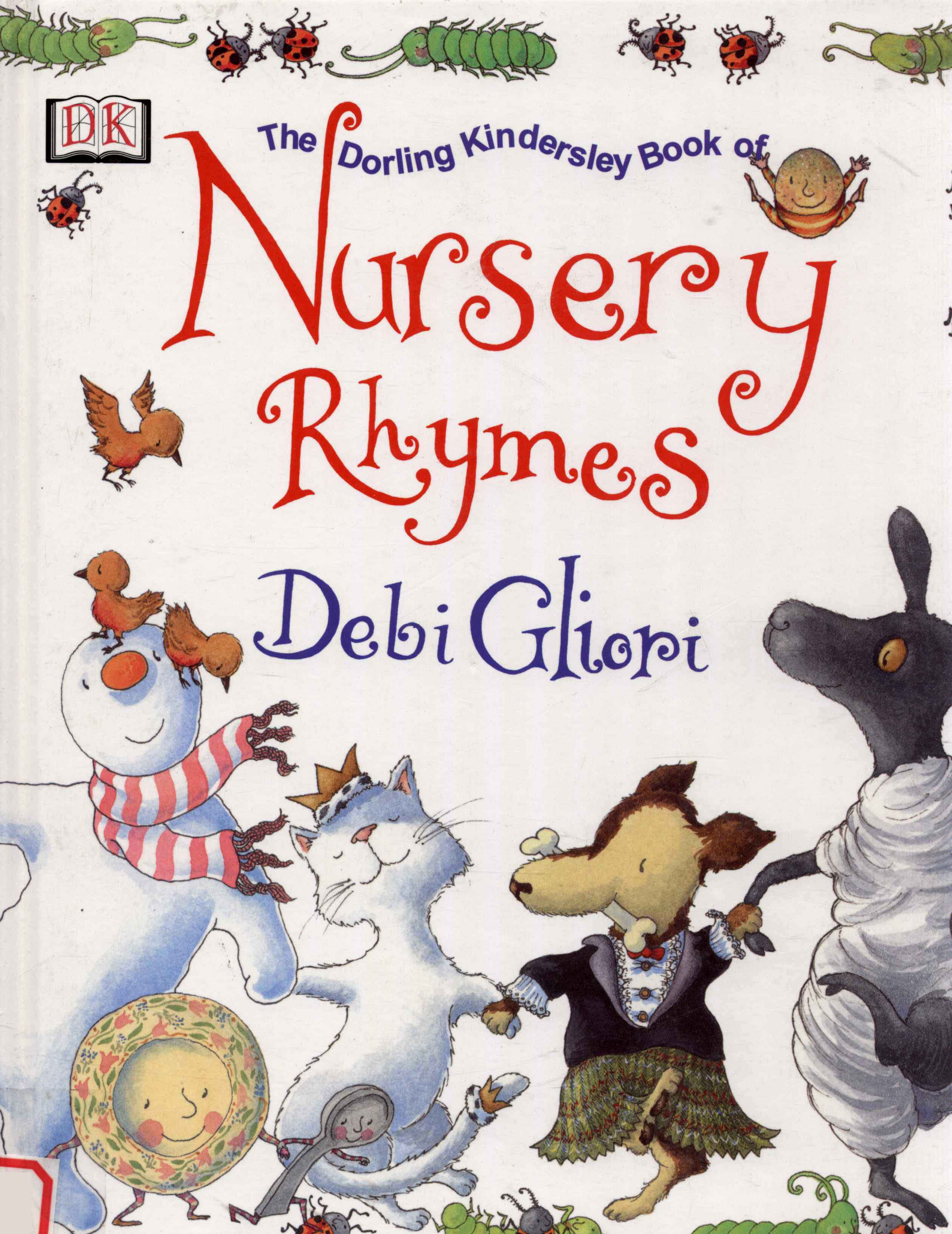




The Dorling Kindersley Book of

Nursery Rhymes

Debi Gliori



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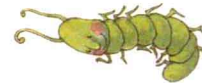
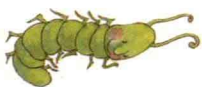
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The illustration depicts a magical forest setting. A large, dark tree with intricate, swirling branches frames the top and sides of the page. In the center, a winding path leads through a green landscape dotted with small white and orange flowers. Various animals and characters are scattered throughout: a small cow jumps in the air on the left; two black birds perch on a branch on the right; a boy in a blue shirt sits on a tree trunk holding a bell; a grey dog stands nearby; a girl in a red dress and hat is seen in a circular inset on the right, bending over a small dog; a girl in a green dress with wings sits on the path; a girl in a red floral dress lies on the grass; a cat, a rabbit, and a mole are also present. The sky is filled with soft clouds and a single star.

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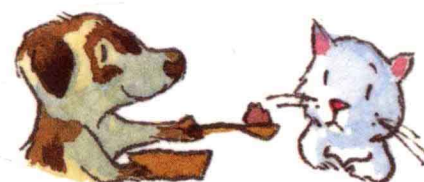
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INTRODUCTION



