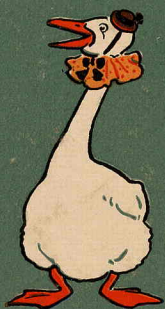


DENSLOW'S
MOTHER
GOOSE

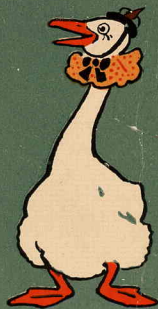
H. Z.
M.

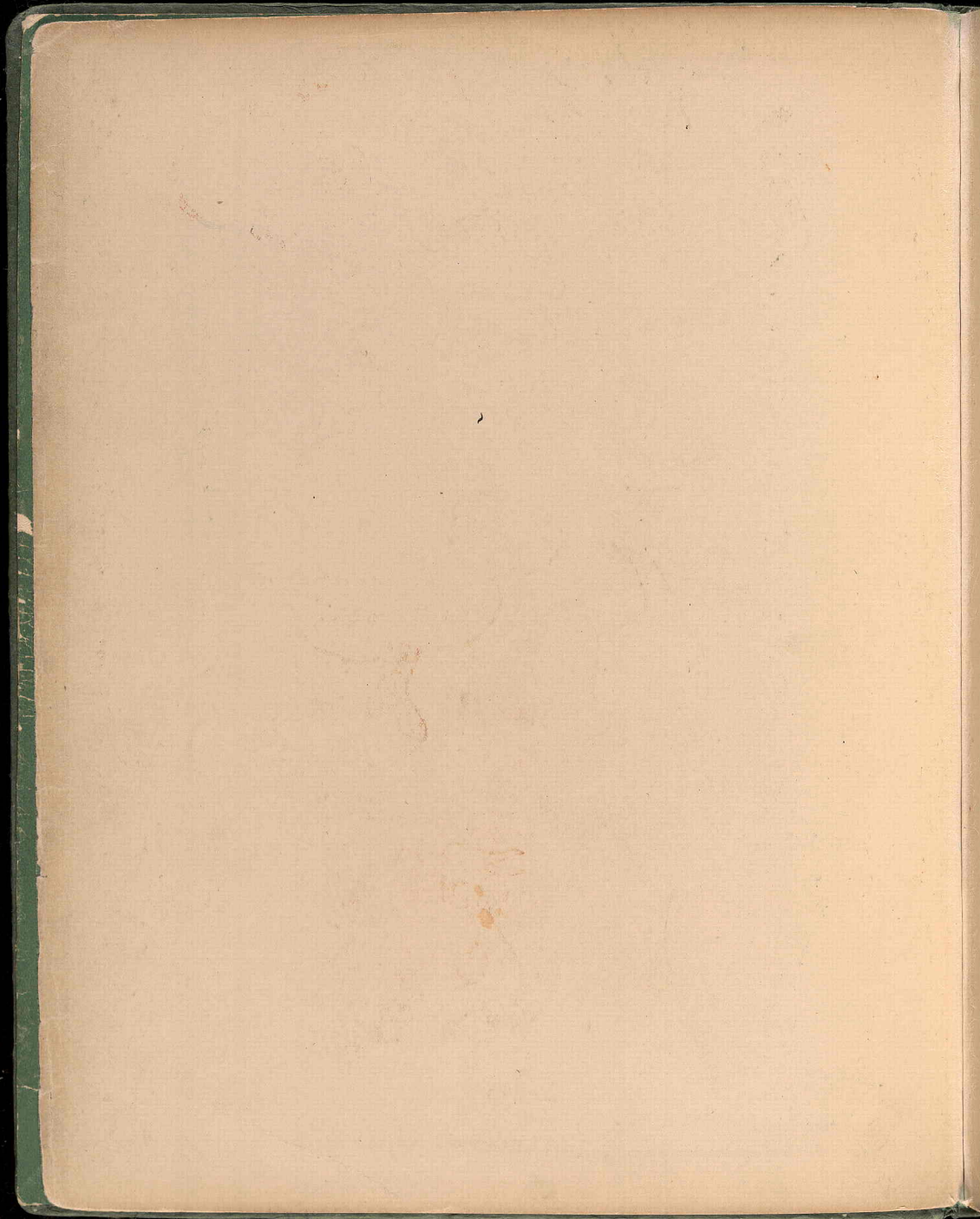


EX LIBRIS
 fwy
 GOUDY



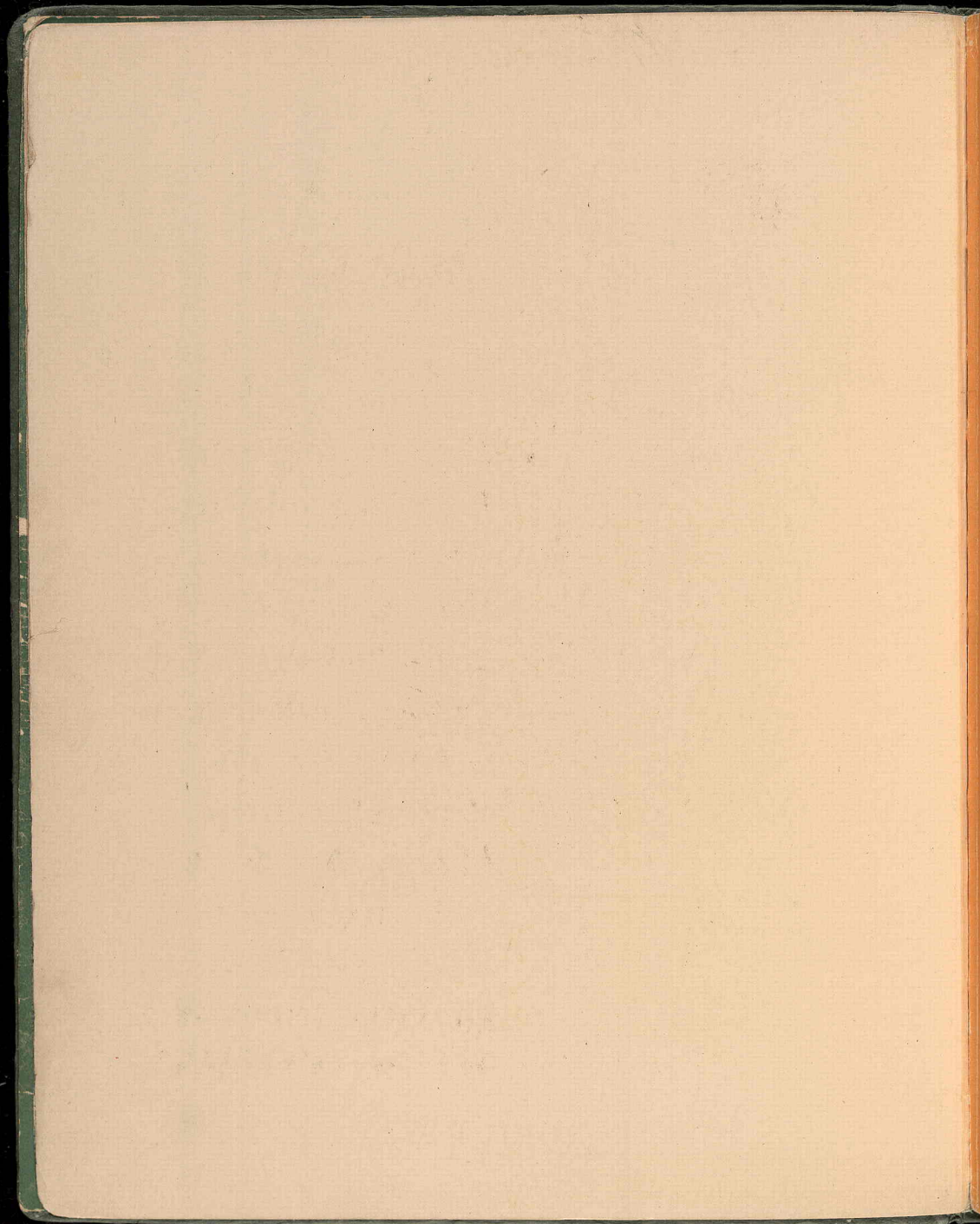
FREDERIC & BERTHA
Goudy
 fwy
Collection
 LIBRARY OF CONGRESS





