THERE was an old woman, and what do you think.
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.
She went to the baker to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

[A Song set to fingers and toes.]

1. THIS pig went to market;
2. This pig staid at home
3. This pig had plenty to eat,
4. But this pig had none;
5. And this little pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
   All the way home.