

WORDSWORTH



CLASSICS

# *Mother Goose*

*illustrated by* ARTHUR RACKHAM



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## MOTHER GOOSE

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# *Mother Goose*

OLD NURSERY RHYMES

*compiled and illustrated by*  
**ARTHUR RACKHAM**



**WORDSWORTH CLASSICS**

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## *Foreword*

There are many more nursery rhymes than are included in this book, though I think most of the best known are here. I have chosen those I knew and liked best in my own nursery days, and I have kept to the versions that I was familiar with. I think one may do so, as nursery rhymes have until recently been handed on only by oral tradition with its inevitable variations. At home we had no complete book of them: most we knew came direct from our elders. The children of the present day often have several different printed versions of the same rhyme, but they do not seem to be confused by them. They make their own choice, and go on inventing variations. And however much they alter and add to our old friend Mother Goose's original collection, they still make use of her name.

A. R.





I'll tell you a story  
About Jack-a-Nory –  
And now my story's begun;  
I'll tell you another  
About Jack and his brother –  
And now my story's done.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat  
His wife could eat no lean:  
And so, betwixt the two of them,  
They licked the platter clean.

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





See, saw, Margery Daw,  
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.  
Was she not a dirty slut,  
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt?

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!  
Make me a cake as fast as you can:  
Prick it and stick it, and mark it with B,  
And put it in the oven for Baby and me.

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.





LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
Bringing their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them;  
She found them indeed, but it made her  
heart bleed,  
For they'd left their tails behind them.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.



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

*A game with the face*

Ring the bell!	<i>Giving a lock of the hair a pull</i>
Knock at the door!	<i>Tapping the forehead</i>
Lift up the latch!	<i>Pulling up the nose</i>
And walk in!	<i>Opening the mouth and putting in a finger</i>



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

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

It followed her to school one day,  
Which 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.

‘What makes the lamb love Mary so?’  
The eager children cry.  
‘Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know!’  
The teacher did reply.

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;  
Was that not 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 came a little blackbird,  
And snapped off her nose.



Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top;  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;  
Down will come baby, and cradle, and all.



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

Danty, baby, diddy,  
What shall its mammy do wid'e?  
Sit in a lap,  
And give it some pap,  
Danty, baby, diddy.

Little Betty Blue  
Lost her holiday shoe.  
What will poor Betty do?  
Why, give her another,  
To match the other,  
And then she may walk in two.







One misty, moisty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather,  
There I met an old man  
Clothed all in leather:

Clothed all in leather,  
With cap under his chin –  
How do you do, and how do you do,  
And how do you do again!



THREE little kittens, they lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
Oh! mother dear,  
We very much fear,  
That we have lost our mittens.  
What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens,  
Then you shall have no pie.  
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.  
Yes, you shall have no pie.  
Mee-ow, mee-ow, Mee-ow.