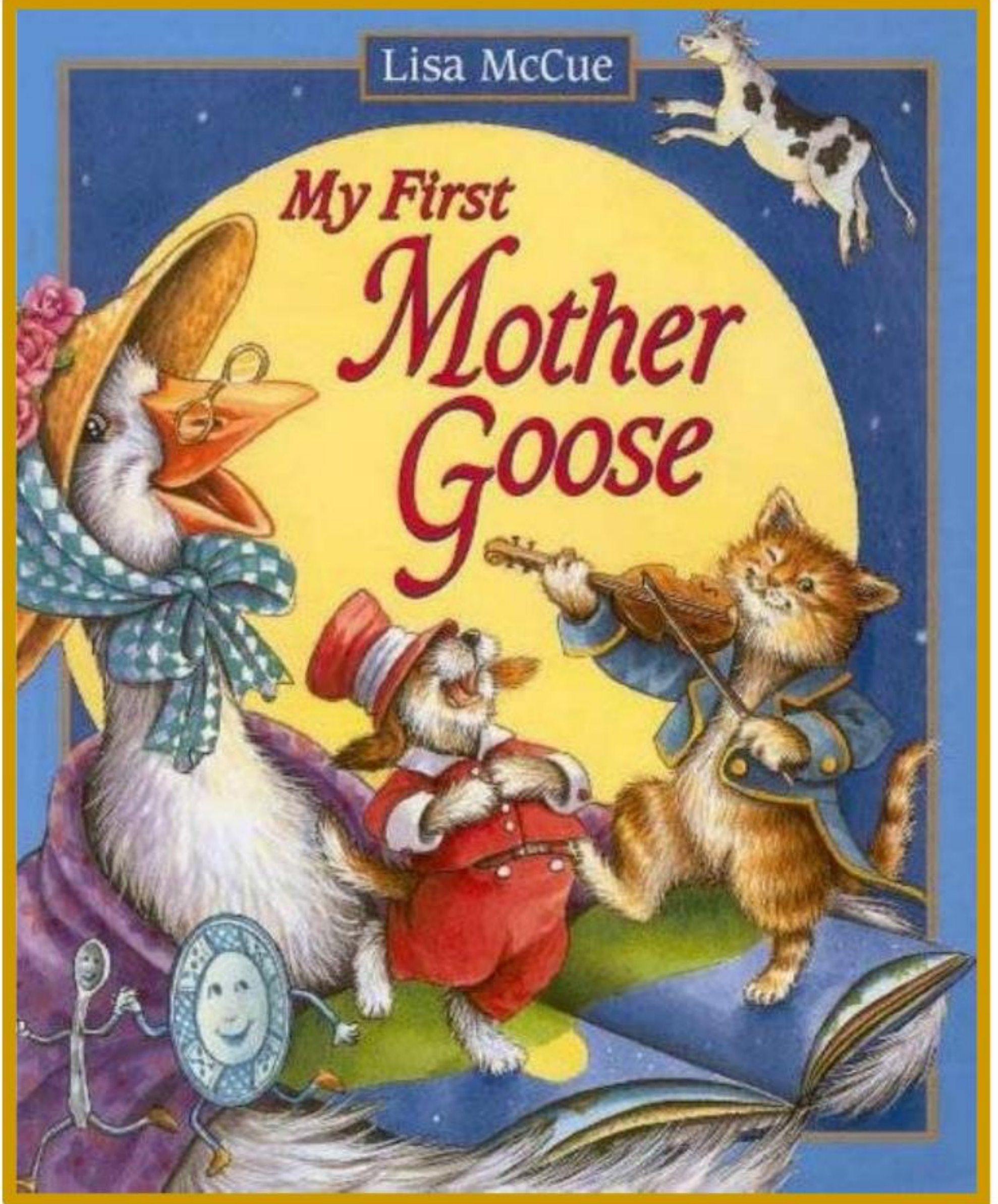
