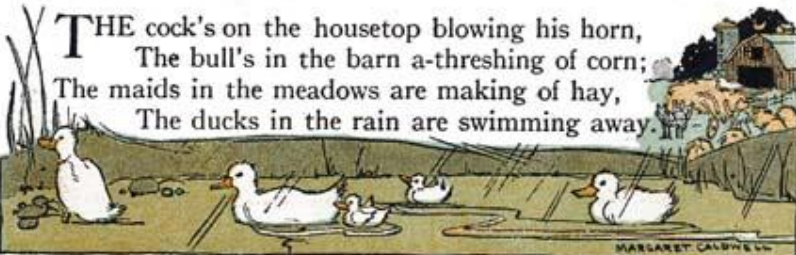


BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when your wedding be.
If it be tomorrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.



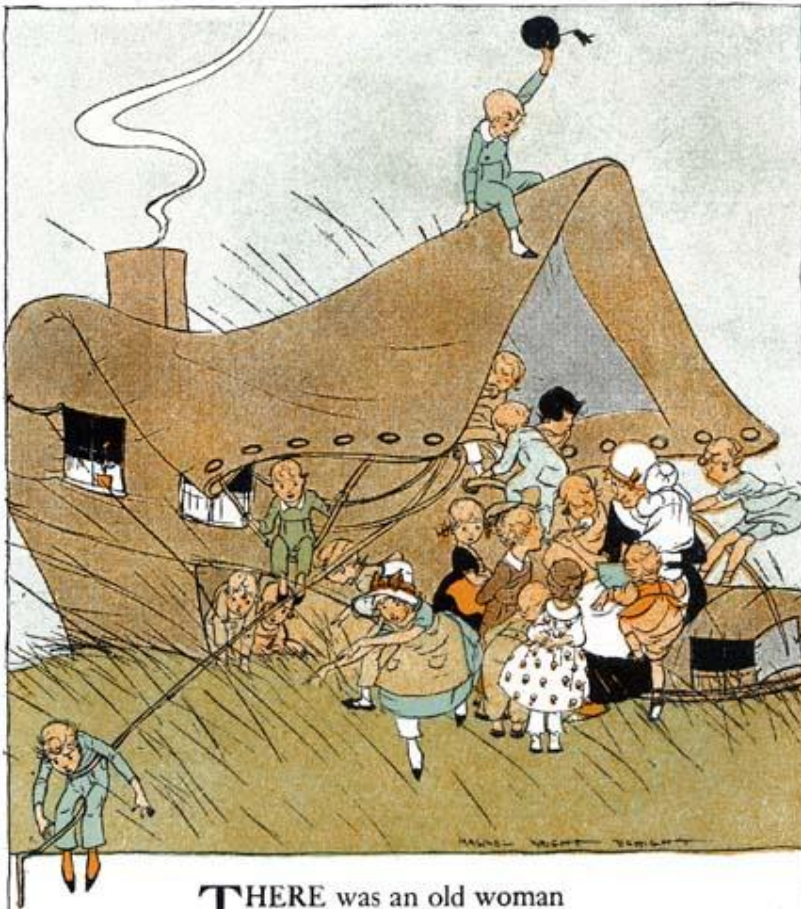
ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.

He began to compliment
And I began to grin,
With "How do you do," and "How do you do,"
And "How do you do again?"



THE cock's on the housetop blowing his horn,
The bull's in the barn a-threshing of corn;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay,
The ducks in the rain are swimming away.

IN THE NURSERY



THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

M Y B O O K H O U S E



SIMPLE SIMON met a pie-man,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Let me taste your ware."

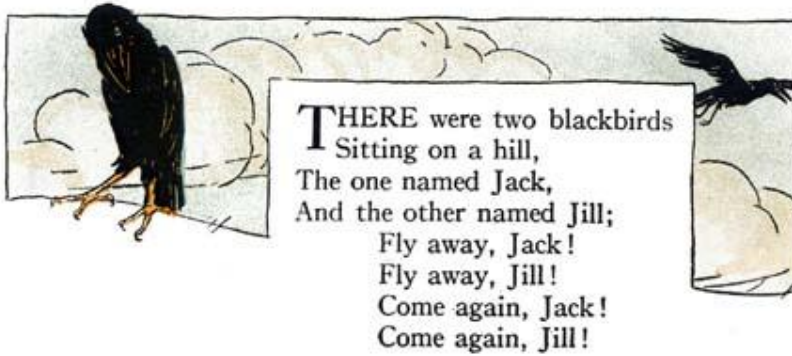
Says the pie-man to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny;"
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail!



I'M glad the sky is painted blue,
And earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

IN THE NURSERY



THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
And the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!



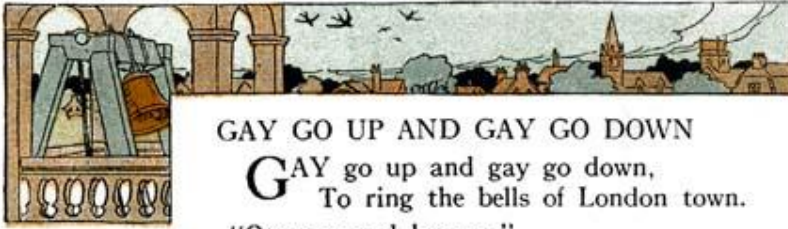
MY maid Mary she minds the dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn,
Gaily run the reel and the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.



SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

DOROTHY HOPE SMITH

MY BOOK HOUSE



ROSE A. ELLIOTT



GAY GO UP AND GAY GO DOWN

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

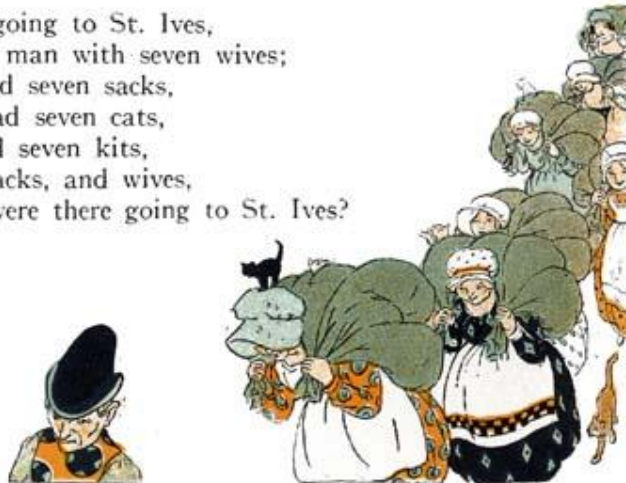
"Oranges and lemons,"
Say the bells of St. Clement's,
"You owe me ten shillin's,"
Say the bells of St. Helen's.
"When will you pay me?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
"When I grow rich,"
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
"Pray when will that be?"
Say the bells of Stepney.
"I am sure I don't know,"
Says the great bell at Bow.
"Brickbats and tiles,"
Say the bells of St. Giles'.
"Halfpence and farthings,"
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
"Pancakes and fritters,"
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
"Two sticks and an apple,"
Say the bells of Whitechapel.
"Pokers and tongs,"
Say the bells of St. John's.
"Kettles and pans,"
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

IN THE NURSERY



HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

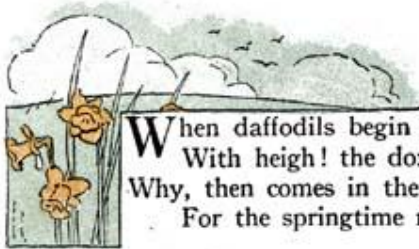
AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?





O, THE grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up a great big hill,
And he marched them down again.
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down
And when they were neither down nor up,
They were neither up nor down.

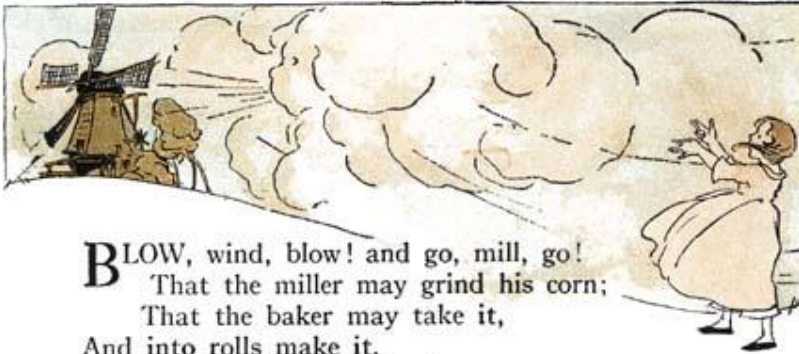
THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were, "Fiddle, faddle, feedle."



When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the springtime reigns in the winter's pale!

—Shakespeare.

IN THE NURSERY



BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.



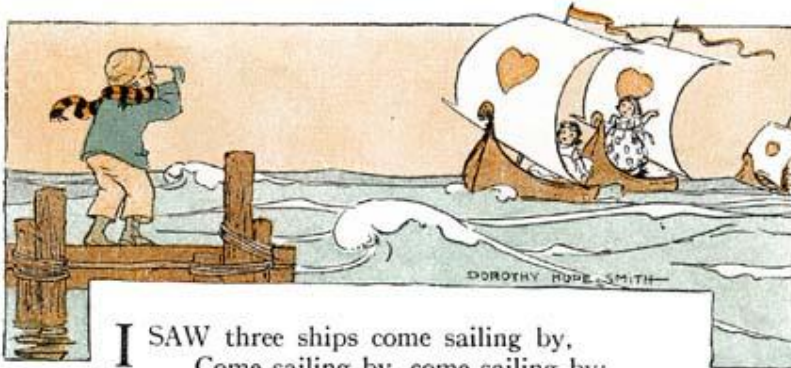
POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again
They're all gone away.

SING, Sing!—What shall I sing?
The Cat's run away with the Pudding Bag
String.
Do, Do!—What shall I do?
The Cat has bitten it quite in two.



MY BOOK HOUSE



I SAW three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

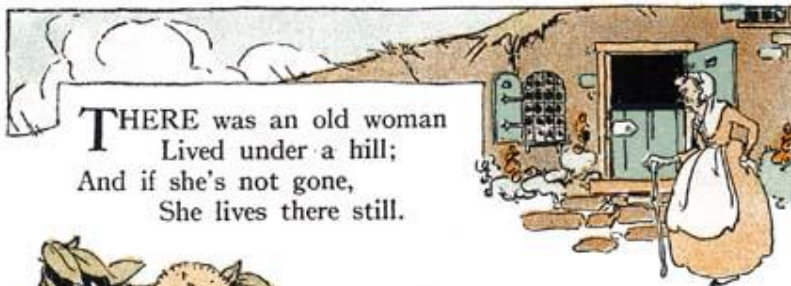
Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.



RAIN, rain, go away;
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.

Rain, rain, go to Spain;
Don't come back again.

IN THE NURSERY



THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.



A PIE sat on a pear-tree,
A pie sat on a pear-tree,
A pie sat on a pear-tree,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

Once so merrily hopped she,
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!



