

LANG
ANDREW

THE NURSERY
RHYME BOOK

Andrew Lang
The Nursery Rhyme Book

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The Nursery Rhyme Book:

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The Nursery Rhyme Book

Preface

TO read the old Nursery Rhymes brings back queer lost memories of a man's own childhood. One seems to see the loose floppy picture-books of long ago, with their boldly coloured pictures. The books were tattered and worn, and my first library consisted of a wooden box full of these volumes. And I can remember being imprisoned for some crime in the closet where the box was, and how my gaolers found me, happy and impenitent, sitting on the box, with its contents all round me, reading.

There was "Who Killed Cock Robin?" which I knew by heart before I could read, and I learned to read (entirely "without tears") by picking out the letters in the familiar words. I remember the Lark dressed as a clerk, but what a clerk might be I did not ask. Other children, who are little now, will read this book, and remember it well when they have forgotten a great deal of history and geography. We do not know what poets wrote the old Nursery Rhymes, but certainly some of them were written down, or even printed, three hundred years ago. Grandmothers have sung them to their grandchildren, and they again to theirs,

for many centuries. In Scotland an old fellow will take a child on his knee for a ride, and sing —

"This is the way the ladies ride,
Jimp and sma', — "

a smooth ride, then a rough trot, —

"This is the way the cadgers ride.
Creels and a'!"

Such songs are sometimes not printed, but they are never forgotten.

About the people mentioned in this book: — We do not exactly know who Old King Cole was, but King Arthur must have reigned some time about 500 to 600 A.D. As a child grows up, he will, if he is fond of poetry, read thousands of lines about this Prince, and the Table Round where his Knights dined, and how four weeping Queens carried him from his last fight to Avalon, a country where the apple-trees are always in bloom. But the reader will never forget the bag-pudding, which "the Queen next morning fried." Her name was Guinevere, and the historian says that she "was a true lover, and therefore made she a good end." But she had a great deal of unhappiness in her life.

I cannot tell what King of France went up the hill with twenty thousand men, and did nothing when he got there. But I do know who Charley was that "loved good ale and wine," and also "loved

good brandy," and was fond of a pretty girl, "as sweet as sugar-candy." This was the banished Prince of Wales, who tried to win back his father's kingdom more than a hundred years ago, and gained battles, and took cities, and would have recovered the throne if his officers had followed him. But he was as unfortunate as he was brave, and when he had no longer a chance, perhaps he *did* love good ale and wine rather too dearly. As for the pretty girls, they all ran after him, and he could not run away like Georgey Porgey. There is plenty of poetry about Charley, as well as about King Arthur.

About King Charles the First, "upon a black horse," a child will soon hear at least as much as he can want, and perhaps his heart "will be ready to burst," as the rhyme says, with sorrow for the unhappy King. After he had his head cut off, "the Parliament soldiers went to the King," that is, to his son Charles, and crowned him in his turn, but he was thought a little too gay. Then we come to the King "who had a daughter fair, and gave the Prince of Orange her."

There is another rhyme about him: —

"O what's the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?

The lad has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog, he shall na keep it lang,
To flinch we'll make him fain again;
We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
And James shall have his ain again."

The truth is, that the Prince of Orange and the King's daughter fair (really a very pretty lady, with a very ugly husband) were not at all kind to the King, but turned him out of England. He was the grandfather of Charley who loved good ale and wine, and who very nearly turned out King Georgey Porgey, a German who "kissed the girls and made them cry," as the poet likewise says. Georgey was not a handsome King, and nobody cared much for him; and if any poetry was made about him, it was very bad stuff, and all the world has forgotten it. He had a son called Fred, who was killed by a cricket-ball – an honourable death. A poem was made when Fred died: —

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
If it had been his father,
I would much rather;
If it had been his brother,
Still better than another;
If it had been his sister,
No one would have missed her;

If it had been the whole generation,
So much the better for the nation.
But as it's only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
Why there's no more to be said."

This poet seems to have preferred Charley, who wore a white rose in his bonnet, and was much handsomer than Fred.

Another rhyme tells about Jim and George, and how Jim got George by the nose. This Jim was Charley's father, and the George whom he "got by the nose" was Georgey Porgey, the fat German. Jim was born on June 10; so another song says —

"Of all the days that's in the year,
The Tenth of June to me's most dear,
When our White Roses will appear
To welcome Jamie the Rover."