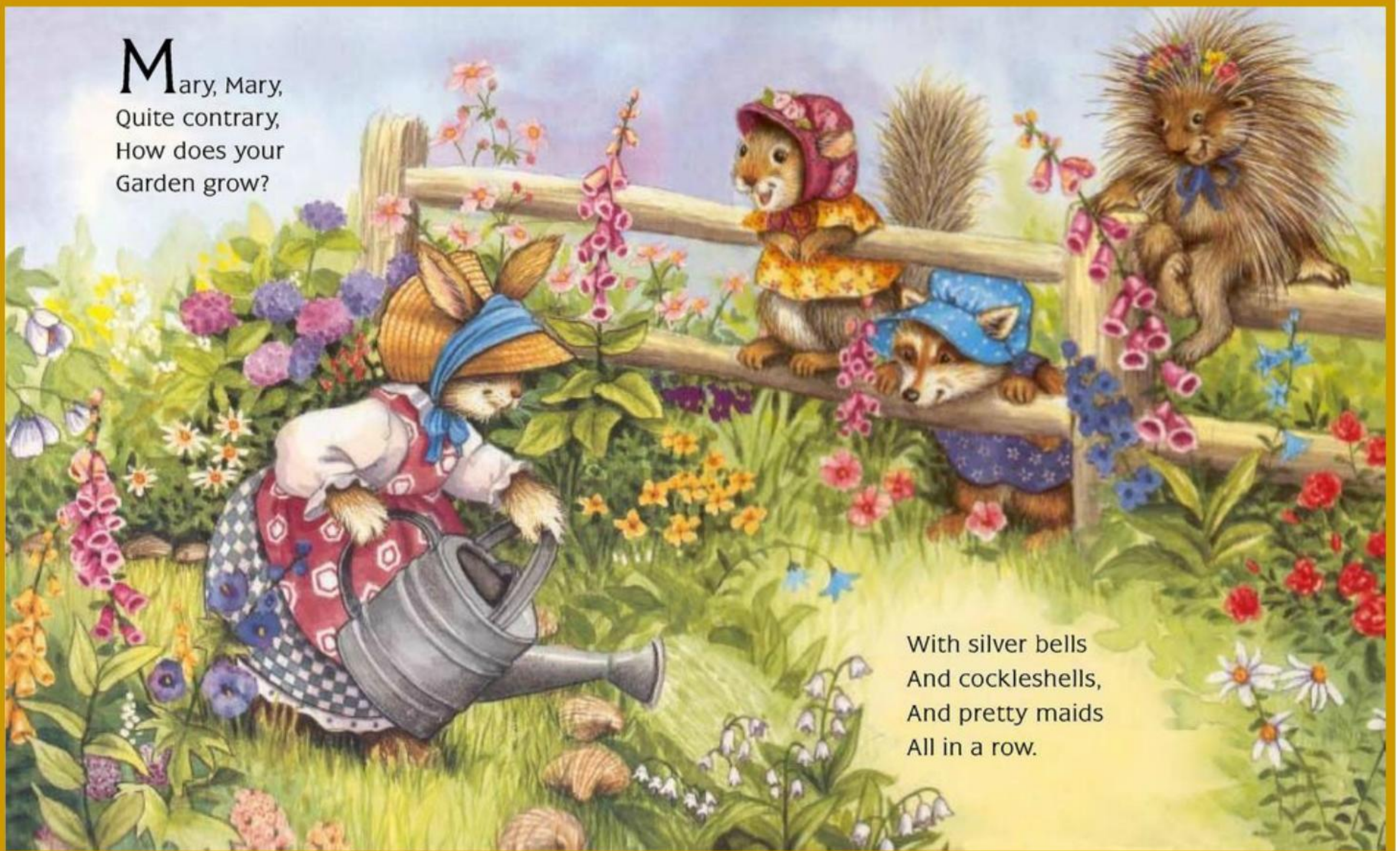