I HAD a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot and there I bid him drum;
I bought a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.
I bought a little horse that galloped up and down;
I bridled him and saddled him and sent him out of town.

MY BOOK HOUSE



AS I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty lass,
And she dropped me a curtsy.



IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!"
I never would cry, "Old chairs to mend!"



If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell!"
I never would cry, "Old clothes to sell!"



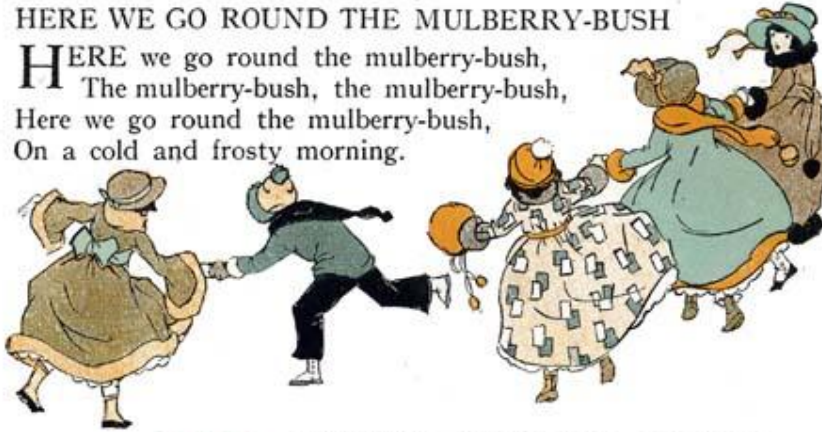
IS Master Smith within?—Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick-Tack-Too!



IN THE NURSERY

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY-BUSH

HERE we go round the mulberry-bush,
The mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush,
Here we go round the mulberry-bush,
On a cold and frosty morning.



This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes,
This is the way we iron our clothes,
On a cold and frosty morning.



This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands, wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
On a cold and frosty morning.



This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school,
This is the way we go to school,
On a cold and frosty morning.



WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR RULED THIS LAND

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
 He was a goodly king;
 He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
 To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
 And stuffed it well with plums;
 And in it put great lumps of fat,
 As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
 And noblemen beside;
 And what they could not eat that night,
 The queen next morning fried.

IN THE NURSERY



BAA, baa, black sheep, 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 that lives in the lane.

THERE was a piper had a cow,
 And he had naught to give her,
 He took his pipes and played a tune,
 And bade the cow consider.
 The cow considered very well,
 And gave the piper a penny,
 And bade him play the other tune,
 "Corn rigs are bonny."



AS I went to Bonner,
 I met a pig
 Without a wig,
 Upon my word and honor.

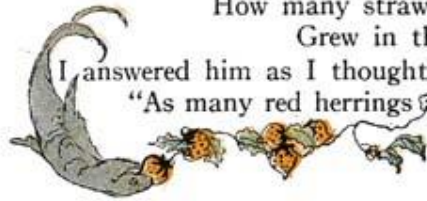
MY BOOK HOUSE



AS Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday!"

THE Man in the wilderness
Asked me
How many strawberries
Grew in the sea;

I answered him as I thought good,
"As many red herrings as grow in the wood."



MY lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.



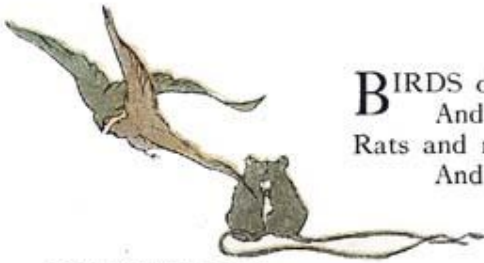
IN THE NURSERY



BILLY, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day.
Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.

Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsy on the green?
Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new-mown grass.

Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will play a pretty song.
O then, Polly I'll make haste;
Not one moment will I waste.



BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

CHARLEY NAG
Ate the pudding and left the bag.





THREE JOVIAL HUNSMEN

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other, he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.



And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other, he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half of it cut away.

I N T H E N U R S E R Y

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second, he said nay;
The third said 'twas a pin-cushion,
With the pins stuck in wrong way.



And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second, he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.



And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other, he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man
Whose beard was growing grey.

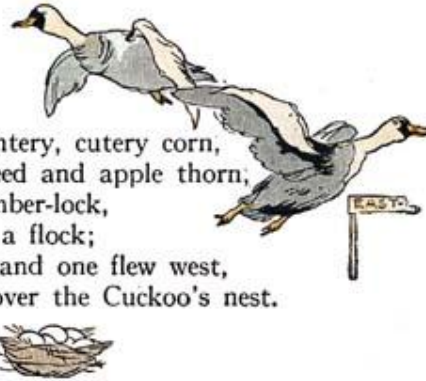


M Y B O O K H O U S E

LITTLE Tommy Tucker
 Sang for his supper.
 What shall we give him?
 Brown bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How shall he marry
 Without e'er a wife?



INTERY, mintery, cutery corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn;
 Wire, brier, limber-lock,
 Three geese in a flock;
 One flew east, and one flew west,
 And one flew over the Cuckoo's nest.



IF wishes were horses,
 Beggars would ride;
 If turnips were watches,
 I'd wear one by my side.



IN THE NURSERY

BUTTONS, a farthing a pair!
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for girls of the city!
Come, who will buy them of me?
Buttons, a farthing a pair!



MERRY are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry would I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again,
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!




MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

M Y B O O K H O U S E



IF all the world were water,
And all the water ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese?
What should we do for drink?

 THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone;
When he was gone, then there was none.



There was an old wife did eat an apple;
When she ate two, she had eaten a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill;
When he went on, he stood not still.



