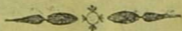# THE HISTORY

OF

SIMPLE SIMON.

Simon cutting his mother's bellows,
to see where the wind lay.

YORK:

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

Simple Simon,
  Met a Pyeman,
Going to the Fair;
  Says Simple Simon,
  To the Pyeman,
Let me taste your ware.

Says the Pyeman,
Unto Simon,
First give me a penny,
Says Simple Simon,
To the Pyeman,
I have not got any.

Now Simple Simon,
Went a fishing,
For to catch a whale,
And all the water
He had got,
Was in his mother's pail.

Then Simple Simon,
  Went a hunting,
For to catch a hare,
  He rode a goat,
  About the street,
But could not find one there.

He went to catch,
  A dickey bird,
And thought he could not fail,
  Because he had got
  A little salt,
To put upon his tail.

He went to try,
If cherries ripe
Grew upon a thistle,
He pricked his
Finger very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Once Simon made
A great snow ball,
And brought it in to roast,
He laid it down
Before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went for
To eat honey,
Out of the mustard pot,
He bit his tongue,
Until he cried
That was all the good he got,

He went to ride
A spotted cow,
That had got a little calf,
She threw him down
Upon the ground,
And made the people laugh.

He went to take
A bird's nest,
Was built upon a bough,
The branch gave way,
Down Simon fell,
Into a dirty slough.

He went to shoot
A wild duck,
But the wild duck flew away,
Says Simon I cant
Hit him,
Because he would not stay.

Simon was sent
   To market,
To buy a joint of meat,
   He tied it to
   His horses tail,
To keep it clean and sweet.

He went to slide
Upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear,
Then he plunged in
Above the knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.

He wash'd himself
With blacking ball,
Because he had no soap,
And then said to
His mother,
I'm a beauty now I hope.

He went for water
In a sieve,
But soon it all run through,
And now poor
Simple Simon,
Bids you all adieu.