

# Our Class Book of Nursery Rhymes

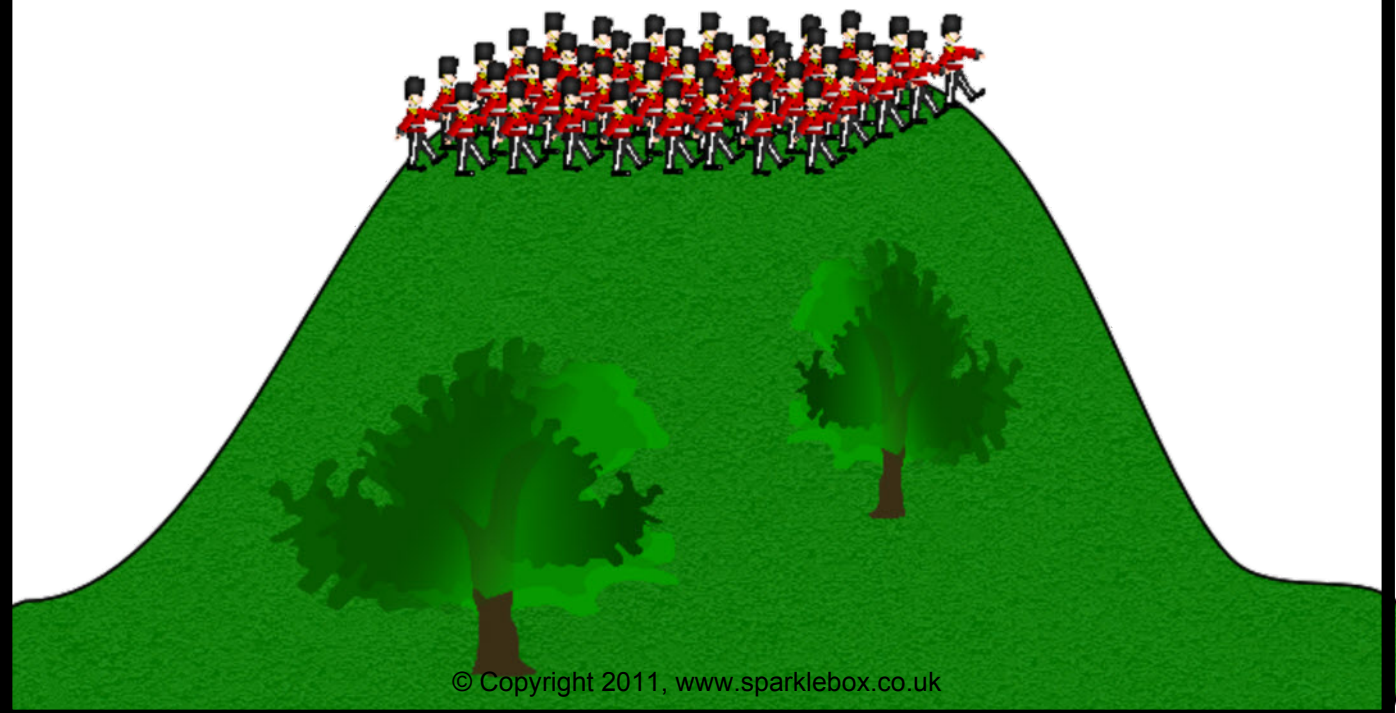


# The Grand Old Duke of York

Oh the grand old Duke of York,  
He had ten thousand men.