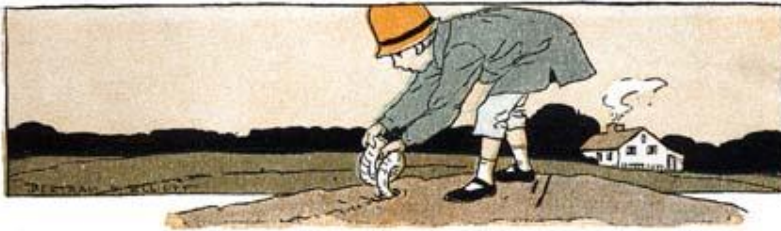
There was a navy went to Spain;
When it returned, it came back again.

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.



IN THE NURSERY

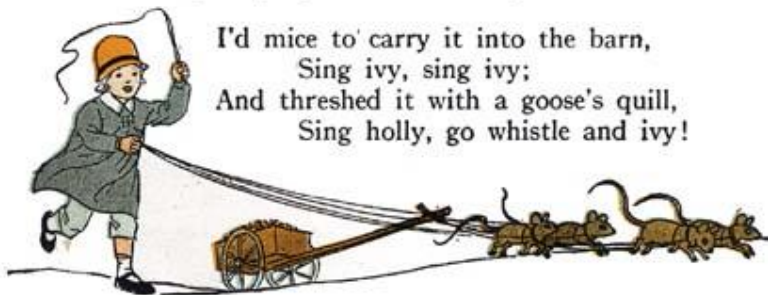


MY FATHER LEFT ME THREE ACRES OF LAND

MY father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I ploughed it with a crooked ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And sowed it over with one pepper-corn,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!



I'd mice to carry it into the barn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And threshed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

M Y B O O K H O U S E



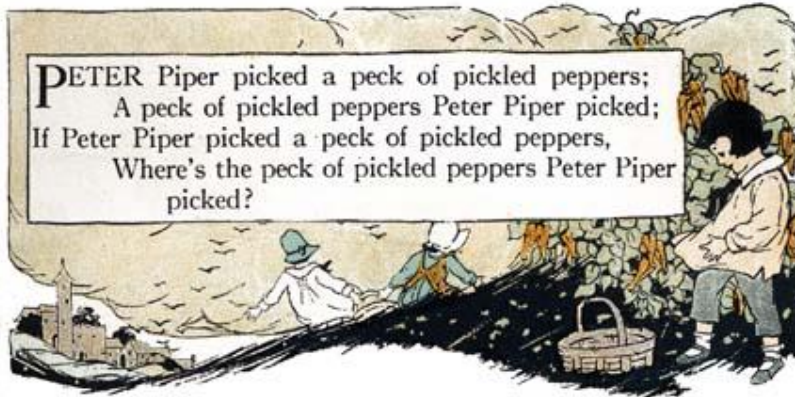
IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great sea* that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great tree* that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great axe* that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great man* that would be!
And if the *great man* took the *great axe*,
And cut down the *great tree*,
And let it fall into the *great sea*,
What a *splish-splash* that would be!

SUNSHINE

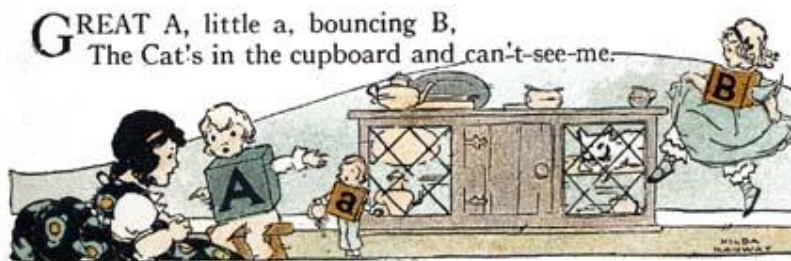
HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen door.
All the King's horses
And all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more
Off the King's kitchen door.



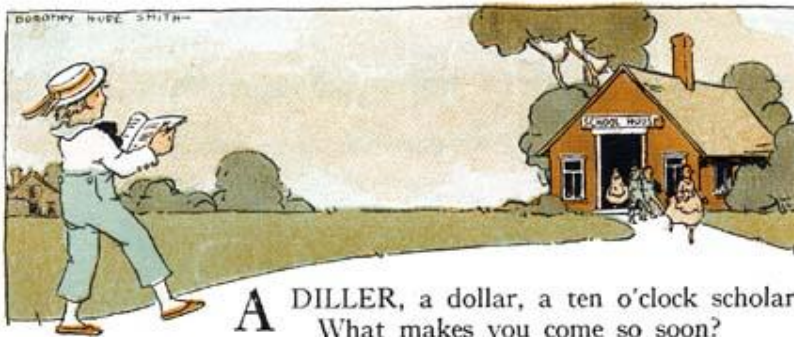
IN THE NURSERY



"I WENT" up one pair of stairs."
"Just like me."
"I went up two pair of stairs."
"Just like me."
"I went into a room."
"Just like me."
"I looked out a window."
"Just like me."
"And there I saw a monkey."
"Just like me!!!"



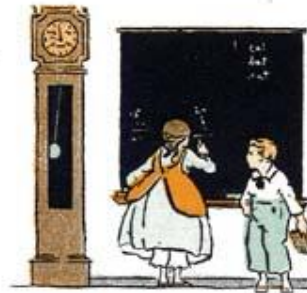
MY BOOK HOUSE



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.