Lisa McCue

My First
**Mother
Goose**



Mary, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your
Garden grow?

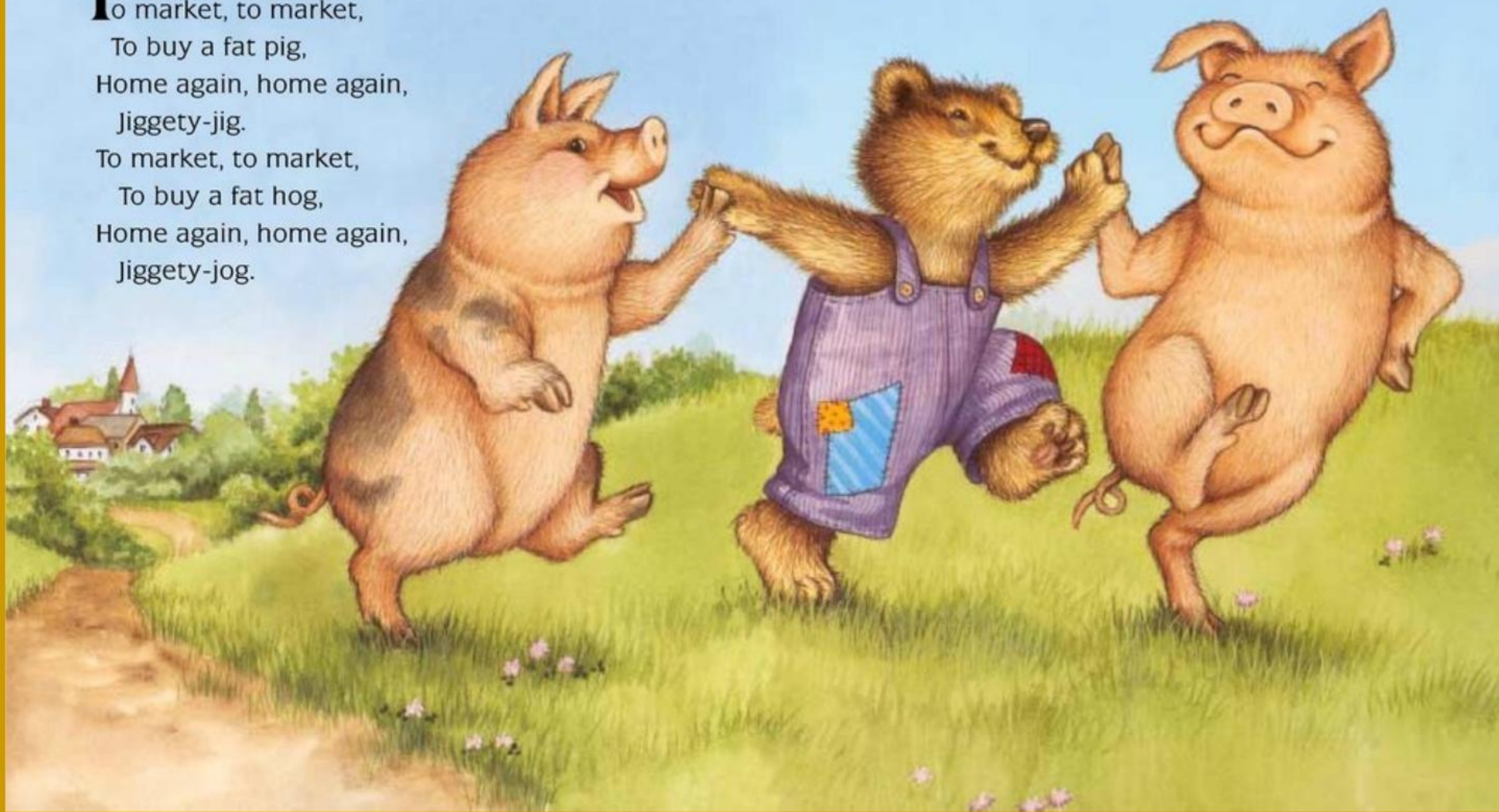


With silver bells
And cockleshells,
And pretty maids
All in a row.

Hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon.



To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jig.
To market, to market,
To buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jog.



