

# Simple Simon

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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