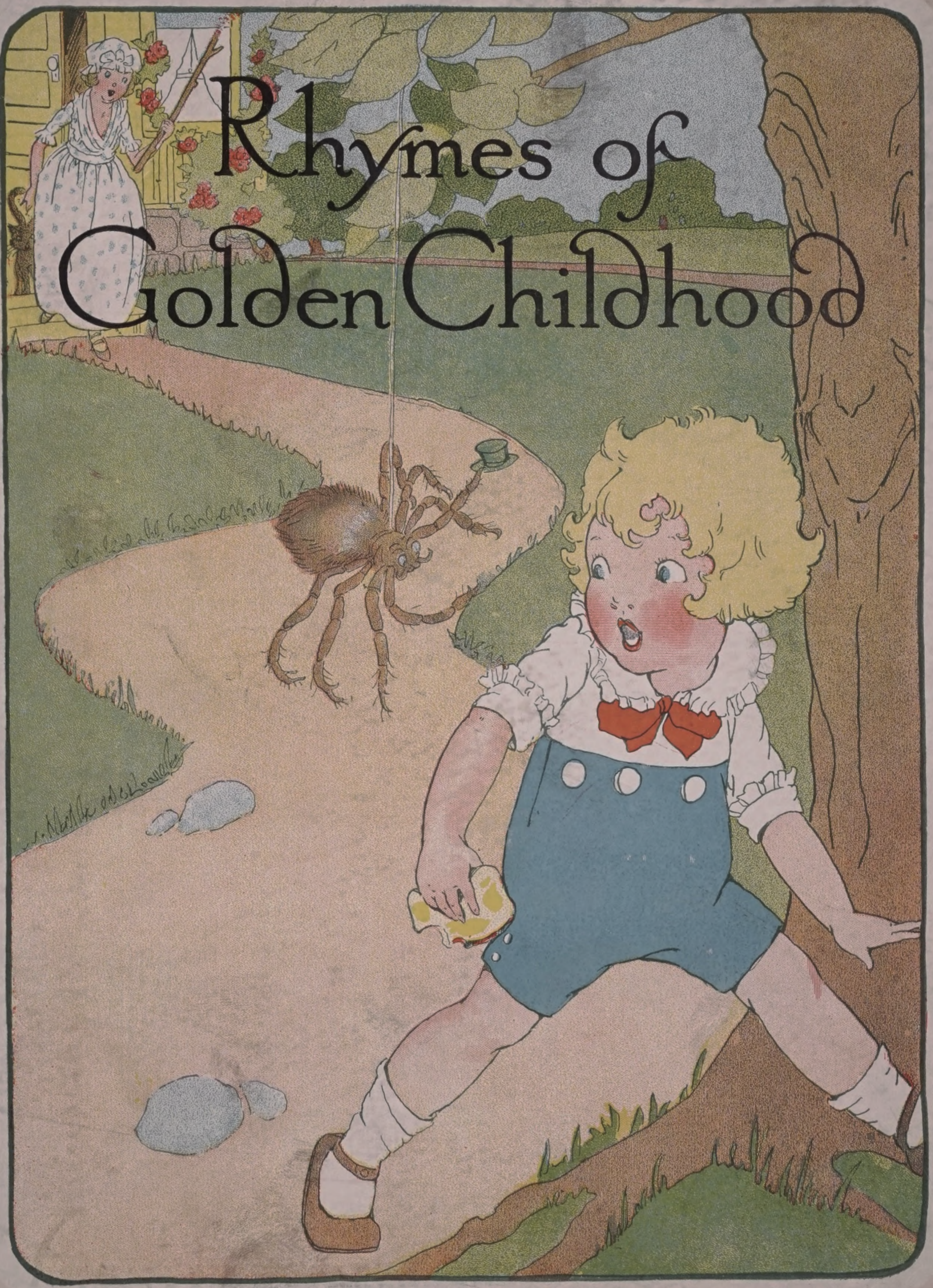


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Rhymes of Golden Childhood



by C J Dorsey



Rhymes of Golden Childhood

by
Charles James
Dorsey



Designed &
Illustrated

by

Elsa Kaji & J.P. Anderson



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GOLDEN HOURS IN CRADLE DAYS

Golden hours in cradle days
Took my little cares away,
As I sat upon my mother's knee;
She sang these little rhymes to me.

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Rhymes of Golden Childhood

THE BUSY BEE

The little bee is busy work-
ing all the day,

Gathering in honey and
storing it away;

And when the mother takes
it she has an awful fight;

They fly around her madly
and sting with all their
might;

And when the Baby sees her
it shakes its hands and
feet,

For it knows that mother's
bringing something good
and sweet;

She has a taste for you and
she has a taste for me

From the little pail of honey,
from the little honey bee.

THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

They tell me this is an ele-
phant's trunk,

But it looks just like his
nose;

It does not look like my
Mamma's trunk,

For in it she keeps her
clothes.

WINTER

The valley of green can not
be seen,

And the hills are covered
with snow;

Boys and girls on their sleds
whirl by

As fast they can go.



THE FROG

THE FROG

There was a big frog that
lived under a log,
He was happy as any you'd
meet;
He hopped out one day and
went on his way
In search of some good
things to eat.

THE OLD SOAP MAKER

Here's Rudolph Baker, the
old soap maker,
Who worked night and day
in soap fat;
He wasn't so mean, for he
cut off the lean,
And gave to his old Tom
Cat.
He peddled his soap from door
to door,
Then went back home to
make lots more;
So one day his cat fell into
the pot;
He said to himself: "I have
such a lot."
He called his Tom cat—he
had meat that was lean,
But poor old kitty will
never be seen.

He cut up his soap and such
a surprise—

A bunch of Tom's hair in
front of his eyes,
And a bone of Tom's leg, the
story is told;
"I can never let any of this
be sold."



TOMMY TOE

"Come on, let's go," said
Tommy Toe,
Down to the pile of sand;
With shovel and hoe, off we
go
Running hand in hand;
We'll make some hills, and
little sand mills,
And big tunnels we'll dig
through;
Then we will play with Nina
and May,
And they will play with you.



THE OLD WOMAN AND CATS

THE OLD WOMAN AND CATS

There was an old woman
that had so many cats,
She couldn't buy them lean
meat, and they wouldn't
eat fat.

One was named Tom, who
walked with a cane;

One was named Mary and
one named Jane;

Jane wore a glass on her little
gray eye,

And said, "I'll go catch some
mice for a nice mousie
pie."

OLD BLACK DAN

Here's old Black Dan, black
as a crow,

Get on his back and watch
Dan go;

He can trot, race and pace,
He's won many a race;

You can drive him, so they
say,

But I've seen Dan run
away;

He's not as fast as he used
to be,

I have seen Dan go in two
and three.

A LITTLE RABBIT

I am a little rabbit with a nest
in yonder field;

Over in the orchard I get my
little meal.

One day I was sitting in the
grass beneath the tree;

I heard the howling of the
dog coming close to me.

I took my little bite and start-
ed off to run,

I jumped out right in front
of a man with a gun.

First there was a roar, then
a great big sound,

And just behind me run-
ning was a spotted hound.

I asked my little feet to do
the best they can,

And I soon got away from
the dogs and the man.





THE MAN IN THE MOON

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Oh! man in the moon, please
tell me why

You always live up in the
sky?

I look for you when it gets
light,

And you sneak around
when it is night;

As I lie awake in my little bed,
I can always see your big
bright head;

And as I waken from my sleep,
Through my window you
always peep.

WOODEN LEG HANK

There was an old man who
had a wooden leg,

And all he had to do was
to walk around and beg;

So he went by the name of
"Wooden Leg Hank,"

Down in his wooden leg he
had his savings bank;

So one day some bad boys
set fire to his leg,

And burned up all the
money that he worked so
hard to save.

UP WE GO

Daddy made a swing for me
on the limb of our old tree;

He tied me in so good and
tight—then pulled the
knot with all his might;

So if my Daddy I should call,
and loose my hold, I
couldn't fall.

As I sat upon my little seat,
to me he sang some songs
so sweet,

And as he swung me far away
the swing came back,
but did not stay;

With one big push I went
so high, while Daddy sang
sweet lullaby.





LITTLE TOMMY BROWN

LITTLE TOMMY BROWN

Little Tommy Brown used to
run around

With a piece of bread and
butter in his hand.

So he saw a great big spider,
And he made his steps much
wider;

Such a strange thing he
couldn't understand.

"Oh, Mamma, come quick
and bring a big stick,

There's a funny, funny thing
down here."

She took him by his hand;
"Now be a little man,

For there's nothing very
much to fear."

OLD COCK-A-DOODLE-DO

Old cock-a-doodle-do that
lived in a town,

Annoyed all the neighbors
that lived around;

He could cock-a-doodle-do
before day break;

With his cock-a-doodle-do
every baby he would
wake.



MY DOLLY

I had a little baby, its head
was made of wood;

To make that little baby
cry I never, never could;

I've caught its pretty fingers
many times in our big
door;

I've knocked its little head
quite hard upon the floor;
And then it only looked, but
never tried to cry;

Not even one tear came in
its precious little eye;

Mamma made a dress all
trimmed with pretty lace;

Sometimes I get a wash-
cloth to wash its little
face.



THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE

There was a little mouse that
wanted to know the time,
So he ran right up the clock
to wind;

While he was up the clock
struck four,

The mouse ran down, and
forgot to shut the door.

The old man said "Who's been
at my clock?"

The door was standing
open and I know I had
it locked."

So the little mousie said, "I'll
not try this any more,
For there might be a pussy
cat standing at the door."

OLD DOG SPORT

There was an old dog by the
name of "Sport,"

He loved all the kittens,
but not to court.

He was always hunting cats,
in this he had his fun,

And when kitty saw him
coming she knew she had
to run.

Poor kitty lost no time in get-
ting to a tree;

She said: "Now you bad
dog, you can't catch me,
For I have my back up and
my tail puffed too,

I would like to see some big
dog come and chase you."

LITTLE BLACK SHEEP

Ba-Ba, little sheep, 'twill soon
be shearing day,

When they will come and
cut your wool and carry
it away.

Our little flock of black sheep
grow a lot of wool,

And when they come and
cut it we get the bags all
full;

Then our little black sheep,
on hot summer days,

Will feel so much cooler
with its wool clipped
away.





HIP-A-DE-HOP

HIP-A-DE-HOP

There was an old man went
hip-a-de-hop;

His one leg kept growing
and couldn't be stopped;

It grew and it grew to the
length of three or four;

He folded it on hinges to
get in the door.



BUSY LITTLE ANTS

Ten thousand little ants, and
maybe a thousand more,

Were coming and going in
and out their little door;

They marched like little sol-
diers with a general at
the head;

They did not carry guns,
only little crumbs of
bread;

They were laying up their
goodies for a cold winter
day,

Not like the lazy grasshop-
per that dances around
and plays;

We watched the little army,
as they came and as
they go;

A system like the ants have
would conquer any foe.

THE WAGON GRANDPA MADE

Grandpa took a soap box,
and a wagon he did make;

He rode me up and down
the yard, then took me
out the gate;

He took an old broom stick,
and a handle was made
strong;

It was short for poor old
grandpa, for me a little
long;

Then grandpa took a saw and
cut me out four wheels;

I'd see him stop and puff,
then a glance at me he'd
steal;

Then Grandpa got the paint
pot, and painted it all
green;

I know I have a dandy, the
best that I have seen.



KITTY BROWN

Elisa Kai

KITTY BROWN

I had a little kitten, and I
named him Kitty Brown;
You couldn't find a nicer
kitty anywhere around;
He was so nice, and playful,
and sometimes awfully
bad;

He often tangled Granny's
yarn, and tried to make
her mad;

When Granny'd start her
knitting he would al-
ways get the ball

And pull it down upon the
floor, so she'd not hear
it fall;

Then with his little paws he'd
tangle it into a mat,

Then I'd hear my Granny
say, "Hiss, hiss you
naughty cat;"

Now, kitty wasn't naughty,
for he did it all in fun;

He loved to tangle Granny's
yarn to see her make him
run.

THE DOG FIGHT

Daddy's old white bull dog
met a wolf dog on the
street;

Wolfie jumped at Daddy's
dog as if the dog he'd eat;

Daddy said, "You watch him
and see just what he'll do;
There'll be nothing left of
wolfie when bully dog
gets through."

THE LONG NECK GIRAFFE

Here is the Giraffe, his long
neck you can see;

