

Classical Rhymes for Children



MATER DEI EDUCATION

Classical Rhymes for Children

Mater Dei Education

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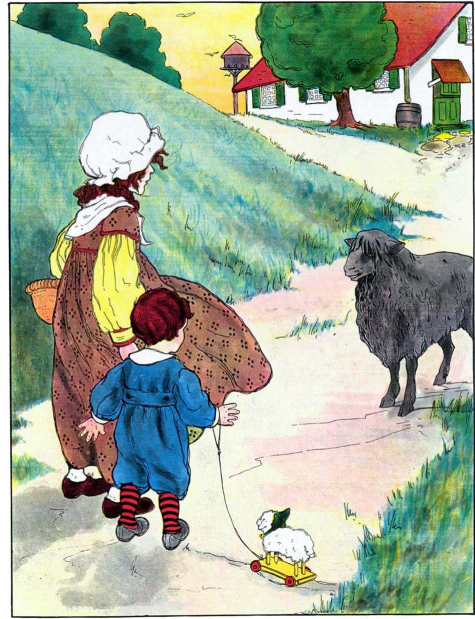
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Baa Baa Black Sheep

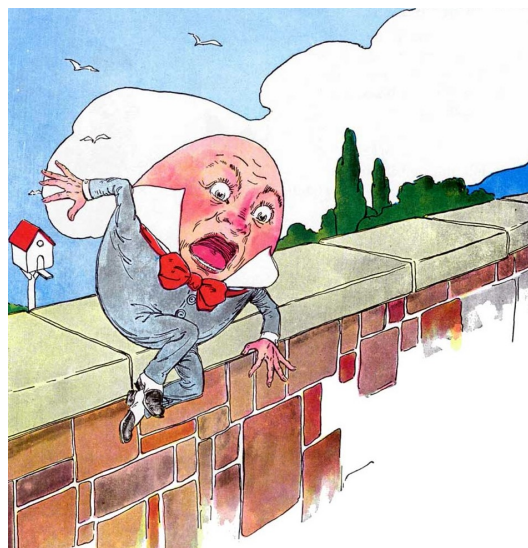
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes sir, yes sir,
Three bags full;
One for the master,
And one for the dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives down the lane.



BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

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 together again.



Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.



The Cat and the Fiddle

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.



Ipsy Wipsey Spider

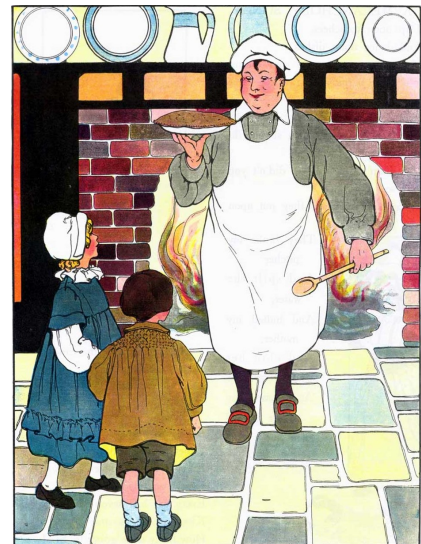
Ipsy Wipsey spider, climbing up the spout;
Down came the rain and washed the spider out;
Out came the sunshine and dried up all the rain;
And Ipsy Wipsey spider, climbing up again.

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider, who sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Pat-a-Cake

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 T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



PAT-A-CAKE

Pease Porridge

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.



PEASE PORRIDGE HOT

Ring-a-Ring O'Roses

Ring-a-ring o'roses,
A pocket full of posies,
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down.

See-Saw, Margery Daw

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new master;
Jacky shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.



SEE-SAW

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!"



Mary, Mary

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



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

Star Light

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

Christmas is Coming

Christmas is coming,
The geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny
In the old man's hat;
If you haven't got a penny,
A ha'penny will do,
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
Then God bless you!



Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life,
As three blind mice?



THREE BLIND MICE

This Little Pig Went to Market

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
And this little pig cried, Wee-wee-wee,
And ran all the way home.

Polly Put the Kettle On

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.



Tommy Tucker

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 shall he marry
Without e'er a wife?



LITTLE TOM TUCKER

The Bat

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.



