

RING O' ROSES

A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book



WITH DRAWINGS BY
L. LESLIE BROOKE



RING O' ROSES:

A NURSERY RHYME PICTURE BOOK

*With numerous Drawings in
Colour and Black-and-White*

by

L. LESLIE BROOKE.



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Ring o' Roses A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book

Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke (1862-1940)

A collection of Classical children's nursery rhymes. Many familiar, a few unfamiliar, all simple and easy for younger children.

Read by Larysa Jaworski

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Ring o' Roses: A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book

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THE MAN IN THE MOON



The Man in the Moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich;





They told him south,
And he burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.



TO MARKET, TO MARKET



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.



THERE WAS A MAN

There was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;





He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him;



But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;



He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN



The Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;

The Lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.



Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them
brown;

Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET





Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;



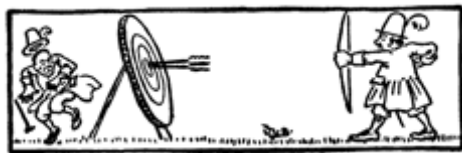
There came a big Spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.





ORANGES AND LEMONS

*Gay go up, and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town.*



Bull's eyes and targets
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.



Oranges and Lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.



Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.



I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

*Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.*

GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER



Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Where shall I wander?

Upstairs, downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber.



There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers:
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.



HUMPTY DUMPTY



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 Dumpty together
again.



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP



Baa, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:



One for my master,
And one for my Dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane!



THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Three wise men of Gotham



Went to sea in a bowl:

If the bowl had been stronger,



My song would have been longer.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET



This little pig went to market;





This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig had roast beef;





This little pig had none;

This little pig cried "Wee, wee, wee!"

I can't

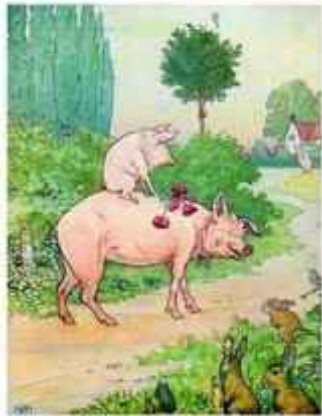
find

my

way



home!"



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.



SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;





Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Do you mean to pay?"

Says Simon, "Yes, of course I
do!"
And then he ran away.



Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:

All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



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 crooked little house.



LITTLE BO-BEEP

LITTLE BO-BEEP



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;

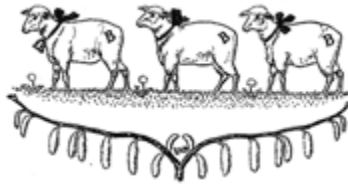
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.





Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.



RING O' ROSES

Ring a ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies;





Hush! hush! hush!
And we all tumble
down.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead;





He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make,
make;

To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake,
drake, drake.



GOOD KING ARTHUR

When good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole 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.



HICKETY PICKETY MY BLACK HEN

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;



Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO



Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know 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 lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick;
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!



Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,
For dame and doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE

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?"