But, somehow, George really got Jim by the nose, in spite of what the poet says; for it does not do to believe all the history in song-books.

After these songs there is not much really useful information in the Nursery Rhymes. Simple Simon was not Simon Fraser of Lovat, who was sometimes on Jim's side, and sometimes on George's, till he got his head cut off by King George. That Simon was not simple.

The Babes in the Wood you may read about here and in longer

poems; for instance, in a book called "The Ingoldsby Legends." It was their wicked uncle who lost them in the wood, because he wanted their money. Uncles were exceedingly bad long ago, and often smothered their nephews in the Tower, or put out their eyes with red-hot irons. But now uncles are the kindest people in the world, as every child knows.

About Brian O'Lin there is more than this book says: —

"Brian O'Lin had no breeches to wear;
He bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
The woolly side out, and the other side in:
'It's pleasant and cool,' says Brian O'Lin."

He is also called Tom o' the Lin, and seems to have been connected with Young Tamlane, who was carried away by the Fairy Queen, and brought back to earth by his true love. Little Jack Horner lived at a place called Mells, in Somerset, in the time of Henry VIII. The plum he got was an estate which had belonged to the priests. I find nobody else here about whom history teaches us till we come to Dr. Faustus. He was *not* "a very good man"; that is a mistake, or the poem was written by a friend of the Doctor's. In reality he was a wizard, and raised up Helen of Troy from the other world, the most beautiful woman who ever was seen. Dr. Faustus made an agreement with Bogie, who, after the Doctor had been gay for a long time, came and carried him off in a flash of fire. You can read about it all in several books, when you are a good deal older. Dr. Faustus was a German, and the

best play about him is by a German poet.

As to Tom the Piper's Son, he was probably the son of a Highlander, for they were mostly on Charley's side, who was "Over the hills and far away." Another song says —

"There was a wind, it came to me
Over the south and over the sea,
And it has blown my corn and hay
Over the hills and far away.
But though it left me bare indeed,
And blew my bonnet off my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae,
It has not blown my sword away.
Then o'er the hills and over the dales,
Over all England, and thro' Wales,
The broadsword yet shall bear the sway,
Over the hills and far away!"

Tom piped this tune, and pleased both the girls and boys.

About the two birds that sat on a stone, on the "All-Alone Stone," you can read in a book called "The Water-Babies."

Concerning the Frog that lived in a well, and how he married a King's daughter and was changed into a beautiful Prince, there is a fairy tale which an industrious child ought to read. The frog in the rhyme is not nearly so lucky.

After these rhymes there come a number of riddles, of which the answers are given. Then there are charms, which people used

to think would help in butter-making or would cure diseases. It is not generally thought now that they are of much use, but there can be no harm in trying. Nobody will be burned now for saying these charms, like the poor old witches long ago. The Queen Anne mentioned on page 172 was the sister of the other Princess who married the Prince of Orange, and she was Charley's aunt. She had seventeen children, and only one lived to be as old as ten years. He was a nice boy, and had a regiment of boy-soldiers.

"Hickory Dickory Dock" is a rhyme for counting out a lot of children. The child on whom the last word falls has to run after the others in the game of "Tig" or "Chevy." There is another of the same kind: —

"Onery
Twoery
Tickery
Tin
Alamacrack
Tenamalin
Pin
Pan
Musky Dan
Tweedleum
Twiddleum
Twenty-one
Black fish
White trout
Eery, Ory

You are out."

Most of the rhymes in this part of the book are sung in games and dances by children, and are very pretty to see and hear. They are very old, too, and in an old book of travels in England by a Danish gentleman, he gives one which he heard sung by children when Charles II. was king. They still sing it in the North of Scotland.

In this collection there are nonsense songs to sing to babies to make them fall asleep.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, on [page 207](#), were two young ladies in Scotland long ago. The plague came to Perth, where they lived, so they built a bower in a wood, far off the town. But their lovers came to see them in the bower, and brought the infection of the plague, and they both died. There is a little churchyard and a ruined church in Scotland, where the people who died of the plague, more than two hundred years ago, were buried, and we used to believe that if the ground was stirred, the plague would fly out again, like a yellow cloud, and kill everybody.