117
700







DENSLOW'S MOTHER GOOSE

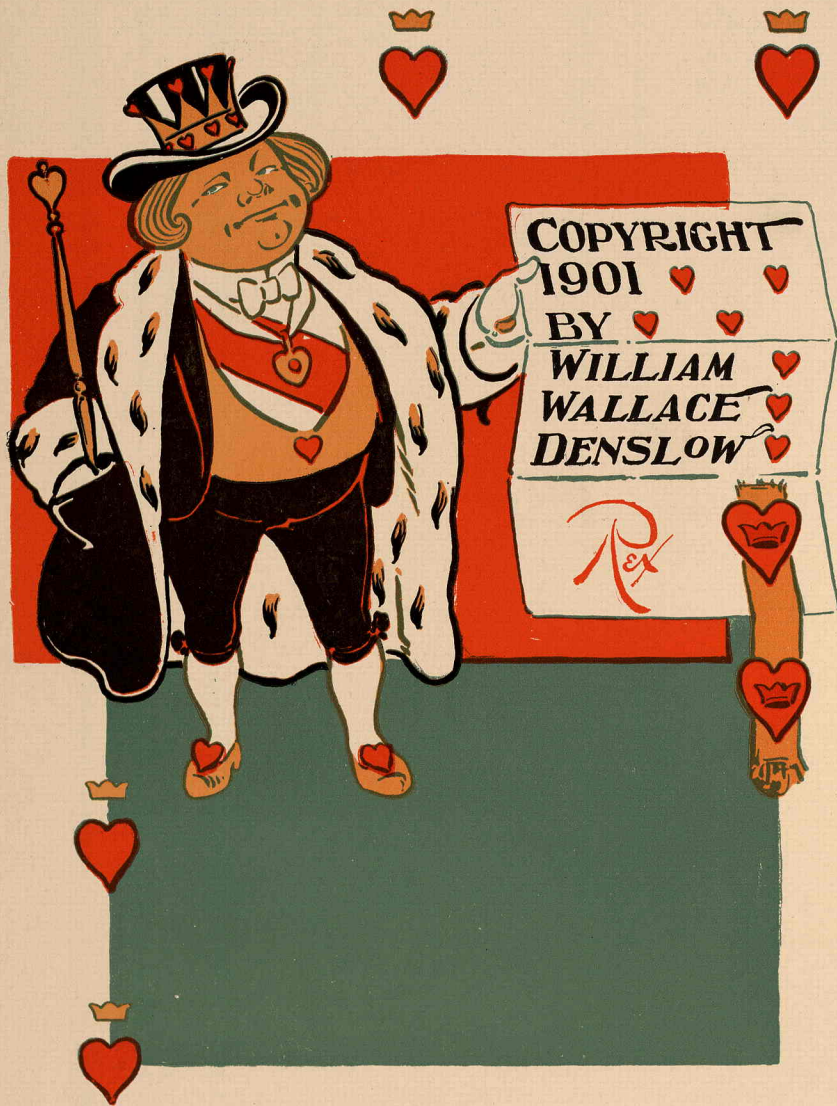
Being the old
familiar rhymes and jing-
les of **MOTH-
ER GOOSE**

edited and ill-
ustrated by
W.W.Denslow.

1901 ☞ ☞ ☞

**McClure, Phil-
lips & Company**
Publishers ☞
NEW YORK





COPYRIGHT
1901
BY
WILLIAM
WALLACE
DENSLOW

Rex

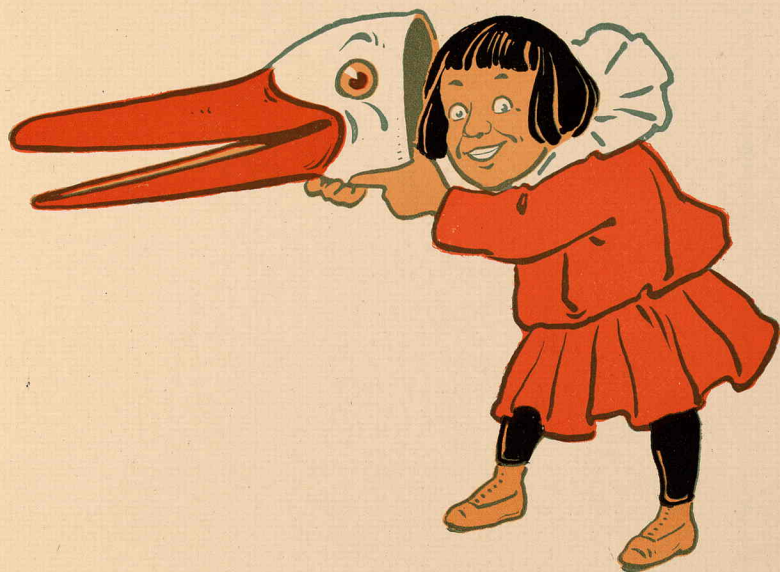


This book is dedicated to
ANN WATERS DENSLOW
with much love and grat-
itude for her help in its
making