ILLUSTRATING THIS COLLECTION of nursery rhymes was very similar to sewing a patchwork quilt. I sat with a higgledy-piggledy pile of poems wondering how I was going to piece them together and make a book. Like patchwork, they needed a common thread to bind them together into a seamless whole.

My threads are threefold. The first weaves in and out of the poems – the book starts in the early morning, moves through the day and ends up tucked up at bedtime. The second is a family thread, three children that spend their days with Humpty Dumpty, feeding jam tarts to their dog. And then there is a brand new thread, woven out of my desire to make something new from these poems, some of which have been handed down through the generations for hundreds of years.



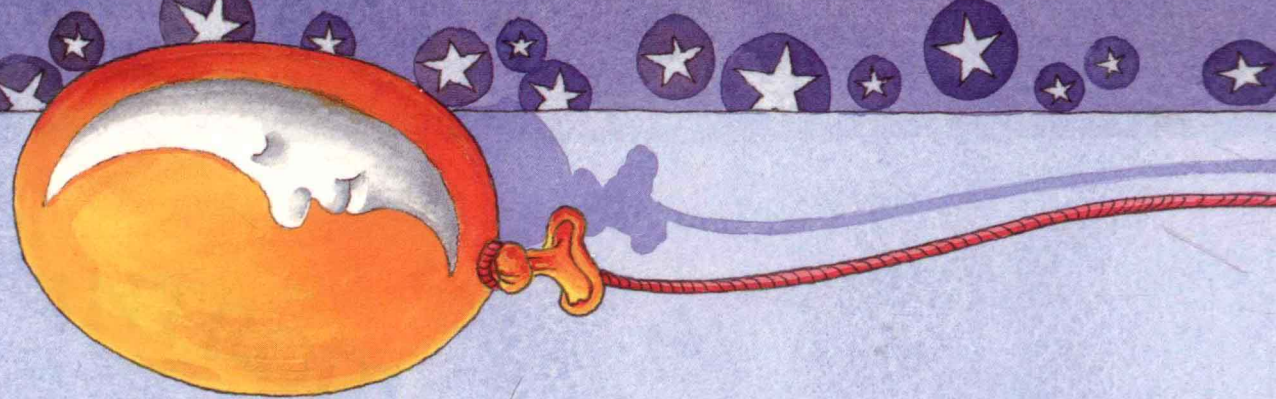
As in patchwork, some pieces refused to fit unless turned around, again and again, until I found a fresh way of telling an old story.

The poems have a rich and varied past, and are part of our cultural heritage. Our book dips into this with little snippets of information relating to the rhymes.

At last, the patchwork is complete, the threads knotted and tied. Just as a quilt is only a collection of pieces of cloth until it is spread over a bed and used, this book is just a book until you, the reader, pick it up and read it aloud. Then it comes to life, is shared with those we love and is given a voice. Then it becomes yours.

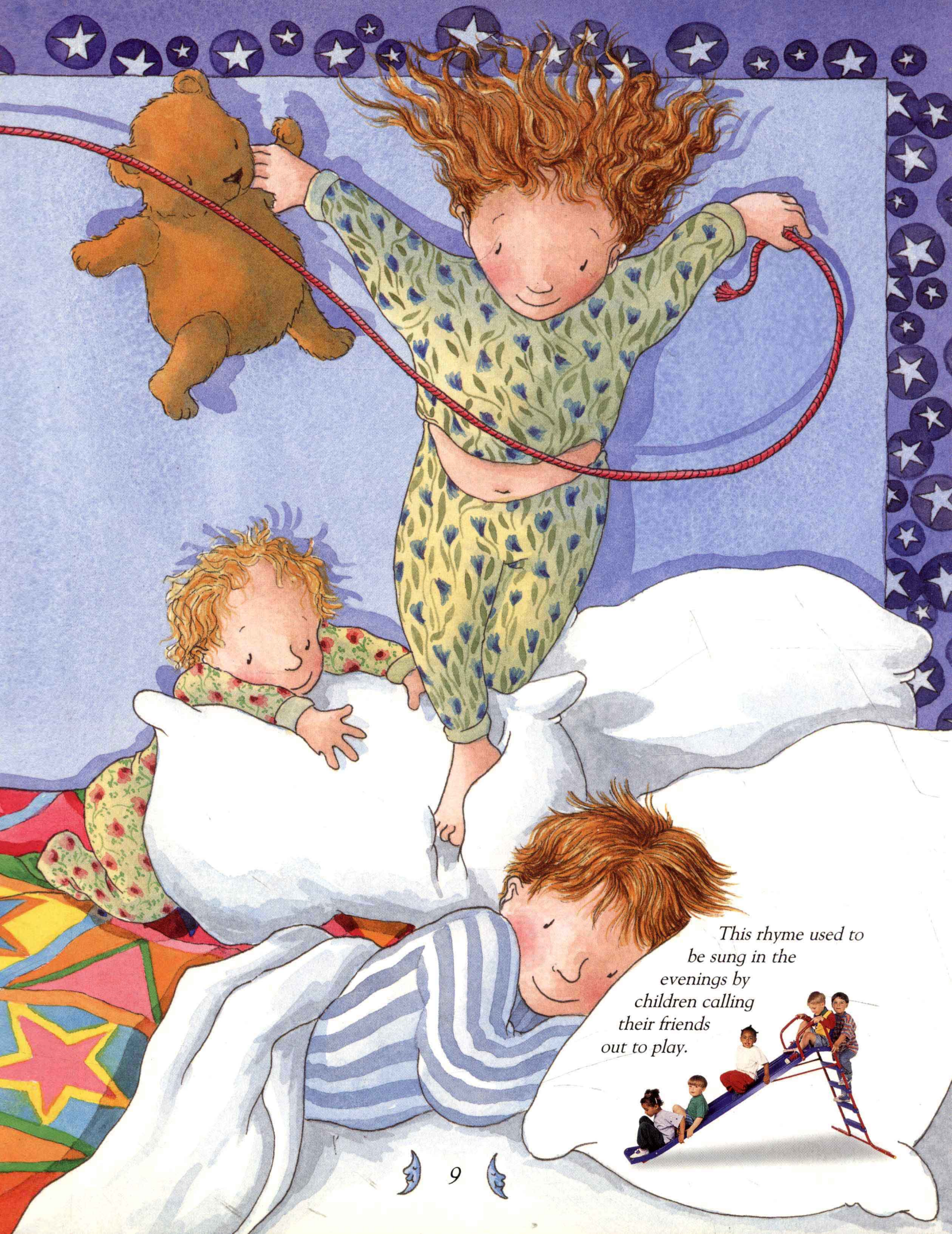
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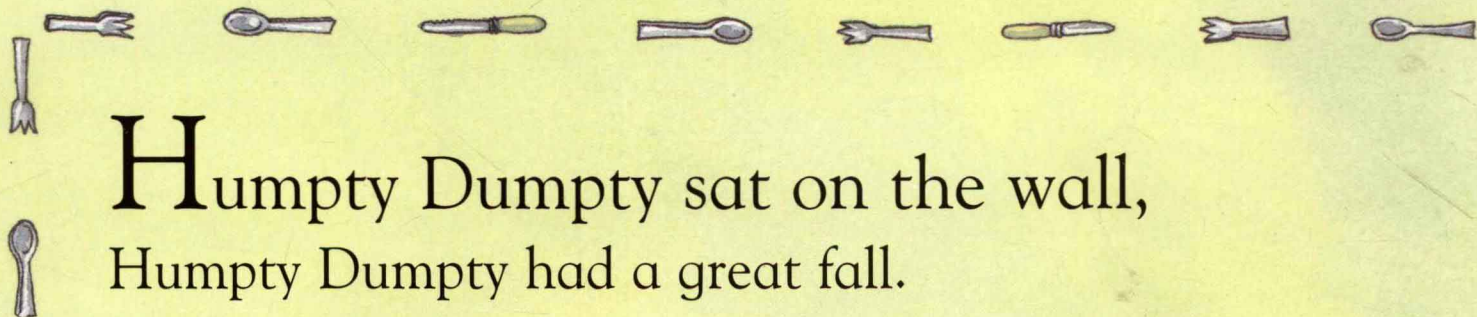
Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And join your play fellows in the street.
Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny loaf will serve us all;
You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



