

CECILY PARSLEY'S NURSERY RHYMES

FOR LITTLE PETER
IN NEW ZEALAND



BY

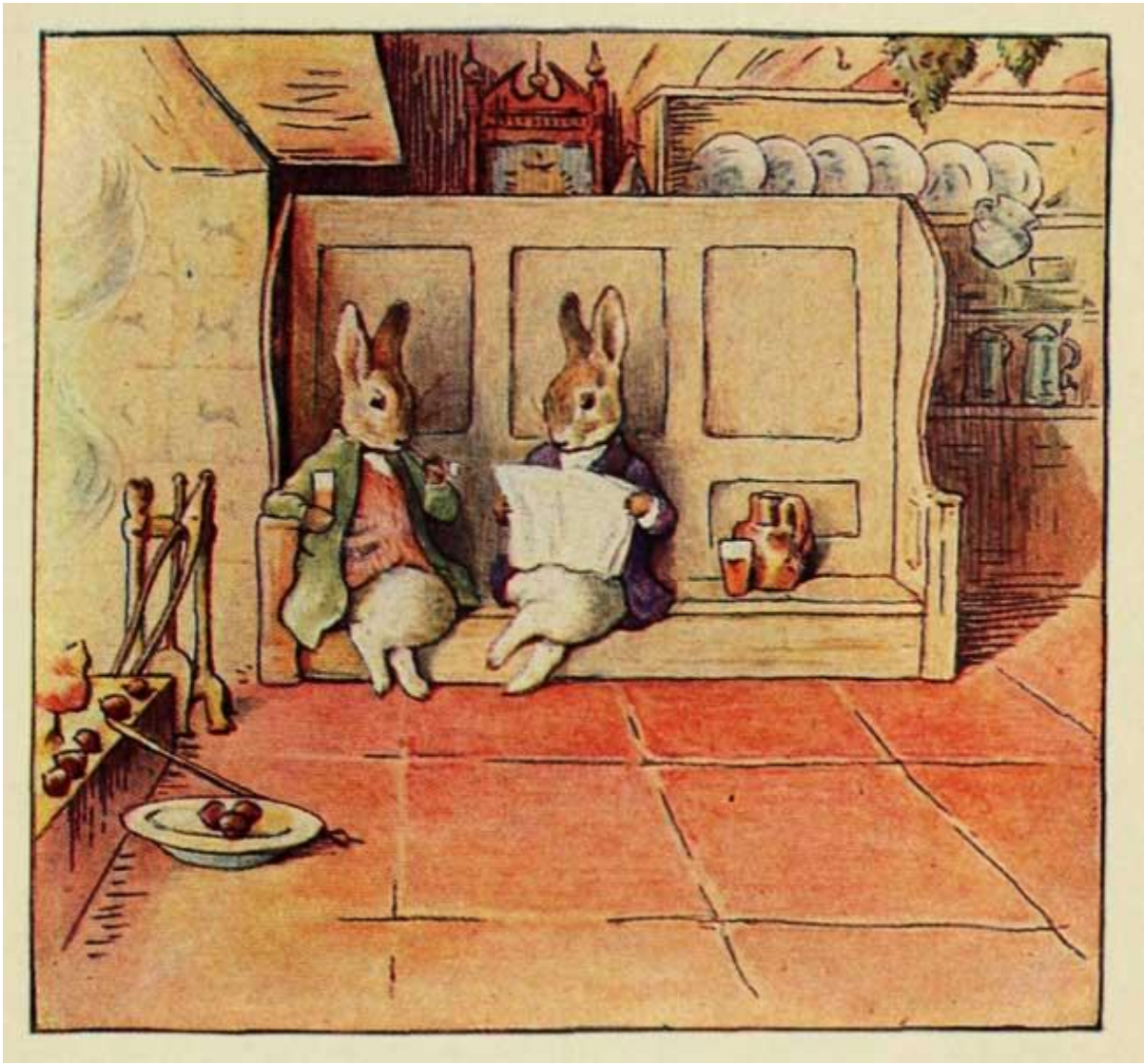
BEATRIX POTTER

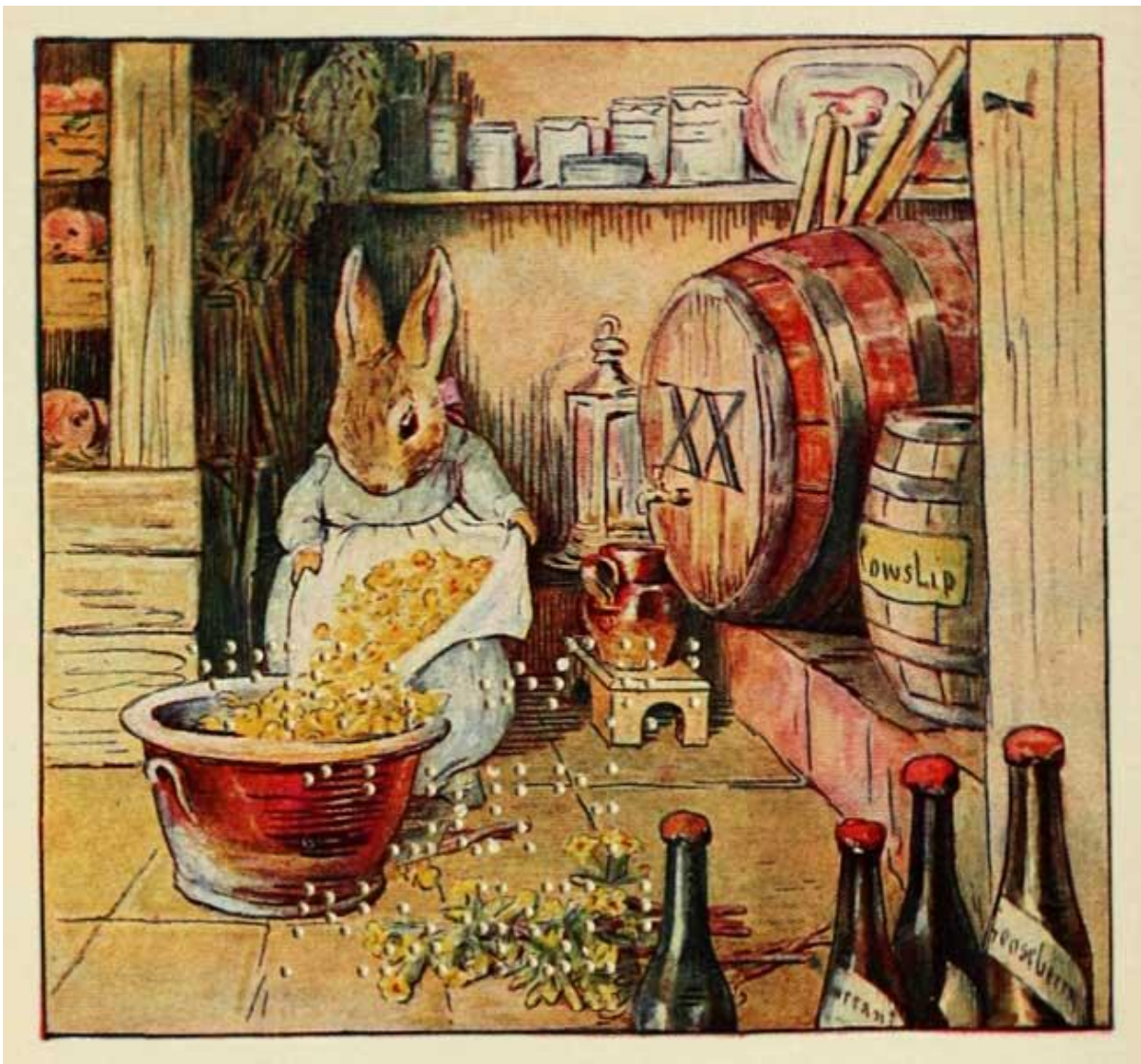
*Author of
"The Tale of Peter Rabbit," etc.*





Though flattered by imitators galore Miss Potter's work stands supreme. Her many picture stories should be among the first books owned by children.

