TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy’s house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone:
I went to Taffy’s house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of the town.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He’ll sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!