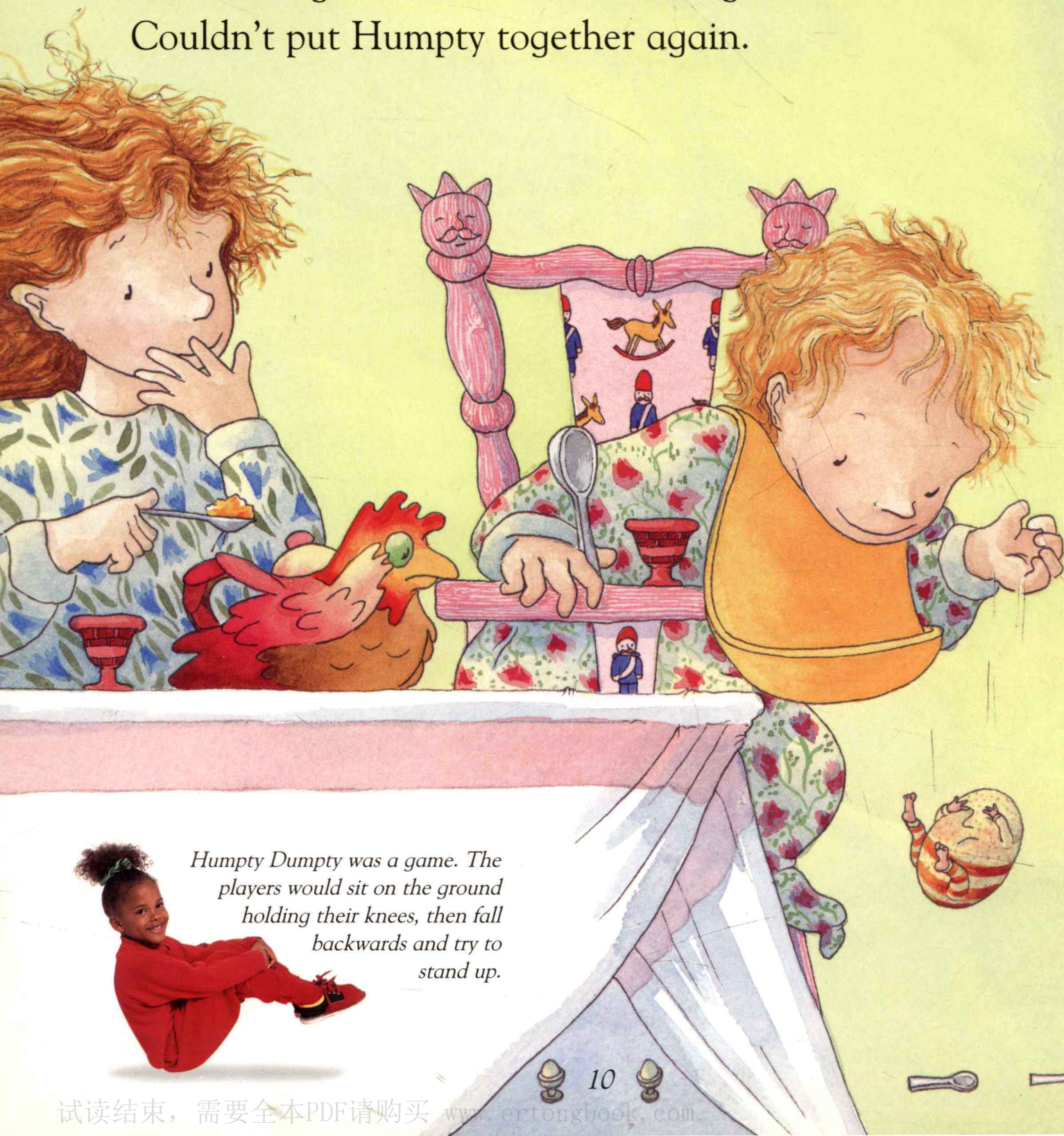


*This rhyme used to
be sung in the
evenings by
children calling
their friends
out to play.*