Tom, Tom

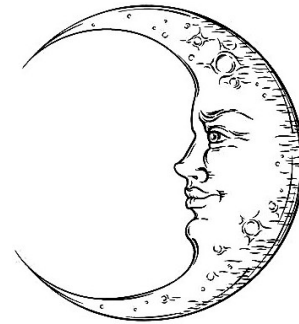
Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Anna Maria

Anna Maria, she sat on a fire,
The fire was too hot, she sat on a pot,
The pot was too round, she sat on the ground,
The ground was too flat, she sat on a cat,
The cat ran away with Maria on her back.

The Moon

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



A Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.



One, Two, Three, Four, Five

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on the right.

Lucy and Kitty

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a penny was there in it,
Only ribbon round it.



LUCY LOCKET

Old Woman

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



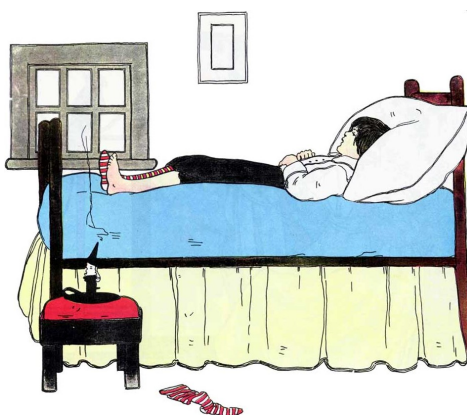
Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling

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.



The Grand Old Duke of York

Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the 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 only halfway up,
They were neither up nor down.

Baby Bunting

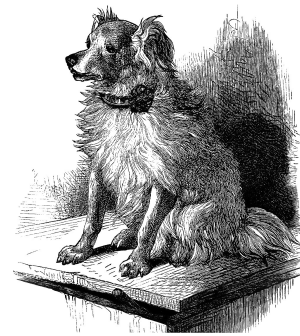
Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.



HERE SITS THE LORD MAYOR

Higglety, Pigglety

Higglety, pigglety, pop!
The dog has eaten the mop;
The pig's in a hurry,
The cat's in a flurry,
Higglety, pigglety, pop!



Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

All Work and No Play

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work makes Jack a mere toy.

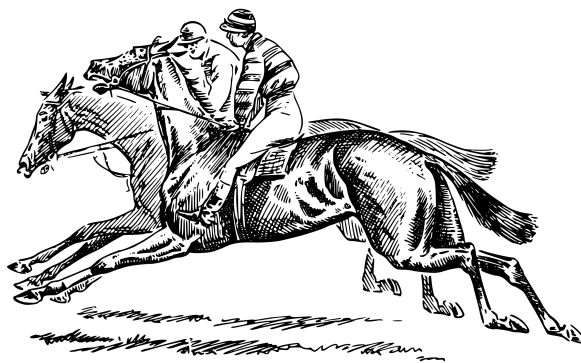


Race Starting

Bell horses, bell horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Three and away.

One to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare.

One for the money,
Two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go.



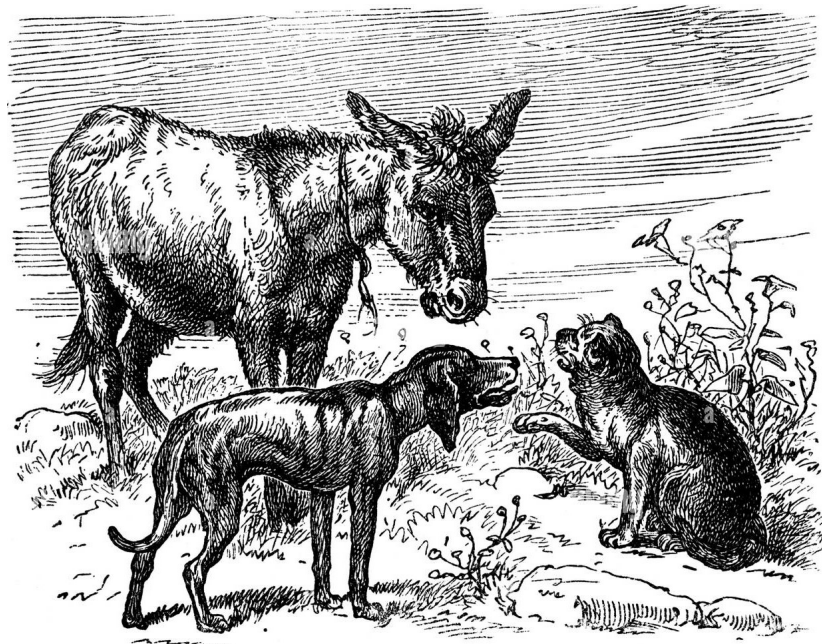
Bow-wow

Bow-wow says the dog,
Mew-mew says the cat,
Grunt-grunt goes the hog,
And squeak goes the rat.

Whoo-oo says the owl,
Caw, caw says the crow,
Quack-quack says the duck,
And what cuckoos say, you know.

So with cuckoos and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs.

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well-sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.



Cock-a-Doodle-Do

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 doodle doodle doo.

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



The Cuckoo

Cuckoo, cuckoo, what do you do?
In April I open my bill;
In May I sing all day;
In June I change my tune;
In July away I fly;
In August away I must.



Ding Dong Bell

Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To try to drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed all the mice in his father's barn.



Goosy Gander

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down the stairs.



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

Hush-a-Bye

Hush-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.

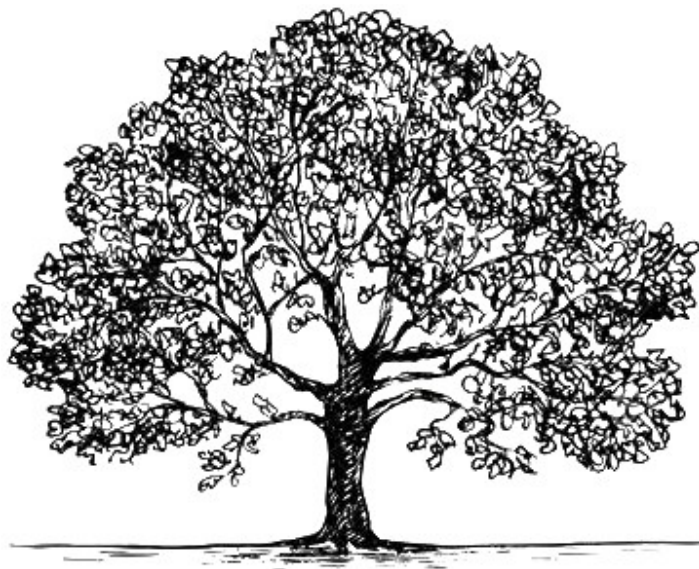


If All the World Was Paper

If all the world was paper,
And all the seas were ink,
If all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

The Little Nut Tree

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.



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;
Went to bed,
To mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

When Jill came in,
How she did grin
To see Jack's paper plaster;
His mother, vexed,
Did whip her next,
For laughing at Jack's disaster.

Now Jack did laugh
And Jill did cry,
But her tears did soon abate;
Then Jill did say,
That they should play
At see-saw across the gate.



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.



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
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Why does the lamb love Mary so?
The eager children cry;
Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,
The teacher did reply.



One, Two

1, 2,
Buckle my shoe;

3, 4,
Knock at the door;

5, 6,
Pick up sticks;

7, 8,
Lay them straight;

9, 10,
A big fat hen;

11, 12,
Dig and delve;

13, 14,
Maids a-courting;

15, 16
Maids in the kitchen;

17, 18,
Maids a-waiting;

19, 20,
My plate's empty.



Pussy-Cat

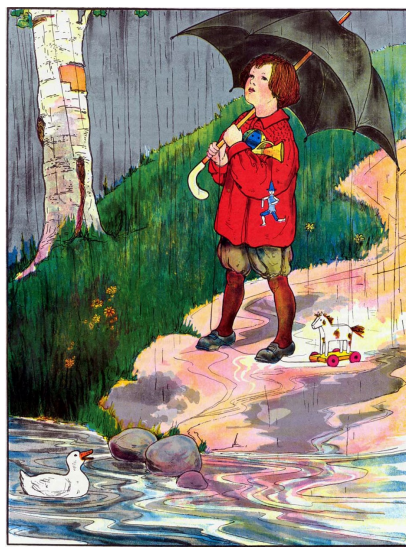
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under her chair.



PUSSY-CAT AND QUEEN

Rain

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.
Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Never show your face again.



RAIN

The Sky

Red sky at night,
Shepherd's delight;
Red sky in the morning,
Shepherd's warning.

