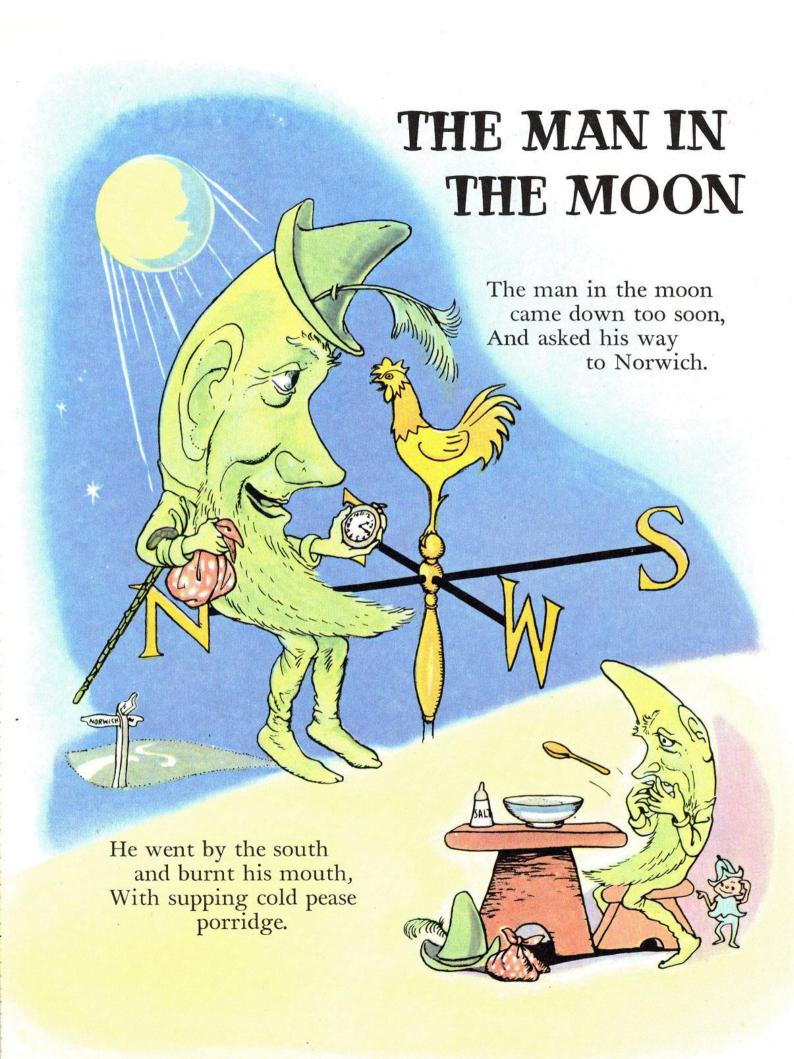


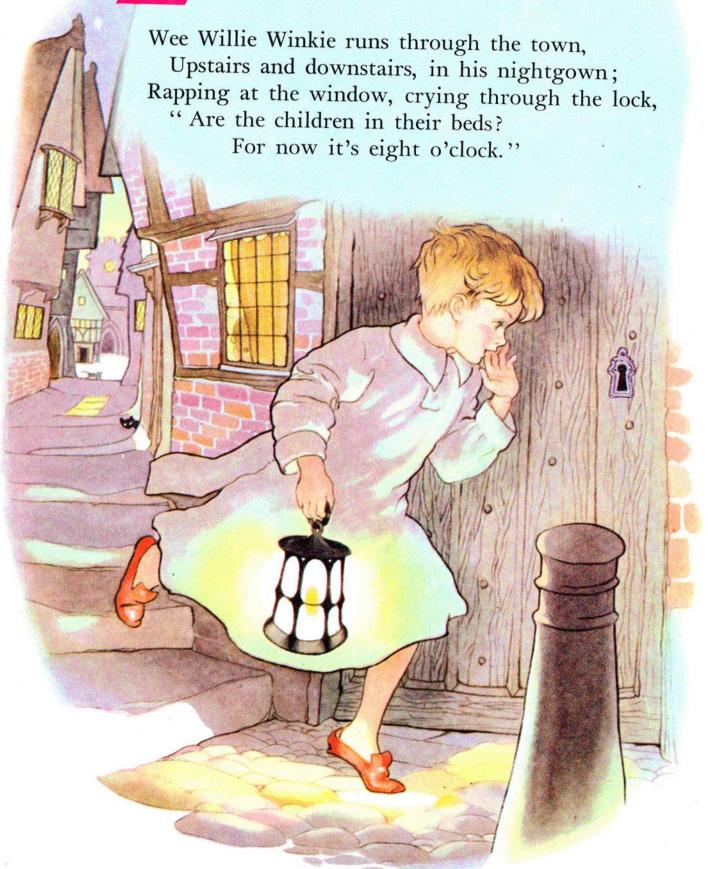
WORL	LD FAMO	US NURSER	Y RHYMES	
© Copyrig	ht 2010	Bogglesv	vorth Pub	lishing

