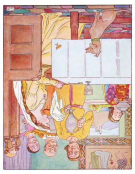
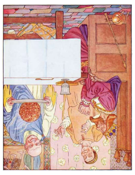
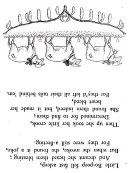
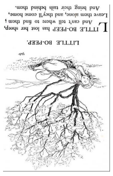






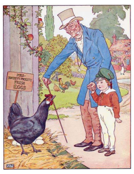
Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

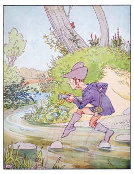
Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

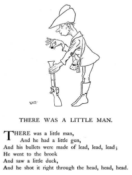


LITTLE BO-PEEP.

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

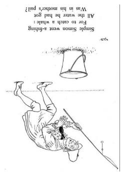






THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

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.

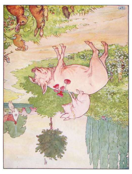


Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail?

Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Do you mean to pay?"
Says Simon, "Yes, of course I do!"
And then he ran away.

home!"



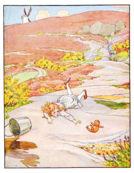
WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

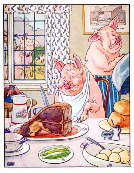
WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children in their beds, for now it's eight o'clock?"

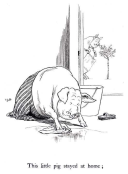
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,
For dame and doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.

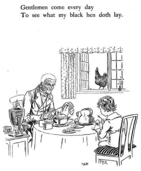
. . .



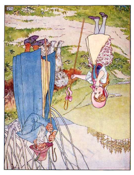


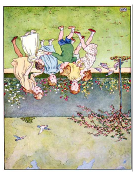


This little pig stayed at home;



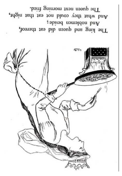
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.



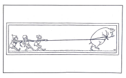


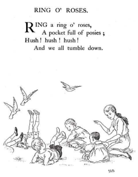
GOOD KING ARTHUR.

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 stuffed it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.



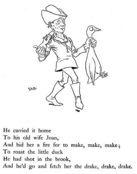
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.



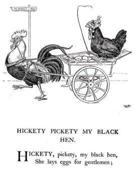


RING O' ROSES.

RING a ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! hush! hush!
And we all tumble down.

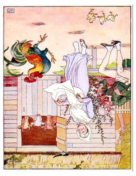


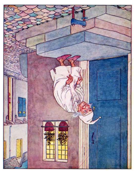
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

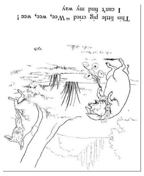


HICKETY PICKETY MY BLACK HEN.

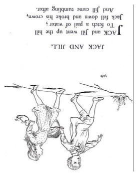
HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;





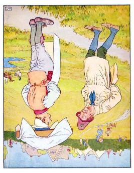


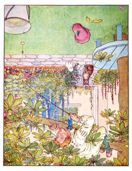
This little pig cried "Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way

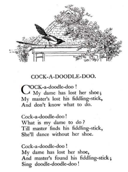


JACK AND JILL.

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.







COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

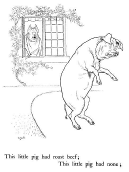
COCK-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

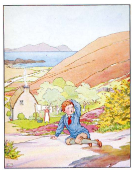
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick;
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.

THIS little pig went to market;

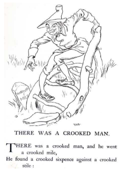


This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;



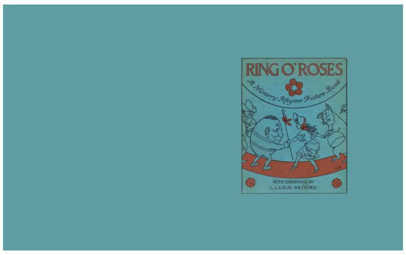
SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;

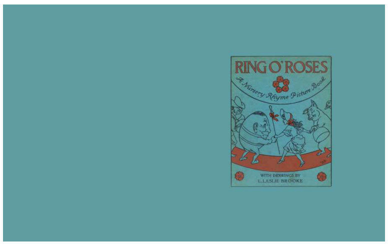


THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:



RING O' ROSES
A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book
WITH DRAWINGS BY
L. LESLIE BROOKE



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