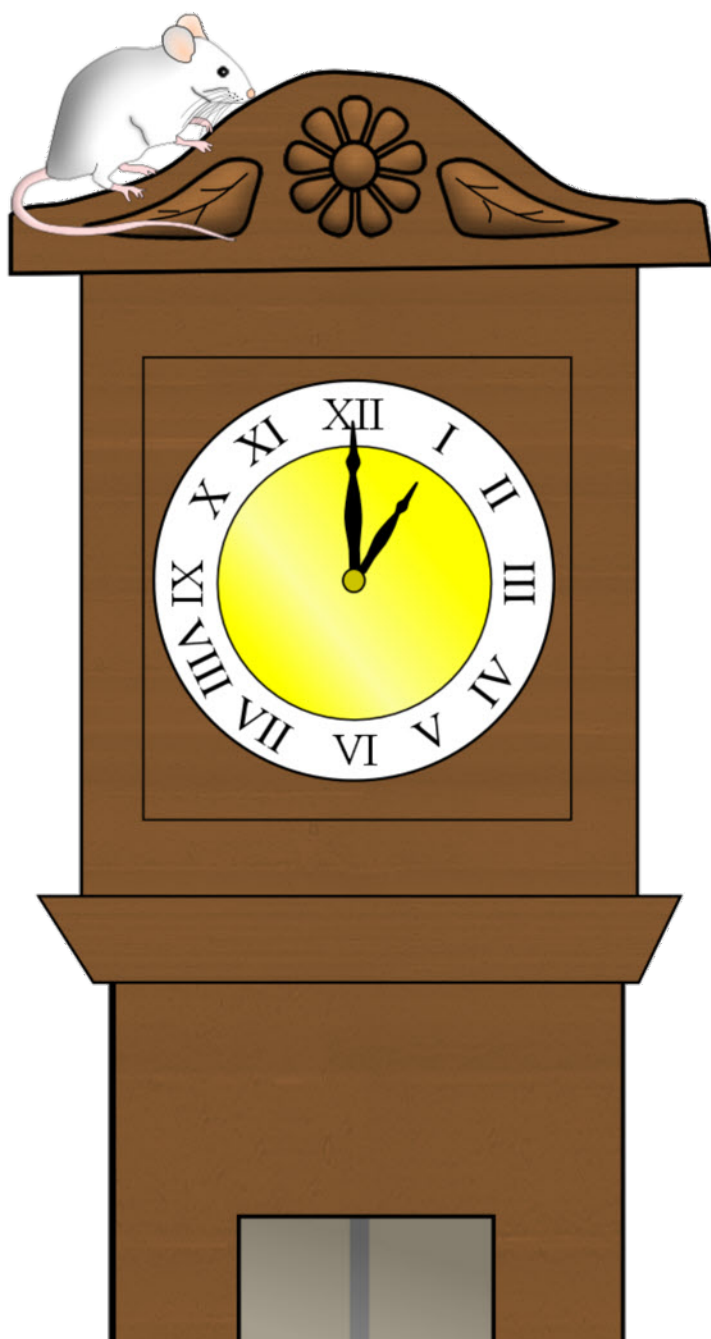
He marched them up to the top of the hill  
And he marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up  
And when they were down, they were down.  
And when they were only half way up  
They were neither up nor down.



# Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory Dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one and down he ran.  
Hickory Dickory Dock.



# Baa Baa Black Sheep

Baa baa black sheep,  
Have you any wool.

