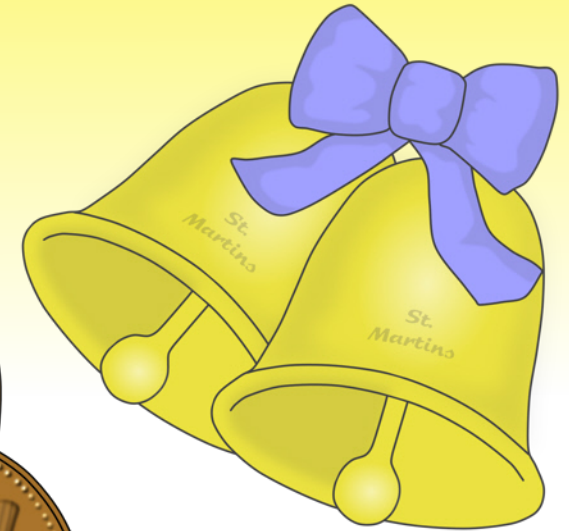
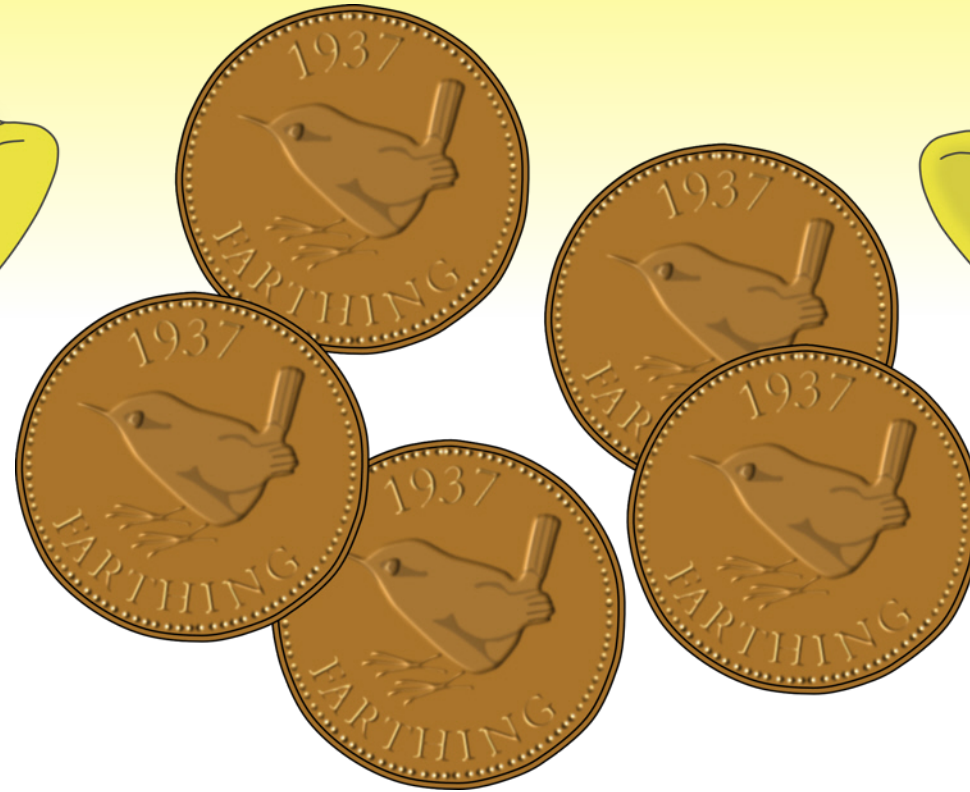
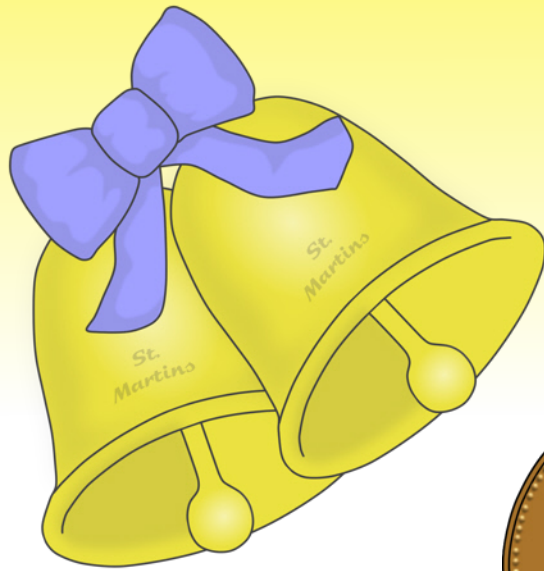


Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.



