

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

The Dog once got sick,
And swallowed

And he cried, "Oh! dear dame,
Do bring me"

So she put him to bed
And gave him

Then she ran for the doctor,
Who brought him

She tied on his head
A nice little

She took him out walking
And called on

Then the poor dog was thirsty
And drank up

He had a sore throat
And she tied on

She taught him to sing
The song of

He danced in such style,
He could dance in

He wrote once a book
About cooking

Then she told him his eyes
Were as bright as

And his ears they were lovely,
And just like

"My darling," said she,
"I'll bring you"

And one night she dreamed
He had changed to

But the Dog grew quite bad,
So much flattery he had—
And he put in her snuff box,
One Sunday

DIRECTIONS FOR THE GAME
OF
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

This game is played by any number, from six to twenty, or more.

One of the party represents Mother Hubbard, and one the Dog. The cards are then shuffled and dealt to the rest of the company, face down.

Mother Hubbard begins by reading to the first blank when she pauses, and the player on her left supplies the word by turning up a card, and naming what is on it. If it is what could *not* have been found in a cupboard, as a cart or a house, the Dog orders him to pay a forfeit for telling what was not true, and the card is laid on the table. If the object is one which *could* be found in a cupboard, the player finishes the rhyme and gives the card to the Dog.

The forfeits named each time by the Dog may be—to say something wise—or something silly—or wish for something best loved—or tell a riddle—or repeat some little sentence backwards, as "good morning to your nightcap," or any other similar trifle.

Mother Hubbard then reads the next lines, and the next player on her left supplies the words, &c.

TO WIN THE GAME.

The last person who supplies an article and makes a rhyme, all according to the common version of Old Mother Hubbard, wins the game, and is Mother Hubbard next time.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

And on her best bonnet
 He pinned fast

And her nice little shoe
 He crammed full of

So she got for a whip
 To whip him

And now, Mr. Dog,
 Just do as you 're bid,
 And tell us the last
 Wise thing that you did.

Very well, Mr. Dog ;
 And now, if you please,
 Tell us which of the company
 Present, shall sneeze.

A very bad sneeze !
 Mr. Dog—tell another,
 To give us a good one,
 Without such a bother.

Very well, Mr. Sneezer—
 You'll please tell, this time,
 Which one, on the weather,
 Shall make us a rhyme.

Mr. Rhymer—please say
 Who shall give us a riddle,
 Or sing the sweet song
 Of "The Cat and her fiddle."

Now farewell to all,
 Mother Hubbard must say—
 And make a low curtsy,
 And wish you good-day.

And now, Mr. Dog,
 You will please make your bow,
 And show your good manners
 By saying "Bow-wow!"

TO BE READ BY
 OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard,
 Once lived all alone,
 And her poor little dog
 Grew quite tired of his bone—
 So she went to the cupboard
 And got him

She went to the bakers
 To buy him

She went to the hatters
 To buy him

She went to the garden
 And planted

She went to the barbers
 To buy him

She went to the market
 To find him

She went to the fruiterers
 To get him

She went to the hosiers
 To buy him

She went to to the tailors
 To buy him

She went to the butcher's
 To search for

She went to the tavern
 To borrow

She went to the cobblers
 To buy him

After this the forfeits are omitted—the word is supplied and the rhyme finished.