Cockles and Mussels

In Dublin's fair city
Where the girls are so pretty
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She was a fishmonger
And sure 'twas no wonder
For so were her father and mother before
And they both wheeled their barrows
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

She died of a fever
And no one could save her
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone
Now her ghost wheels her barrow
Through streets broad and narrow
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh"

Alive, alive, oh! Alive, alive, oh!
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"



Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens
They lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, Mother dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost.
What! Lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Meow, meow, meow.
No, you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens
Found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, Mother dear,
See here, see here,
For we have found our mittens.
Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have some pie.



The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! Soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Meow, meow, meow.
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens
They washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens.
What! Washed your mittens,
Then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Meow, meow, meow.
We smell a rat close by.



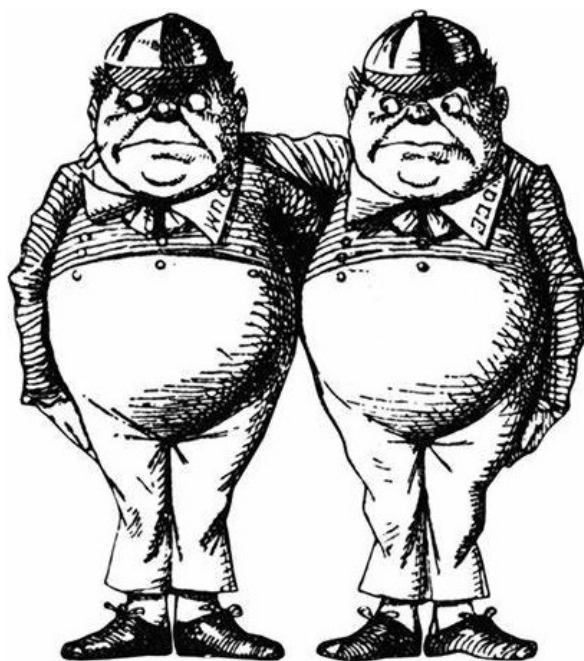
To Bed

To bed, to bed,
Says Sleepyhead;
Tarry a while, says Slow;
Put on the pan,
Says Greedy Nan,
Let's sup before we go.



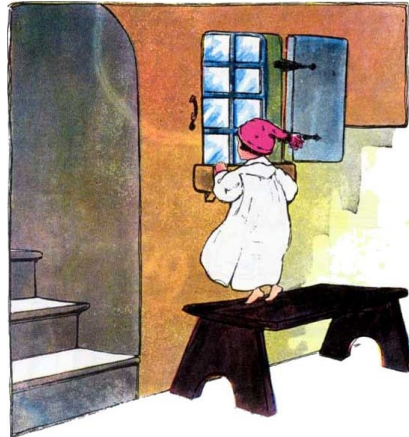
Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.



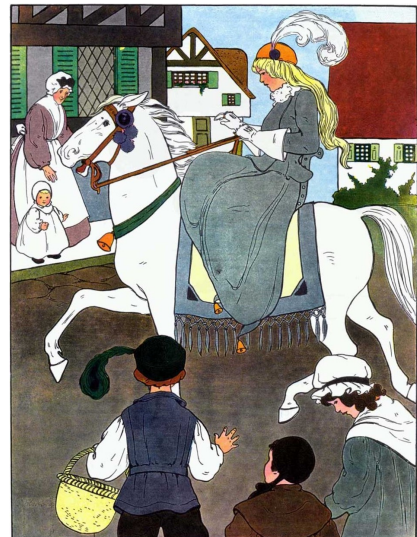
Willy Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are all the children in their beds, it’s past eight o’clock?”



Ride a Cock-Horse

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.



RIDE A COCK-HORSE TO BANBURY CROSS

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

This is the way we come out of school,
Come out of school, come out of school,
This is the way we come out of school,
On a cold and frosty morning.