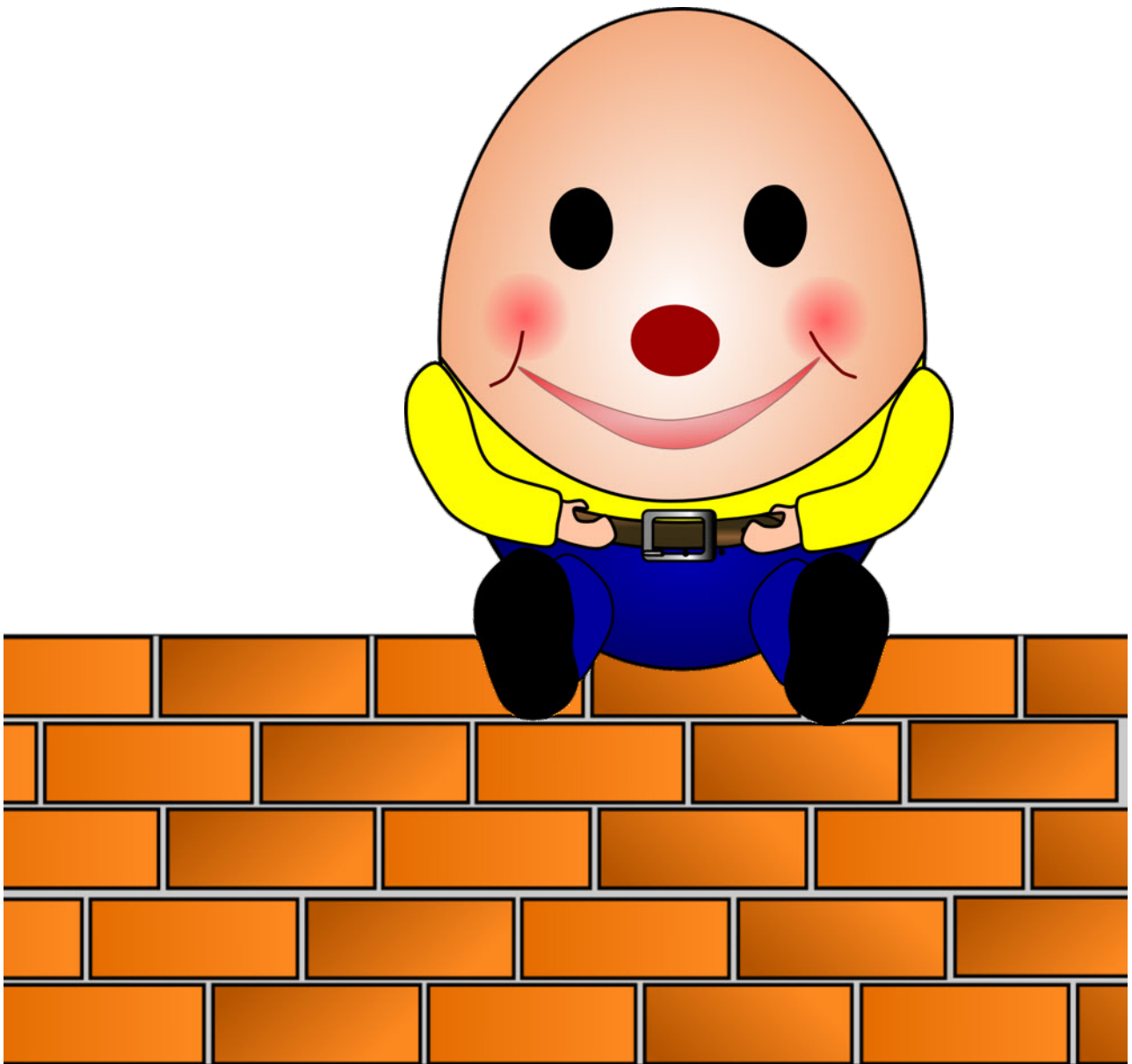
“Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.”

“One for the master and one for the dame,  
And one for the little boy  
who lives down the lane.”



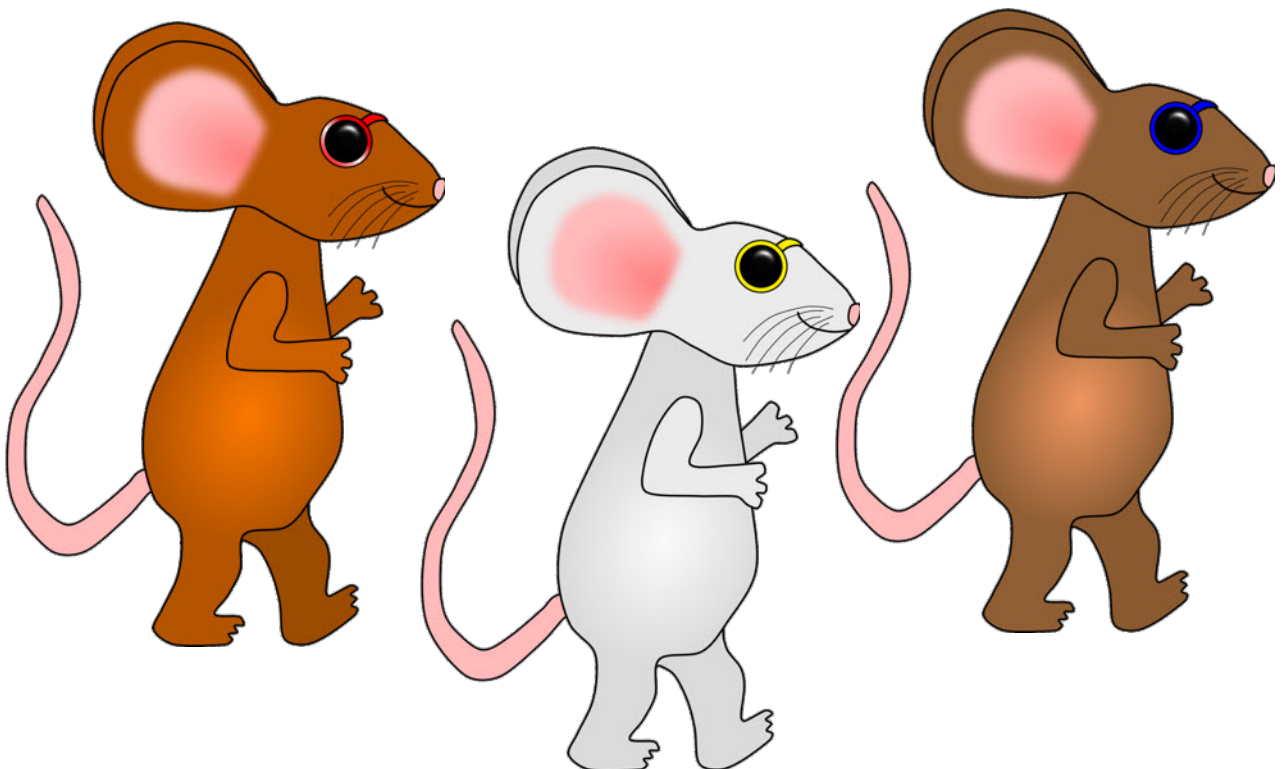
# Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.



