

RHYMES CHIMES AND



C. P. HUESTIS, 104 NASSAU ST. Cor. ANN, N. Y.

This was my book
when I was a very
small girl
(mother.)

**MOTHER GOOSE'S
RHYMES, CHIMES,
AND
JINGLES:
OR THE
NURSERY TREASURE.**



SANTA CLAUS! Santa Claus, annually brings,
On New Years eve, our pretty play things;
In the chimney corner our stockings hang up,
We find them filled in the morning bang up!
He waits until he finds we're all asleep,
Then down the chimney he does creep,
A book for one, and a toy for another,
A trumpet for me, and a drum for my brother.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY C. P. HUESTIS,

No. 104 Nassau, corner of Ann St.

STEREOTYPED BY

VINCENT L. DILL.

**RHYMES, CHIMES,
AND
JINGLES;
BY
MOTHER GOOSE.**



Pretty maid, Pretty maid,
Where have you been?
Gathering a posie
to give to the queen.

Pretty maid,
Pretty maid,
What gave she you?
She gave me a dia-
mond
As big as my shoe.

Two little dogs,
Sat by the fire,
Over a fender of
coal dust,
Said one little dog,
To the other little
dog,
If you dont talk,
why I must.

One, two, three,
four, five,
I caught a hare
alive;
Six, seven, eight,
nine, ten,
I let it go again.

OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her
degree:

For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away
flies she!

Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you
a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh
now.

LITTLE Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie;
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, O fie!

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie;
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-bye!

SIX little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy pass'd by, and she peep'd
in;

What are you at, my jolly old men?
We're making coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your
threads?

No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off
our heads.



Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;



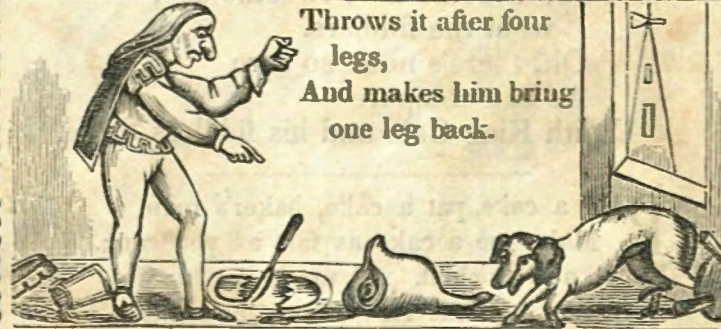
In comes four legs,
Runs away with one leg;



Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs;



Throws it after four
legs,
And makes him bring
one leg back.





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

LITTLE Jenny Wren
 Fell sick upon a time;
 In came Robin Redbreast,
 And brought her cake and wine.

Eat of my cake, Jenny,
 And drink of my wine;
 Thank you, Robin, kindly,
 You shall be mine.



LITTLE Mary Cary
 Light as a fairy,
 "Oh what can she do?"
 She can sing and dance,
 When she has a chance.
 Like a bird on the wing,
 She is in a swing.
 And this I will say
 None beat her at play.
 "What can she do use-
 ful?"
 Oh she can money earn
 She can milk and churn,
 She can sew a bit,
 She can spin and knit.
 And the beauty of our dairy
 Is little Mary Carey.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
 And all my bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf;
 The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
 I was forced to go to London to buy myself a wife;
 The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
 I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
 The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
 Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

BUZ, quoth the blue fly,
 Hum, quoth the bee,
 Buz and hum they cry,
 And so do we;
 In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see?
 He ate the dormouse,
 Else it was he.





PRETTY Poll Parrot, on top of your cage,
 Pray can you tell me what is your age?
 That I cant tell, as may plainly be seen,
 I cannot know much, because I'm so *green*.
 Its little I'm *red*, am frequently *blue*,
 Drink nought but water, that's a riddle for you.
 In all my born days I never have yet
 Met a Poll Parrot, that had so much wit,
 These cherries pray take, I've nought more to say,
 So pretty Poll Parrot I wish you a good day.

WHO comes here?
 A Grenadier.
 What do you want?
 A pot of beer.
 Where is your money?
 I've forgot,
 Get you gone,
 You drunken sot!

LITTLE General Monk
 Sat upon a trunk,
 Eating a crust of bread;
 There fell a hot coal
 And burnt in his clothes
 a hole,
 Now little General Monk
 is dead.
 Keep always from the
 fire;
 If it catch your attire,
 You too, like Monk, will
 be dead.



THREE children sliding on the ice
 Upon a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.



HERE'S pretty Lizzy with laughing eye,
And little Miss Fanny who does nothing but cry.



OH fie upon it!
Mother's bonnet,
For my head is much too
big.
No way I will it
Can I fill it,
Unless I wear a bushy
wig.



WHAT care I
How black I be,
Twenty pounds
Will marry me.
If twenty wont
Forty shall,
For I'm my mam's
bouncing gal.

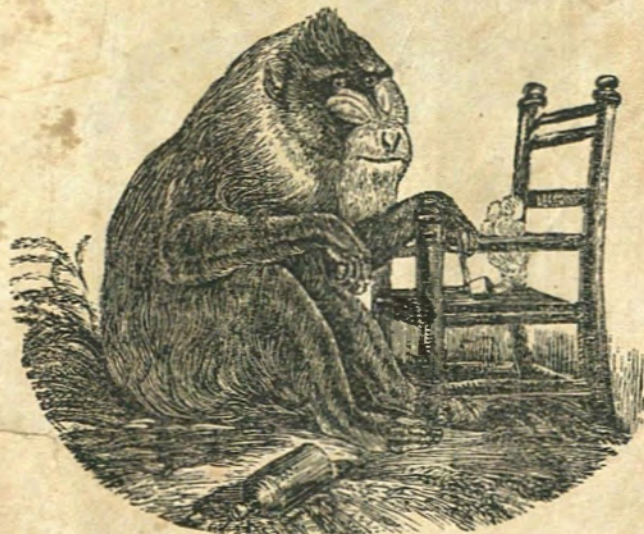


PRAY, Brother see,
That Bumble Bee:
Upon that tree,
He looks at me.

Let's run away,
For sting he may:
We'll come here and play,
Another day.

1. I went up one pair of stairs, . . . 2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs, . . . 2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room, 2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window, 2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey, . . . 2. Just like me.

1. I am a gold lock, 2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock, 2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock, 2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock, 2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock, 2. I am a monk key.



WHERE have you been all the day, my boy Willy?
I've been all the day courting of a lady gay;
But O she's too young to be taken from her mammy.

What work can she do, my boy Willy?
Can she bake and can she brew, my boy Willy?

She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding cake,
But O she's too young to be taken from her mammy.

What age may she be?

What age may she be, my boy Willy?
Twice two, twice seven, twice ten, twice eleven,
But O she's too young to be taken from her mammy.