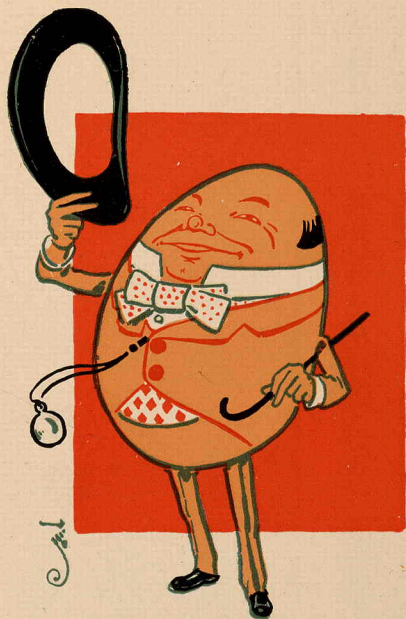
Feb. 5

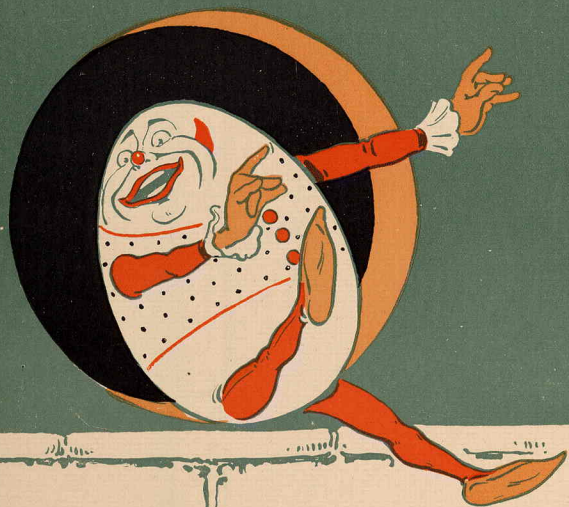






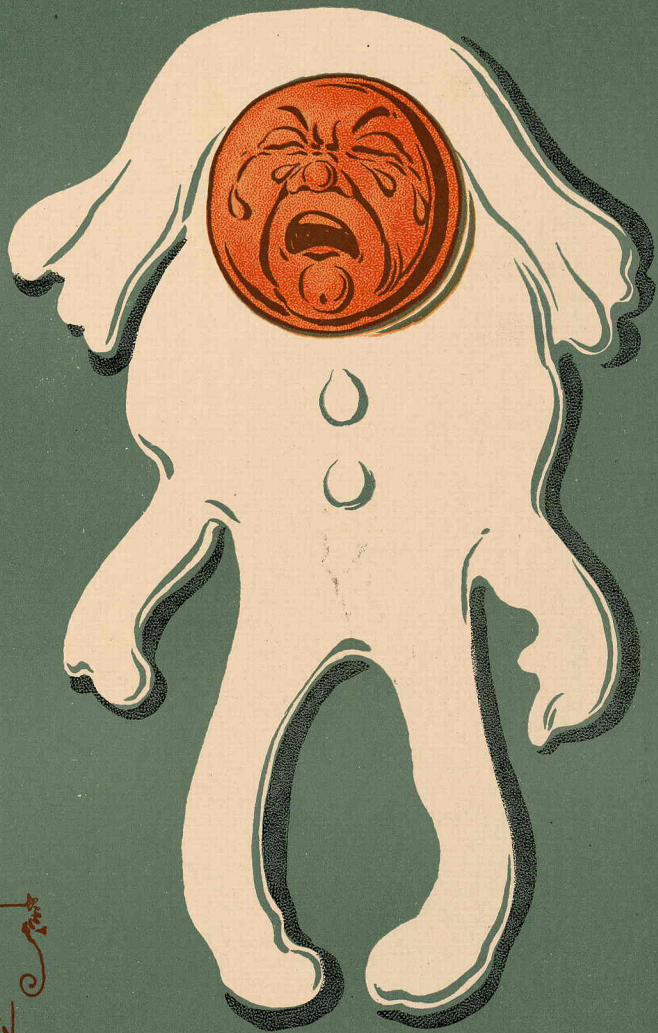




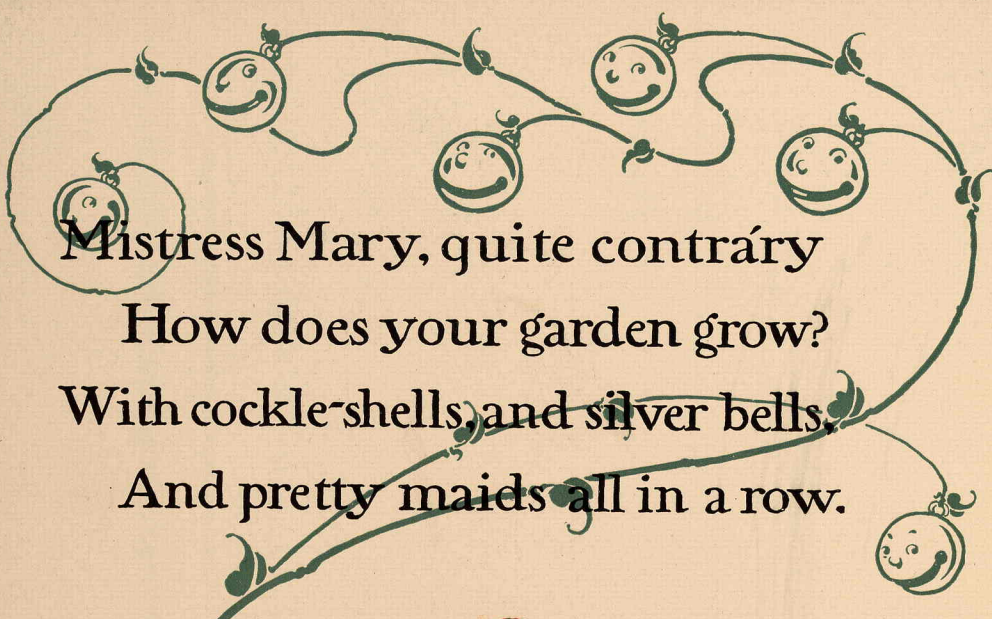


Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses, and all
the king's men
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty
together again.

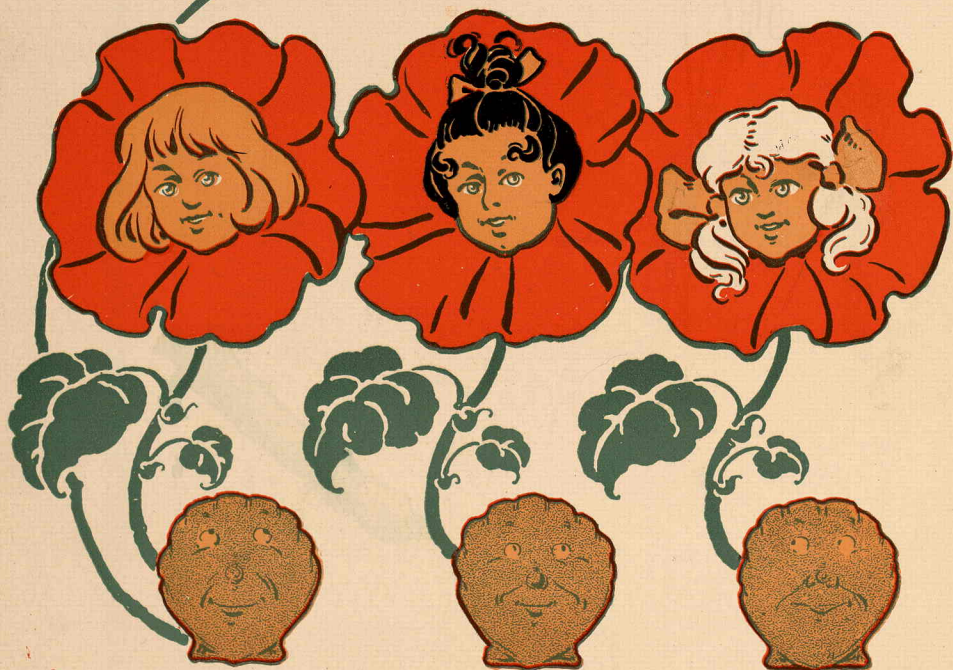
(An egg)



Handwritten signature or initials in brown ink, located in the bottom left corner of the page.

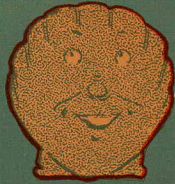


Mistress Mary, quite contráry
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.





DEP. J. J.

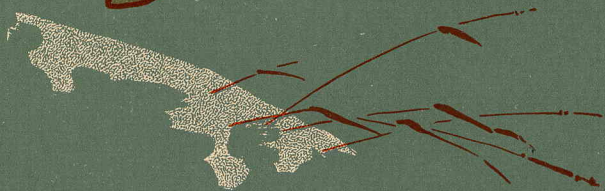




Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy 's
gone a
hunting,
He 'll never get
this rabbit's
skin,

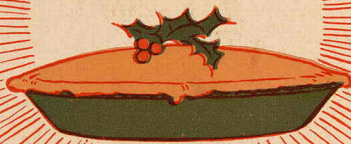
To wrap
the
baby
bunting
in.





Handwritten signature or initials in the bottom right corner, possibly reading 'H. H. H.' or similar, with a decorative flourish.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And he took out a plum,
And said,
“What a good boy am I!”





Handwritten signature and date:
1954
H. H. [unclear]



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
went the fiddlers.

Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.