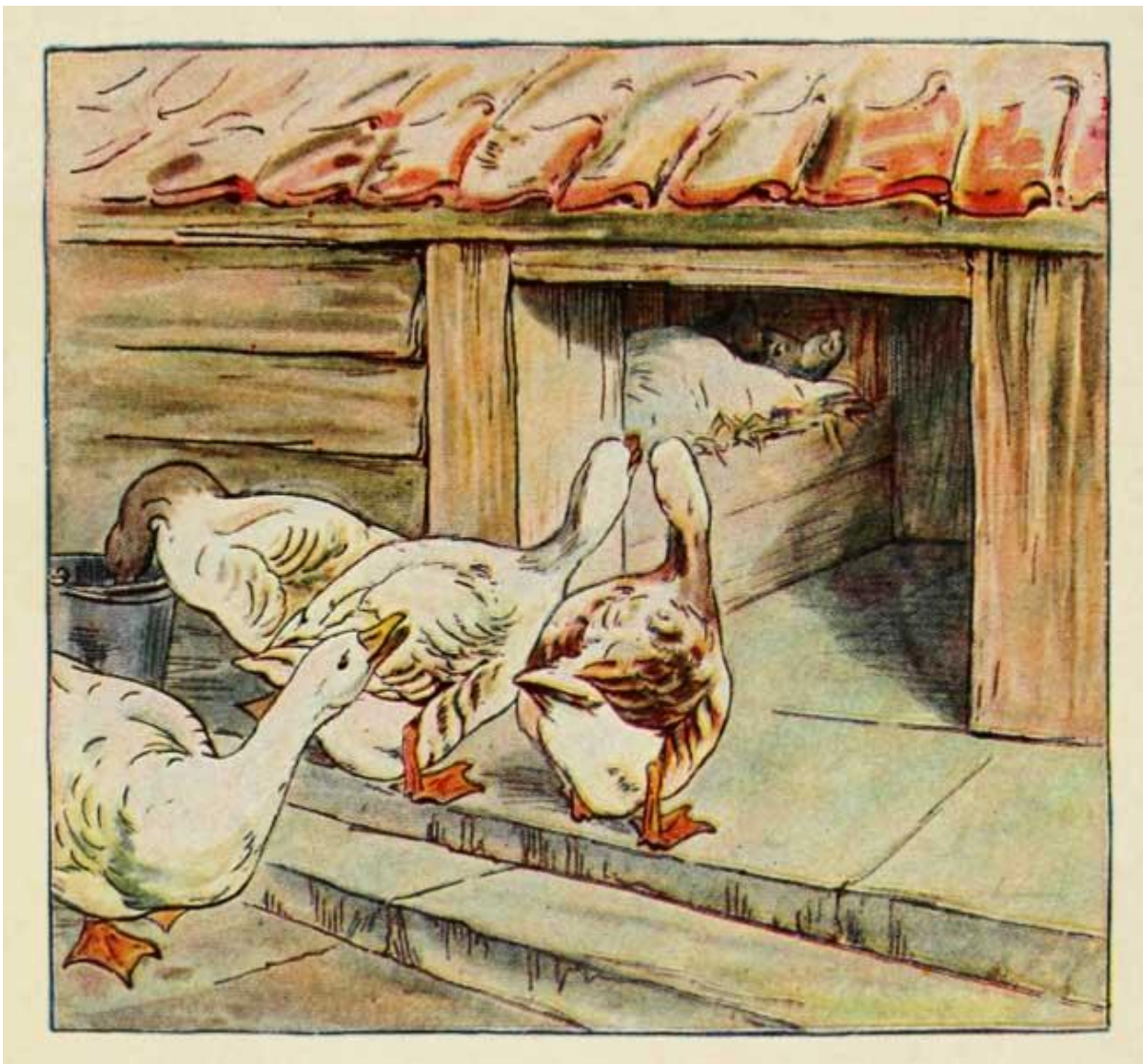




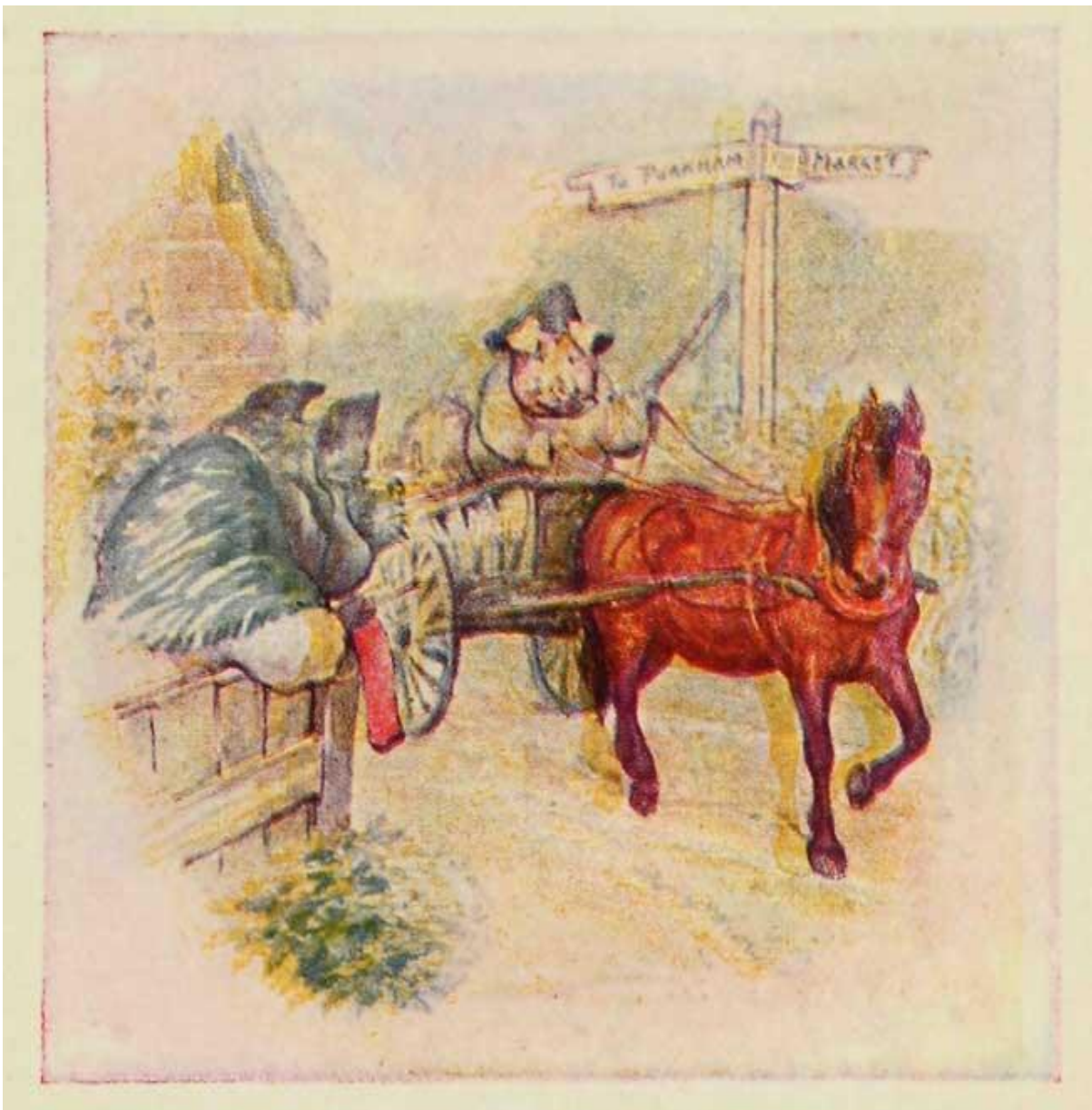
Cecily Parsley lived in a pen,