Alphabet Pie

A was an
Apple pie,

B
Bit it,

C
Cut it,

D
Dealt it,

E
Eat it,

F
Fought for it,

G
Got it,

H
Had it,



I
Inspected it,

J
Jumped for it,

K
Kept it,

L
Longed for it,

M
Mourned for it,

N
Nodded at it,

O
Opened it,

P
Peeped in it,

Q
Quartered it,



R
Ran for it,

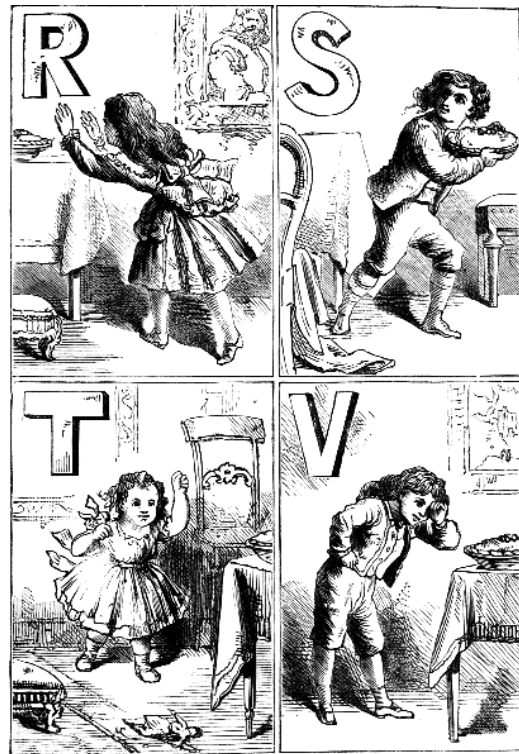
S
Stole it,

T
Took it,

U
Upset it,

V
Viewed it,

W
Wanted it,



X, Y, Z and ampersand
All wished for
A piece in hand.



A Nail

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of a horse, the rider was lost;
For want of a rider, the battle was lost;
For want of a battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.



Sing a Song of Sixpence

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?

The king was in his counting house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey.

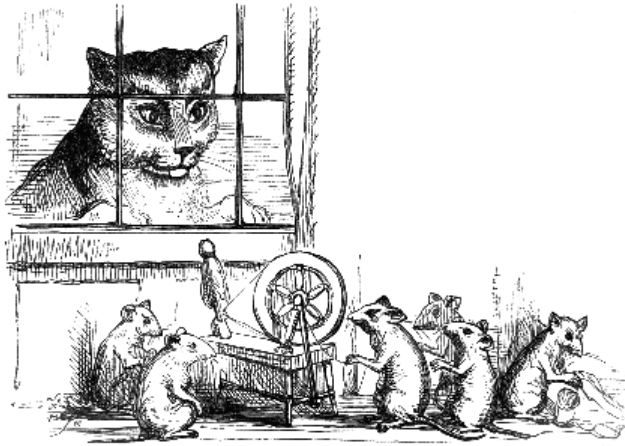
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Six Little Mice

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
What are you doing, my little men?
We're weaving coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
Oh, no, Miss Pussy, 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.

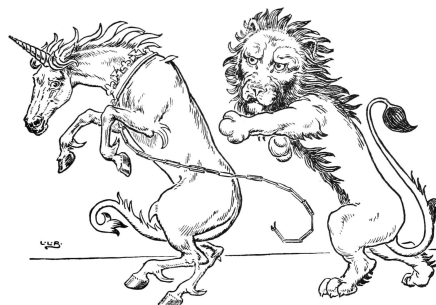


The Kilkenny Cats

There once were two cats of Kilkenny.
Each thought there was one cat too many,
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till excepting their nails
And the tips of their tails
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

The Lion and the Unicorn

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All around the town.



Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake
And sent them out of town.

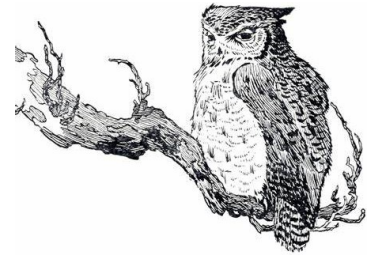
Girls and Boys Come Out to Play

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And join your playfellows in the street.
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A penny loaf will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.



The Owl

A wise old owl sat in an oak;
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard;
Why aren't we all like that wise old bird?



The Mischievous Raven

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump,
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

A raven cried "Croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump,
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump,
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.



Away in a Manger

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head.

