



LITTLE BO-PEEP

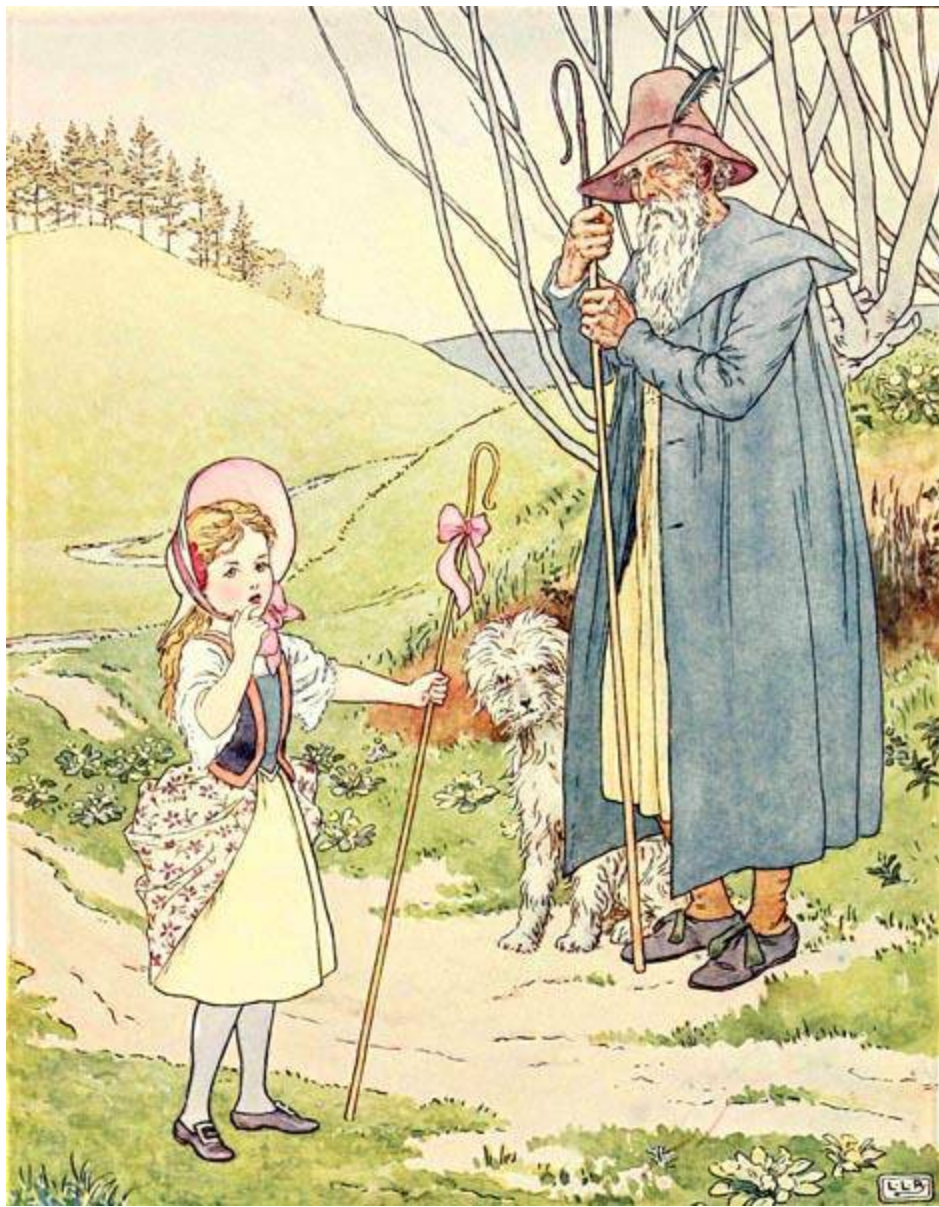
A NURSERY RHYME PICTURE BOOK

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Little Bo-Peep by L. Leslie Brooke







