The Mother Goose Coloring Book

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# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nursery Rhyme</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Humpty Dumpty</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey Diddle Diddle</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Sprat</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There Was a Crooked Man</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom, Tom, The Piper’s Son</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wee Willie Winkie</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing a Song of Sixpence</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Man in the Moon</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Dutch Girl</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Be Nimble</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old King Cole</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love Little Pussy</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bo Peep</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Nancy Etticoat</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Woman of Harrow</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickory Dickory Doc</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good Night, Sleep Tight</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There Was an Old Woman</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tossed Up in a Basket</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Illustrations by Kate Greenaway*
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses,
and all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again.
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 away with the spoon.
Jack Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both,
They licked the platter clean.
There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a crooked little house.
Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away did run!
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom went crying
Down the street.
Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown.
Rapping at the windows,
Crying through the lock,
"Are the children all in bed?
For it's now eight o'clock."
Sing a song of sixpence
A pocket full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was that not a tasty dish
To set before a king?

The King was in his counting house
Counting out his money
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey
The Maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
When down came a blackbird
And snapped her off her nose!
The man in the moon
Looked out of the moon
And this is what he said,
'Tis time that, now I'm getting up,
All babies went to bed.
I am a pretty little Dutch girl,
As pretty as I can be.
And all the boys in the neighborhood
Are crazy over me!
Jack, be nimble,
Jack, be quick,
Jack, jump over
The candlestick.
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.
I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I,
Very gently will play.
Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them.
Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.
Little Nancy Etticoat

In a white petticoat,
And a red rose.
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.
There was an Old Woman of Harrow,  
Who visited in a Wheel barrow,  
And her servant before,  
Knock'd loud at each door;  
To announce the Old Woman of Harrow.
Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down!
Hickory, dickory, dock.
Good night, sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light
To do what's right
With all your might.
There was an old woman
Tossed up in a basket
Seventeen times as high as the moon.
Where she was going
I just had to ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman,
Old woman," said I,
"Please tell me, please tell me,
Why you're up so high?"
"I'm sweeping the cobwebs
Down from the sky,
And I'll be with you
By and by."
Barber, barber, shave a pig!
How many hairs to make a wig?
Four and twenty, that's enough!
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.
Mary, Mary, quite contrary, 
How does your garden grow? 
With silver bells and cockleshells, 
And pretty maids all in a row.