Robin and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
O, brother Richard! the sun's very high.

You go first with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after on little Jack Nag;
You go first and open the gate,
And I'll come after and break your pate.

Rub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

Rain, rain,
Go away,
Come again
Another day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.