There was a mad man



There was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,And they lived all in a mad lane!They had three children all at a birth,And they too were mad every one. The father was mad, The mother was mad,The children all mad beside;And upon a mad horse they all of them got,And madly away did ride.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool



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 that lives in the lane.

To market, to market, to buy a penny bun



To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

The man in the wilderness



The man in the wilderness,
Asked me, How many strawberries Grew in the sea?I answered him as I thought good, As many red herrings As grew in the wood.

Little Robin Redbreast



Little Robin Redbreast

Sat upon a tree, Up went the Pussy-Cat, And down went he;Down came Pussy-Cat, Away Robin ran,Says little Robin Redbreast— Catch me if you can. Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a spade, Pussy-Cat jumped after him, and then he was afraid.Little Robin chirped and sung, and what did pussy say?Pussy-Cat said Mew, mew mew,—and Robin flew away.

Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye



Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie: When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing; And wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the king? The king was in the parlour, counting out his money;The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,There came a little blackbird and nipt off her nose.

Lady-bird, Lady-bird



Lady-bird, Lady-bird
Fly away home,Your house is on fire,Your children will burn.

One, Two—buckle my shoe



One, Two—buckle my shoe;
Three, Four—open the door;Five, Six—pick up sticks;Seven, Eight—lay them straight;Nine, Ten—a good fat hen.Eleven, Twelve—I hope you're well;Thirteen, Fourteen—draw the curtain;Fifteen, Sixteen—the maid's in the kitchen;Seventeen, Eighteen—she's in waiting.Nineteen, Twenty—my stomach's empty.