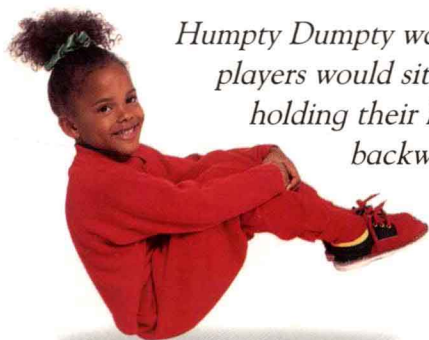


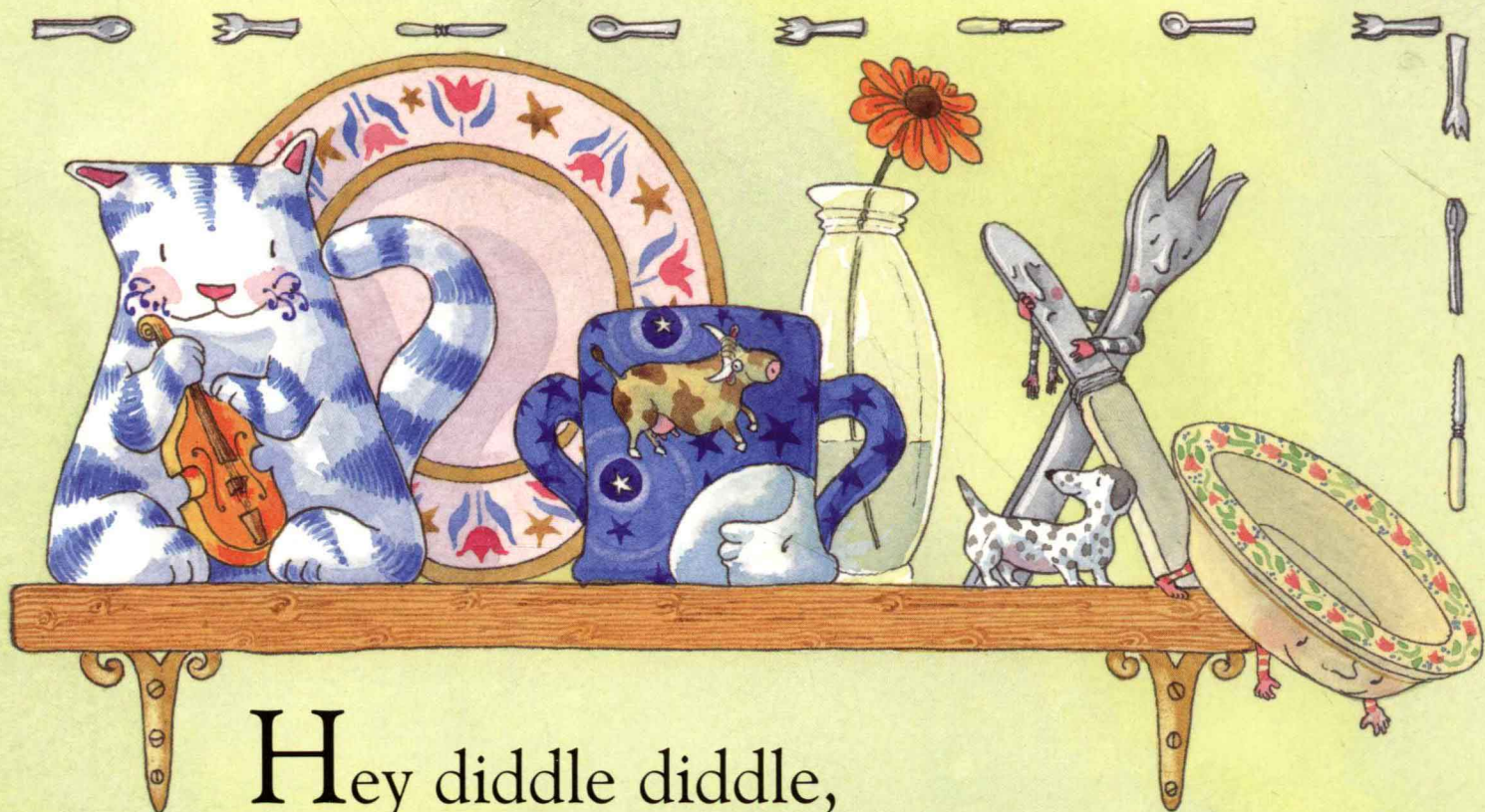


Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again.



*Humpty Dumpty was a game. The
players would sit on the ground
holding their knees, then fall
backwards and try to
stand up.*





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.