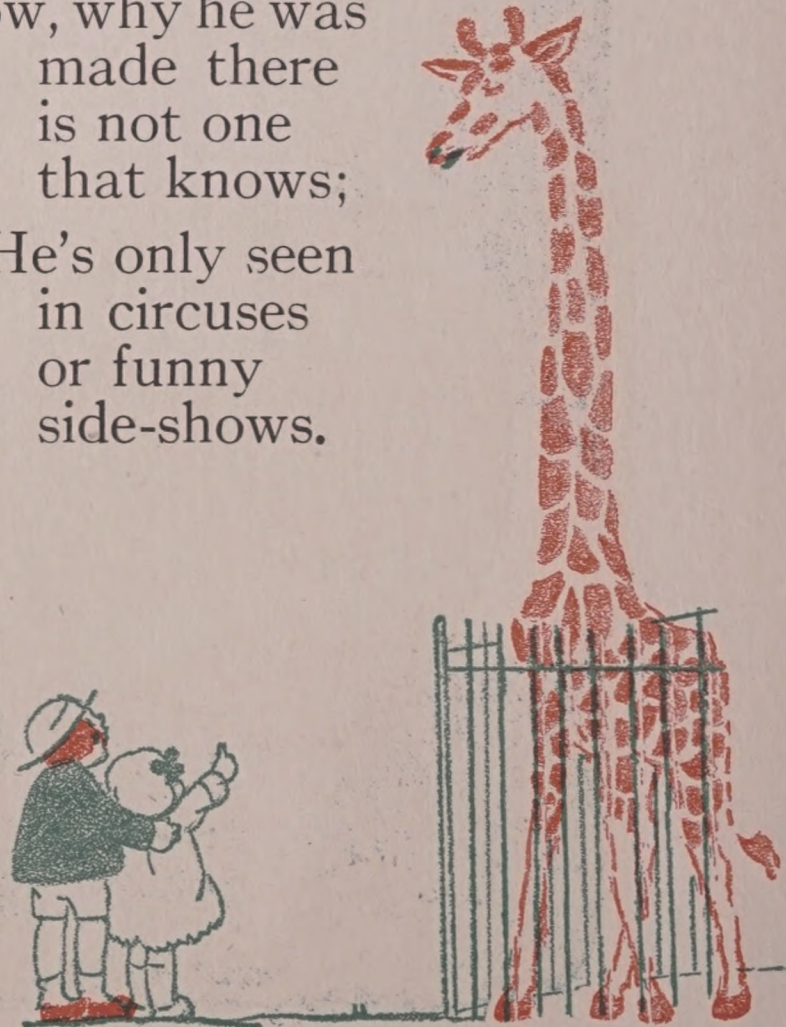
He can eat all the leaves
from a very high tree.

Just look at this neck how it
slopes right straight
down;

If you ride him like a horse,
you would slide off on the
ground.

Now, why he was
made there
is not one
that knows;

He's only seen
in circuses
or funny
side-shows.





THREE LITTLE PIGGIES

THREE LITTLE PIGGIES

Three little piggies, just as
cute as could be,

Lived in a pig pen, be-
neath a big tree,

One little piggie was as greedy
as could be,

He ate from the others all
he could see;

So one day a butcher came,
a fat pig to buy,

Greedy didn't want to go,
for he knew he had to die;

So the butcher pulled him out
by his two little ears,

While brothers in the cor-
ner shed lots of tears;

They grunted, and they grunt-
ed, and they cried all the
day,

For their dear little brother
the butcher took away.

THE TORTOISE

I crawl around with my house
on my back,

And I never remember com-
ing back.

I may linger a while as I go
on my way,

But to make it my home I
never can stay.

When night overtakes me I
shut up my door,

Until the next morning
along about four;

My life is a sad one, and that
you must know,

I crawl around daily with
no place to go.



THE PEACOCK

I am a beautiful peacock with
feathers blue and green;

I strut around the thorough-
fare and create quite a
scene;

I am a handsome fowl, and I
know I can't be beat;

The thing that makes my
feathers fall is glancing
at my feet.



THE NAUGHTY PUP

THE NAUGHTY PUP

My naughty little puppy is as
bad as bad can be,
I never do a single thing
unless he's there to see;
He pulls my little dress, and
tears my pretty lace;
No matter where I turn my
head, I see his little face.

When I get bread and butter
he never wants to mind.
Unless I give him half of it,
he starts an awful whine.
He chews up my jumping
rope, my dolly, and my
ball;
I know just when he has
them, for he won't come
when I call.

Now you can see the mischief
sticking from my puppy's
eyes;
He went to Mamma's pan-
try, and ate up all the pies;
But, ah, my puppy's nice, if
he is so awfully bad;
If he should go away from
me, I know I would be
sad.

LITTLE LADY BUG

Little lady bug, please fly
away,

But come and see me some
other day.

I'm very sorry I can't let you
stay,

But I'm going out to play,
right away.

So fly away, lady bug, please
fly away.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY

I am a pretty butterfly, with
colors bright and gay;

My beautiful wings, which
you can see, I use them
as I may;

Boys sometimes strike at me,
I'm sure I know not why;

Sometimes to get away
from them I fly high in
the sky.





BROWN'S MULE

BROWN'S MULE

Brown had a mule and he
balked so,
Brown twisted his tail to
make him go;
The mule's heels kicked up,
so quick and high,
That poor old Brown nearly
kissed the sky.
And the mule still stands, as
you can see—
“Never twist my tail to pester
me.”

JINGLE, JINGLE

Jingle, jingle the sounding bell.
Poor kitty fell in our big
well;
Jingle the bell to sound the
call;
Please come quick, come
one and all;
And as we turn the handle
round,
Up comes the bucket all
iron bound.
First thing we saw was kitty's
head,
All soaking wet, but far
from dead.

