

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Young Canada's Nursery Rhymes, by Various

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before downloading or redistributing this or any other Project Gutenberg eBook.

This header should be the first thing seen when viewing this Project Gutenberg file. Please do not remove it. Do not change or edit the header without written permission.

Please read the "legal small print," and other information about the eBook and Project Gutenberg at the bottom of this file. Included is important information about your specific rights and restrictions in how the file may be used. You can also find out about how to make a donation to Project Gutenberg, and how to get involved.

**\*\*Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts\*\***

**\*\*eBooks Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971\*\***

**\*\*\*\*\*These eBooks Were Prepared By Thousands of Volunteers!\*\*\*\*\***

Title: Young Canada's Nursery Rhymes

Author: Various

Release Date: January, 2004 [EBook #4921]  
[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]  
[This file was first posted on March 27, 2002]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

**\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK, YOUNG CANADA'S NURSERY RHYMES \*\*\***

This eBook was produced by JC Byers.

Young Canada's Nursery Rhymes

A was an Apple pie;  
B bit it;  
C cut it;  
D dealt it;

E eat it;  
F fought for it;  
G got it;  
H had it;  
J joined it;  
K kept it;  
L longed for it;  
M mourned for it;  
N nodded at it;  
O opened it;  
P peeped in it;  
Q quartered it;  
R ran for it;  
S stole it;  
T took it;  
V viewed it;  
W wanted it;  
X, Y, Z, and &, all wish'd for a piece in hand.

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,  
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:  
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

Curly locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;  
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,  
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

My little old man and I fell out,  
I'll tell you what it was all about;  
I had money and he had none,  
And that's the way the noise begun.

Bow-wow-wow, whose dog art thou?  
Little Tom Tucker's dog, bow-wow-wow.

Multiplication is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,  
And Practice drives me mad.

See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck;  
See a pin and let it lay,  
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean;  
And so betwixt them both, you see,  
They made the platter clean.

(A Star)

Higher than a house, higher than a tree;  
Oh! Whatever can that be?

Little Miss Muffett

She sat on a tuffett,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And cannot tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

1. This pig went to market;
2. This pig stayed at home;
3. This pig had a bit of meat;
4. And this pig had none;
5. This pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
6. I can't find my way home.

Little Polly Flinders

Sate among the cinders  
Warming her pretty little toes!  
Her mother came and caught her,  
And whipped her little daughter,  
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Dance little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind baby, mother is nigh;  
Crow and caper, caper and crow,  
There little baby, there...you go;  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground  
Backwards and forwards, round and round.  
Dance little baby, mother will sing,  
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

Here sits the Lord Mayor.....forehead.

Here sits his two men .....eyes.

Here sits the cock.....right cheek.

Here sits the hen.....left cheek.

Here sit the little chickens.....tip of nose.

Here they run in.....mouth

Chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin-chopper, chin!..chuck the chin.

To market, To market, to buy a fat pig,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.  
To market, To market, to buy a fat hog,  
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down, and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Swan, swan, over the sea;  
Swim, swan, swim.  
Swan, swan, back again;  
Well swam, swan.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,  
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

I had a little hobby horse,  
And it was dapple grey;  
Its head was made of pea-straw,  
Its tail was made of hay.  
I sold it to an old woman  
For a copper groat;  
And I'll not sing my song again  
Without a new coat.

Handy Spanky, Jack-a-dandy,  
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;  
He bought some at a grocer's shop.  
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick;  
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

Little Tom Tucker sings for his supper;  
What shall he eat? White bread an butter.  
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?  
How will he marry without e'er a wife?

Three straws on a staff  
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see an old lady ride on a white horse,  
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.  
So she makes music wherever she goes.

How many days has my baby to play?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Dickery, Dickery, Dock!  
The mouse ran up the clock;  
The clock struck One!  
And down the mouse ran,  
Dickery, Dickery, Dock!

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;  
Pussy came by, and popped her head in;  
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"  
"Oh, no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

Needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When a man marries his trouble begins.

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
He went to bed with his stockings on;  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

All of a row, bend the bow;  
Shot at a pigeon and killed a crow.

You shall have a fish, in a little dish,  
You shall have a fish, when the boat comes in.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,  
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;  
Then up starts Robin, and looks in the sky,  
"Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!  
The bull's in the barn threshing the corn;  
The cocks on the hayrick blowing his horn."

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day;  
The knave of Hearts, he stole the tarts,  
And took them clean away.

Sing a song of sixpence, a bag full of Rye,  
Four-and-twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pie;  
When the Pie was opened, the Birds began to sing,  
Was not that a dainty dish to set before a King?

Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;  
If I had as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.  
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,  
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.

Ding, dong, bell; Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.  
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.  
What a naughty boy was that,  
To drown poor Pussy Cat.

Polly, put the kettle on,  
Polly, put the kettle on,  
Polly, put the kettle on,  
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,  
Sukey, take it off again,  
Sukey, take it off again,  
    They're all gone away.

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat where have you been?  
I've been to London to look at the Queen.  
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?  
I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

Blow, wind blow--  
And go, mill, go--  
That the miller  
May grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And bring us some hot in the morn.

Mary had a pretty bird,  
Feathers bright and yellow,  
Slender legs upon my word  
He was a pretty fellow.  
The sweetest notes he always sung,  
Which much delighted Mary;  
And near the cage she'd often sit  
To hear her own canary.

