WORLD FAMOUS NURSERY RHYMES

Volume I
THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich.

He went by the south and burnt his mouth,
With supping cold pease porridge.
What’s the news of the day,
Good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.
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."
This little pig went to market,

This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had roast beef,

This little pig had none,

And this little pig cried,
Wee, Wee, Wee, all the way home.
LAVENDER’S BLUE

Lavender’s blue, diddle, diddle,
Lavender’s green;
When I am king, diddle, diddle,
You shall be queen.
Call up your men, diddle, diddle,  
Set them to work,  
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,  
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,  
Some to thresh corn,  
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,  
Keep ourselves warm.
Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.

One had a mouse and the other had none,
And that’s the way the quarrel began.

“I’ll have that mouse,” said the bigger cat.
“You’ll have that mouse? We’ll see about that!”

“I will have that mouse,” said the older one;
“You shan’t have the mouse,” said the little one.
I told you before ’twas a stormy night,  
When those two little kittens began to fight:

The old woman seized her sweeping broom,  
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,  
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.

So they lay them down on the mat at the door,  
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,  
All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice.

For they found it much better, that stormy night,  
To lie down and sleep, than to quarrel and fight.
Molly my sister, and I, fell out.
And what do you think it was about!
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn’t agree.
If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the seas were ink,
If all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?
I love little kitty,
her coat is so warm,
And if I don’t hurt her,
she’ll do me no harm.
I won’t pull her tail
or drive her away,
And kitty and I
together will play.

MULTIPLICATION
IS VEXATION

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.
There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"
Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.
Hoddley, poddley, puddle and fogs,
Cats are to marry the poodle dogs,
Cats in blue jackets, and dogs in red hats;
What will become of the mice and rats?
Which is the way to London Town?
To see the King in his golden crown.
One foot up and one foot down,
That’s the way to London Town.

Which is the way to London Town?
To see the Queen in her silken gown.
Left, right, up and down,
Soon you’ll be in London Town.
The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!
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.
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.
Little Betty Blue
Little Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she will walk in two.

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

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy,
wealthy
and wise.

Doctor Foster

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester,
in a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle
right up to his middle,
And never
went
there
again.
Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over,
The candlestick.
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep’s in the meadow,
The cow’s in the corn.
But where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He’s under the haystack, fast asleep.
Ba-a, Ba-a, black sheep

Baa, Baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:
One for my master and one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
that lives
down
the
lane.
Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pie-man
    Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
    “Let me taste your ware.”
Said the pie-man to Simple Simon:
    “Show me first your penny.”
Said Simple Simon to the pie-man:
    “Sir, I haven’t any.”
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
baker’s man!
So I will, master,
as fast as I can;
Pat it and prick it
and mark it
with “T”,
And put it in the oven
for Tommy
and
me.
I had a Little Pony

I had a little pony,
    His name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady,
    To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
    She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend
    my pony now,
For all
    a lady’s
     hire.
Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
   How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
   And pretty maids all in a row.
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.
One, Two, buckle my shoe

One, Two, buckle my shoe,
Three, Four, knock at the door,
Five, Six, pick up sticks,
Seven, Eight, lay them straight,
Nine, Ten, the good fat hen.
Eleven, Twelve, dig and delve,
Thirteen, Fourteen, maids a’courting,
Fifteen, Sixteen, maids in the kitchen,
Seventeen, Eighteen, maids a’waiting,
Nineteen, Twenty,
my plate’s empty.
There was an old woman,
Lived under a hill;
And if she’s not gone,
She lives there still.

Baked apples she sold,
And cranberry pies,
And she’s the old woman
Who never told lies.
Hey, Diddle, Diddle!

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.
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
One misty, moisty morning,
when cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
and I began to grin,
How do you do,
and how do you do,
And how do you do again?
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