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Reddie Duncan

# NURSERY



# NONSENSE

HURD & HOUGHTON  
401 BROADWAY, N.Y.



LITTLE JACK TAR.

**T**HERE was a little Dog, such a nice little Dog,  
And he was such a funny little fellow;  
He used his tail for a leg-of-mutton sail,  
And his nose for an umb-r-ella.

THE FOOLISH SPORTSMAN.

**A** SILLY man went to the top of a hill,  
One moonlight night in June;  
And he loaded his gun with bullets of lead,  
To shoot them at the moon.

But when he had got to the top of the hill,  
To his surprise he found,  
That the moon seem'd just as far away,  
As it did from the ground.

And so angry was that poor silly man,  
That he went clean out of his wits;  
And he stuck up his hat, and shot at that,  
Till he blew it all to bits.

And his treatment since by all his friends,  
Has been most shockingly cruel;  
For they keep the old soul in his own coal-hole,  
And feed him on water-gruel.

NURSERY NONSENSE.



A MOST IMPERTINENT BIRD.

**A**N inquisitive little sparrow  
Ask'd every man in Wales,  
Why Parrots had long noses,  
And Foxes had long tails.

Some said that Foxes used their tails  
In winter for a muff;  
And that Parrot's noses all were long,  
Because they all took snuff.

But the reason it seems to me,  
As perhaps it will seem to you,  
Is this, they once tried short ones,  
But short ones wouldn't do.

—•—  
I F.

**H**OW odd it would be if all the Cows  
Were to run up all the trees,  
And the Cats were to eat up all the Mice,  
And the Mice eat all the cheese.





LOST AND WON.

**O** DEAR me, what a pickle I am in!

I've lost my pocket-handkerchief, and found a double  
chin;

O dear me! trouble's never done,

I've dropt all my h's and I can't find one.

FOXHEY, GOOSE AND CO.

**I**N town, not many years ago,  
There was a pastry-shop,  
Where every kind of cake was sold,  
And tart and lolly-pop.

The cakes were in the window set;  
They made a splendid show :  
The name was painted on the door,  
"Foxey, Goose & Co."

Goose behind the counter sold  
The cakes for ready cash ;  
While riding, driving in the park,  
Sir Foxey cut a dash.

But where he lived, or what he was like,  
Or what became of Co.,  
Is what I never knew myself,  
What you will never know.



PARLEY-VOO.

**O**NE morning a Weasel came swimming  
All the way over from France,  
And taught all the Weasels of England  
To play on the fiddle and dance.





POOR DEAR GRAND-PAPA.

**W**HAT is the matter with Grand-papa?

“What can the matter be?”

“He’s broken his leg in trying to spell

“Tommy without a T.”

DAME TROTTYPEG.

**I**N London-town-Daime Trottypeg  
Lived high up in a garret ;  
And with her lived a wee pet Dog,  
A Tom-cat, and a Parrot.

A cleverer or a funnier dog  
I'm sure you never saw ;  
For, like a sailor, he could dance  
A hornpipe on one paw.

And all the while the doggie danced,  
That Pussy-cat was able  
Just like a flute to play his tail  
Upon the kitchen table.

But what a tongue, and O what brains  
Were in that Parrot's head !  
It took two men to understand  
One half the things he said.

NURSERY NONSENSE.



THE LITTLE PIGGY-WIG.

**A** LITTLE Piggy-wig once went to court,  
To see the King and Queen:  
But they said, "Little Pig, you can't come in,  
"Until your face is clean."

So they wheel'd him away in a wheel-barrow,  
To the middle of the Market-place,  
And they pump'd and pump'd, till there wasn't a speck  
Of dirt upon his face.

Then they wheel'd him back in the wheel-barrow,  
Because his face was clean;  
And he took off his hat and made his bow,  
Before the King and Queen.



THE LITTLE DREAMER.

**A** LITTLE Boy was dreaming  
Upon his Nurse's lap,  
That the pins fell out of all the stars,  
And the stars fell into his cap.



THAT DEAR LITTLE CAT.

**W**HO'S that ringing at our door-bell?

“I'm a little black cat, and I'm not very well.”

“Then rub your little nose with a little mutton-fat,

“And that's the best cure for a little pussy-cat.”

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

**G**O, crier, go, with trumpet blow  
This message through the land;  
And speak it loud, that all the crowd  
Of dogs may understand.

The new Lord Mayor he does declare,  
In three weeks, without fail,  
That you shall swing, unless you bring  
The dog with the curliest tail.

And be he white, or black, or brown,  
And be he fat or skinny;  
Just bring that dog to London-town,  
And take your golden guinea.

And when he's found, that lucky hound,  
Here, there, or anywhere;  
With me shall he go to the Lord Mayor's Show,  
And dine with the new Lord Mayor.





MR. EVERYNOWAYS.

**P**RAY, which is the way to London-town?

“I must be there to-night.”

“O walk a hundred miles, and turn

“To left, and then to right.

“Then straight as a line, and then zig-zag,

“Then up-hill and then down;

“Walk quick, and in six months you’ll be

“Not far from London-town.”





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