Baa, baa, black sheep,

Have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir,

Three bags full;

One for the master,

And one for the dame,

And one for the little boy

Who lives down the lane.

Hey diddle diddle,

The Cat and the fiddle.

The Cow jumped over the moon.

The little Dog laughed.

To see such a sport,

And the Dish ran away with the spoon.

It's raining; it's pouring.

The old man is snoring.

He went to bed and bumped his head,

And he wouldn't get up in the morning.

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey;

Along came a spider,

Who sat down beside her

And frightened Miss Muffet away.