

# VARIOUS

YOUNG CANADA'S  
NURSERY RHYMES

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**Young Canada's Nursery Rhymes**

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## Various Young Canada's Nursery Rhymes

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;  
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 &, all wish'd for a piece in hand.

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.

Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;  
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

My little old man and I fell out,  
I'll tell you what it was all about;  
I had money and he had none,  
And that's the way the noise begun.

Bow-wow-wow, whose dog art thou?  
Little Tom Tucker's dog, bow-wow-wow.

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,

And Practice drives me mad.

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.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so betwixt them both, you see,  
They made the platter clean.

(A Star)  
Higher than a house, higher than a tree;  
Oh! Whatever can that be?

Little Miss Muffett  
She sat on a tuffett,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

1. This pig went to market; 2. This pig stayed at home; 3. This pig had a bit of meat; 4. And this pig had none; 5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee! 6. I can't find my way home.

Little Polly Flinders  
Sate among the cinders  
Warming her pretty little toes!  
Her mother came and caught her,  
And whipped her little daughter,  
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Dance little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind baby, mother is nigh;  
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, mother will sing,  
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

Here sits the Lord Mayor.....forehead.  
Here sits his two men .....eyes.

Here sits the cock.....right cheek.  
Here sits the hen.....left cheek.  
Here sit the little chickens.....tip of nose.  
Here they run in.....mouth  
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin!..chuck the chin.

To market, To market, to buy a fat pig,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.  
To market, To market, to buy a fat hog,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

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.

Swan, swan, over the sea;  
Swim, swan, swim.  
Swan, swan, back again;  
Well swam, swan.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

I had a little hobby horse,  
And it was dapple grey;  
Its head was made of pea-straw,  
Its tail was made of hay.  
I sold it to an old woman  
For a copper groat;  
And I'll not sing my song again  
Without a new coat.

Handy Spanky, Jack-a-dandy,  
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;  
He bought some at a grocer's shop.  
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick;  
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat? White bread an butter.  
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?  
How will he marry without e'er a wife?

Three straws on a staff

Would make a baby cry and laugh.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see an old lady ride on a white horse,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
So she makes music wherever she goes.

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

Dickery, Dickery, Dock!  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck One!  
And down the mouse ran,  
Dickery, Dickery, Dock!

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;  
Pussy came by, and popped her head in;  
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"  
"Oh, no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

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

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
He went to bed with his stockings on;  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

All of a row, bend the bow;

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