CROSS patch, draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup, and drink it up,  
Then call your neighbors in.

COCK a doodle doo!  
My dame has lost her shoe;  
My master's lost his fiddle stick,  
And don't know what to do.

THE sow came in with the saddle;  
The little pig rock'd the cradle;  
The dish jump'd up on the table,  
To see the pot swallow the ladle.  
The spit that stood behind the door,  
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.  
Oh! said the gridiron, can't you agree?  
I'm the head constable, bring them to me.