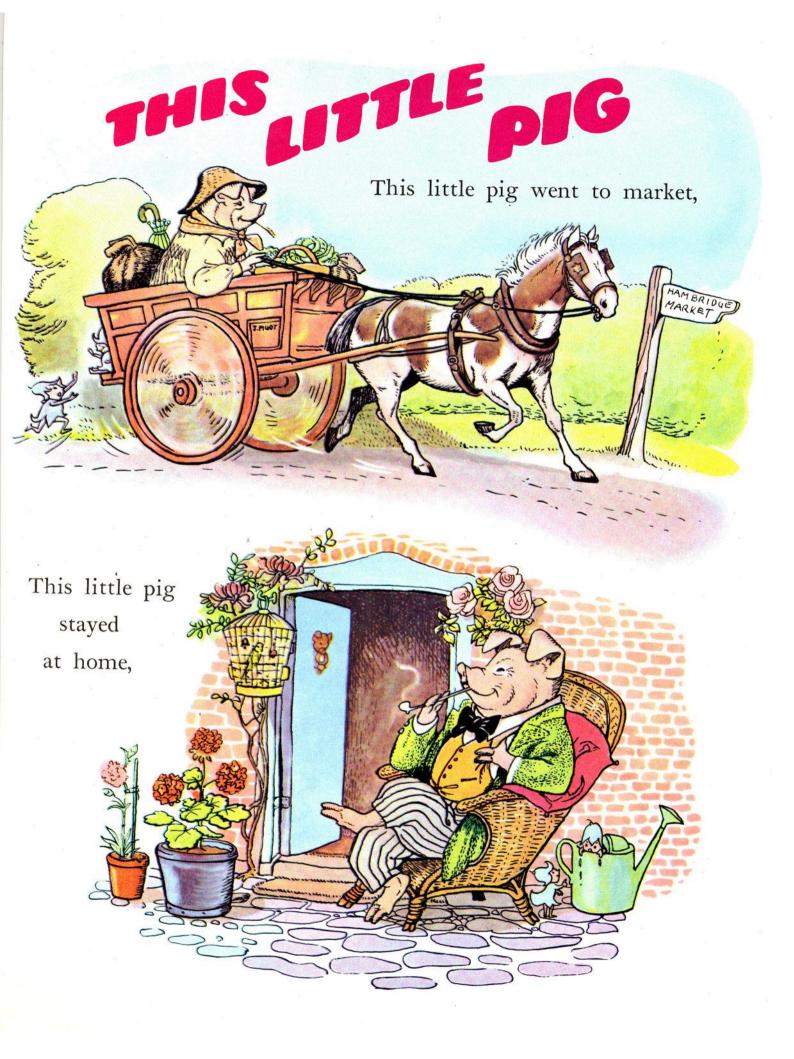


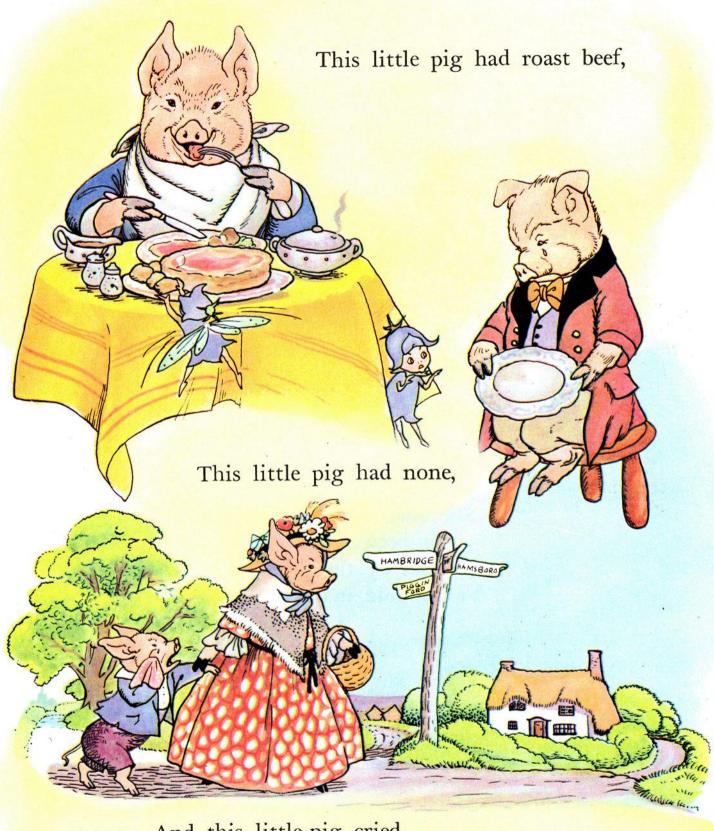
WHAT'S THE NEWS



Wee Willie Winkie





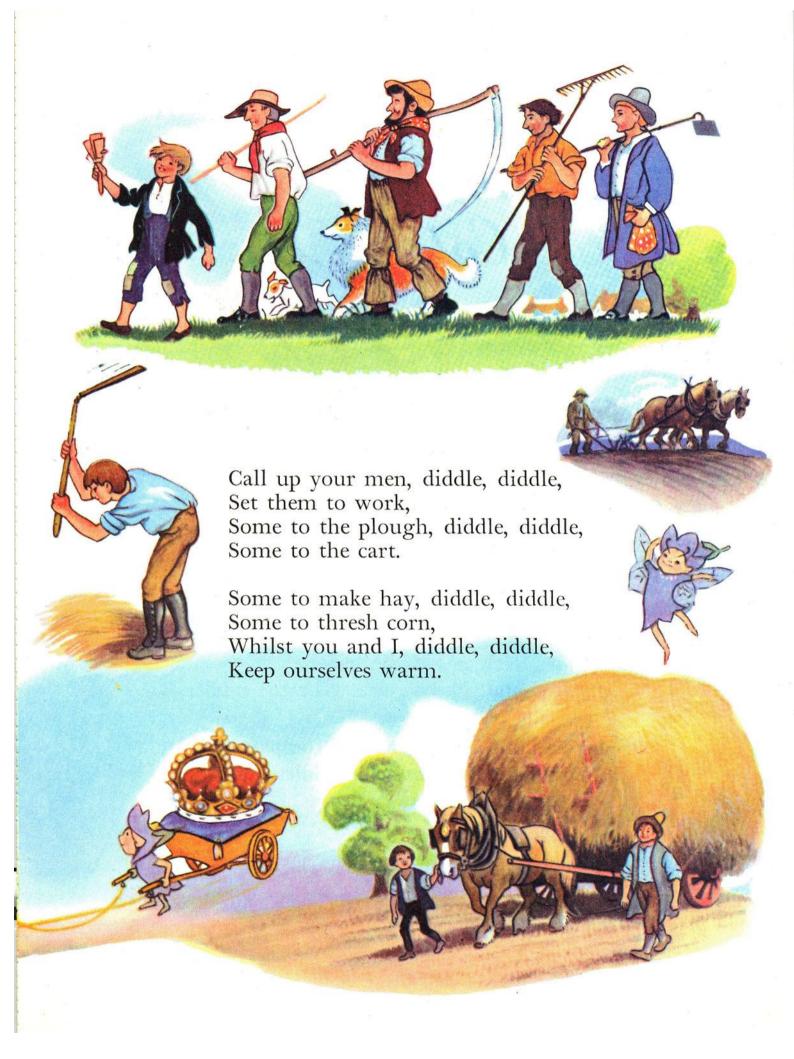


And this little pig cried, Wee, Wee, Wee, all the way home.

TAVENDER'S BLUE

Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle, Lavender's green; When I am king, diddle, diddle, You shall be queen.





Two Little Kittens



Two little kittens, one stormy night, Began to quarrel, and then to fight.

One had a mouse and the other had none, And that's the way the quarre' began.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.

"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!"

"I will have that mouse," said the older one;

"You shan't have the mouse," said the little one.

