

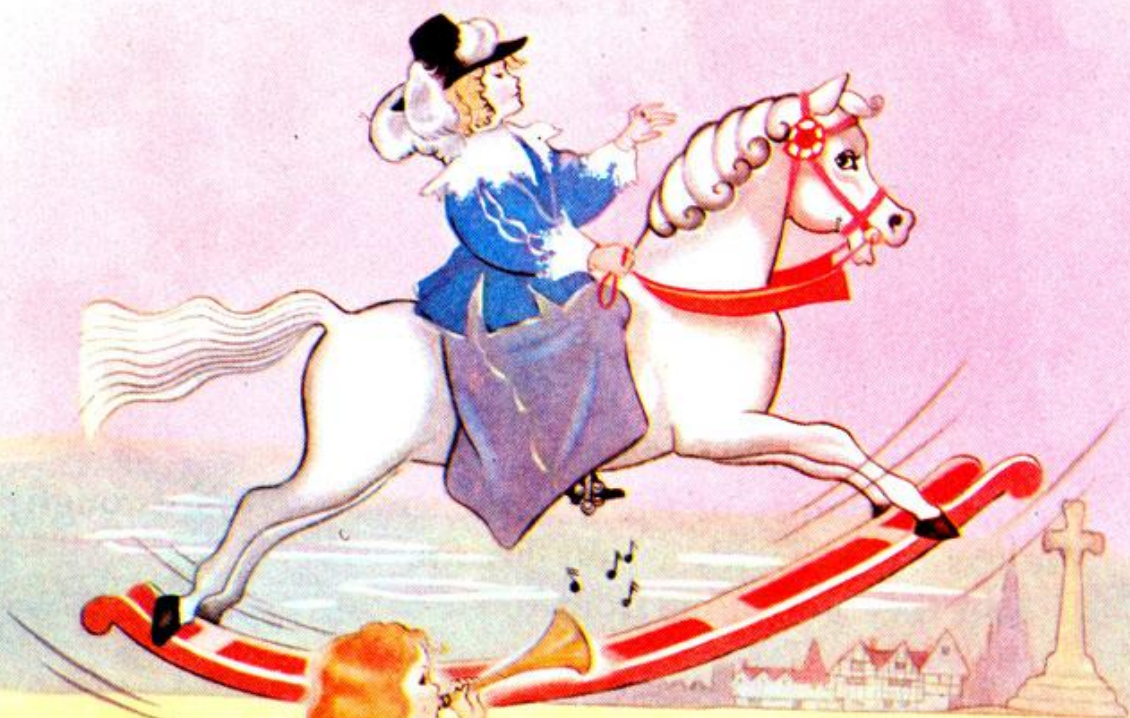


WORLD FAMOUS NURSERY RHYMES

Volume Three



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VOLUME THREE
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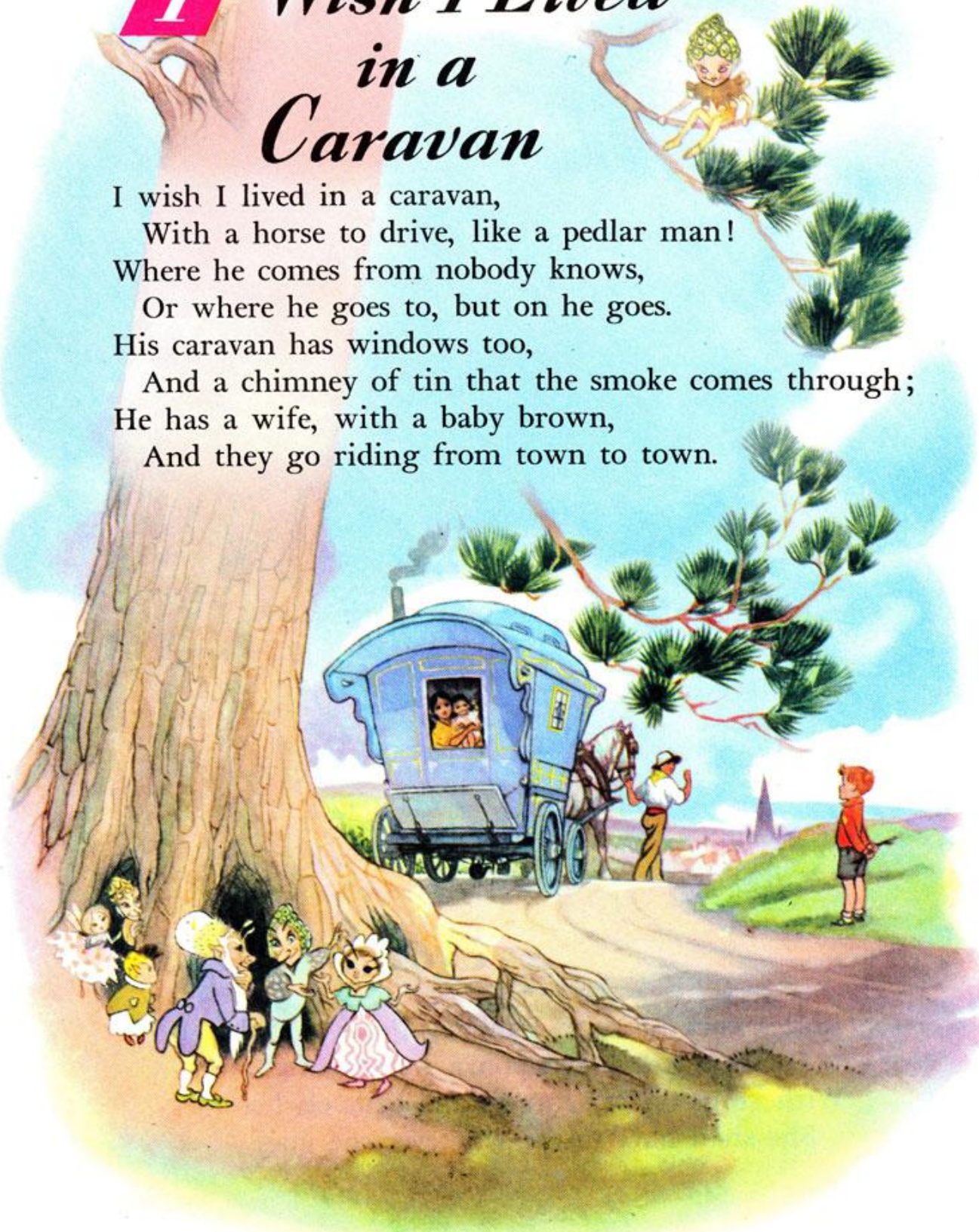
Ride a *Cock-Horse*