And brewed good ale for gentlemen;



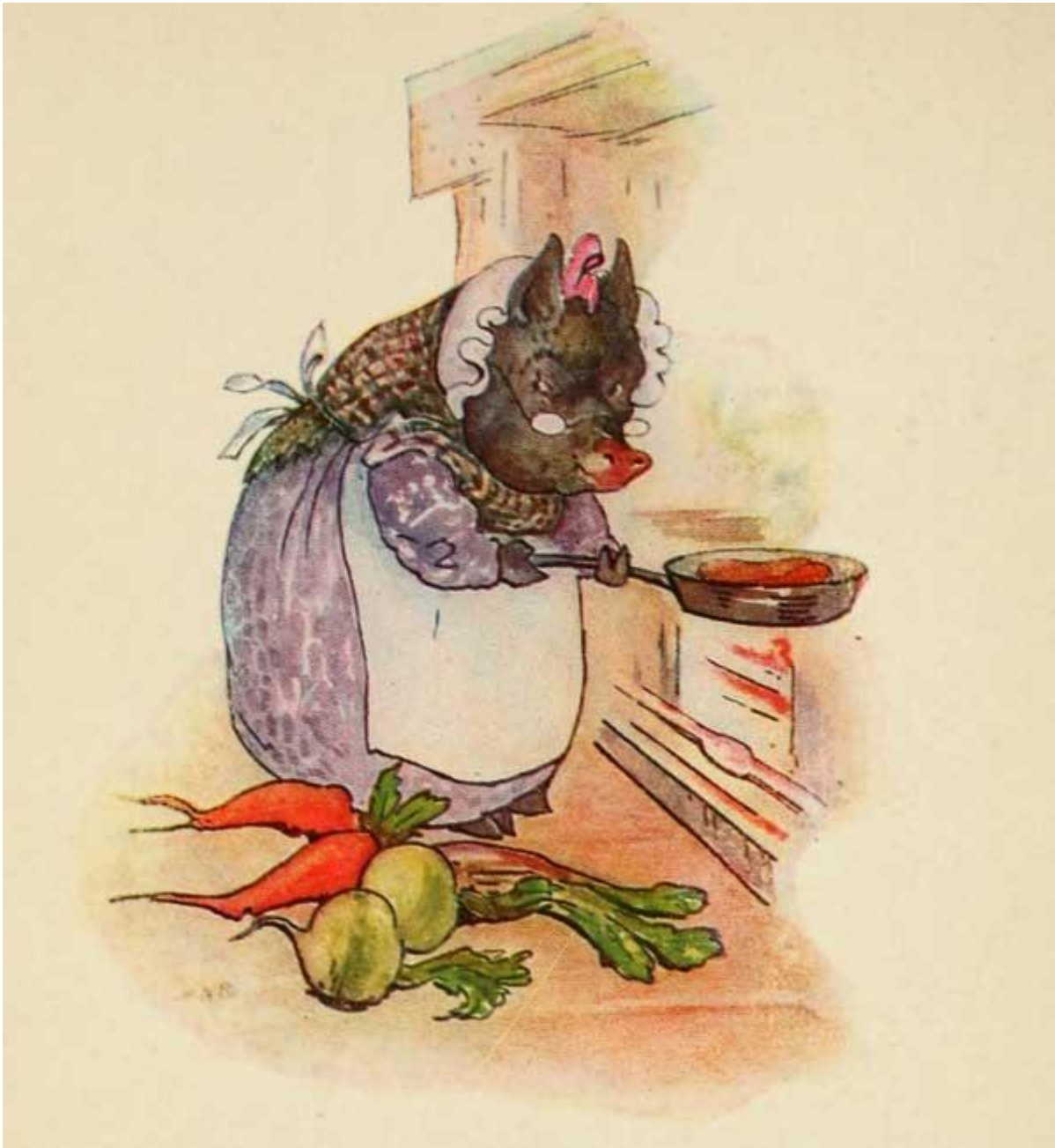
Gentlemen came every day,
Till Cecily Parsley ran away.



Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither will you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber!



This pig went to market;
This pig stayed at home;



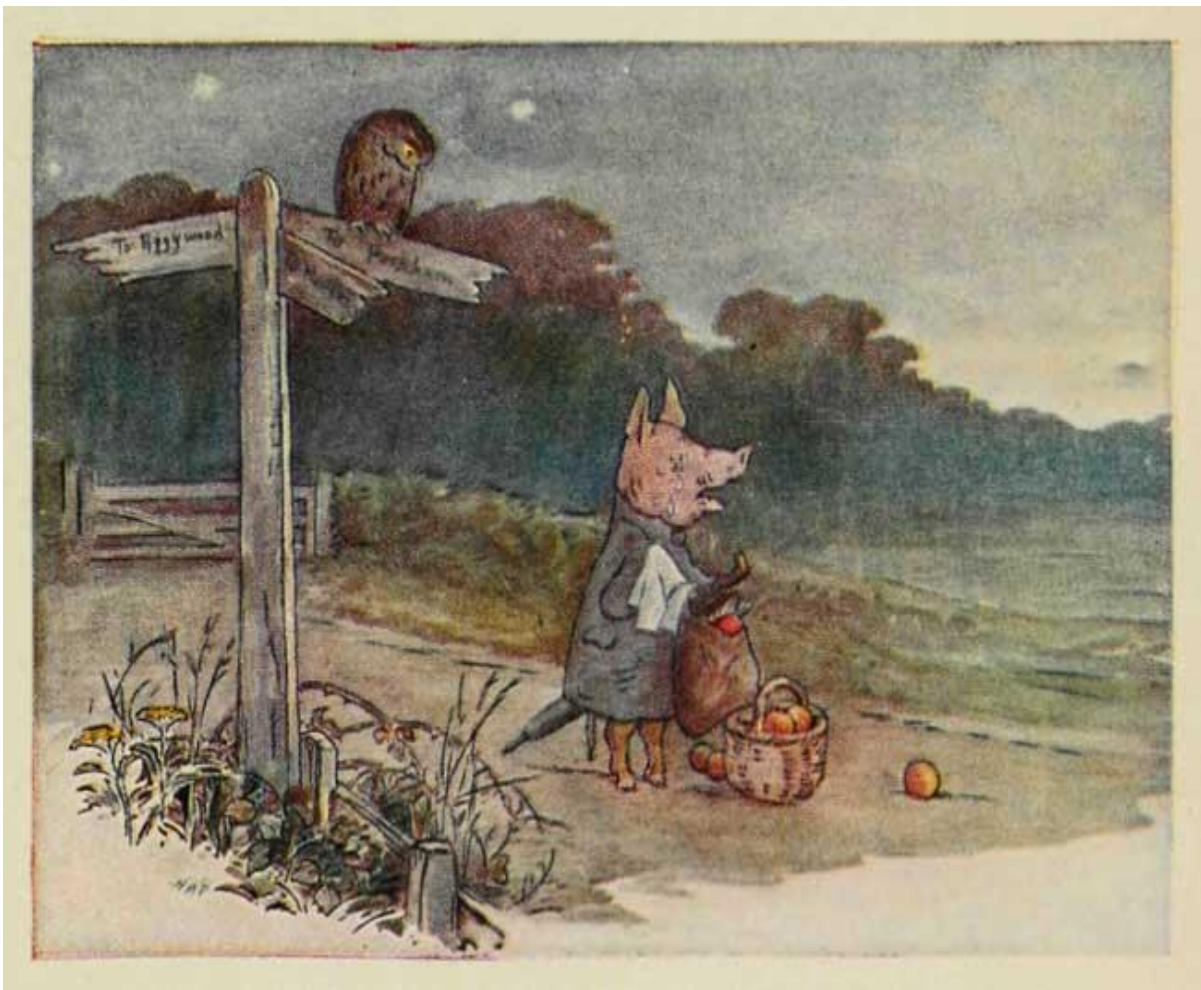
This pig had a bit of meat;