There is a French rhyme like "Blue-Eye Beauty" —

"Les yeux bleus
Vont aux cieux.
Les yeux gris
Vont à Paradis.
Les yeux noirs
Vont à Purgatoire."

None of the other rhymes seem to be anything but nonsense, and nonsense is a very good thing in its way, especially with pictures. Any child who likes can get Mrs. Markham's "History of England," and read about the Jims, and Georges, and Charleys, but I scarcely think that such children are very common. However, the facts about these famous people are told here shortly, and if there is any more to be said about Jack and Jill, I am sure I don't know what it is, or where the hill they sat on is to be found in the geography books.

I. Historical

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, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

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 stuff'd 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.

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 was because of my little nut-tree.
I skipp'd over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

THE King of France, and four thousand men,
They drew their swords, and put them up again.

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.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November.
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I know no reason

Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

OVER the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley;
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley;
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best flour,
To make a white cake for my Charley.

AS I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh, dear! my heart was ready to burst!

HIGH diddle ding,
Did you hear the bells ring?
The parliament soldiers are gone to the King!
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,

To see the parliament soldiers pass by.

HECTOR PROTECTOR was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
Nor more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

WHAT is the rhyme *for poringer*?
The King he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

AS I walked by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny goat,

I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang,
And a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

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 had eat two, she had eat a couple.

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

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came again.

JIM and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn;
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to girn.

See saw, sack-a-day;
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy;
And why should I these three destroy,
To please a pious brother!¹

¹ The boys are sons of Charles II. The pious brother is James, Duke of York.

II. Literal and Scholastic

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

IF ifs and ands,
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

TELL tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

BIRCH and green holly, boys,
Birch and green holly.
If you get beaten, boys,
'Twill be your own folly.

COME when you're called,

Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.

WAS an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, and followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an Innkeeper, who loved to bouse,
J was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed this land,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, and hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Oyster Wench, and went about town,
P was a Parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of good flip,
R was a Robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an Usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.

Y was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z was a Zany, a poor harmless fool.

A WAS an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E ate it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined 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;
V viewed it,
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and amperse-and,
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

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,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then;
When he whipp'd them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipp'd them back again!

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.

WHEN V and I together meet,
They make the number Six compleat.

When I with V doth meet once more,
Then 'tis they Two can make but Four.
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

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

IN fir tar is,
In oak none is.
In mud eel is,
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats.

CROSS patch,

Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

I LOVE my love with an A, because he's Agreeable.
I hate him because he's Avaricious.
He took me to the Sign of the Acorn,
And treated me with Apples.
His name's Andrew,
And he lives at Arlington.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,

Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maid a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

III. Tales

THE man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich,
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

MY dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light.
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red

Brought strawberry-leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long
They sung them this song:
"Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

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 little crooked house.

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,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"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'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory, —
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother, —
And now my story's done.

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
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.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

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.

BRYAN O'LIN, and his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over a bridge together;
The bridge was broken, and they all fell in,
The deuce go with all! quoth Bryan O'Lin.

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.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

DOCTOR FOSTER went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to his middle,
And never went there again.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!
A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,

And all the good people,
And yet he complained that his stomach wasn't full.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high:

The bull's in the barn threshing the corn,
The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
The cat's at the fire frying of fish,
The dog's in the pantry breaking his dish.

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother
The news for to tell;
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,

And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then, —
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,

And mounting its back,
Flow up to the moon.

OLD Abram Brown is dead and gone,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That button'd down before.

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

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered:
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come, you'll find:
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung

Of busy lady Wind.

PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,

And said, "What a good boy am I!"

SOLOMON GRUNDY,

Born on a Monday,

Christened on Tuesday,

Married on Wednesday,

Took ill on Thursday,

Worse on Friday,

Died on Saturday,

Buried on Sunday:

This is the end

Of Solomon Grundy.

IV. Proverbs

TO make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

ST. SWITHIN's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

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

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven!
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven. [*Hours of Sleep.*]

SEE a pin and pick it up,

All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins.
When a man marries his trouble begins.

BOUNCE buckram, velvet's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

IF you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

A SWARM of bees in May

Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.
Is not worth a fly.

YEOW mussent sing a' Sunday,
Becaze it is a sin,
But yeow may sing a' Monday

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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