One, two, buckle my shoe;



Three, four, open the door;



Five, six, pick up sticks;



Seven, eight,
lay them straight;



Nine, ten, a big fat hen.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

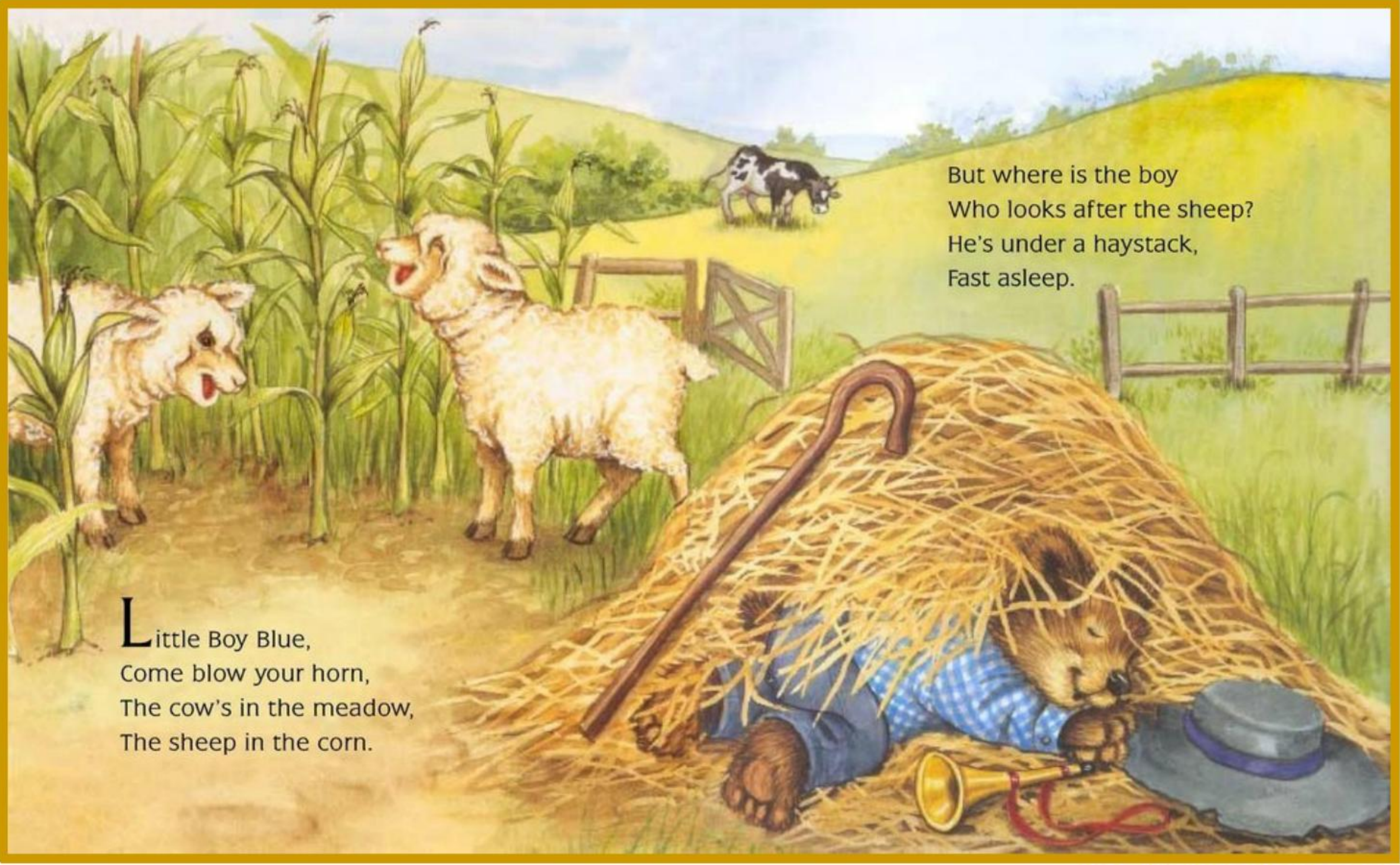


Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen.
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay—
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,
Hickety, pickety, my black hen.



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Now wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