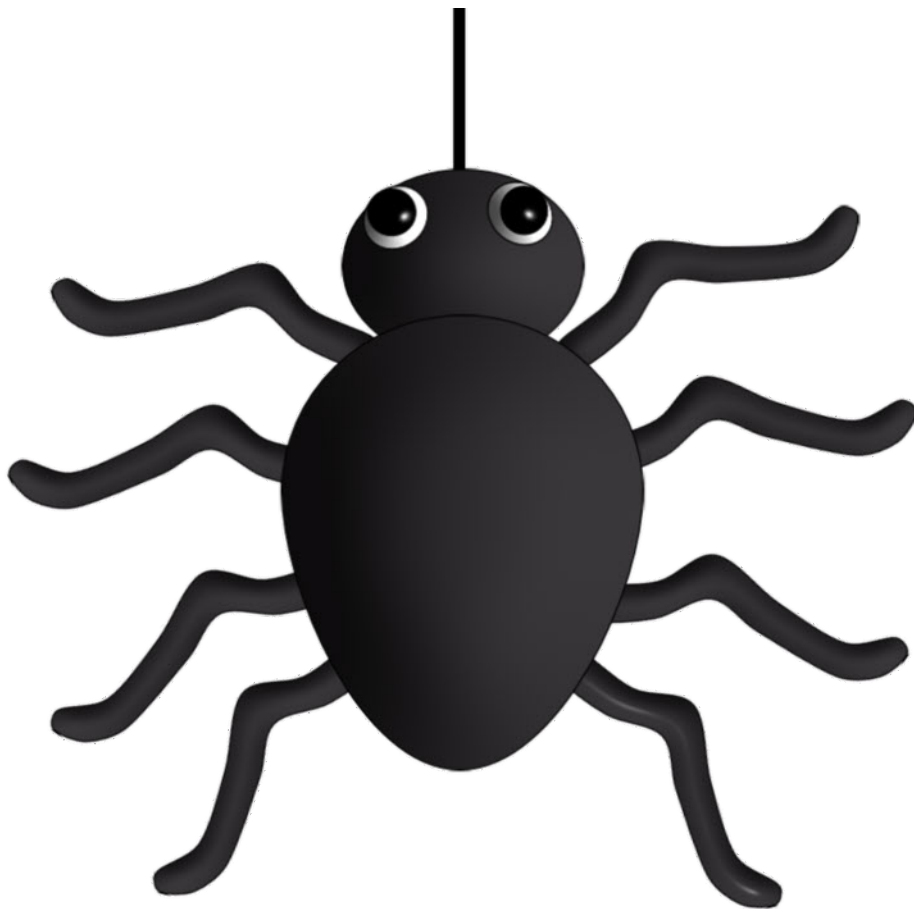
# Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice!  
Three blind mice!  
See how they run!  
See how they run!  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,  
Did you ever see such a thing in your life  
As three blind mice?!



