HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,  
Down comes hush-a-bye, baby, and all.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so betwixt them both,  
They lick'd the platter clean.

I'LL tell you a story,  
About Jack a Nory,  
And now my story's begun:  
I'll tell you another,  
About Jack and his brother,  
And now my story is done.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.  
Where is the little boy minding the sheep?  
Under the haycock, fast asleep!