W. J. ...

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

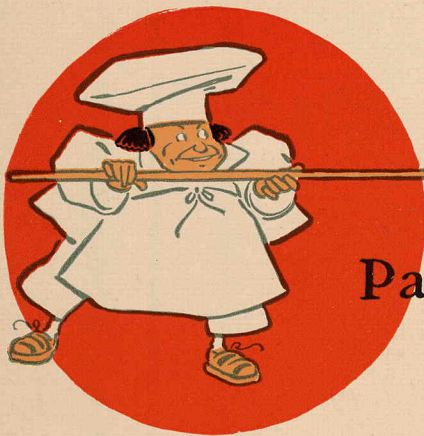
Who

lives
in the
lane.





L. S. 1952

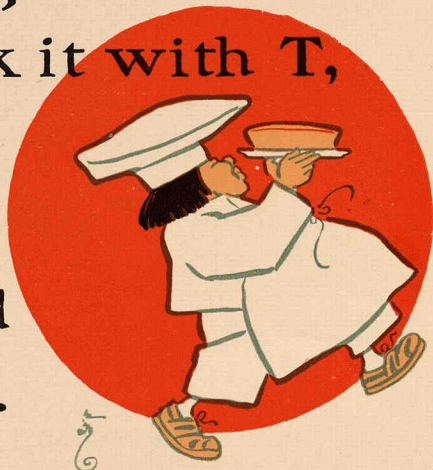


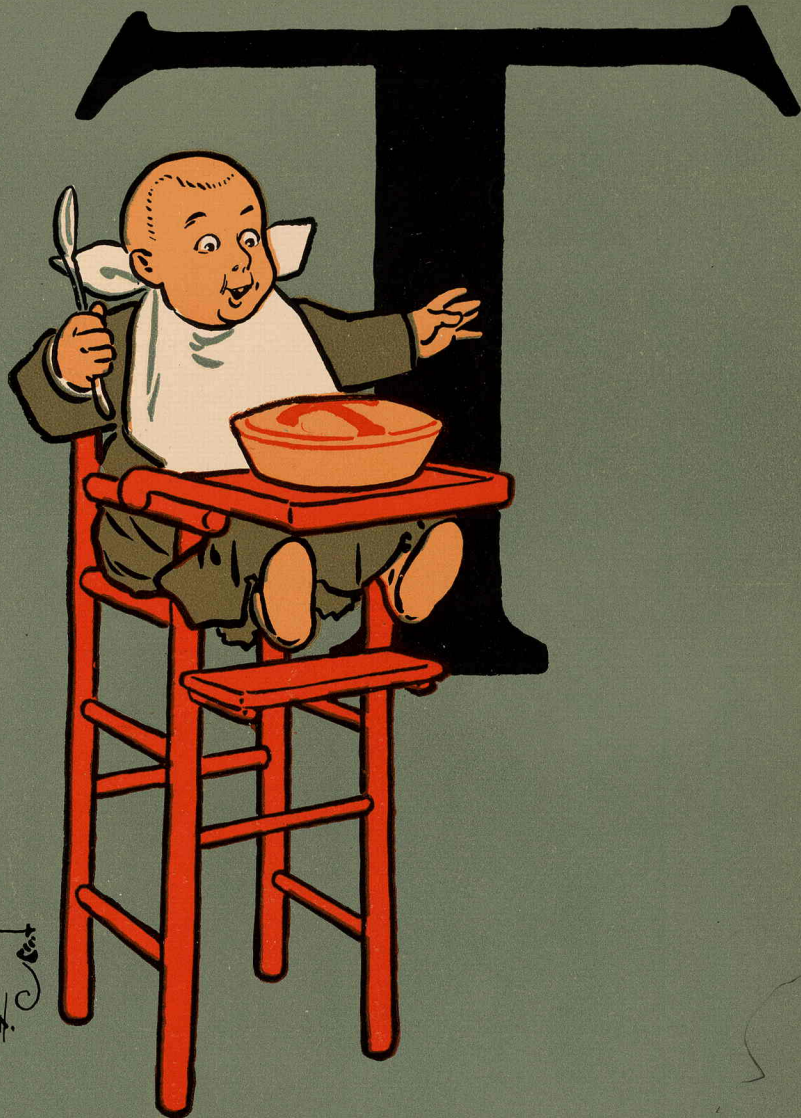
Pat-a-cake,
pat-a-cake,
baker's man!

So I will, master, as fast
as I can:

Pat it, and prick it, and
mark it with T,

Put in the
oven for
Tommy and
me.





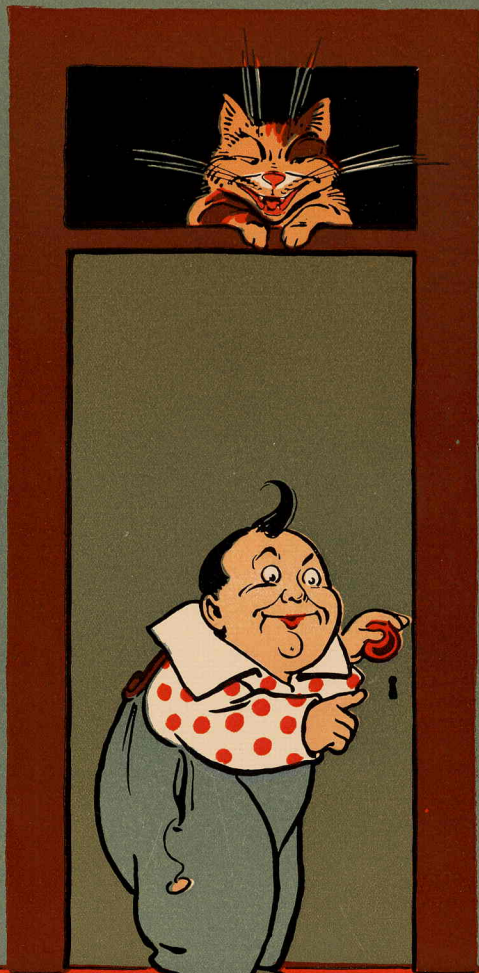
W. J. G.



Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in
the cup-
board,
And she
can't see.



Walt



W. H. H.



To market, to market, to
buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again,
dancing a jig;
Ride to market to
buy a fat hog,
Home again, home
again, jiggety-

jog.





Stet

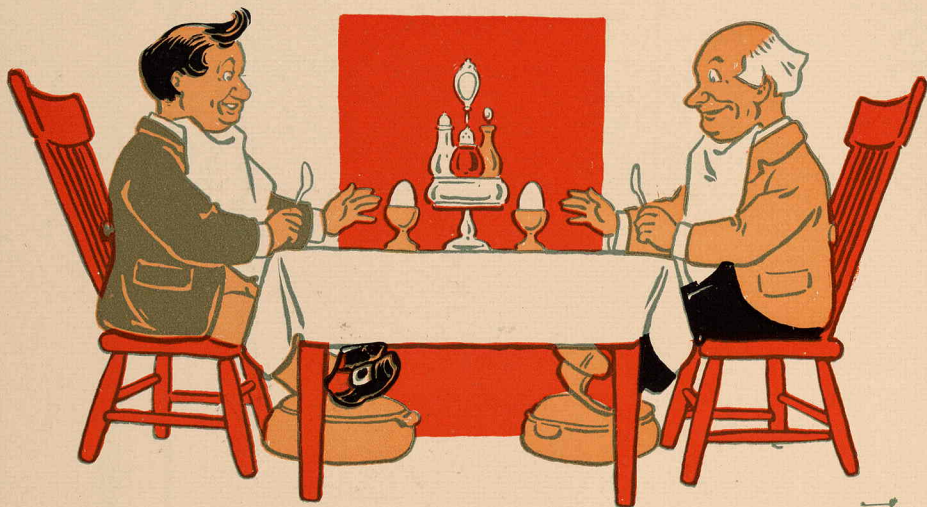


Jessie
1894

I love little Pussy, her
 coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
 she'll do me no harm.
I'll sit by the fire, and give
 her some food,
And Pussy will love me,
 because I am good.