# Incy Wincy Spider

Incy Wincy Spider climbed  
Up the water spout.  
Down came the rain  
And washed poor Incy out.  
Out came the sunshine  
And dried up all the rain.  
And Incy Wincy Spider  
Climbed up the spout again.



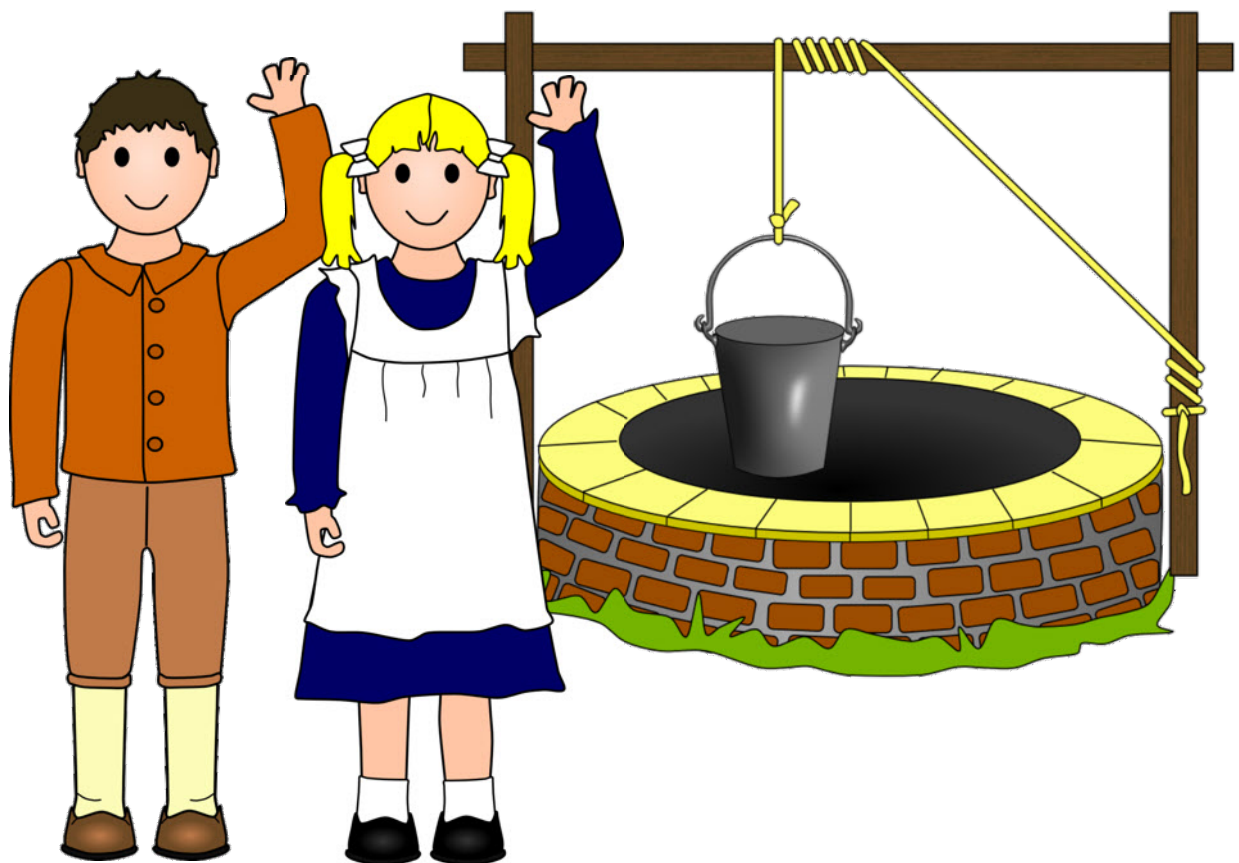
# Jack and Jill

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.

Up Jack got and home he ran  
As fast as he could caper

He went to bed and bound his head  
With vinegar and brown paper.





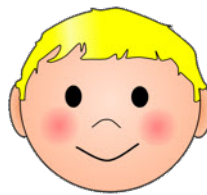
# Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
Along came a spider  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away!



# Monday's Child

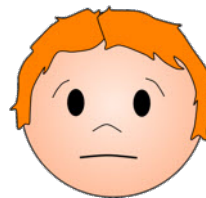
Monday's child is fair of face.



Tuesday's child is full of grace.