You owe me five farthings,  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

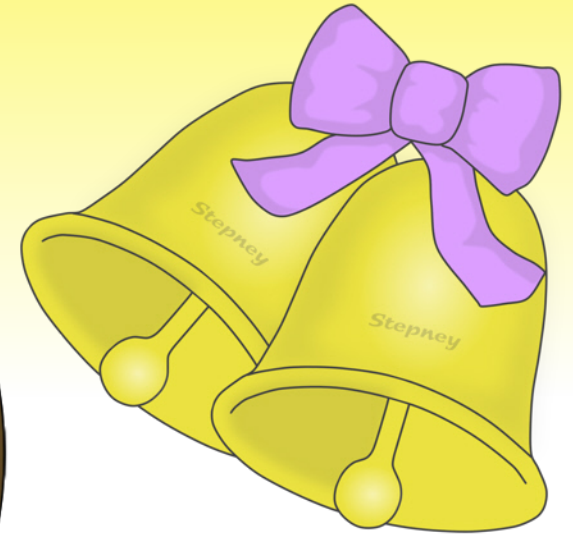
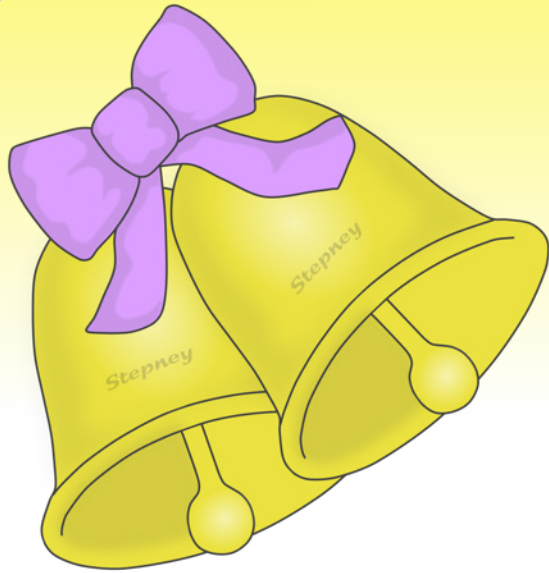