We lifted kitty to the ground,
He shook the water all
around;
Then he started to jump
and play,
The same as any other day;
Had it not been for the
jingle bell,
Kitty would be in our big
well.



THE LITTLE SQUIRREL

Hush, little children, I've
something to say;
There's a dear little squirrel,
so bushy and gray;
He peeps through the
branches and plays day
by day;
Now don't make a noise
and scare him away.



FATTY WISE

FATTY WISE

There was a fat boy, his name
was Billy Wise;
He had great big ears and
tiny little eyes;
He liked to play games and
often fell down;
He bounced like a rubber
ball when he struck the
ground.

NINA'S PONIES

Nina had two ponies, one was
black and one was gray;
She drove her little ponies
many miles a day;
She loved her ponies dearly
and knew what they
could do;
She never drove them
singly, she always drove
the two.

Her pony-cart was painted
and looked like it was new;
The wheels were painted
red, the body painted
blue;
The harness glittered bright-
ly, the brass shone like
gold;
She looked like a queen in
some fairy tale of old.

The little ponies love her
and seemed to under-
stand,

That she had sugar for them
and fed them from her
hand.

Nina loved to feed them, you
could go there any day,
And always find the stable
full of corn and hay.

THE BEGGING DOG

There was a little dog that
had a lame leg;
He couldn't buy a crutch,
so a crutch he had to beg;
He hobbled down the street
from door to door,
Only using three legs when
he had one more;
He wore a little coat with a
little velvet collar;
He limped around all day
and only got a dollar.





THE TRICKY MONKEY

THE TRICKY MONKEY

Here is a little monkey, as
tricky as can be;

He cuts his capers on the
ground and then jumps in
the tree;

You often see a monkey and
a grinder on the street,

He makes good friends with
everyone, no matter who
he meets.

He wears a pretty cap and a
little red coat,

And has a little strap
buckled under his throat;

For a penny he will bow to
the children all day,

'Till his master pulls the
chain and takes him
away.

WHIP-POOR-WILL

Here is the Whip-poor-will,
hear him call.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-
poor-will! you hear him
say.

You hear him call at sunset
and seldom in the day.

He is a long and skinny
bird, the most peculiar
ever heard;

It's hard to tell the things he
eats, he catches insects
for his meats.

We've heard old Rip Van
Winkle say the Whip-
poor-will sang in his
golden day;

And as he roamed in the valley
of green, many a Whip-
poor-will he has seen.

OH! PUSSY CAT

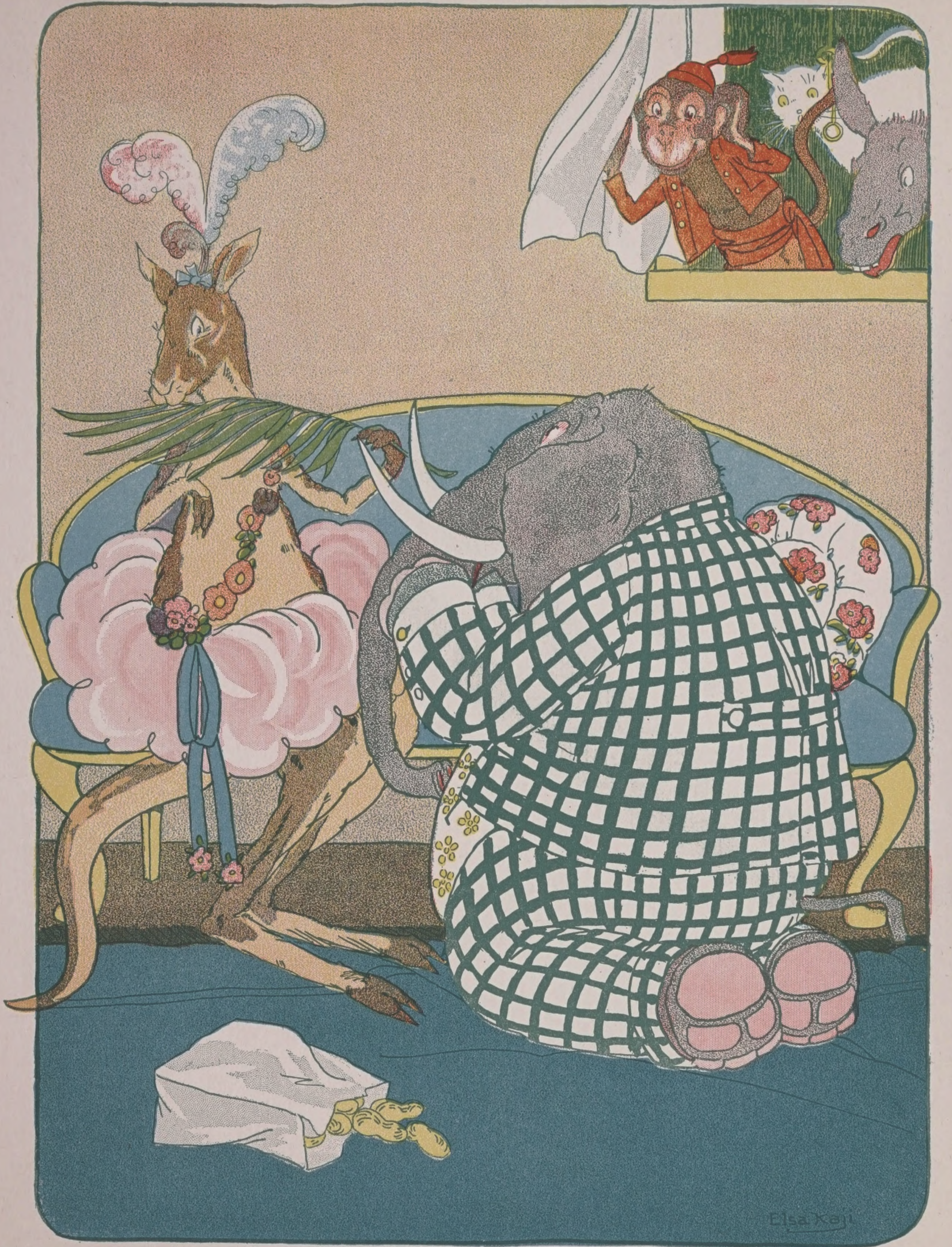
Oh! Pussy cat, Pussy cat,
Where did you go!