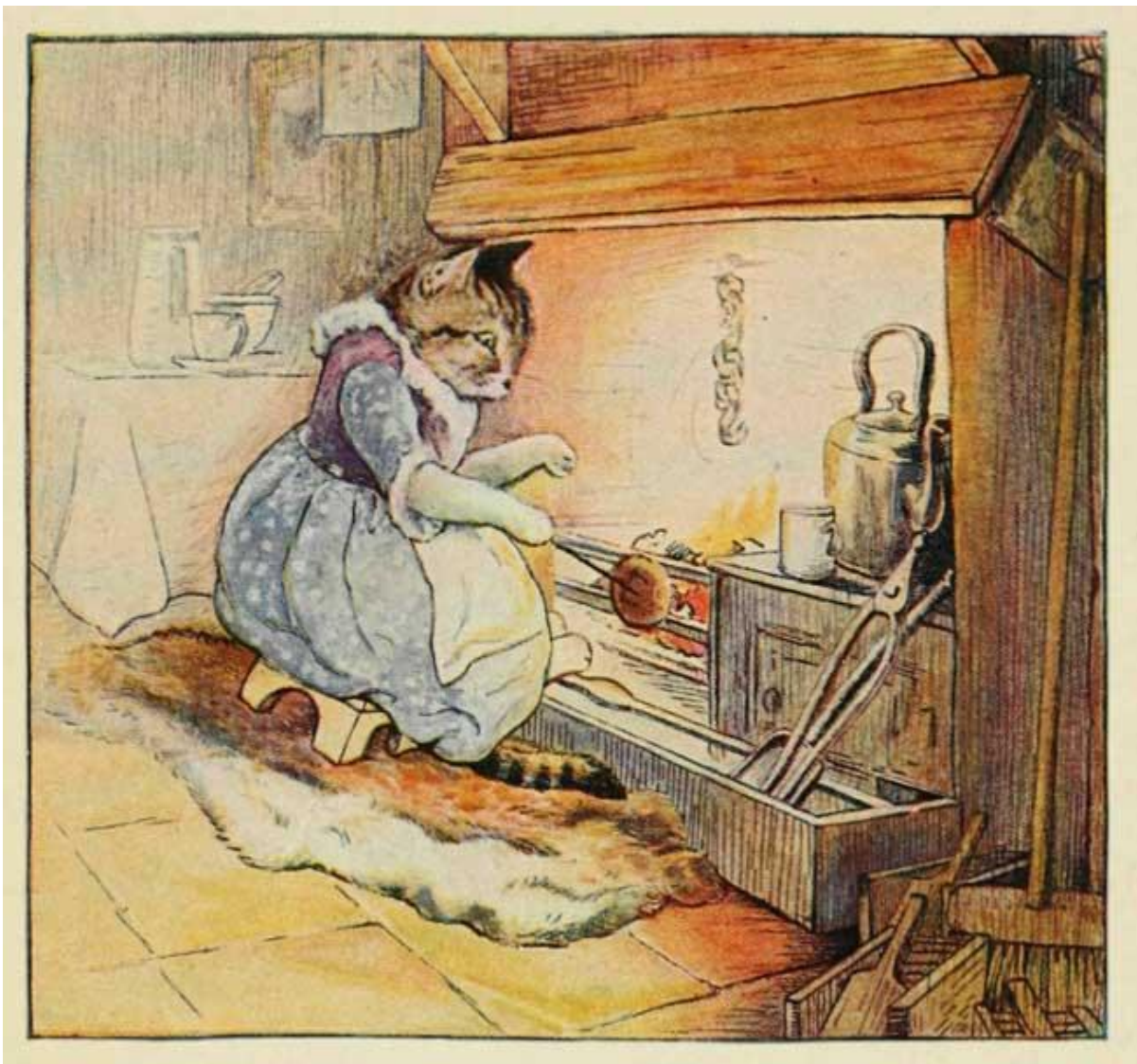
And this pig had none;