When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

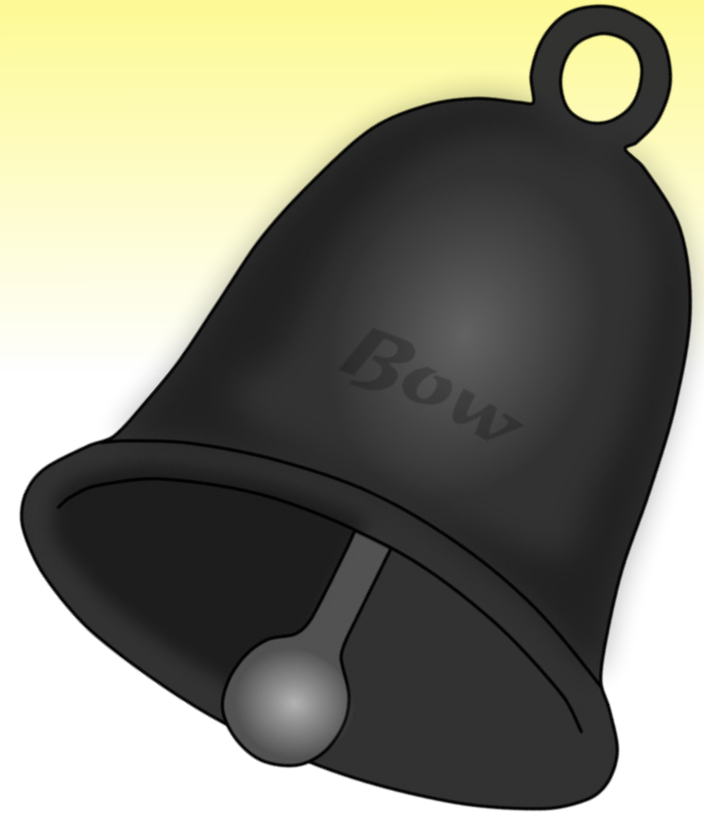


When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

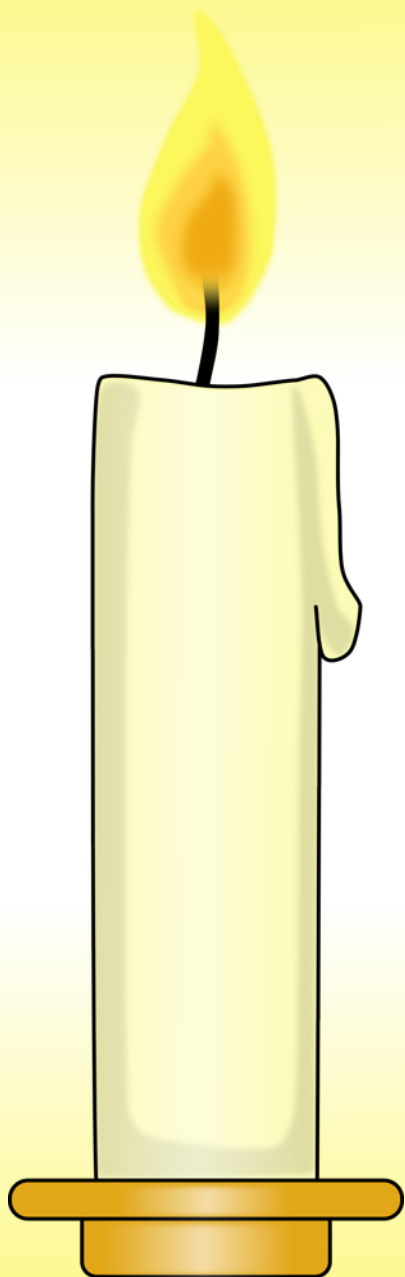




When will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney.



I do not know,  
Says the great bell of Bow.

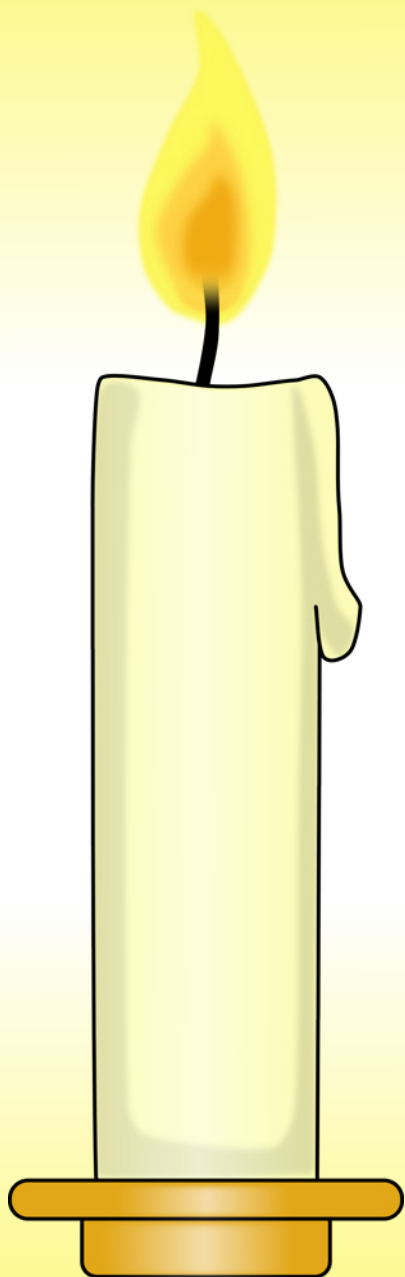


Here comes a candle  
to light you to bed...