1954
H. J. [Signature]



Higglepy, Piggieby,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higglepy, Piggieby,
My black hen!







Hickety, dickety,
dock,

The mouse ran
up the clock;

The clock
struck one,

Down the
mouse ran,

Hickety, dickety,
dock.





1951
S. S. S.



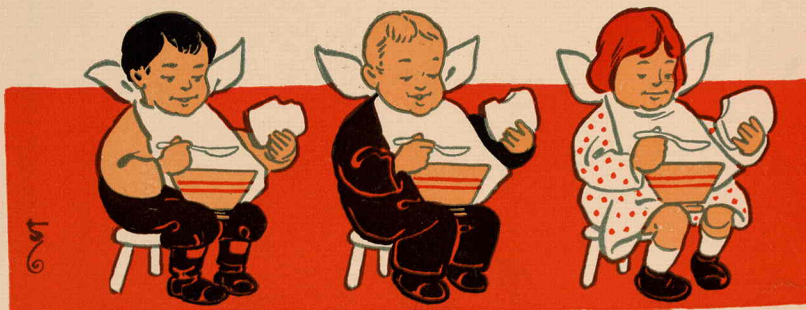
Hush-a-bye, baby, on
the tree top,
When the wind blows
the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends
it never can fall,
Safe is the baby, bough,
cradle and all.







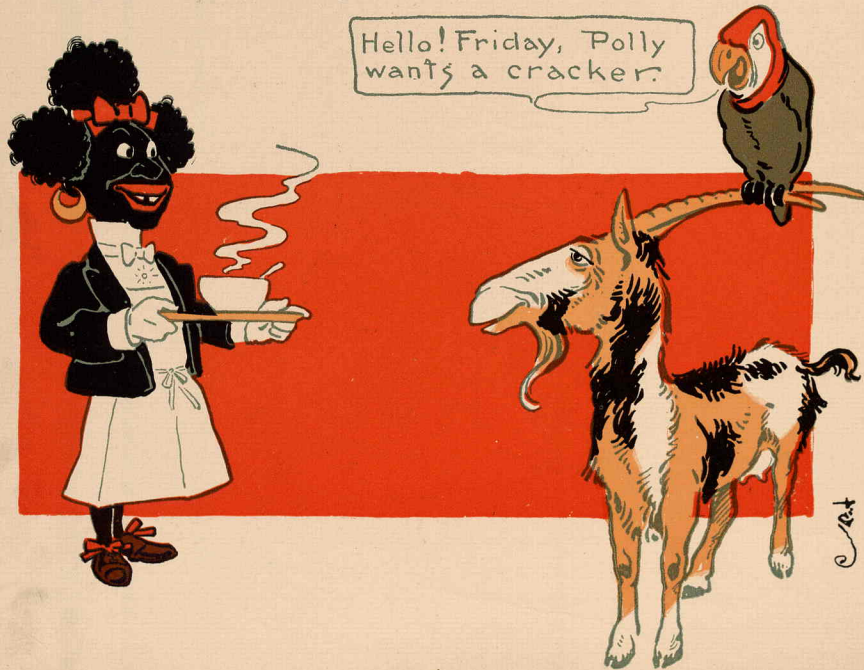
There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she
didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth
with plenty of bread,
She kissed them all fondly
and sent them to bed.





W. H. P.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat
I wonder how they
could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!





POOR OLD
ROBINSON
CRUSOE!

Heintz

Rain,
rain,
go a-
way,



Come again another
day;

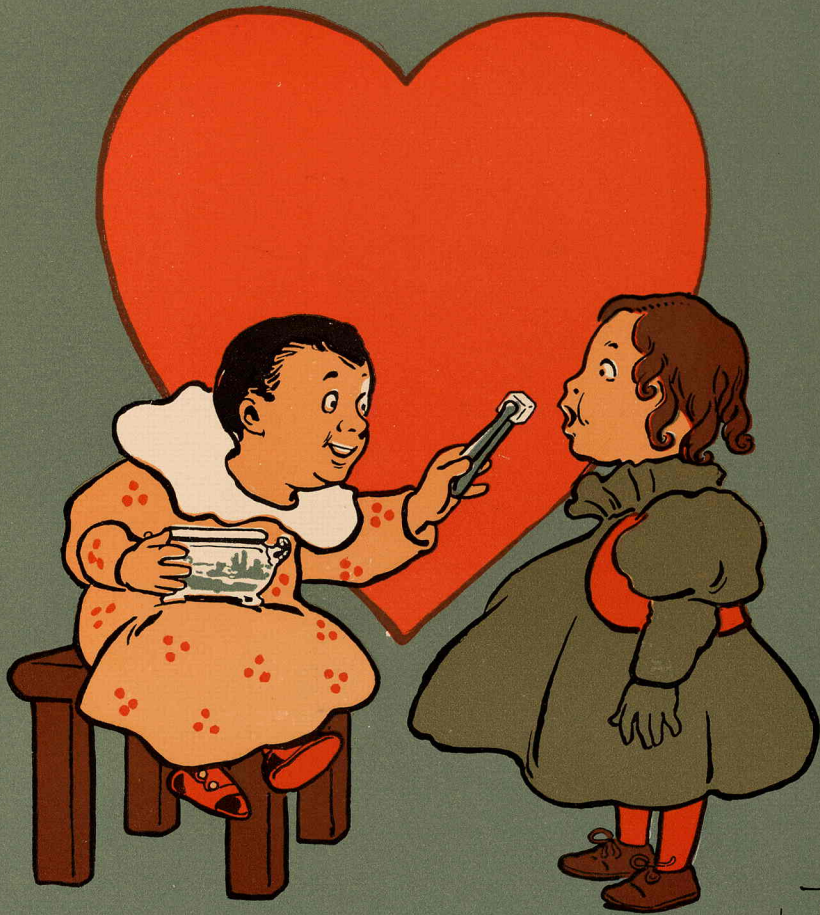
Little Arthur
wants to
play





The rose is red,
The violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you.





W. J. ...



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





There was an old woman
tossed up in a basket
Nineteen times as high as
the moon;
Where she was going I could-
n't but ask it,
For in her hand she car-
ried a broom.
Old woman, old woman,
old woman, quoth I,
O whither,
O whither, O
whither so high?
To brush the cob-
webs off the sky!
Shall I go with
thee? Aye, by-
and bye.



cat

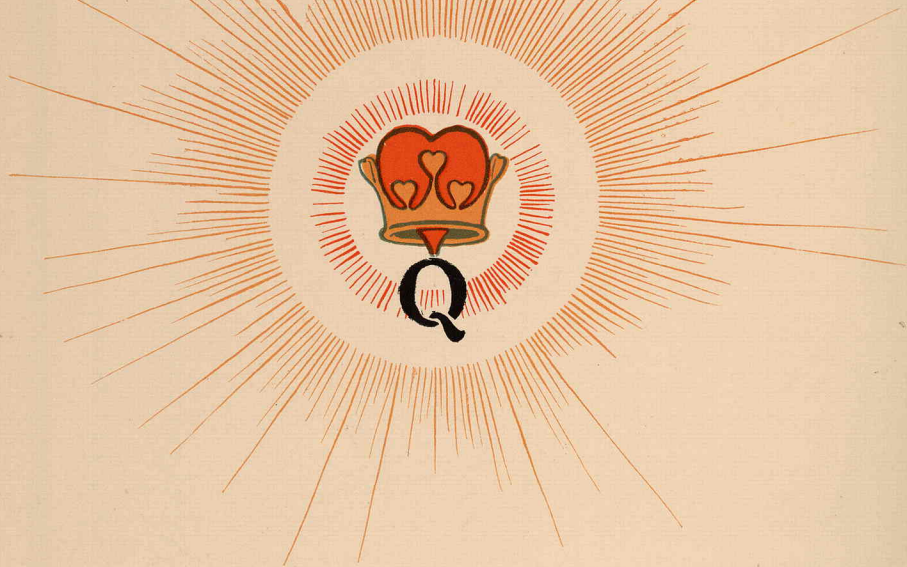




Ride a cock-
horse to Ban-
bury-cross
To see an old lady upon
a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and
bells on her toes,
And so she makes music
wherever she goes.