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.



Wish I Lived in a Caravan

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes.
His caravan has windows too,
And a chimney of tin that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.



Where are you going to

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”

“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”

“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid.”

“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.



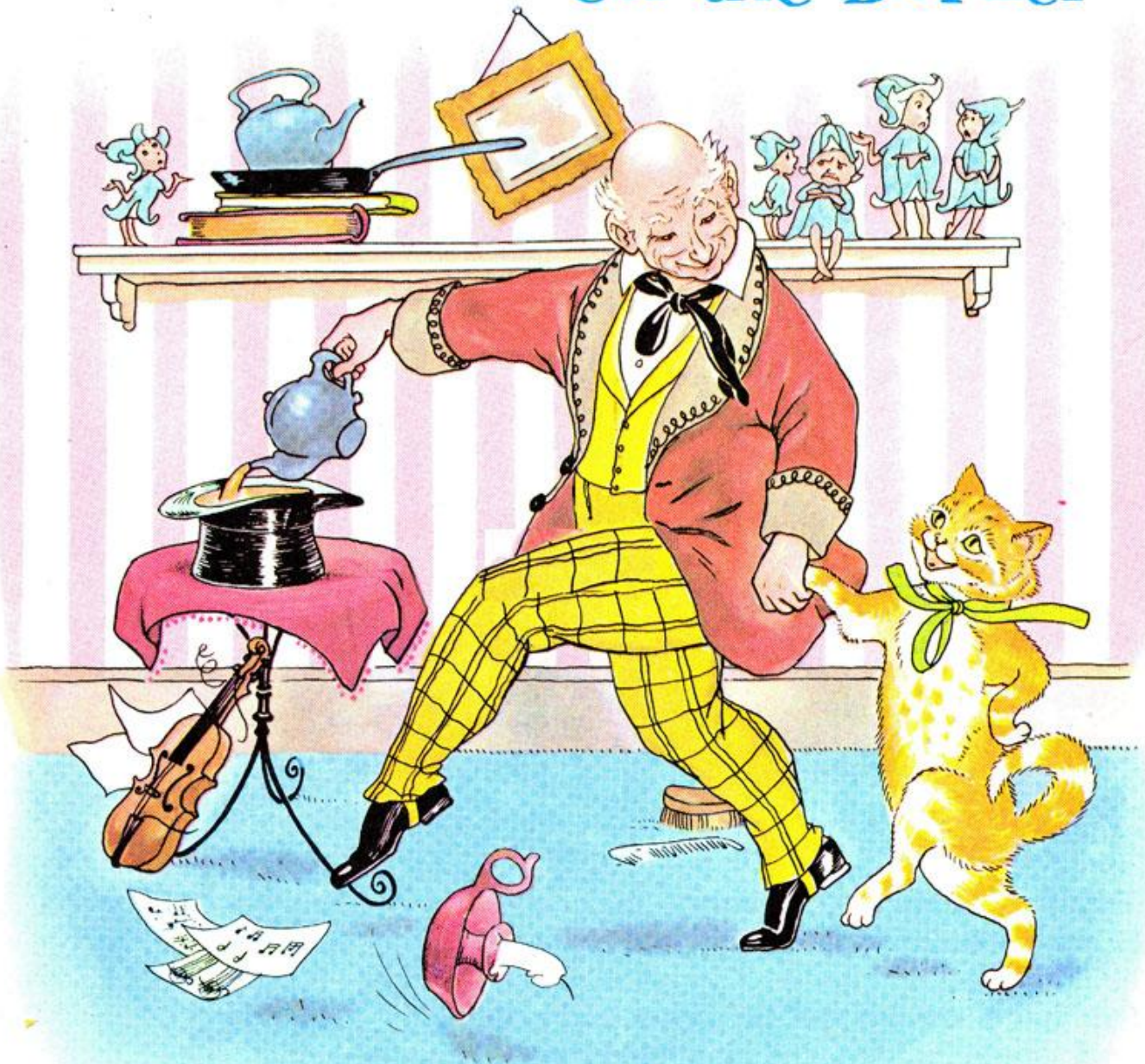


There was a crooked man

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Who caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.



There was an old man on the Border



There was an old man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder;