I've hunted most every place,
Both high and low.

Now where can I find you,
Oh! what shall I do?

But just then I spied her,
Inside an old shoe.





Elsa Kaji

MR. ELEPHANT AND MISS KANGAROO

MR. ELEPHANT AND MISS KANGAROO

The elephant said to the kangaroo,

“With your consent, I’ll marry you;

I have a big trunk, as you can see,

It will hold enough for you and me.”

Miss Kangaroo said, “What would I do

With a husband as big and fat as you;

My friends would laugh, when they would see

Such a funny couple as you and me.”

WHISTLING TOM

Whistling Tom would whistle, no matter what you’d say;

He would whistle, and whistle, and whistle night and day;

He whistled in the house and whistled on the street,

And whistled in the ears of every one he’d meet;

He would whistle on his journeys as he went his way around;



The neighbors got together to drive him from the town.

One day his whistling stopped, and the people all said,

“What is wrong with the whistler, is he alive or is he dead?”

The whistler had a cold and was laid up for a day,

And the neighbors of the town packed up to move away.

You could go to church or a little country fair,

You would not miss the whistler, for he would be there.



SO HE GOT HIS LITTLE BAGGAGE AND HE MOVED TO THE BARN

"I KNOW NOW THAT KITTY CAN'T DO ME ANY HARM!"



BUT KITTY DIDN'T SEE HIM AS HE RAN ALONG THE FLOOR,
HE RAN IN HIS HOUSE AND SHUT HIS LITTLE DOOR!

Elsa Kaji

MOUSIE GRAY

MOUSIE GRAY

There was a little mousie, his
name was mousie Gray;

He took his little baggage
and moved a mile away.

He stopped at a farm house
where there was a cat;

He liked his home very
well, but didn't like that;

So he got his little baggage
and moved to the barn;

"I know now that kitty
can't do me any harm."

So one day Mousie came out
to have a play,

And there he spied Kitty
sleeping in the hay;

But Kitty didn't see him as
he ran along the floor,

He ran in the house and shut
his little door.

THE SKINNY PIGGY

I'm a tiny little pig and I
know how to dance a jig;

I wear a curl right on my
tail,

And never was stout, but
always frail.

I am brother to a twin,
My sister grows fat while I
grow thin;

So they spared my life, how
lucky I've been,

For they thought it not right
to kill one so thin.

SWEET ROLLS AND STORIES

There was an old woman,
sweet rolls she sold,

As we gave her our pennies,
nice stories she told;

And the children from far
and the children from
near,

Would come and buy, for her
stories to hear.





THE LARGE FAMILY

THE LARGE FAMILY

There was an old woman that
was not a bit lazy

She had so many children
they almost drove her
crazy;

She rose in the morning along
about four,

And dressed them, and
dressed them, and still
there were more.

She went to the pantry for
good things to eat;

To some she gave sours, to
some she gave sweets;

Some she gave cake, some
she gave bread,

Some she gave bottles and
put them to bed.