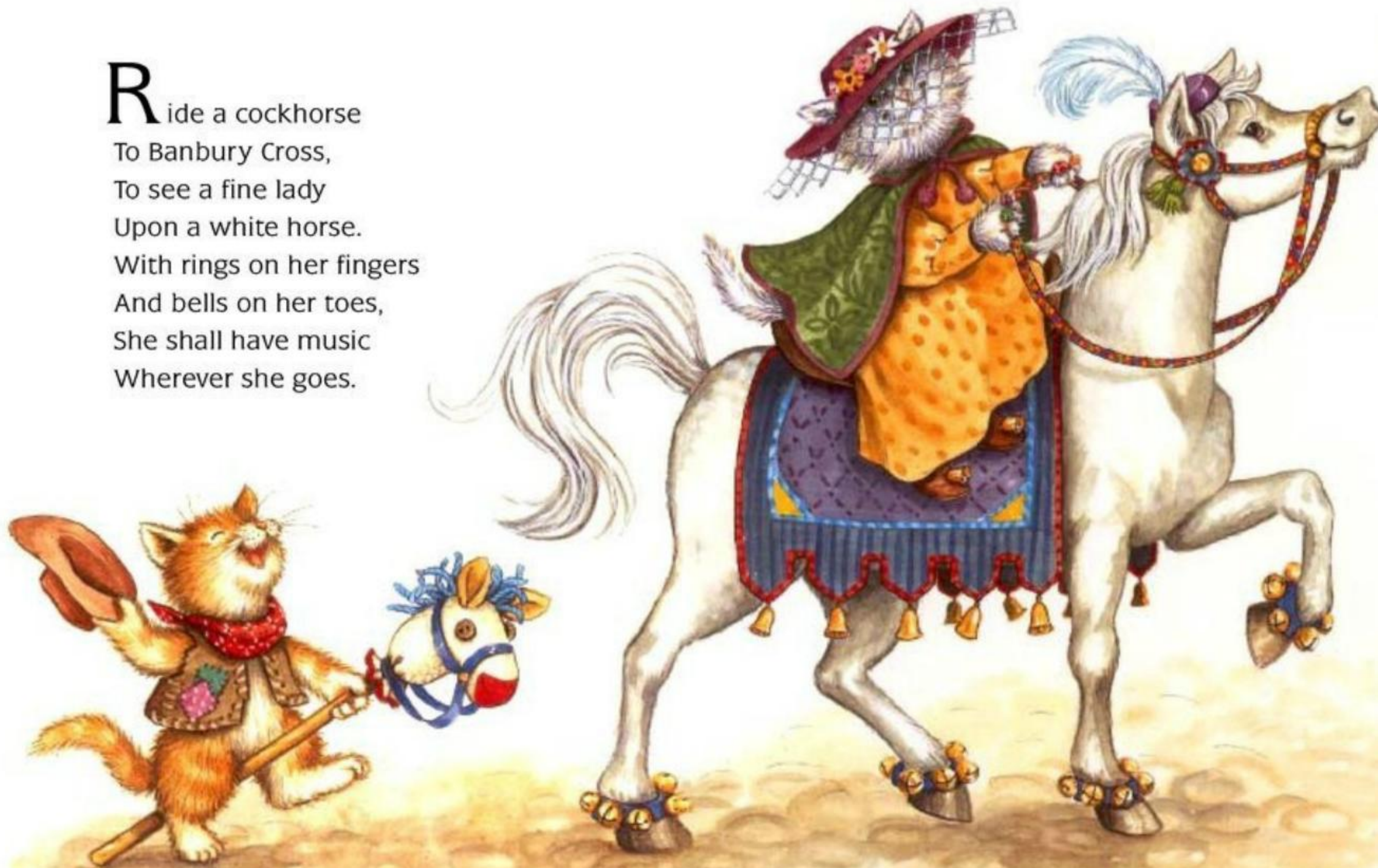


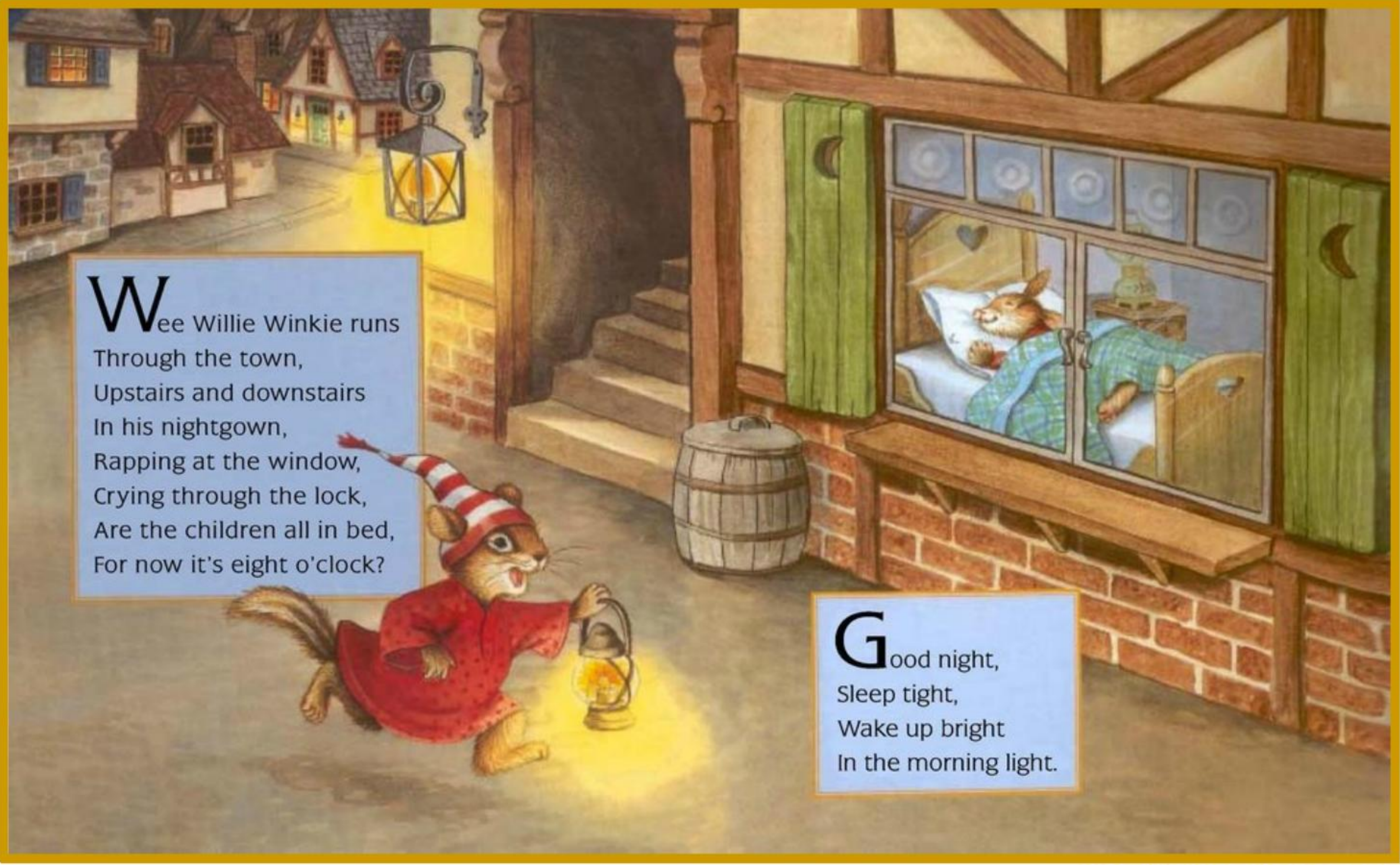
A colorful illustration of a farm scene. In the foreground, a boy named Little Boy Blue is sleeping under a large haystack. He is wearing a blue and white checkered shirt and blue trousers. A long wooden staff leans against the haystack. Next to him on the ground is a brass horn with a red ribbon and a grey hat. To the left of the haystack, two white sheep are standing in a field of tall green corn stalks. In the background, a black and white cow is grazing in a green meadow. A wooden fence separates the foreground from the background. The sky is blue with some clouds.

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The cow's in the meadow,
The sheep in the corn.

But where is the boy
Who looks after the sheep?
He's under a haystack,
Fast asleep.

Ride a cockhorse
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.



An illustration of a squirrel-like character named Wee Willie Winkie running through a town at night. He is wearing a red nightgown with white polka dots and a red and white striped nightcap. He is holding a lantern that casts a yellow glow. In the background, there are stone houses with lit windows and a street lamp. To the right, a window of a house with a brick base and wooden frame shows a child sleeping in a bed. The window has green shutters with crescent moon cutouts. A wooden barrel sits on the ground near the window.

Wee Willie Winkie runs
Through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown,
Rapping at the window,
Crying through the lock,
Are the children all in bed,
For now it's eight o'clock?

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light.