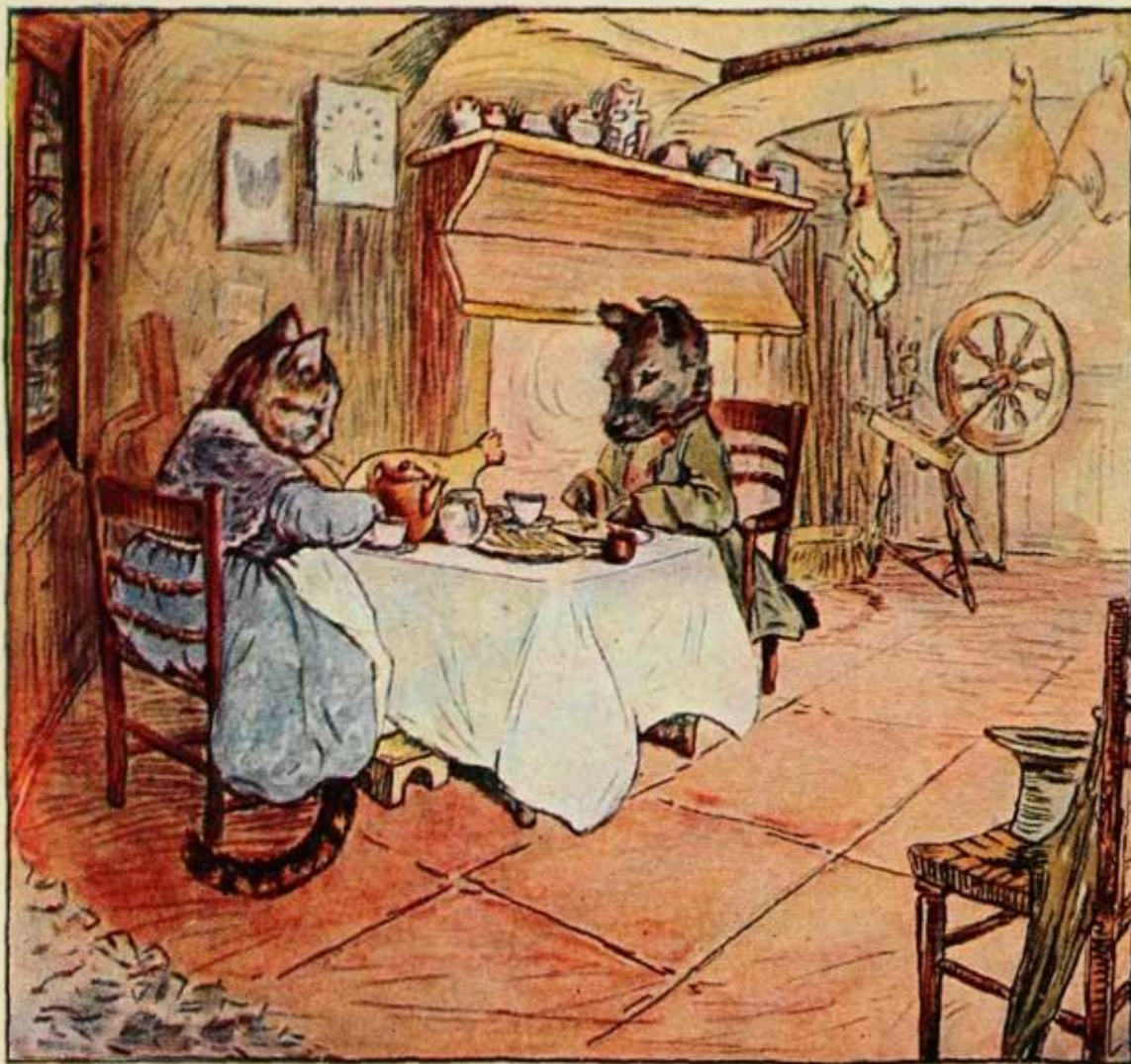
This little pig cried
Wee! wee! wee!
I can't find my way home.