Some were little boys, and
some were little girls,

Some wore pompadours
and some wore curls.

A COW WITH A CRUMPLED HORN

Here is a cow with a crum-
pled horn,

That eats all night 'till early
morn;

She can butt and she can kick,
And often jumps over the
candlestick.



THE LITTLE LAMB

One early morn a lamb was
born, children loved it so;

It thought it had the right
along with them to go,

And when the children came
to play, the little lamb
came trottin';

It was white as white could
be, just like a ball of
cotton.

The little lamb was loved, and
they all called it the pet,

If any one should hurt it,
there'd be trouble, you
can bet.

The little children loved it,
and loved it more and
more;

You would find it at the
school house, waiting at
door.



Elsa Kaji

LITTLE WHITE BEAR

LITTLE WHITE BEAR

The little white bear with his
little bare feet,

As cute a little fellow as
you would care to meet.

They say that he can hug, as
tight, as tight can be;

But I would not like to let
him try and hug me;

See how he sits up, and then
climbs the pole;

Then he turns a summer-
sault, and does what he's
told;

Then you hear his master
say, hink-ti-hink-ti, hy-
diddle-da,

He picks up his little pole
and walks right away.

THE SLY OLD CAT

There was an old cat as sly
as could be,

He was always watching
birdies up in the tree.

You could see him in the
bushes hiding all around,

Waiting for the birdies to
light upon the ground;

But the birdies are on the
watch, with their bright
little eyes,

And they know how to use
their little wings to fly.

THE DEER

Here stands a very pretty
deer,

With eyes to see and ears
to hear,

Feet to run and nose to smell;

The hunter knows these
facts quite well,

And when the hounds are on
his trail

He'll glide the forest with
speed of the mail,

Through gulleys and ditches
and over ravines,

He'll take up his quarters,
in parts unseen.





ANDREW MACK

ANDREW MACK

Here you see young Andrew
Mack,

Who puts a saddle on pig-
gie's back;

He gets on piggie every day,
And rides poor piggie far
away.

OLD LADY BAKER

Old Lady Baker goes hip-a-
de, hip-a-de hop;

Whenever she wants a dol-
lar she has to go and stop;

Listen, my old lady, it is a
funny thing to do.

To carry around your
money in your old leather
shoe;

It is my own business just
what I want to do,

Whether I carry it in my
stocking or carry it in
my shoe.

THE LITTLE DARKEY

I am as black as black can be,
I'm crazy 'bout chicken, as
you can see;

I just snapped my fingers,
one, two, three,
And this here chicken walk-
ed up to me.

Poor chicken will take a trip
today,

But to come back again, he
never may.



THE BIG-EYED OWL

Old Mr. Owl sat in my big
tree,

And through my window
he peeped at me;

His eyes looked like the big
red sun;

Oh! how I wish I had
daddy's gun;

The old owl heard what I had
to say,

And spread his wings and
flew away.



Elsa Kaj

OLD PETER FARRELL

OLD PETER FARRELL

Old Peter Farrell put his wife
in a barrel

To take her a ride down a
hill;

She didn't want to go, but he
insisted so,

For she knew that she
would get a big spill.

She got in the barrel, said
"Good-bye, Mr. Farrell,

I will take this long ride
all alone."

Peter heard her holler, saw
her hat and collar,

And knew she had broken
her bones.

FOUR BLACK CROWS

Four black crows sat in a tree,
They were as black as black
could be.

They were singing songs of
jubilee;

A gun shot was heard and
down came three.

THE LITTLE APPLES

Here we are, but little apples,
growing on our tree;

We're growing here for
some one, as you can
plainly see;

And the nice rain comes to
make us grow and grow;

Then the sun to ripen us,
and make our colors glow;

And then they come along
with their large bags to
pick;

They sometimes strike us
hard with a great big
stick.

And sometimes there will
come along a gentle man,

Who will pluck, and lift us
down with his kind and
gentle hand;

Then a long ride we get to a
pretty market stall,

Where we are handled care-
fully, and bought by one
and all.





Elsa Keji

ANDY GOOSE

ANDY GOOSE

Andy had a goose that said
Quack, Quack, Quack;

He rode to school on its soft
feather back;

It made the children laugh
in school,

To see poor Andy such a
fool;

So the goose got tired and
said one day,

“Farewell, Andy,” and flew
away.

He saw it fly beyond the hill,
And never said a word, but
just sat still.

THE OWL AT THE SWIMMING HOLE

There was an old owl sat on
a limb,

When a man came down
to take a swim;

He hooted at me and he
hooted at him;

The old man got frightened
and he fell in;

One big kick and then a splash;

He went down, which set-
tled his hash.