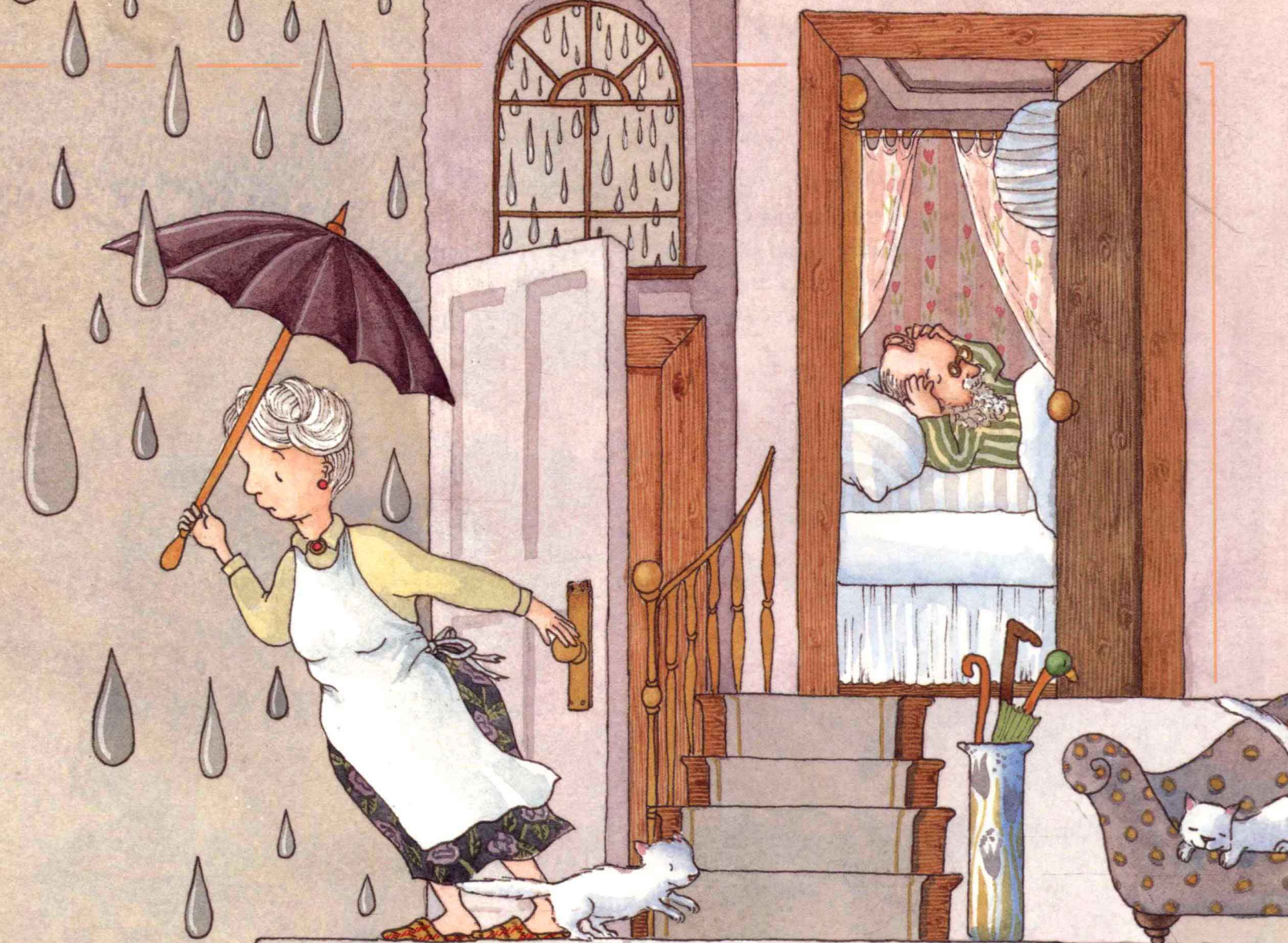


Doctor Foster went to Gloucester

In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,
Right up to his middle,
And never went there again.



The old
word for
puddle was
“piddle”
which rhymed
with middle.



It's raining, it's pouring,
The old man is snoring;
He went to bed
And bumped his head
And couldn't get up in the morning.

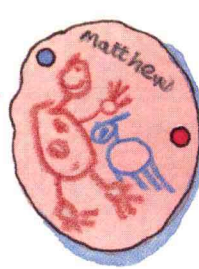
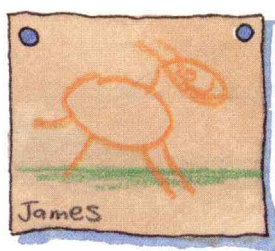


*In the 1800s, when this poem
was written, families living in