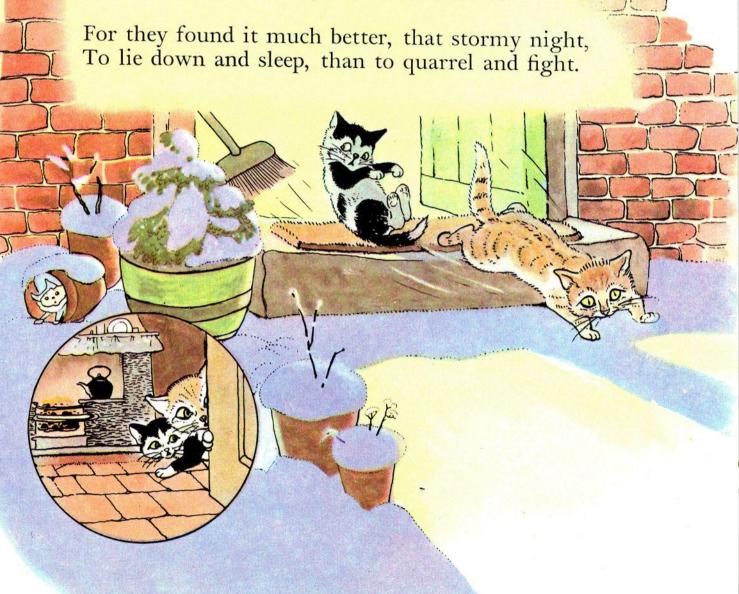
I told you before 'twas a stormy night, When those two little kittens began to fight.

The old woman seized her sweeping broom, And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow, And the two little kittens had nowhere to go.

So they lay them down on the mat at the door, While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice, All wet with the snow, and as cold as ice.

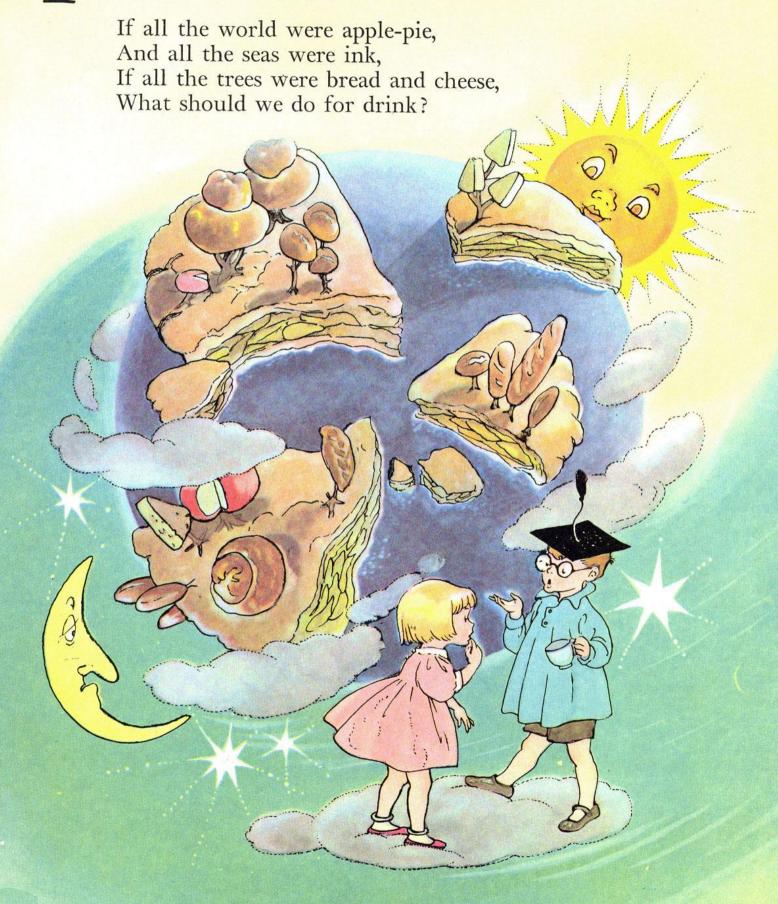


Molly my sister, and I, fell out

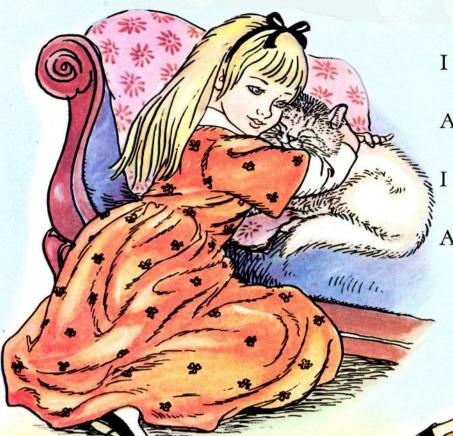
Molly my sister, and I, fell out.
And what do you think it was about!
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.