THE FOX AND THE CHICKENS

Mr. Red Rooster took old
Mrs. Hen

Down to the barn yard to
Piggie's pen;

He knew that there he would
get some feed,

Just the kind that they
both would need;

They ate so much, and it be-
came so late,

As they went home, they
met their fate;

For an old sly fox was lying
low,

To see which way they both
would go;

As they started home, Oh,
such a surprise!

The fox leaped out with
great big eyes;

Then one big flutter, as chick-
ens do;

It is all that I can tell to you.



THE BUTTING CALF

THE BUTTING CALF

There was an old man who
had a calf,
He tried his best to make
it laugh;
The calf just looked like it
hadn't any sense,
And gave him a butt right
through the fence.

BETSY JANE

Betsy Jane went up the lane
with my little daughter;
They took a pail in their
hands to bring it full of
water;
The pumphantle went up and
the pump handle came
down,
And the water ran out all
over the ground;
Said Betsy: "Please don't let
a drop of it spill,
And do let me know when
you get it all filled."
The pail they did fill, and
now ready to go,
When clumsy old Betsy
stumped her poor toe;
And had it not been for my
little daughter,
Betsy might have spilled
every bit of the water.

MAKING HAY

Come, little children, let's go
today
Out to see them making hay;
They say the bee is on the
wing.
And we may hear the birdies
sing.

POOR BILLY BUMP

Billy Bump went out one day
To see the farmers making
hay;
Worn and tired from the heat,
He ran some thistles in his
feet;
With a grunt and then a
groan,
He came hopping, hopping
home.





GRANDDAD'S PIPE

GRANDDAD'S PIPE

My Granddad had a meer-
schaum pipe, and Oh!
how awfully strong,
He would often sit and smoke
it, and smoke it all day
long,

I loved to watch the rings, as
he blew the puffs of
smoke,

And often sat and listened to
him tell his funny jokes,

Granddad blew a smoke ring,
then a soap bubble I
blew too;

We sat and watched the
smoke ring, pass the
bubble through,

Then Granddad blew smoke
rings, with all his might
and main,

We sat and watched the
bubbles pass through and
through again;

My Granddad is a blower, and
it may all go up in smoke,
But I love to sit and watch
him, and hear his little
jokes.



THE SNAIL

Two little girls went out to
play

On a warm and balmy day;

“Oh! Mother dear, come quick
with me,

Just what it is, please come
and see;

Its little house looks just
like stone,

And it seems to live there
all alone;

And as we played beneath
the tree,

It stuck its horney head at
me.”

Mother found it but a snail

That always leaves a silver
trail.



THE OLD HEN AND HER CHICKS

THE OLD HEN AND HER CHICKS

There was an old hen, in the
straw she made her nest,
And to lay a lot of eggs, she
tried to do her best;
She laid every day, until she
laid about twenty,
As she counted them she
said, "I think I have
plenty."

So twenty little peeps, from
their shells one day
hopped,
And said, "Dear Mother,
where will we find our Pop."
"Now, you will find your Pop,
when he crows at day
break,
And I am sure my little
babies, his voice will
wake."

FARMER BROWN

There is a good old farmer
And his name is Henry
Brown;
His sheep are in the meadow,
His cows have gone to
town.
The pigs are in the clover
And the colts are in the hay,
The ducks are in the river,
Swimming far away.

THE BAD GOAT

Here is a goat that won't stay
home,
And around the streets he
loves to roam;
A lady he met on the street
one day,
And he tried to take her
clothes away.
This goat sometimes attacks
a man;
They say he often eats tin
cans.
Now Billy has a sister Nan,
And to go with Billy she
never can,
For she would not let Billy be,
The bad, bad goat, that's
here you see.



OLD SAPPY JOHN

Old Sappy John, with his side
boards on—

Old Sappy John taught
school;

Old Sappy John, with his
side boards on,

Punished us all with his rule.

Now, if we were late we knew
our fate,

As he stood at his desk and
frowned.

He would shake his bald
head, just as he said,

“You go there right now
and sit down.”

GRINDER'S MILL

“Tell me, my kind lady, how
far is Grinder's mill?”

“Yonder at the forked
roads, just beyond the hill;
The mills are grinding daily,
not only corn and wheat;
They grind the bread for
everyone, no matter
whom you meet.”

MILKMAID AND HER COW

The old cow comes in the
morning and also comes
at night.

The milkmaid comes with
her pail, all glowing with
delight;

She sends it to the babies with
bright eyes of blue;

She sends it to the little
babies with eyes like you.



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