THERE'S a neat little clock—
In the schoolroom it stands—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

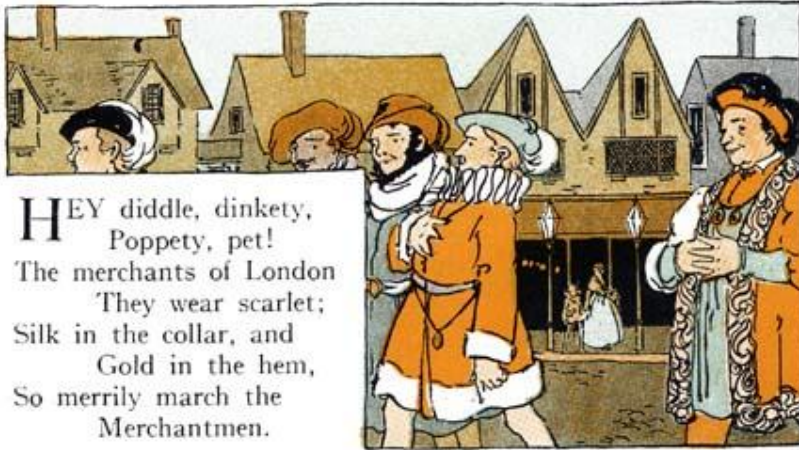
And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.



A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S and T, U, V,
W, X, Y and Z.
Now I've said my A, B, C,
Tell me what you think of me.

IN THE NURSERY

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;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve.



HEY diddle, dinkety,
Poppety, pet!
The merchants of London
They wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and
Gold in the hem,
So merrily march the
Merchantmen.



MIND YOUR COMMAS!

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails, upon each hand
Five, and twenty on hands and feet,
All this is true, without deceit.

MY BOOK HOUSE



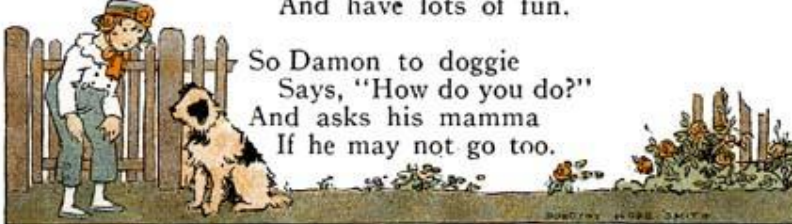
POSIES FROM

GOING TO SEE GRANDMAMMA

Little Molly and Damon
Are walking so far,
For they're going to see
Their kind Grandmamma.

And they very well know,
When they get there she'll take
From out of her cupboard
Some very nice cake.

And into her garden
They know they may run,
And pick some red currants,
And have lots of fun.



So Damon to doggie
Says, "How do you do?"
And asks his mamma
If he may not go too.

IN THE NURSERY



KATE GREENAWAY

THE TEA PARTY

IN the pleasant green Garden
We sat down to tea;
"Do you take sugar?" and
"Do you take milk?"
She'd got a new gown on—
A smart one of silk.
We all were as happy
As happy could be,
On that bright Summer's day
When she asked us to tea.

LITTLE WIND

LITTLE wind, blow on the hill top;
Little wind, blow down the plain;
Little wind, blow up the sunshine;
Little wind, blow off the rain.





THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE
GRAIN OF WHEAT
An English Folk Tale

The Little Red Hen was in the farmyard with her chicks looking for something to eat.

She found some grains of wheat and she said:—

“Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!

These grains of wheat I'll sow;

The rain and warm Spring sunshine

Will surely make them grow.

Now who will help me sow the wheat?”

“Not I,” said the Duck.

“Not I,” said the Mouse.

“Not I,” said the Pig.

“Then I'll sow it myself,” said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

IN THE NURSERY

When the grain had grown up tall and was ready to cut, Little Red Hen said:—

“Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!

I'll cut, cut, cut this grain;

It's nodding ripe and golden,

From days of sun and rain.

Now who will help me cut the wheat?”

“Not I,” said the Duck.

“Not I,” said the Mouse.

“Not I,” said the Pig.

“Then I'll cut it myself,” said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

When the wheat was cut, Little Red Hen said:—

“Cut, cut, cut, cudawcut!

It's time to thresh the wheat;

Each little grain so precious

From out the chaff I'll beat.

Now who will help me thresh the wheat?”



M Y B O O K H O U S E

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Mouse.

"Not I," said the Pig.

"Then I'll thresh it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.

When the wheat was threshed, Little Red Hen said:—

"See where the windmill's great, long arms
Go whirling round and round!

I'll take this grain straight to the mill;
To flour it shall be ground.

Cluck! Cluck! Who'll help me
carry the grain to the mill?"

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Mouse.

"Not I," said the Pig.

"Then I'll carry it myself," said Little Red Hen.
And she did.



When the wheat was ground, Little Red Hen said:—

"I've sowed and reaped and threshed, Cluck, Cluck!
I've carried to the mill,

And now I'll bake a loaf of bread,
With greatest care and skill.

Who'll help me bake the bread?"

IN THE NURSERY

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Mouse.

"Not I," said the Pig.

"Then I'll bake it myself," said Little Red Hen.

And she did.

When the bread was baked, Little Red Hen said:—

"Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck!

The bread is done,

It's light and sweet,

Now who will come

And help me EAT?"

"I WILL," quacked the Duck.

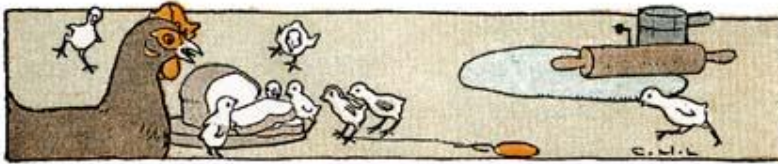
"I WILL," squeaked the Mouse.