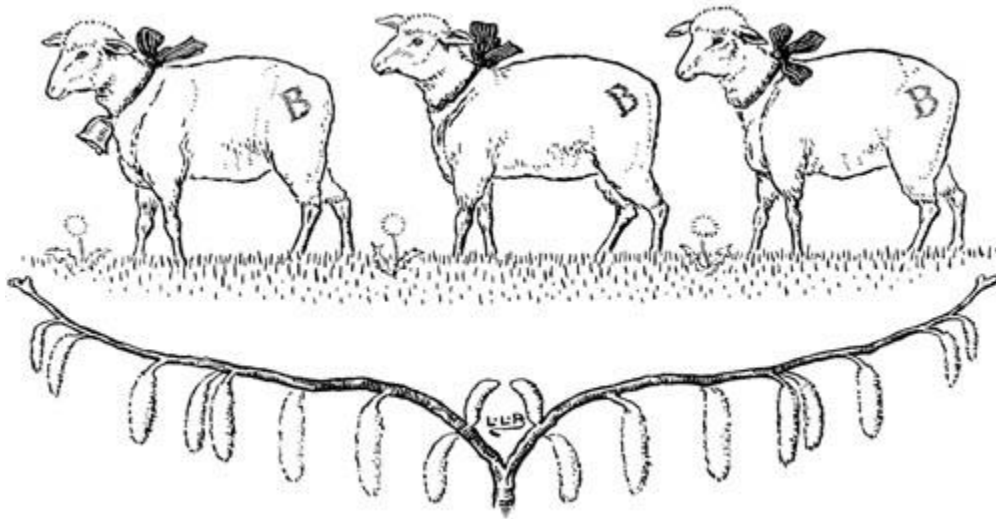
LITTLE BO-PEEP.

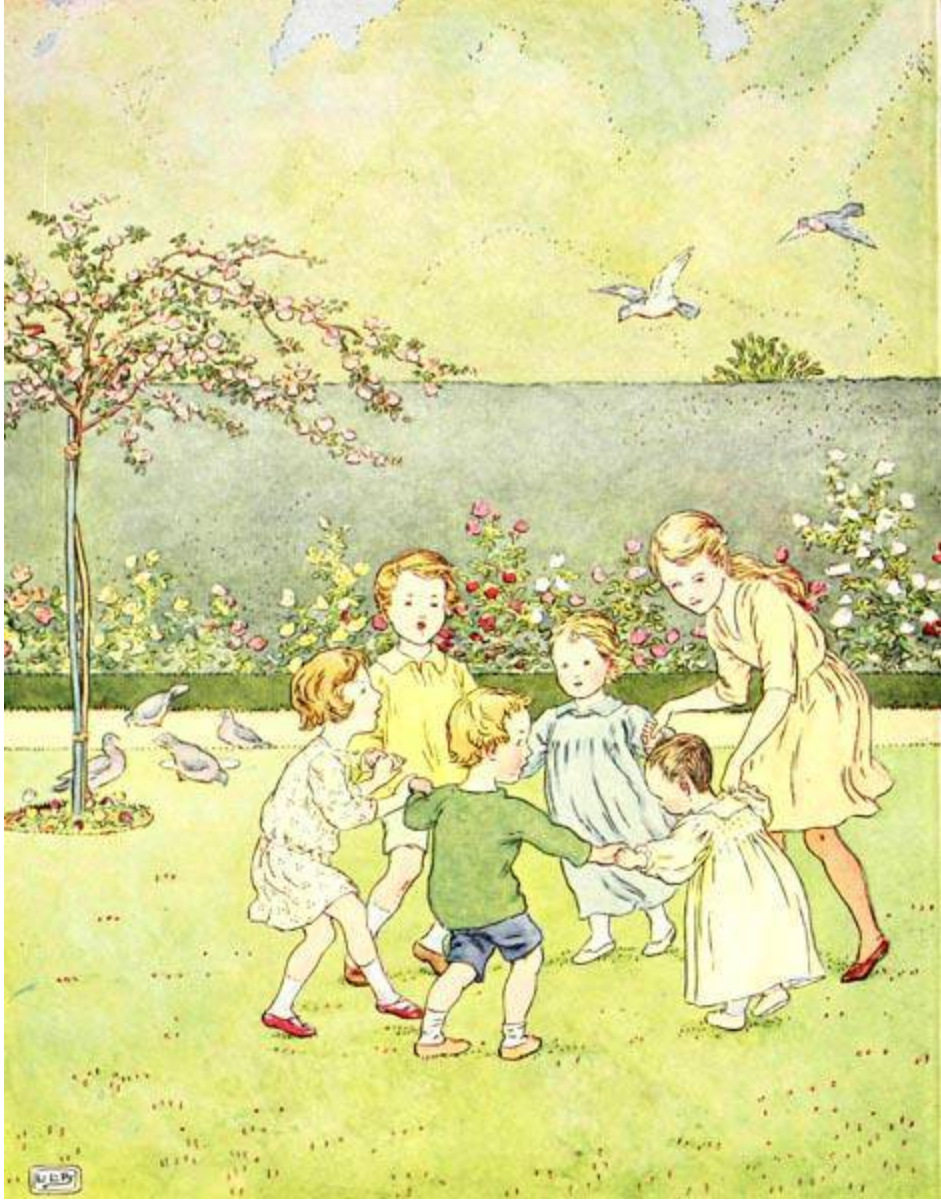
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;

Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.





RING O' ROSES.

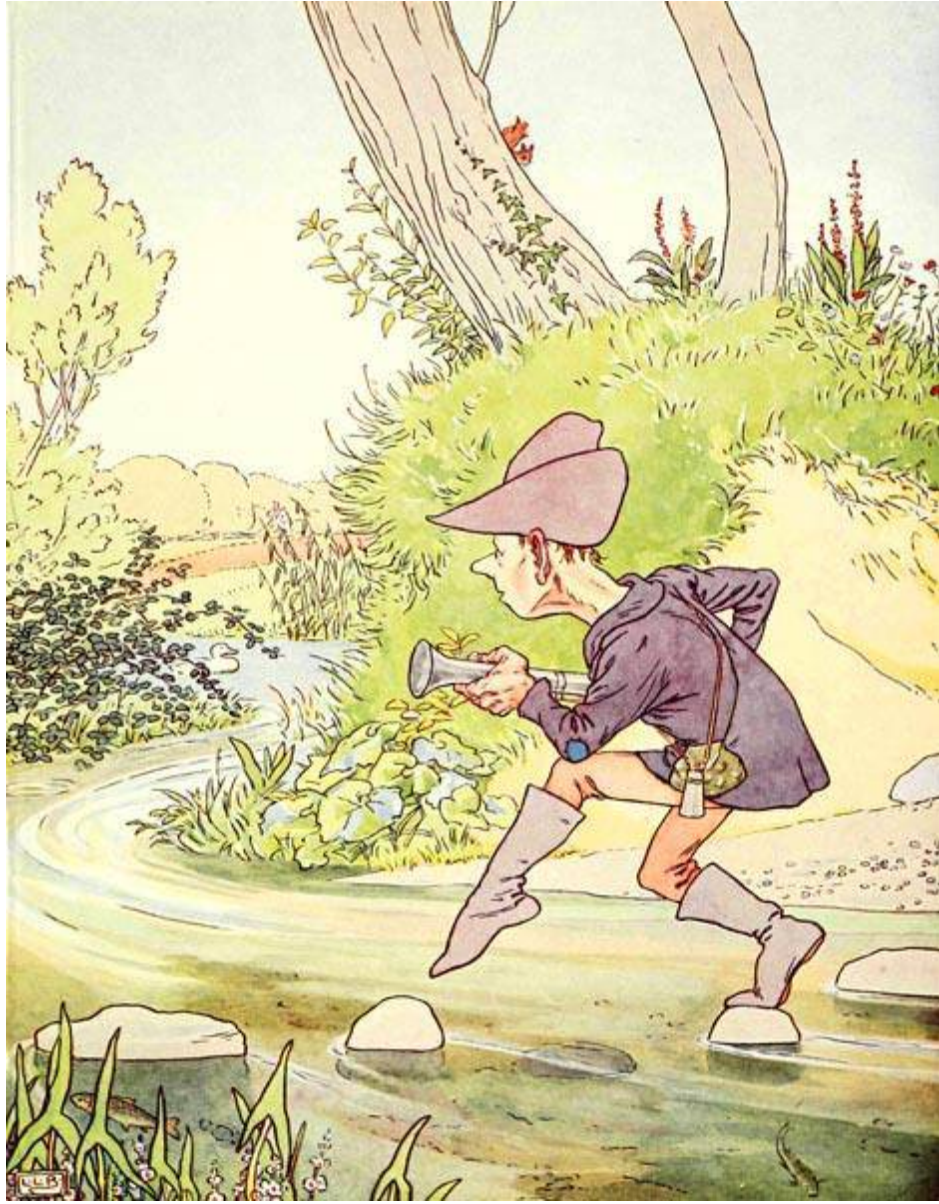
Ring a ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! hush! hush!
And we all tumble down.





THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.





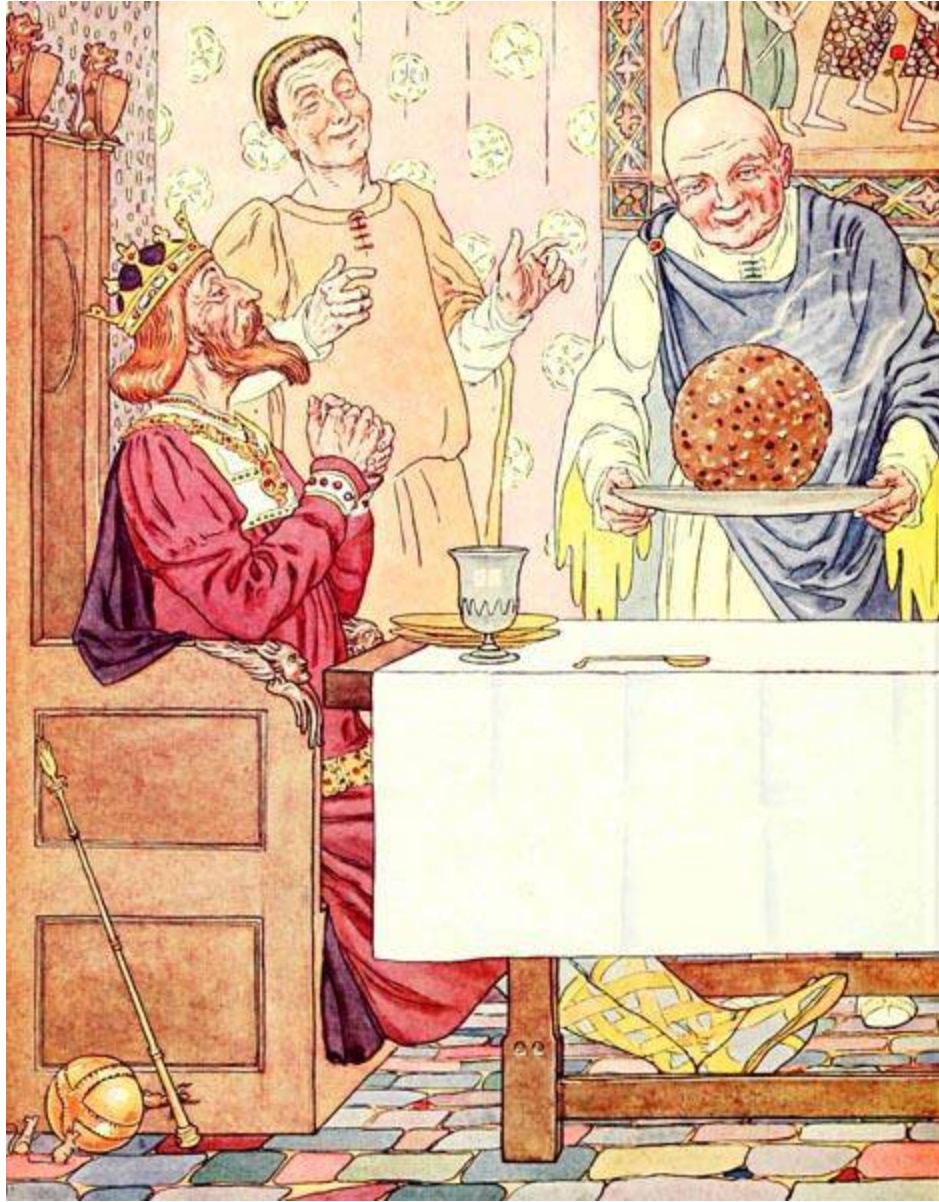
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

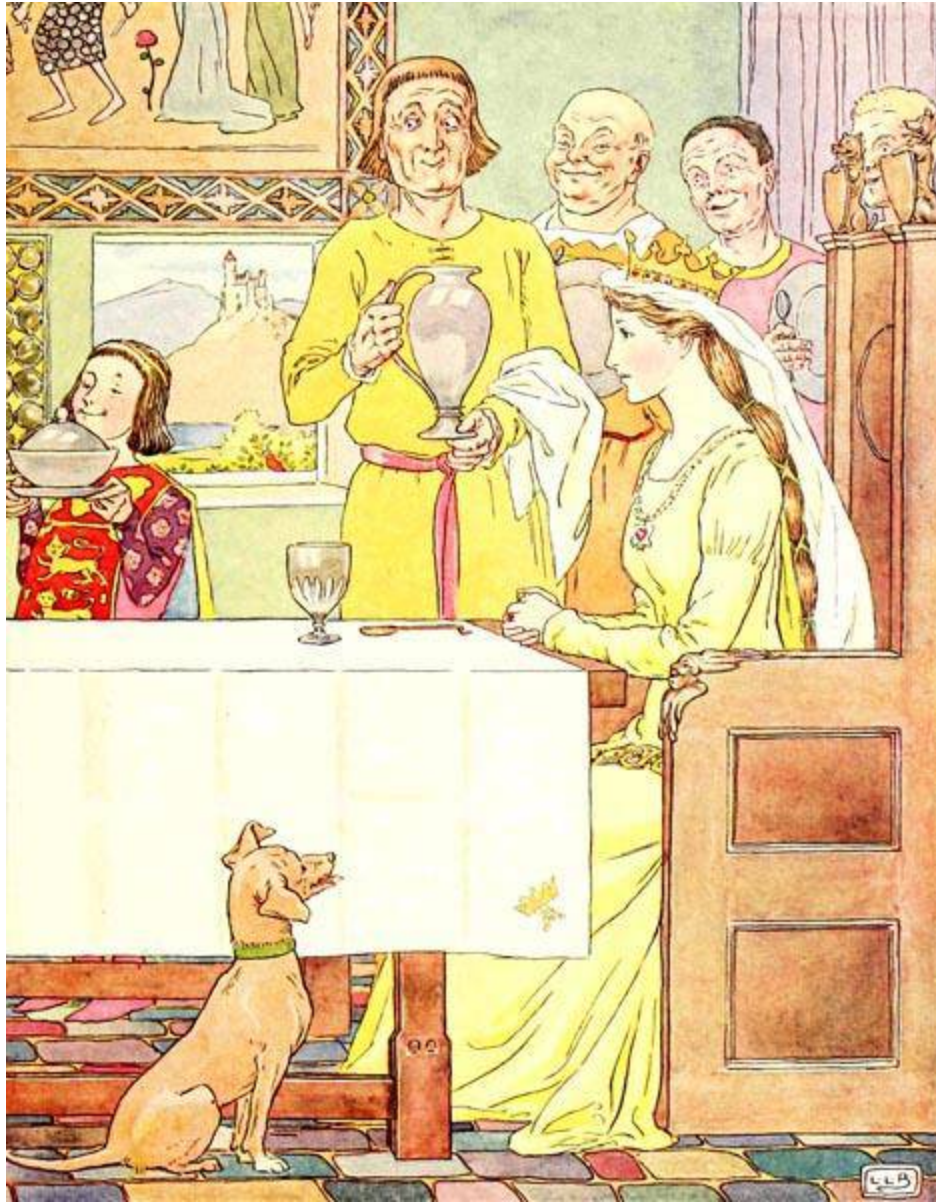


GOOD KING ARTHUR.

When good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

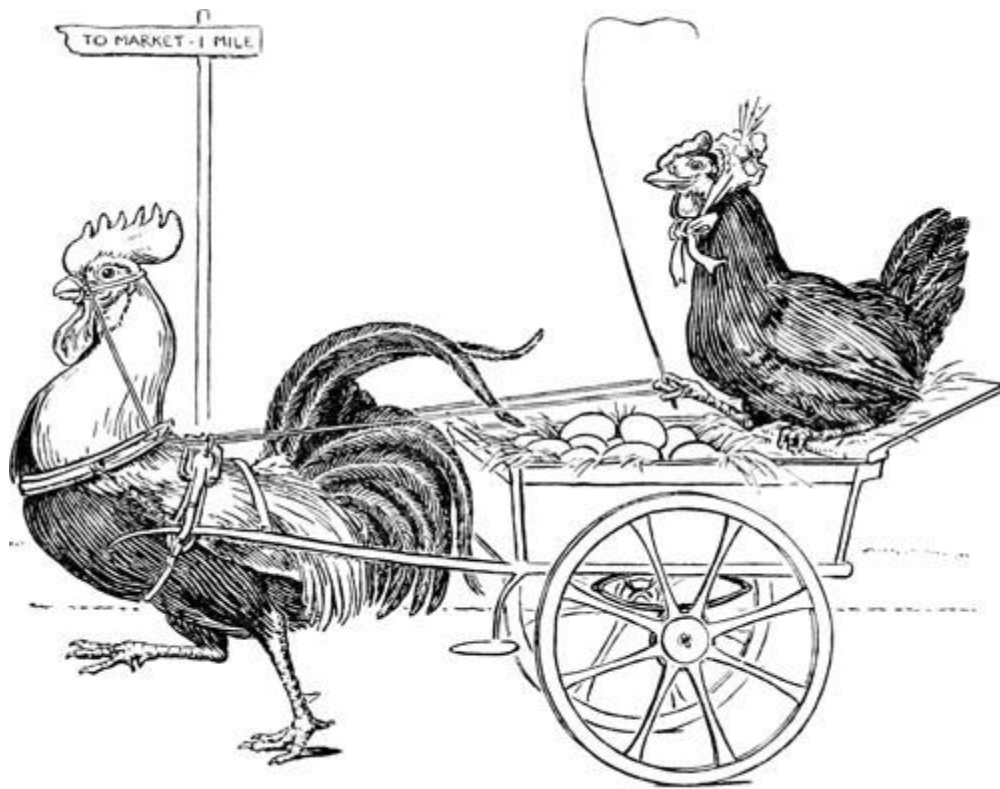
A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.







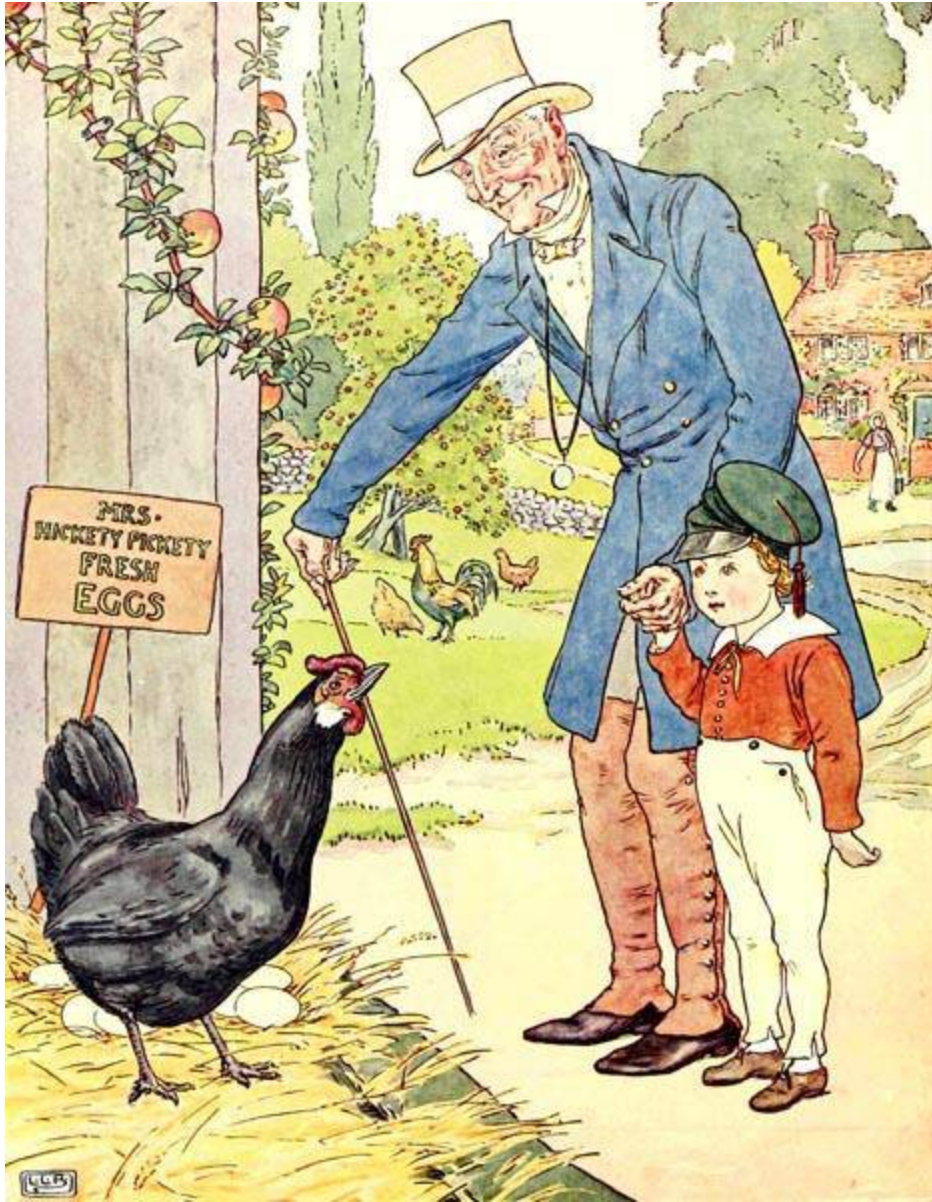
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.



J.B.

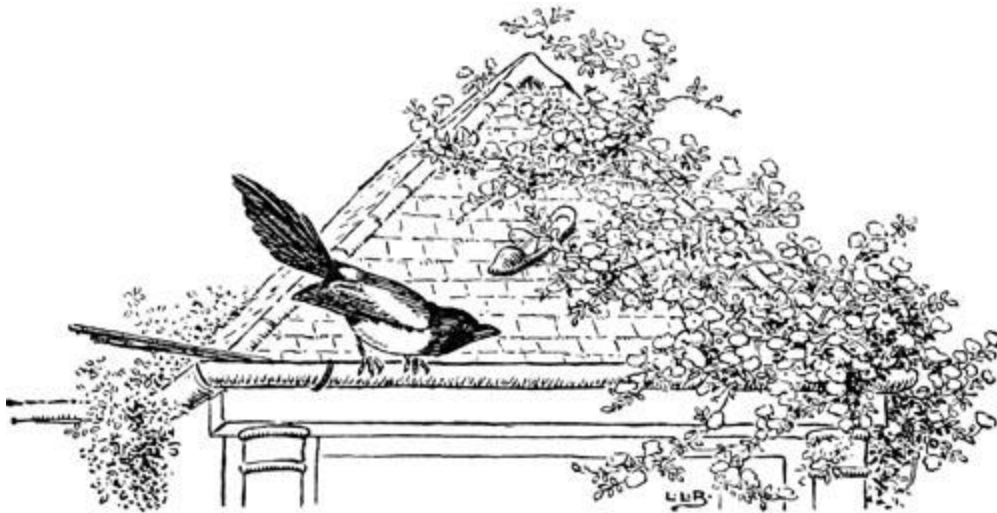
HICKETY PICKETY MY BLACK HEN.

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;



Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.