The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing
The poor baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes

I love Thee, Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side
'Til morning is nigh

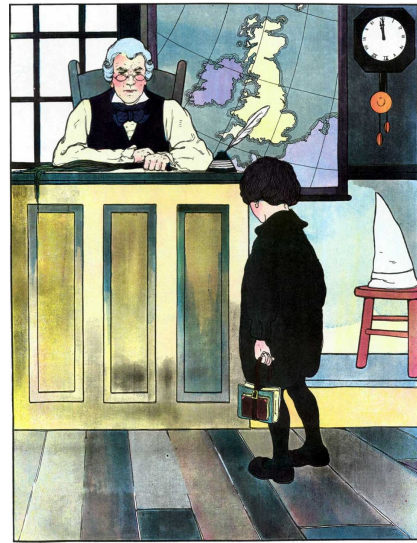
Be near me, Lord Jesus
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me forever
And love me I pray

Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care
And take us to heaven
To live with Thee there



Ten O'Clock Scholar

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.



THE TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

The Bells of London

“Oranges and lemons,”
Say the bells of St. Clement’s.

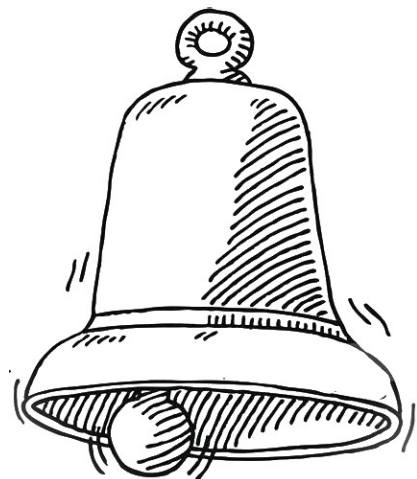
“You owe me five farthings,”
Say the bells of St. Martin’s.

“When will you pay me?”
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

“When I grow rich,”
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

“When will that be?”
Say the bells of Stepney.

“I do not know,”
Says the great bell of Bow.



What Can the Matter Be?

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing to please me,
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's O dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to buy me a pair of sleeve buttons,
A pair of new garters that cost him but twopence,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's O dear, what can the matter be?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.



THE BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS

If All the Seas

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 he 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!



Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give the poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

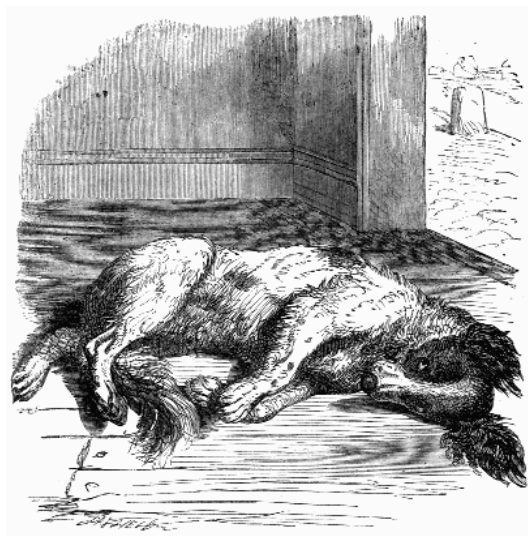
She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing

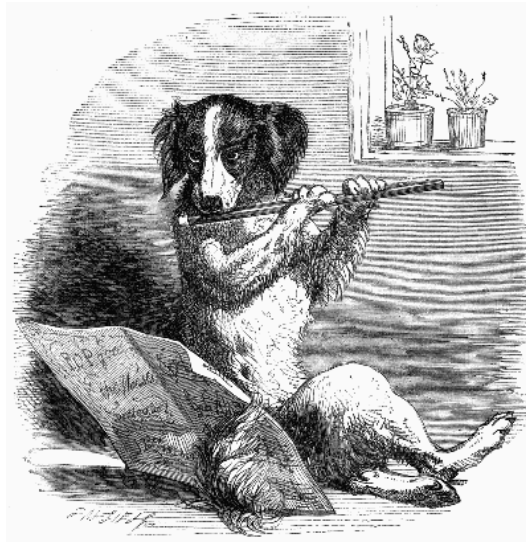
She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish;
But when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.



She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.



The Summer Time is Coming

Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

I will build my love a tower
Near yon pure crystal fountain And on it I will build
All the flowers of the mountain
Will ye go lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

If my true love she were gone
I would surely find another
Where wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pluck wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?



Oh, the summertime is coming
And the trees are sweetly blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather
Will ye go lassie, go?



The House That Jack Built

This is the house
That Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.



This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.



This is the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn
That woke the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That woke the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

This is the horse and the hound and the horn
That belonged to the farmer sowing his corn
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn
That woke the priest all shaven and shorn
That married the man all tattered and torn
That kissed the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.



