



JOLLY
MILLER'S
WIFE..
AND OTHER
RHYMES

Ex Libris
BERNARD M. MEEKS

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION
*
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

O.
SPOC...

White, Fast Black, and all the New Colors,

—IS—

“AHEAD OF ALL OF THEM”

FOR

HAND AND MACHINE SEWING.

Garments sewed with our FAST BLACK
will never show white on the seams
after being worn or washed.

MILWARD'S HELIX NEEDLES,

(ESTABLISHED 1730),

EACH NEEDLE PERFECT.



There was a jolly miller's wife
Lived on the river Dee ;
She worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as she.
And this the burden of her song
Forever used to be,—
“ I love the miller,
And the miller loves me,
And I keep his clothing tidy
With my O. N. T.”

JOLLY MILLER'S WIFE



Over the Brook goes Patty wee,
You'd think she was going to cross
the sea;
Yet she's only going to Widow
Macree
To ask for a spool of O. N. T.

USE CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON.



Pease-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Spell me Cotton without a C,
Why that's not difficult—
O. N. T.



O, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red, rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair.

" I'm going a-milking
Kind sir," says she ;
" And then to the village store
For a spool of O. N. T."



" Now you're sure you wont tell ? "

" Oh, no, no, no ! "

" And you'll keep it a secret ? "

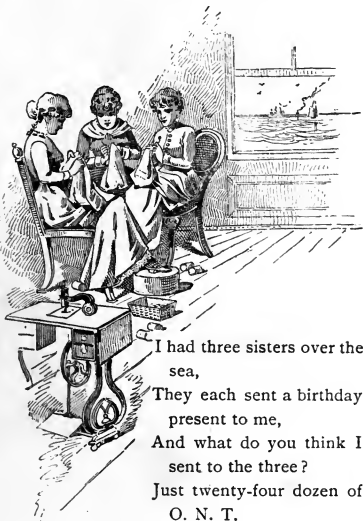
" Wherever I go. "

" Well then—mamma told me,
Don't you see,

That the best cotton in the world
Is O. N. T. "

" Pooh ! that's no secret
You have told me. "

JOLLY MILLER'S WIFE



I had three sisters over the
sea,
They each sent a birthday
present to me,
And what do you think I
sent to the three?
Just twenty-four dozen of
O. N. T.

USE CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON.



Go to bed first, a
golden purse;
Go to bed second, a
golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a
golden bird;
Rise with the lark, and
before breakfast
you'll see,
How much can be done
with our O. N. T.



Little fishy in the brook,
Papa caught him with a hook ;
The fish had reached the open sea,
If it hadn't been for O. N. T.
But mamma fried him in the pan,
And baby ate him like a man!



GEORGE A. CLARK,

Sole Agent.



CHILDREN CRY FOR IT.