"I WILL," grunted the Pig.



"NO! YOU WON'T," said Little Red Hen, "I'll do it myself. Cluck! Cluck! my chicks! I earned this bread for you! Eat it up! Eat it up!"

And they did.



M Y B O O K H O U S E

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Olive A. Wadsworth



Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother-toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink," said the mother;
"I wink," said the one;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother-fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim," said the mother;
"We swim," said the two;
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.



Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived an old mother-bluebird
And her little birdies three.

IN THE NURSERY



"Sing," said the mother;
"We sing," said the three;
So they sang and were glad,
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother-muskrat
And her ratties four.
"Dive," said the mother;
"We dive," said the four;
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.



Over in the meadow,
In a snug bee-hive,
Lived a mother honey bee
And her little bees five.
"Buzz," said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug bee-hive.

M Y B O O K H O U S E



Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother-crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw," said the mother;
"We caw," said the six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother-cricket
And her little crickets seven.
"Chirp," said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven;
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.



Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother-lizard
And her little lizards eight.

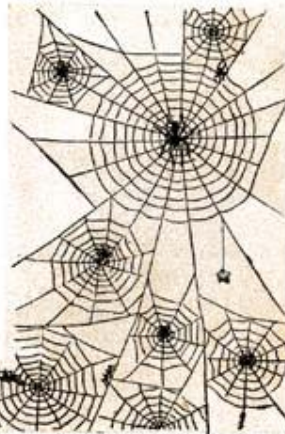
IN THE NURSERY

"Bask," said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight;
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.



Over in the meadow,
Where the quiet pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak," said the mother,
"We croak," said the nine—
So they croaked and they splashed
Where the quiet pools shine.

Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother-spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin," said the mother,
"We spin," said the ten;
So they spun lace webs
In their sly little den.





MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

Moon, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky.
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air.

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.
Sometime I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed. —*Matthias Barr.*

IN THE NURSERY

WHAT THE MOON SAW

Hans Christian Andersen

Listen to what old Mr. Moon told me.

"I have seen many happy people as I travel about," said the Moon, "but I have never seen greater joy than I saw last night. I peeped in a window and there stood a child, a little four-year-old girl.

"She had on a very pretty new dress and a pink



M Y B O O K H O U S E

hat. They had just been put on, and the people who stood about were calling for lights. My own light, as it shone through the window, was not strong enough for them to see her. They must have something brighter altogether to look at anything so pretty.

"When the candles came and were all ablaze, there stood the little girl as stiff as any doll. She was holding her arms away from the dress so as not to touch it, and each finger stuck out straight and stiff. Oh! how her eyes shone and her whole face beamed with gladness.

" 'Tomorrow you shall go out in your new clothes,' said the mother; and the little one looked down at her frock and smiled so happily.

" 'Mother,' she said, 'what do you suppose the DOGS will think when they see me in all my pretty things! ' "

—Adapted.



IN THE NURSERY



THE "WAKE-UP" STORY*

Eudora Bumstead

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First, she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said: "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,

* From *The Youth's Companion*

M Y B O O K H O U S E

Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the wood-pile, and said: "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come and warm the water and cook his food?"

And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,

Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.

And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood

Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said: "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratch-



I N T H E N U R S E R Y

ing in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path,

Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.

The clean, white chips from the pile of wood

Were glad to warm it and cook his food.

The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright,

And the top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree: "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood-pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a



M Y B O O K H O U S E

pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

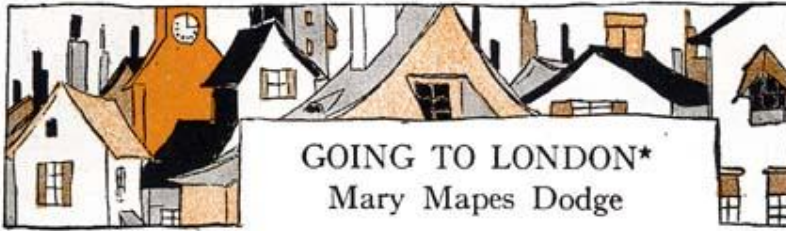
So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his nightgown, looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the "Wake-Up" story that I am telling you:—

The good old pump by the orchard path,
Gave nice, clear water for Baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk-pail bright;
The top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray who was just out of bed.



IN THE NURSERY



GOING TO LONDON*

Mary Mapes Dodge

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Sunny road and shady.
I'm the papa,
You're the ma'ma,
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?



Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock-a-chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it.

*From *Rhymes and Jingles*. Copyright, 1874, by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By Permission of the Publishers.



PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

Thomas Hood

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"I'm leaving my Mother, I'm growing so big!"

"So big, young pig,

So young, so big!

What! leaving your Mother, you foolish young pig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"I've got a new spade, and I'm going to dig."

"To dig, little pig?

A little pig dig!

Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"Why, I'm going to have a nice ride in a gig!"

"In a gig, little pig!

What! a pig in a gig!

Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig!"

I N T H E N U R S E R Y

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"Well, I'm going to the ball to dance a fine jig!"

"A jig, little pig!"

A pig dance a jig!

Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"I'm going to the fair to run a fine rig."

"A rig, little pig!"

A pig run a rig!

Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!"

"Where are you going to, you little pig?"

"I'm going to the barber's to buy me a wig!"

"A wig, little pig!"

A pig in a wig!

Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig!"



M Y B O O K H O U S E

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

An English Folk Tale

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.



The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss," cried the mouse, "give me my tail."

"No, no," says the cat. "I'll not give you your tail till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."