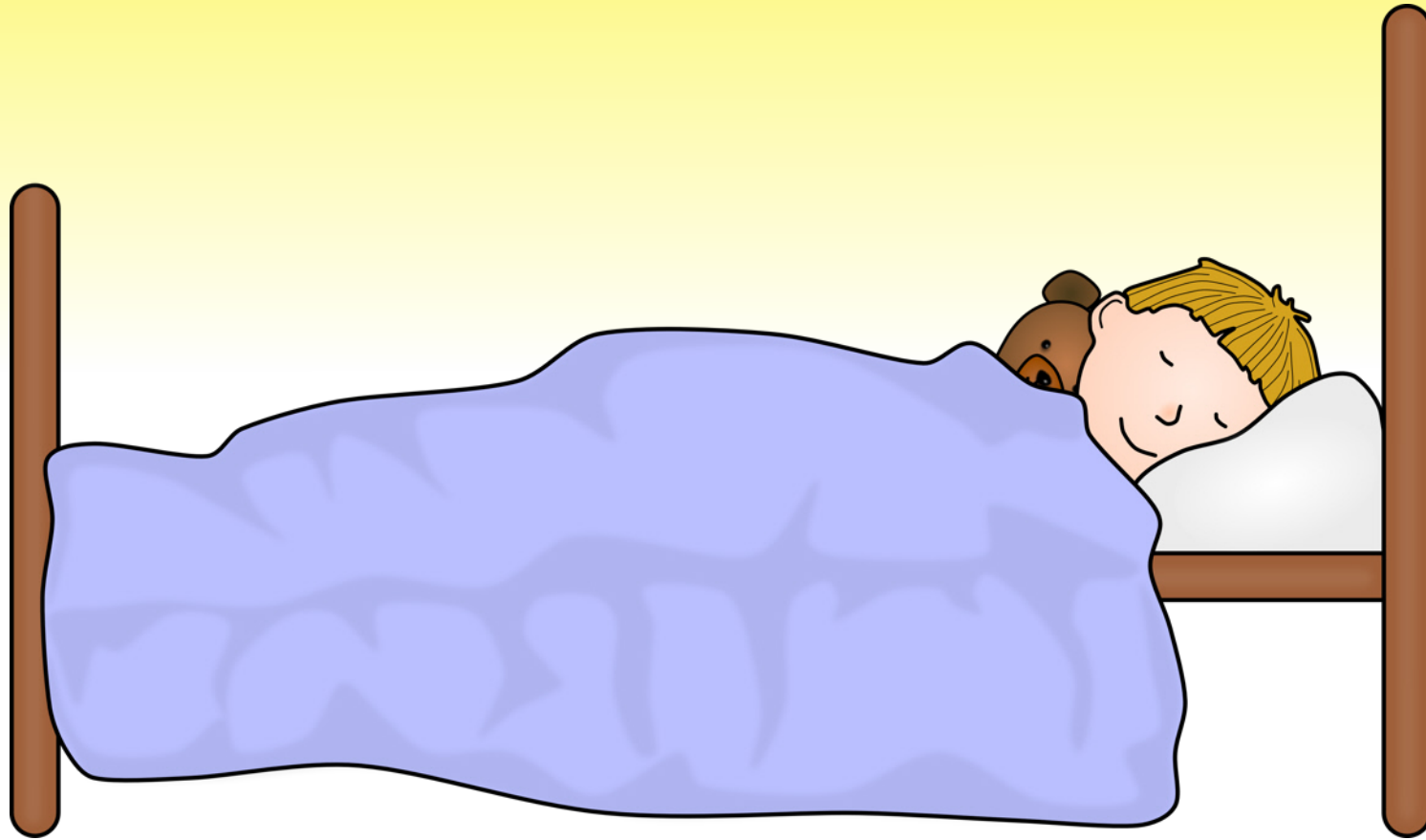


...and here comes a chopper  
to chop off your head!





Here comes a candle  
to light you to bed.



Goodnight sweet child,  
Rest your tired head.