Wednesday's child is full of woe.



Thursday's child has far to go.



Friday's child is loving and giving.



Saturday's child works hard for living.



And the child that is born on the Sunday,  
Is bonny, blithe, good and gay.

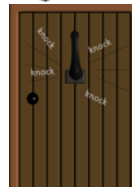


# One, Two... Buckle My Shoes

One, two... buckle my shoes.



Three, four... knock at the door.



Five, six... pick up sticks.



Seven, eight... lay them straight.



Nine, ten... big fat hen.



Eleven, twelve... dig and delve.



Thirteen, fourteen... maids a-courting.



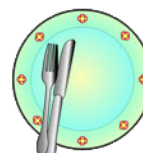
Fifteen, sixteen... maids in the kitchen.



Seventeen, eighteen... maids in waiting.



Nineteen, twenty... my plate's empty.



# Pat-A-Cake

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
Baker's man.

Bake me a cake

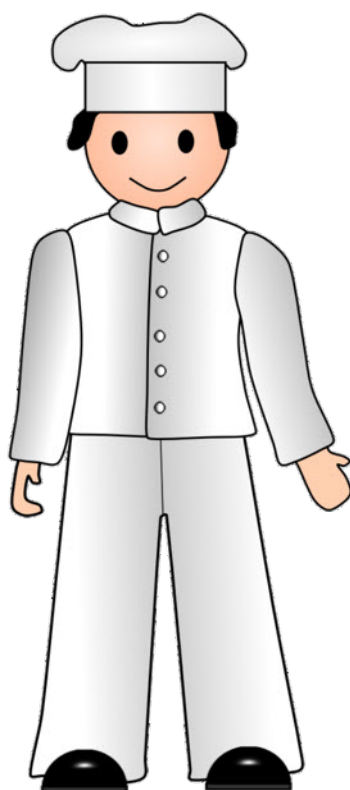
As fast as you can.

Pat it and roll it,

And mark it with 'B'.

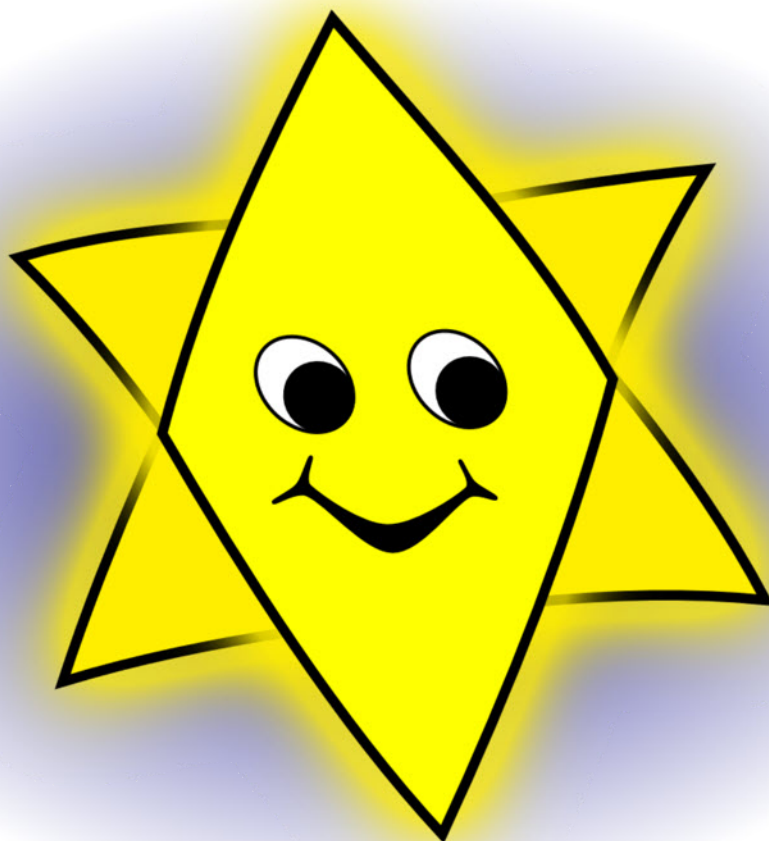
Then put it in the oven

For baby and me.



# Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle little star.  
How I wonder what you are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle little star.  
How I wonder what you are.



# Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With silver bells and cockle shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.