First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the cow and thus she began:



"Pray, Cow, give me some milk that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No, no," said the cow. "I'll give you no milk till you go to the farmer and get me some hay."



First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the farmer and thus she began:



"Pray, Farmer, give me some hay that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No, no," says the farmer, "I'll give you no hay till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."



First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the butcher and thus she began:



I N T H E N U R S E R Y

"Pray, Butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."

"No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."



First she leaped and then she ran
Till she came to the baker and thus she began:



"Pray, Baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my tail again."



"Yes," says the baker, "I'll give you some bread,
"But don't eat my meal or I'll cut off your head!"

Then the baker gave mouse bread,
and mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk and mouse gave cat milk and cat gave mouse her tail again.



M Y B O O K H O U S E

JOHNNY AND THE THREE GOATS

A Norse Tale

Now you shall hear!

Once there was a boy named Johnny, and he had three goats. All day long those goats leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed way up on the top of a hill, but every night Johnny went to fetch them and drove them home. One evening the frisky things leaped out of the road and over a fence and into a turnip-field and, try as he would, Johnny could not get them to come out again. There they were and there they stayed. Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried and cried and cried. As he sat there a Hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the Hare.

"I cry because I can't get the Goats out of the turnip-field," answered Johnny.

"I'll get the Goats out of the turnip-field," said the Hare. So he tried and he tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Hare sat down beside Johnny and began to cry, too.

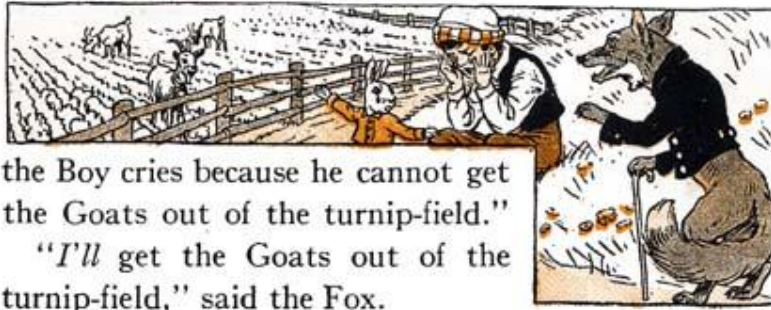
Along came a Fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the Fox.

"I cry because the Boy cries," said the Hare, "and



I N T H E N U R S E R Y



the Boy cries because he cannot get the Goats out of the turnip-field."

"I'll get the Goats out of the turnip-field," said the Fox.

So the Fox tried and he tried and he tried, but the Goats would not come. Then the Fox sat down beside Johnny and the Hare and began to cry, too.

Pretty soon along came a Wolf.

"Why do you cry?" asked the Wolf.

"I cry because the Hare cries," said the Fox, "and the Hare cries because the Boy cries, and the Boy cries because he can't get the Goats out of the turnip-field."

"I'll get the Goats out of the turnip-field," said the Wolf. So he tried and he tried and he tried and he tried, but the Goats would not leave the field. So the Wolf sat down beside Johnny and the Hare and the Fox and began to cry, too.

After a little a Bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying away for dear life, "Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo."

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"Why do you cry?" said the Bee to the Wolf.

"I cry because the Fox cries, and the Fox cries because the Hare cries, and the Hare cries because the Boy cries, and the Boy cries because he can't get the Goats out of the turnip-field."

"Much good it does to sit there and cry about it," said the Bee. "I'll get the Goats out of the turnip-field."



Then the great big Wolf, and the great big Fox, and the great big Hare, and the great big Boy all stopped boo-hooing a moment to poke fun at the tiny Bee.

"You get the Goats out of the turnip-field, indeed, when we could not. Ho, ho, ho, and hah, hah, hah. Ridiculous little creature."

But the tiny Bee flew away into the turnip-field and lit square in the ear of one of the Goats, and all he did was say, "Buzz-z-z. Buzz-z-z. Buz-z-z."

And out ran the Goats every one.



IN THE NURSERY

THE CLUCKING HEN

"Will you take a walk with me,
My little wife, today?
There's barley in the barley field,
And hayseed in the hay."

"Thank you," said the clucking hen;
"I've something else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs,
I cannot walk with you."



The clucking hen sat on her nest,
She made it on the hay;
And warm and snug beneath her breast,
A dozen white eggs lay.



Crack, crack, went all the eggs,
Out dropped the chickens small;
"Cluck," said the clucking hen,
"Now I have you all."

"Come along, my little chicks,
I'll take a walk with you."
"Hello!" said the barn-door cock,
"Cock-a-doodle-do!"

—From *Aunt Effie's Rhymes*.



BELLING THE CAT

Adapted from Aesop

Long ago the Mice all came together to talk over what they could do to keep themselves safe from the Cat. They sat around in a great circle under an old wash tub, with a candle for light, and wiggled their whiskers, and blinked their eyes, and looked very wise indeed. Some said, "Let us do this," and others said, "Let us do that," but at last a young Mouse got up, proudly swished his tail, and looked about as though to say he knew more than all the rest of them put together.

"I have thought of something," said he, "that will be sure to keep us safe from the Cat."

"Tell us what it is then," squeaked the other Mice.

"You all know," said the young Mouse, "it is because Pussy creeps up on us so very quietly, that she is right upon us before we see her. If we could

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only plan something which would let us know when she is coming, then we should always have plenty of time to scamper out of her way. Now I say, let us get a small bell and tie it by a ribbon around her neck. Then she will not be able to move at all without jingling the bell. So when we hear the bell tinkle, we shall always know that she is about and can easily keep out of her reach."