The Queen of Hearts, she
made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, he
stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.



♥
Q



Handwritten signature and date: 1954

6
♥

The King of Hearts called
for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts brought
back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

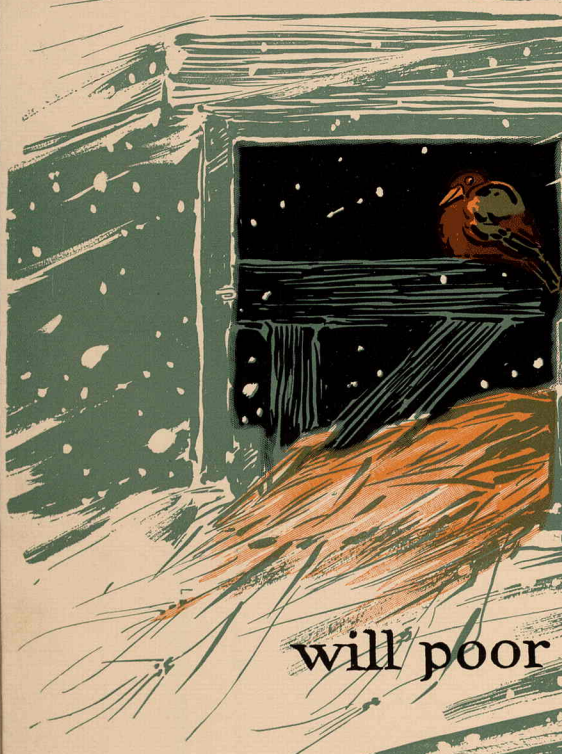




Little Bo-peep has lost
her sheep,
And can't tell where
to find them;
Leave them alone, and
they'll come home,
And bring their tails
behind them.

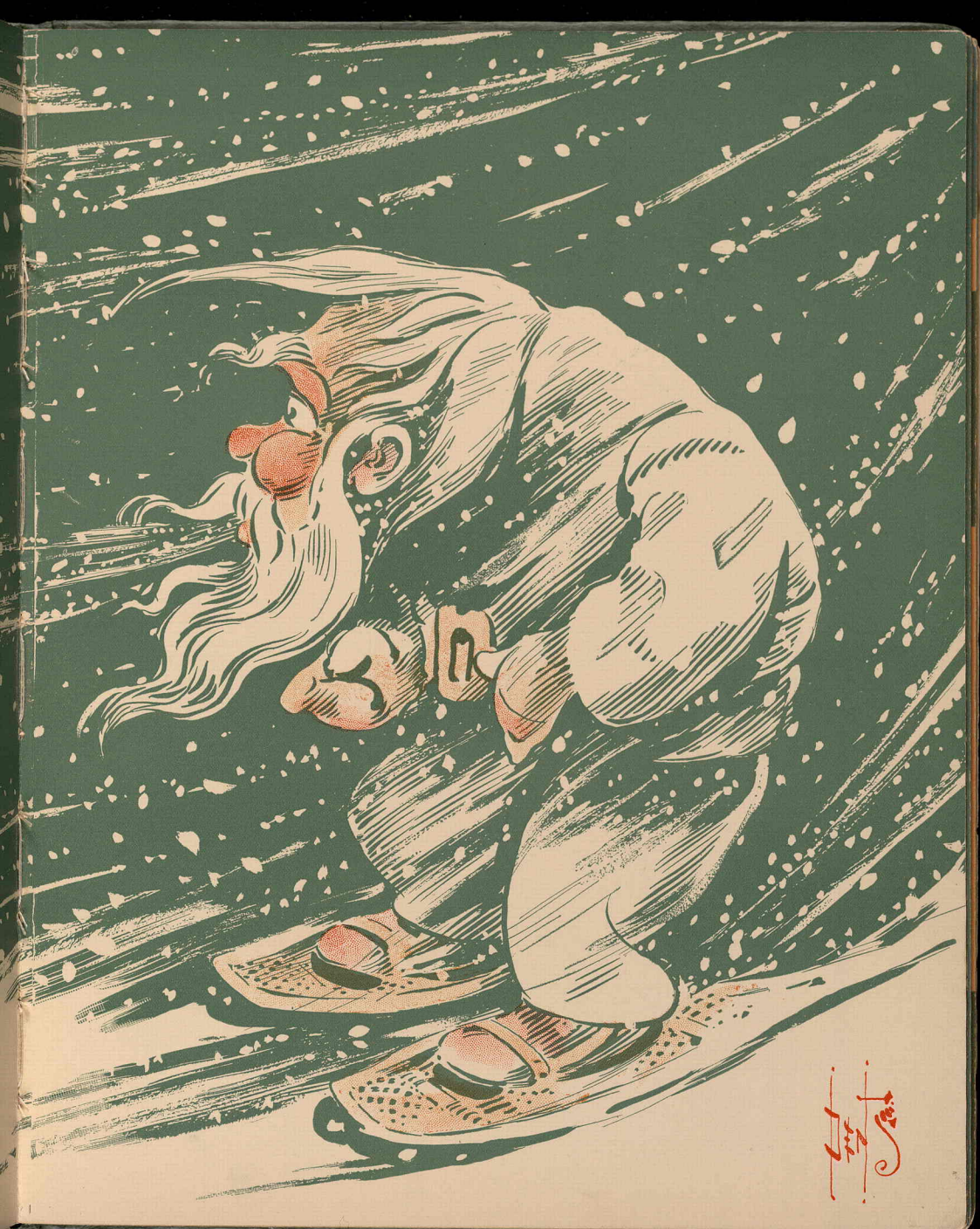






The north
wind doth
blow,
And we
shall have
snow,
And what
will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under
his wing,
Poor thing!



1917

There was an old woman,
and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing
but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were
the chief of her diet;
And yet this old woman
could never be quiet.





Walt Disney
© 1954



Simple Simon
met a pie-
man,

Going to the
fair;

Says Simple
Simon to

the pieman,

“Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple
Simon,

“Show me first your penny.”

Says Simple Simon to the
pieman,

“Indeed I have not any”

Simple Simon went a-fishing

For to catch a whale:

All the water he had got

Was in his mother's pail.





1
2
3
4
5



Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss
Muffet away







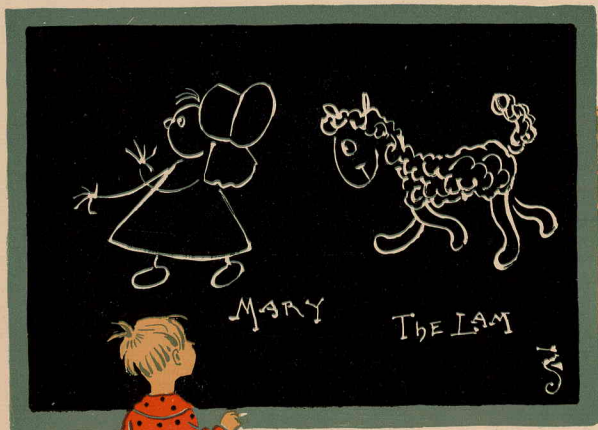
Little
Tom
Tucker
Sings
for
his
supper,

What shall he eat?