He danced with the Cat, and made tea in his hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.

Mary had a pretty bird

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow.
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.



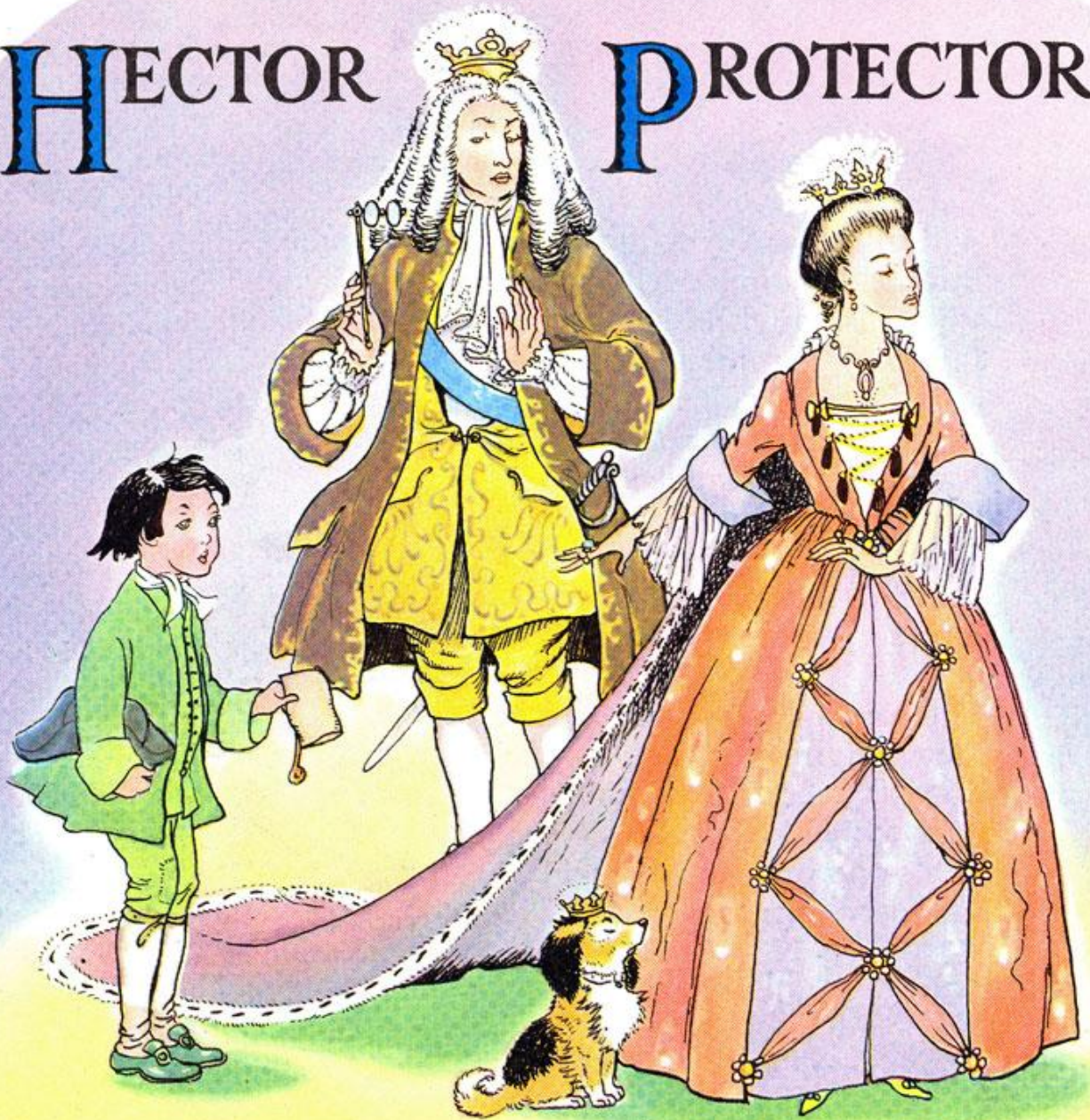
The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary.
And near the cage she's ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

H

ECTOR

P

ROTECTOR



Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

A farmer went trotting

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!"
And they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
And the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven,
Flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them,
The same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