As the young Mouse sat down, very proud of himself, all the others clapped their paws and squeaked:

"Just the thing! Just the thing! Big-Whiskers has told us what we should do!"

They even began talking about whether they should get a silver bell or a brass one, and whether they should use a blue ribbon or a pink one. But at last an old Mouse got slowly up from his seat and said:

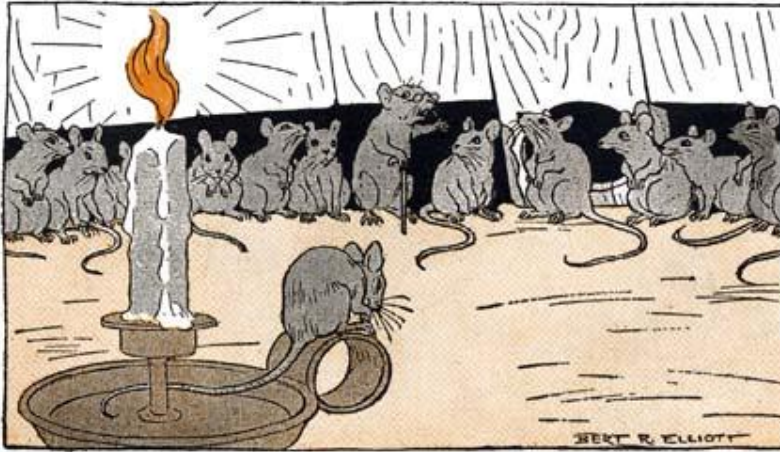


M Y B O O K H O U S E

"It is all very well what Big-Whiskers has said. What he has thought of would truly be wise, but WHO IS GOING TO PUT THE BELL ON THE CAT?"

The Mice looked at one another; nobody spoke a word. Who indeed would dare go straight up to Pussy and tie the bell about her neck? The old Mouse looked straight at Big-Whiskers, but Big-Whiskers was proud no more. He made himself as small as he could, for he had never, never thought to do such a thing himself. Then the old Mouse said:

"It is all very well to TALK about doing great things, but all that really counts is to DO them."



IN THE NURSERY

WHAT THEY SAY*

Mary Mapes Dodge

What does the drum say? "Rub-a-dub-dub!
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! Pound away, bub!
Make as much racket as ever you can.
Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Go it, my man!"

What does the trumpet say? "Toot-a-toot-too!
Toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot! Hurrah for you!
Blow in this end, sir, and hold me out, so.
Toot-a-toot! toot-a-toot! Why don't you blow?"

What does the whip say? "Snaperty-snap!
Call **that** a crack, sir—flipperty flap!
Up with the handle, and down with the lash.
Snaperty! snaperty! Done in a flash."



* From *Rhymes and Jingles*. Copyright, 1874, by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.; 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

MY BOOK HOUSE



THE LITTLE BIG MAN*

Rabindranath Tagore

I am small because I am a little child. I shall be big when I am as old as my father is.

My teacher will come and say, "It is late, bring your slate and your books."

I shall tell him, "Do you not know I am as big as father? And I must not have lessons any more."

My master will wonder and say, "He can leave his books if he likes, for he is grown up."

I shall dress myself and walk to the fair where the crowd is thick.

My uncle will come rushing up to me and say, "You will get lost, my boy; let me carry you."

I shall answer, "Can't you see, uncle, I am as big

* From *The Crescent Moon*. Copyright, 1913. Used by courteous permission of The Macmillan Company.

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as father? I must go to the fair alone."

Uncle will say, "Yes, he can go wherever he likes, for he is grown up."

Mother will come from her bath when I am giving money to my nurse, for I shall know how to open the box with my key.

Mother will say, "What are you about, naughty child?"

I shall tell her, "Mother, don't you know, I am as big as father, and I must give silver to my nurse."

Mother will say to herself, "He can give money to whom he likes, for he is grown up."

In the holiday time in October father will come home and, thinking that I am still a baby, will bring for me from the town little shoes and small silken frocks.

I shall say, "Father, give them to my *dādā*, for I am as big as you are."

Father will think and say, "He can buy his own clothes if he likes, for he is grown up."



M Y B O O K H O U S E

THE FARMER'S BOY

When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's horses,
With a gee-wo here, and a gee-wo there,
Here a gee, and there a gee,
And everywhere a gee-wo.



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's cows,
With a moo-moo here, and a moo-moo there,
Here a moo, and there a moo,
And everywhere a moo-moo.



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's chickens,
With a cluck-cluck here, and a cluck-cluck there,
Here a cluck, and there a cluck,
And everywhere a cluck-cluck!



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's dogs,
With a bow-wow here, and a bow-wow there,
Here a bow, and there a wow,
And everywhere a bow-wow!

I N T H E N U R S E R Y

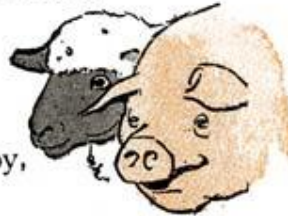
When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's ducks,
With a quack-quack here, and a quack-quack there,
Here a quack, and there a quack,
And everywhere a quack, quack!



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's turkeys,
With a gobble-gobble here, and a gobble-gobble
there,
Here a gobble, there a gobble,
Everywhere a gobble-gobble!



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's lambs,
With a baa-baa here, and a baa-baa there,
Here a baa, and there a baa,
And everywhere a baa-baa!



When I was a farmer, a Farmer's Boy,
I used to keep my master's pigs,
With a grunt-grunt here, and a grunt-grunt there,
Here a grunt, and there a grunt,
And everywhere a grunt-grunt!