MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and made him afraid;
Little Robin chirp'd and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew away.