

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair
Said Simple Simon to the pieman
“Let me taste your ware.”

Said the pieman unto Simon,
“Show me first your penny.”
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
“ ‘deed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale
But all the water he had got
Was in his mother’s pail

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle

He went for water in a sieve
But soon it all fell through
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu