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RAMBLING
RHYMES
FOR
LITTLE ONES



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THE LITTLE MAN AND HIS GUN.


HERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went unto the brook, and he shot a little duck,
And hit her right through the head, head, head.

Then he went home unto his little wife Joan.
And bade her a good fire make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot at the brook,
Whilst he went and shot the drake, drake, drake.






A SHELL-FISH OLD WOMAN.

A decorative initial letter 'A' with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, positioned at the start of the first line of text.

LITTLE old woman, as I have heard tell,
Lived near the sea, in a nice little shell;
She was well off if she wanted her tea—
She'd plenty of water from out of the sea.

Then if for her dinner she had the least wish,
Of course she had nothing to do but to fish;
So, really, this little old woman did well,
As she didn't pay rent for the use of the shell.

A CAPITAL CURE FOR RATS.

N old woman troubled with rats,
Who couldn't depend upon cats—
They all ran away from the rats—
Had a fine large extinguisher made,
Then in her barn quietly laid.
“I'll catch all the tyrants,” she said.
At the very first sight of a rat,
She popped the extinguisher pat,
Which caught him as well as a cat.
And so she went on every day,
Till she frightened the rats all away,
Which made the extinguisher pay.





HOW LADY BUTTERFLY SPENT THE DAY.

PRETTY Lady Butterfly, where have you been?

Why, all the day long you have hardly been seen;
The sunlight was charming—then where did you hide?
I've looked for your pretty wings both far and wide."

"I've been, Lady Prettyface, peeping at you,
From flowers in your garden, both red, white, and blue;
At last it was tiring, this game at bo-peep,
So I crept in a blossom, and fell fast asleep."

The End.