the country would often raise
lambs by hand and they
would become pets.*



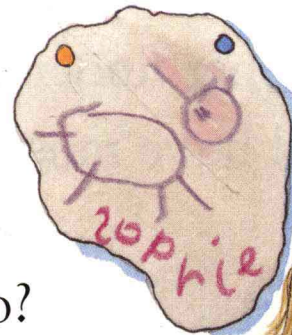
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

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.

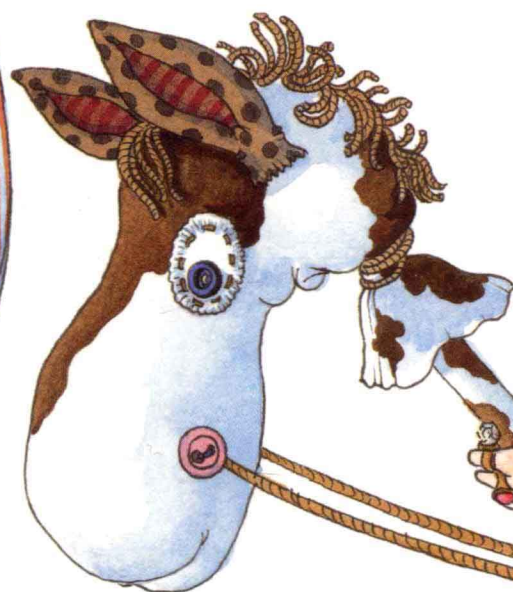


And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

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



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.



*In this rhyme a
"cock-horse"
probably meant
a toy horse.*