If all the world were apple-pie



I Love Little Kitty

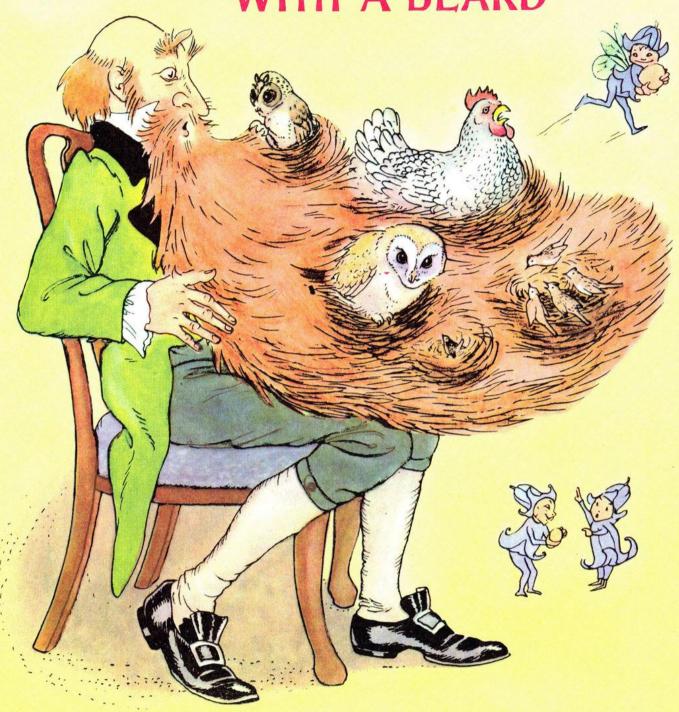


I love little kitty,
her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
she'll do me no harm.
I won't pull her tail
or drive her away,
And kitty and I
together will play.

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION

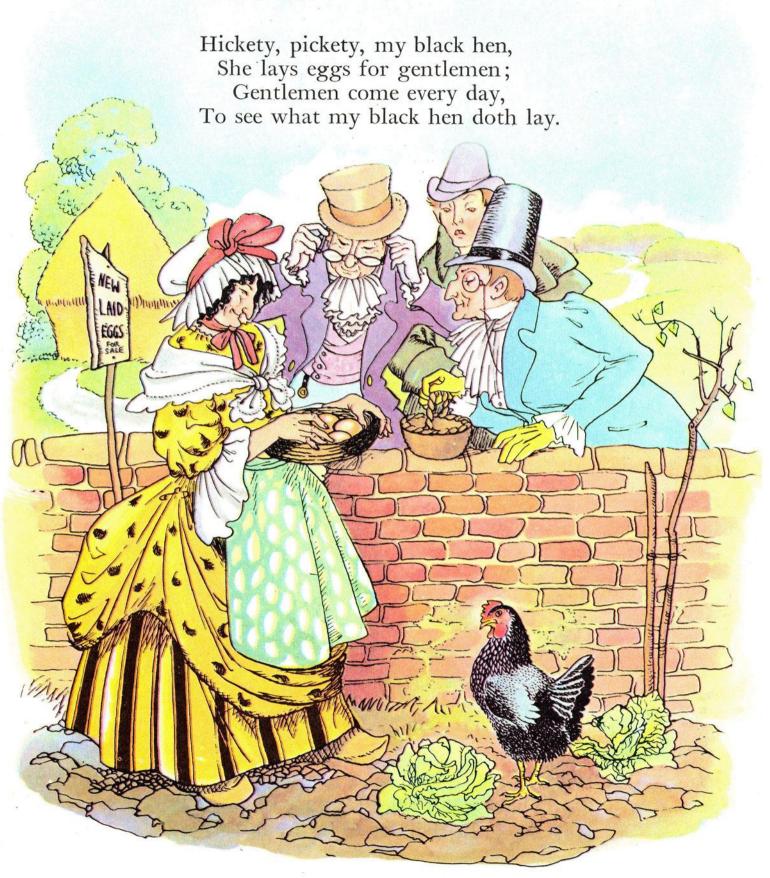
Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

HERE WAS AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD



There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—
Two Owls and a Hen, four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

Hickety, pickety, my black hen



HODDLEY, PODDLEY



Hoddley, poddley, puddle and fogs, Cats are to marry the poodle dogs, Cats in blue jackets, and dogs in red hats; What will become of the mice and rats?



Which is the way to London Town?

Which is the way to London Town? To see the King in his golden crown. One foot up and one foot down, That's the way to London Town.