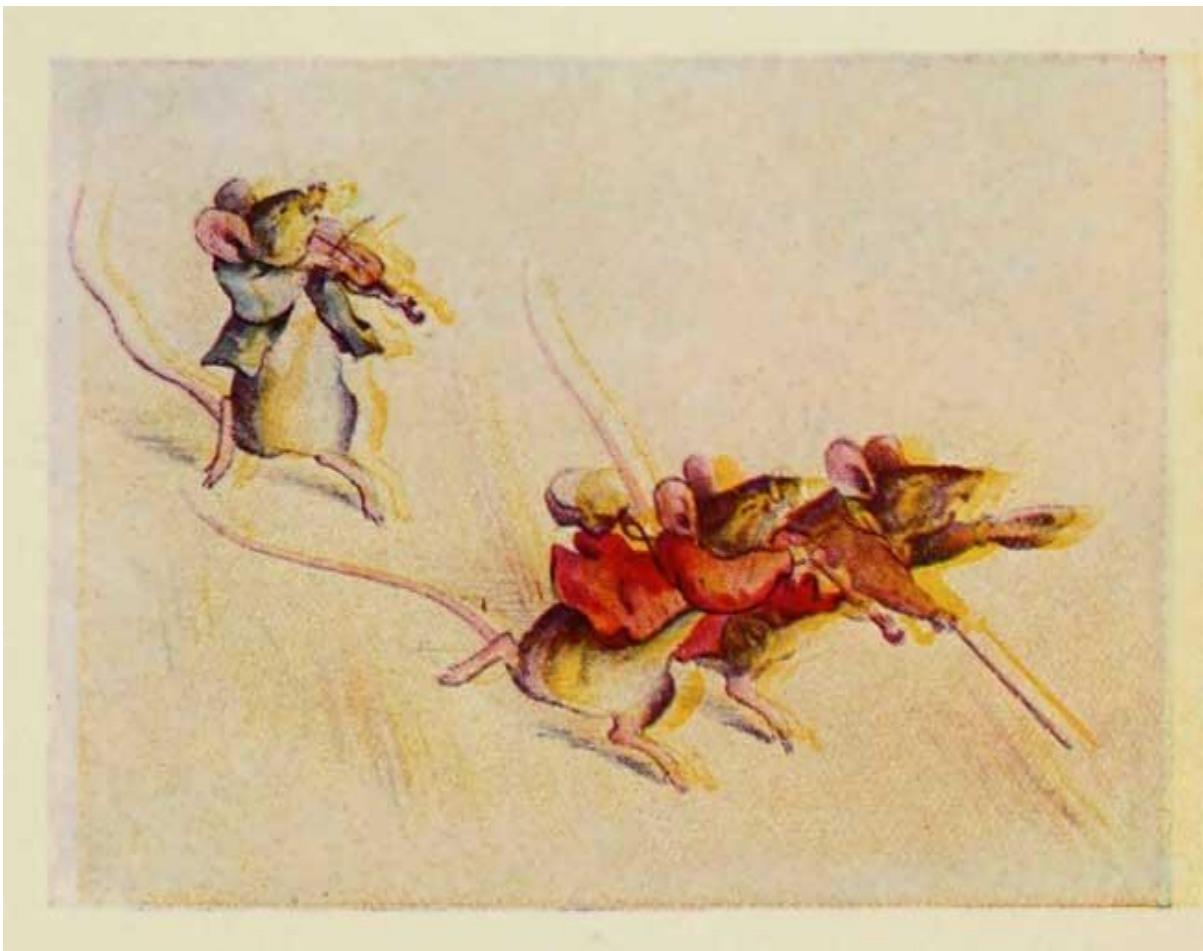
Pussy-cat sits by the fire;
How should she be fair?
In walks the little dog,
Says "Pussy! are you there?"



- How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how do you do? □
- I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you! □



Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run!
They all run after the farmer's wife,
And she cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice!



Bow, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
□ I'm little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow! □



We have a little garden,
A garden of our own,
And every day we water there
The seeds that we have sown.



We love our little garden,
And tend it with such care,
You will not find a faded leaf
Or blighted blossom there.



Ninny nanny netticoat,
In a white petticoat,

With a red nose, □
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



