Denslow's Mother Goose
Denslow's

MOTHER

GOOSE

Being the old familiar rhymes and jingles of MOTHER GOOSE
edited and illustrated by W. W. Denslow.

1901

McClure, Phillips & Company
Publishers

NEW YORK
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BY WILLIAM WALLACE DENSLOW
This book is dedicated to
Ann Waters Denslow
with much love and gratitude for her help in its making.
Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king’s horses, and all
the king’s men
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.
(An egg)
Mistress Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells.
And pretty maids all in a row.
Bye, baby hunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
He'll never get this rabbit's skin,
To wrap the baby hunting in.
Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said,
“What a good boy am I!”
Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.
Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.
I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don’t hurt her, she’ll do me no harm.
I’ll sit by the fire, and give her some food,
And Pussy will love me, because I am good.
Higglepy, Piggleby,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higglepy, Piggleby,
My black hen!
Hickety, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse ran,
Hickety, dickety, dock.
Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends it never can fall,
Safe is the baby, bough, cradle and all.
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;  
She gave them some broth with plenty of bread,  
She kissed them all fondly and sent them to bed.
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat
I wonder how they
could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Hello! Friday, Polly
wants a cracker.
Poor Old Robinson Crusoe!
Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Arthur wants to play.
The rose is red,
The violet’s blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.
Little Boy Blue, come
blow up your horn,
The sheep’s in the meadow,
the cow’s in the corn.
There was an old woman
tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as
the moon;
Where she was going I could-
  n't but ask it,
  For in her hand she car-
  ried a broom.
Old woman, old woman,
old woman, quoth I,
O whither,
O whither, O
whither so high?
To brush the cob-
webs off the sky!
Shall I go with
thee? Aye, by-
and bye.
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.
The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.
The King of Hearts called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.
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.
The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!
There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.
Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."
Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.
Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away
Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper, what shall he eat? White bread and butter.
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.
And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did did appear.

“What makes the lamb love Mary so?”
The eager children cry.
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know.”
The teacher did did reply.
A diller, a dollar,  
A ten o’clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o’clock.

But now you come at noon.
I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple grey;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn’t keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.
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.
The man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
To inquire his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge.
Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.
There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.
Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in tags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.
Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candle stick.
Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.
Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John
Went to bed with his
trousers on;
One shoe off, the other
shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John.
Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And knows not what to do.
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on.
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They've all gone away.
The verses in this book have been hand-lettered by FRED W. GOUDY
Mother Goose

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