White bread
and butter.



W. H. R. 1940



Mary had
a little
lamb,
Its fleece
was white
as snow;
And every-
where

that Mary went,
The lamb was sure
to go.

He followed her to school
one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh
and play
To see a lamb at school.

SCHOOL

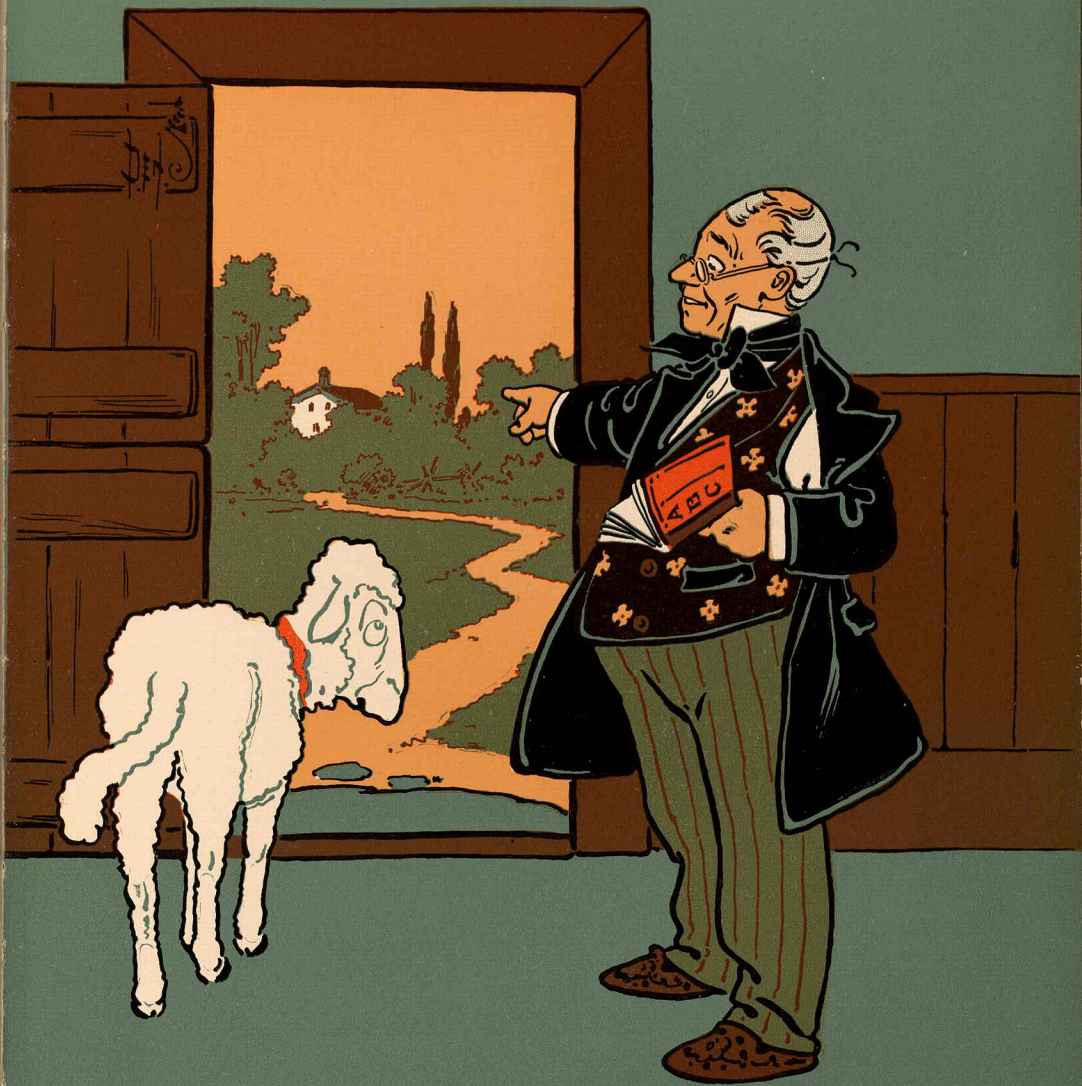
7-11
6-11





And so the teacher turned
him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

“What makes the lamb
love Mary so?”
The eager children cry.
“Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know.”
The teacher did reply.





A diller,
a dollar,
A ten o'
clock
scholar,

What makes you come
so soon?

You used to come at ten
o'clock,

But now you come at noon.



Handwritten signature

I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple grey ;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old
woman
For a copper
groat ;

And I'll not
sing my
song again
Without a
new coat.





1957
L. S. P.

Peter, Peter,
pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and
couldn't keep her;
He put her in a
pumpkin-shell,

And there he
kept her very well.



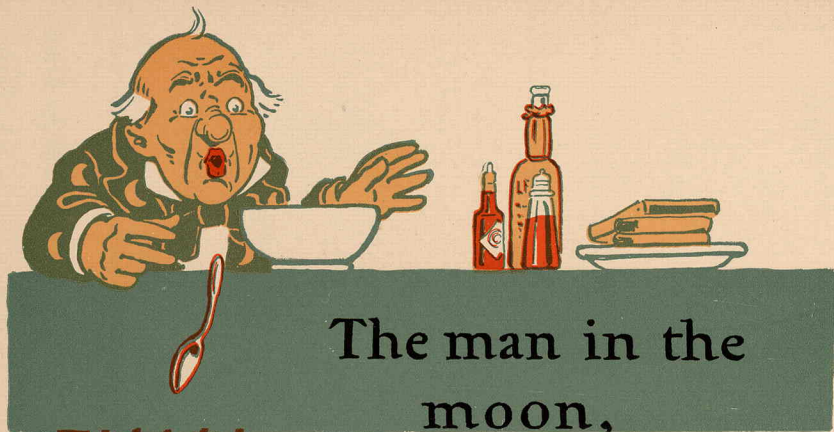


Jack and Jill went up
the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke
his crown,
And Jill came tum-
bling after.





W. J. ...
1914



The man in the
moon,

Came down too
soon,

To inquire his
way to Norwich.

He went by the
south,

And burnt his
mouth

With eating cold
pease porridge.



TO LET

NORWICH



Handwritten signature



Hey! diddle, diddle,

The cat and the fiddle,

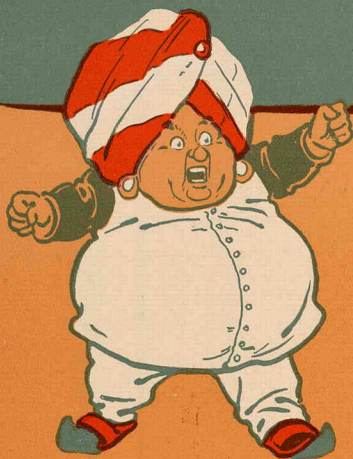
The cow jumped over
the moon;

The little dog laughed
to see such sport,

And the dish ran
after the spoon.





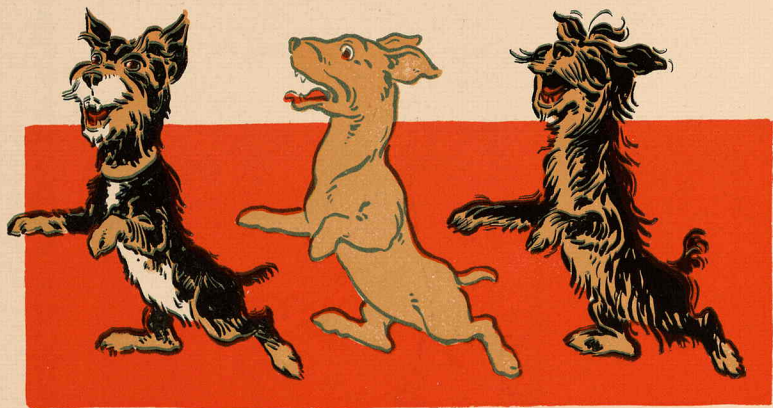


There was a fat
man of Bombay,
Who was smok-
ing one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a
snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man
of Bombay.



