

TO THESE NURSERY RHYMES

Old had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the
Little Miss Muffet sat on a
Mary, Mary, quite how does your garden grow
One, two, buckle my shoe, three, four at the door
Up above the so high, like a diamond in the sky
Little Jack Horner sat in a
Old King Cole was a merry old
The clock struck, the mouse fell down
Peter Piper picked a peck of
Old Mother Hubbard went to the
Rock-a-bye baby on the
Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any
Knocking at the windows, crying through the

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