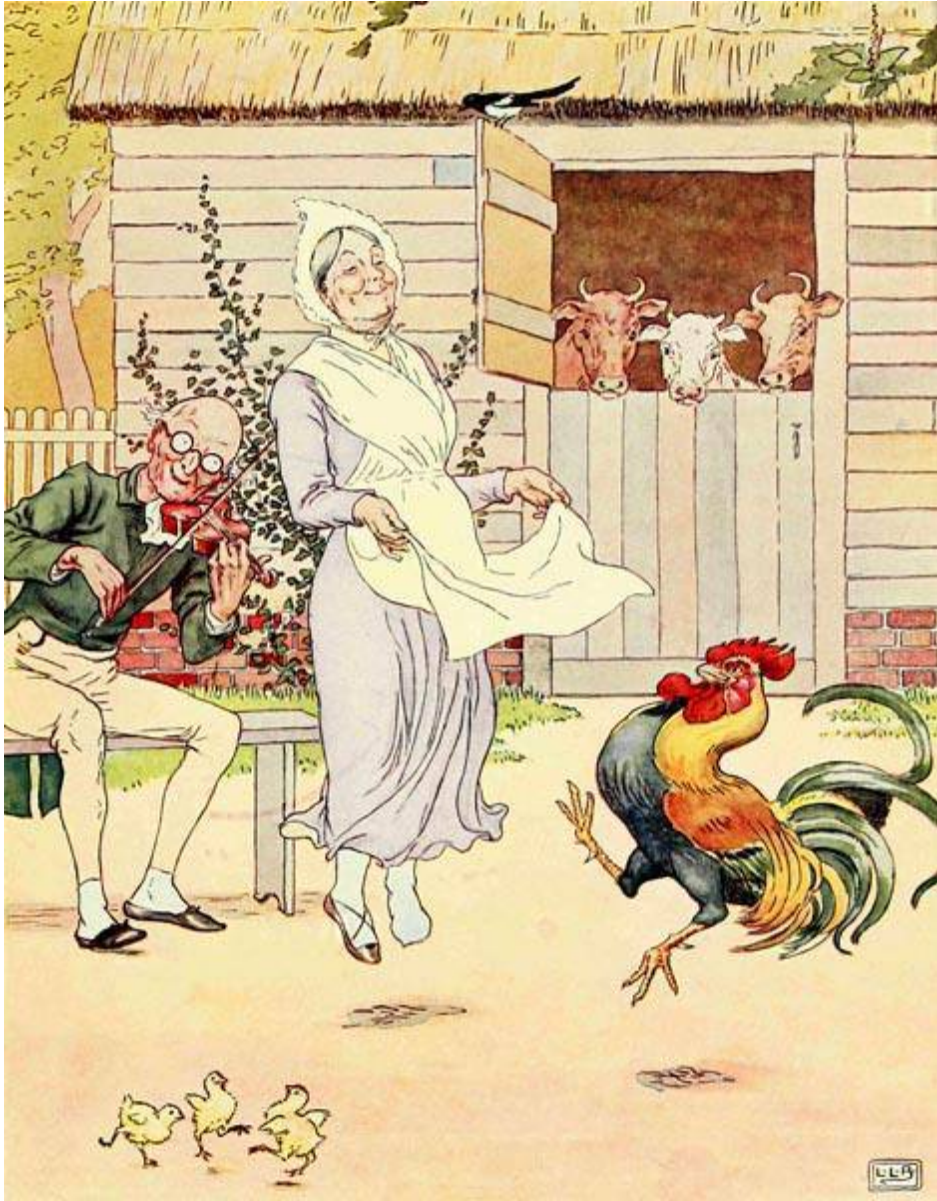


COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling-stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling-stick;
Sing doodle-doodle-doo!



Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling-stick,
For dame and doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratched her head,
And can't tell what to do.

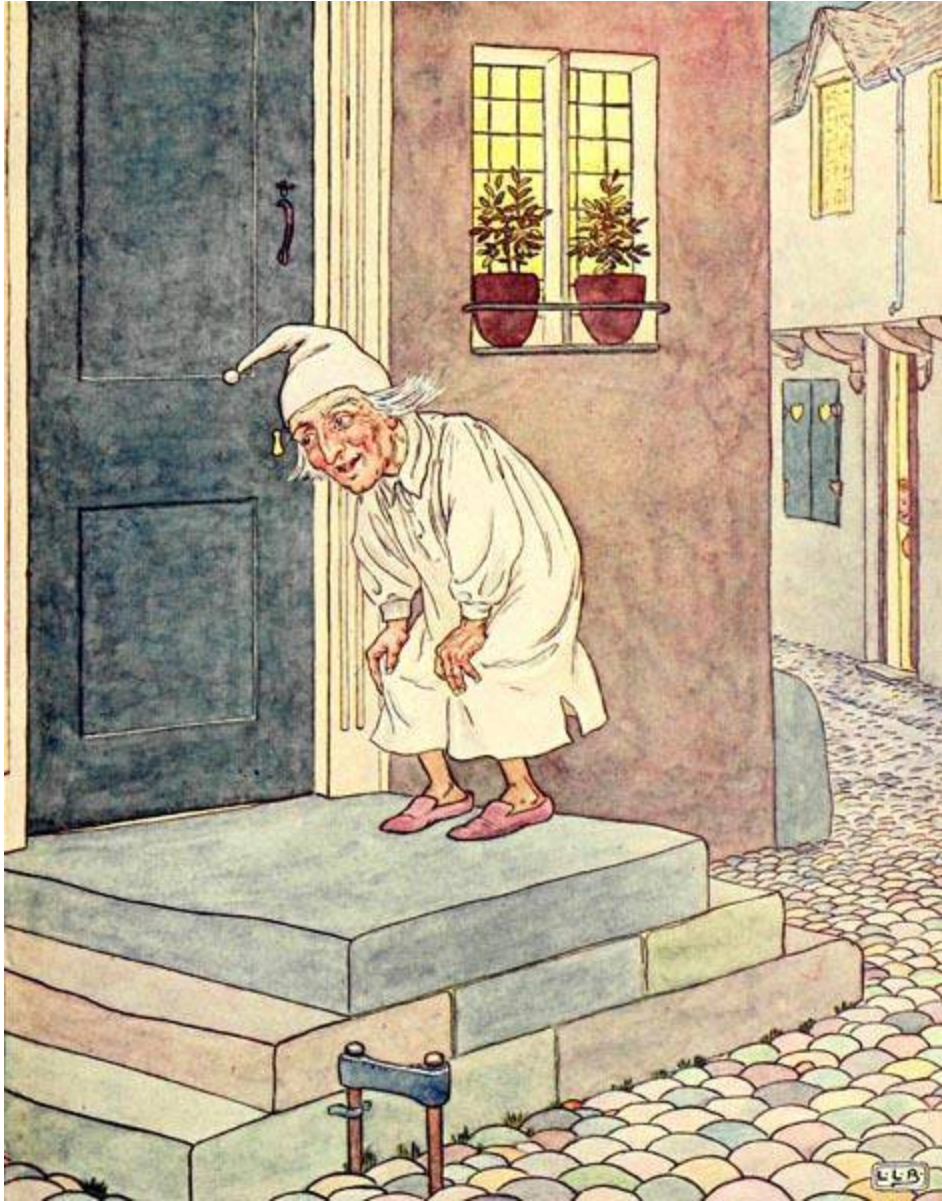


L.F.B.



WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
“Are the children in their beds, for now it’s eight o’clock?”





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