W. S. P.

Hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in tags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.





W. H. Jones



Jack be
nimble,

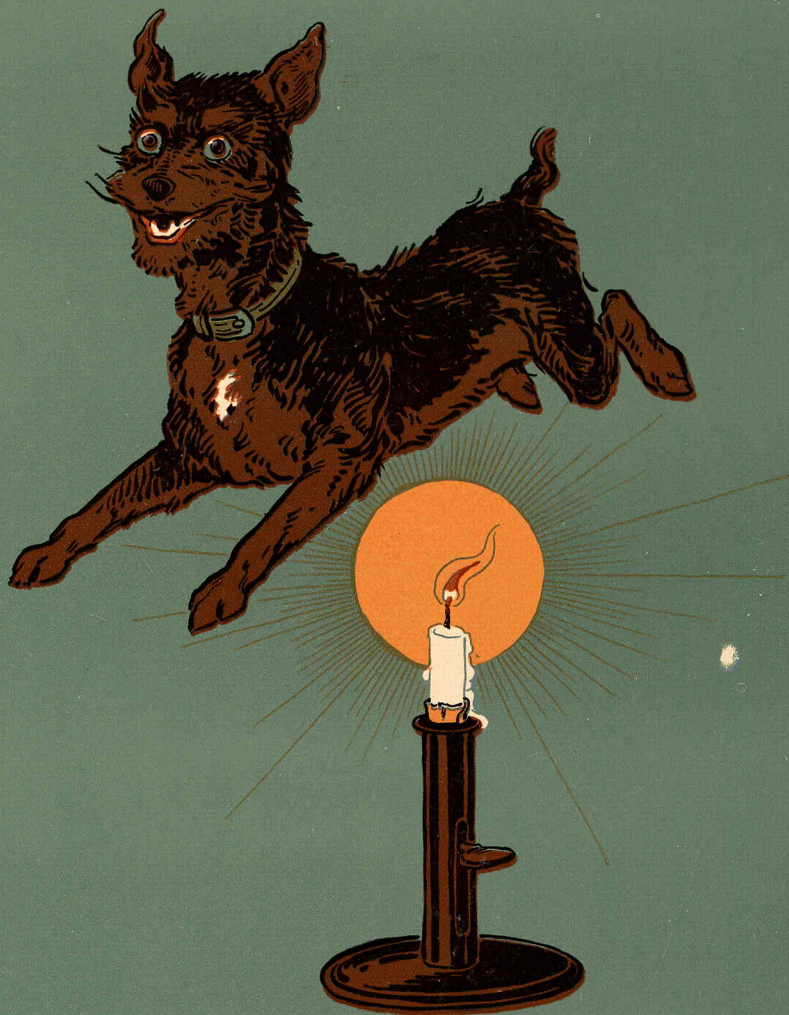
Jack be
quick,

And Jack

jump over

the

candle stick.





Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
And if the bowl had
been stronger,
My song would have
been longer.



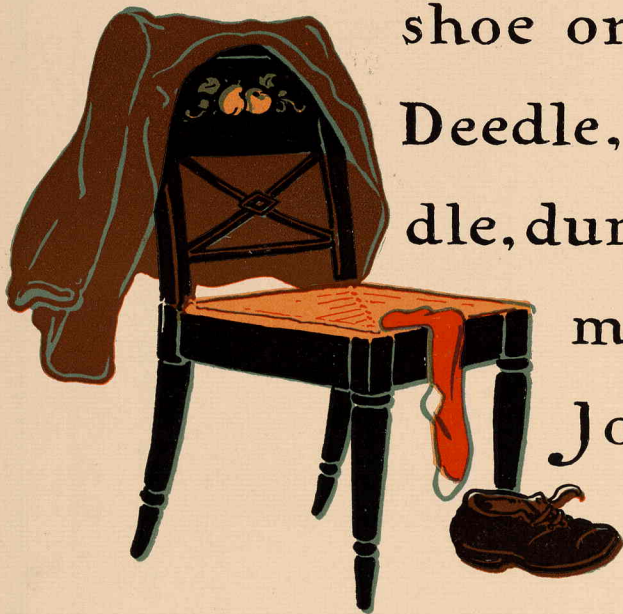
1914
11-11-14
J. J. [Signature]

Deedle, deedle, dumpling,
my son John
Went to bed with his
trousers on;

One shoe off, the other
shoe on,

Deedle, deedle,
dumpling,

my son
John.





Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost
her shoe;
My master's lost his
fiddle-stick,
And knows not
what
to
do.





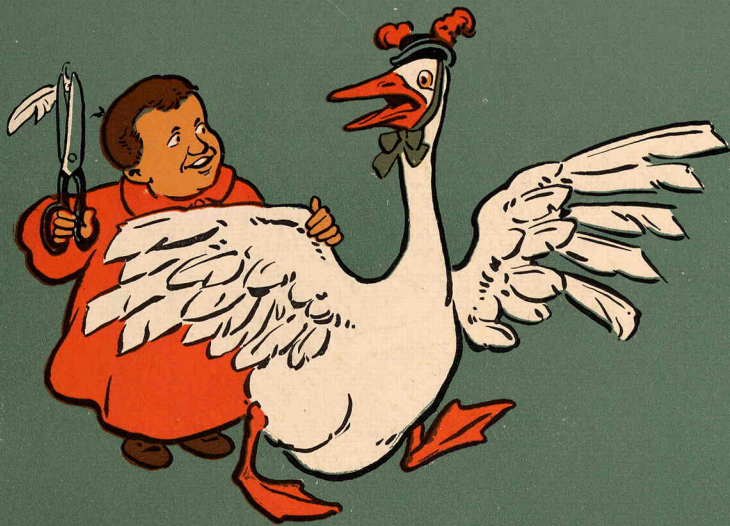
1941
W. H. R.

Polly, put the
kettle on,
Polly, put the
kettle on,
Polly, put the
kettle on.
And let's drink
tea.



Sue
Sukey, take it
off again,
Sukey, take it
off again,
Sukey, take it
off again,
They've all gone
away.





The verses in this
book have been
hand-lettered by
FRED·W·GOUDY

171351
20 F 45

Mother Goose
"

PZ8

.3

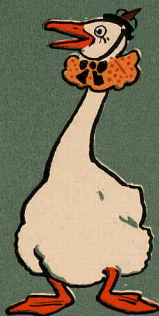
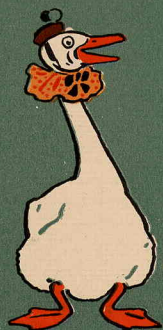
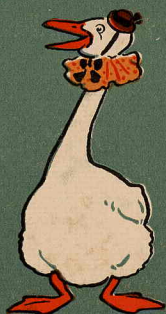
.M85

De

Copy 3

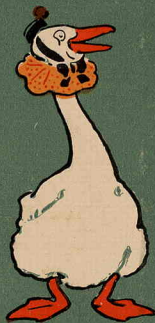
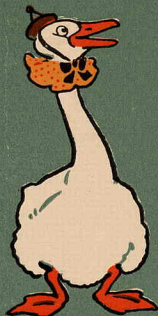
Rare Bk

Coll





Handwritten signature or initials.



DENSLOW'S MOTHER GOOSE