Tom, he was a piper's son.  
He learned to play when he was young.  
But all the tunes that he could play,  
Was "Over the hills and far away."  
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,  
That those who heard him could never keep still;  
Whenever they heard him they began to dance,  
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea  
And, oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for thee.  
There were comfits in the cabin  
And apples in the hold,  
The sails were made of silk,  
The masts were made of gold.

What's the news of the day, good neighbour, I pray?  
They say the balloon is gone up to the moon.

There were two birds sat on a stone,  
    Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
One flew away, and then there was one,  
    Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
The other flew after, and then there was none,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
And so the poor stone was left all alone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de!

A sunshiny shower  
Won't last half an hour.

Leg over leg, as the dog went to Dover;  
When he came to a stile, jump he went over.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;  
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,  
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

Hush a by, Baby  
On the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock:  
When the bough bends the cradle will fall.  
Down will come Baby cradle and all.

Matthew,  
Mark,  
Luke,  
And John.  
Guard the bed that I lie on  
Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels round my head,  
One to watch, and one to pray,  
And two to bear my soul away.

Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl.  
And if the bowl had been stronger,  
My song would have been longer.

Doctor Foster went to Gloster,  
In a shower of rain,  
He stepped in a puddle, up to the middle,  
And never went there again.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,  
Ninety times as high as the moon;  
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.  
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,  
O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!  
Shall I go with you? Aye, by and by.

Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop;  
So I cried "Little bird,

Will you stop, stop, stop?"  
And was going to the window  
To say "How do you do?"  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew.

Is John Smith within? Yes, that he is.  
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two;  
Here a nail, there a nail, tick, tack too.

See, see. What shall I see?  
A horse's head where his tail should be.

(A Cherry)  
As I went through the garden gap,  
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!  
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,  
If you'll tell me this riddle,  
I'll give you a groat.

Bless you, bless you, bonny bee:  
Say, When will your wedding be?  
If it be to-morrow day,  
Take your wings and fly away.

I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;  
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I very gently will play.

Go to bed first, a golden purse.  
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;  
Go to bed third, a golden bird.

Goosey, Goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?  
Upstairs, and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber.  
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers,  
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.

The cock doth crow to let you know,  
If you be wise, 't is time to rise.

Eat, birds, eat, and make no waste,  
I lie here and make no haste;  
If my master chance to come,  
You must fly, and I must run.

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?  
I am going a milking, sir, she said.  
May I go with you, my pretty maid?  
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.

Shoe the wild horse, and shoe the grey mare,

If the horse wont be shod, let him go bare.

Bye, baby bunting,  
Father's gone a hunting,  
Mother's gone a milking,  
Sister's gone a silking,  
Brother's gone to buy a skin  
To wrap the baby bunting in.

Daffy-down-Dilly has come up to town,  
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

Ba-a, Ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full:  
One for my master, one for my dame,  
And one for the little boy that lives in our lane.

As I was going up Phippen Hill,  
Phippen Hill was dirty,  
There I met a pretty miss,  
And she dropped me a curtsey.  
Little mis, pretty miss,  
Blessings shine upon you!  
If I had half a crown a day,  
I'd spend it all upon you.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy;  
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,  
And a twopenny apple pie.

See, saw, Margery Daw,  
Jenny shall have a new master;  
She shall have but a penny a day,  
Because she can't work any faster.

When I was a batchelor, I lived by myself,  
And all the meat I got, I put upon the shelf;  
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,  
That I went to London to get myself a wife,  
The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,  
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;  
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,  
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

I had a little pony,  
His name was Dapple-gray,  
I lent him to a lady,  
To ride a mile away.  
She whipped him, she slashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I would not lend my pony now  
For all the lady's hire.

Come, let's to bed,  
Says Sleepy Head,  
Tary a while,  
Says Slow'  
Put on the pan,  
Says Greedy Nan,  
Let's sup before we go.

Simple Simon met a pieman,  
Going to the fair;  
Says Simple Simon to the Pieman,  
"Let me taste your ware."  
Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
"Show me first your penny."  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Indeed, I have not any."

Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
My dame has lost her shoe;  
My master's lost his fiddling stick,  
And don't know what to do.  
Cock-a-doodle-doo!  
What is my dame to do?  
Till master finds his fiddling stick,  
She'll dance without her shoe.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,  
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;  
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;  
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."  
Little Robin Redbreast flew upon a wall,  
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;  
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say?  
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin flew away.

A little cock-sparrow sat on a tree,  
Looking as happy as happy could be,  
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow,  
Says he, I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.  
His body will make me a nice stew,  
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.  
Says the little cock-sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,  
So he clapped his wings and then flew away.

Cuckoo, cherry tree,  
Catch a bird, and give it me.  
Let the tree be high or low,  
Let it hail, rain, or snow.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;  
He shot Johnny Sprig through the middle of his wig,

And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;  
Pat it and prick it and mark it with T,  
And put in the oven for Tommy and me.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;  
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;  
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.

In the merry month of May  
When green leaves begin to spring,  
Little lambs do skip like fairies,  
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

(An Egg)

In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear,  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet things break in and steal the gold.

Little Cock Robin peeped out of his nest,  
To see the cold winter come in,  
Tit for tat, what matter for that,  
He'll hide his head under his wing!

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
February has twenty-eight alone;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting leap-year--that's the time  
When February's days are twenty-nine.

The man in the wilderness asked me,  
How many strawberries grew in the sea;  
I answered him, as I thought good,  
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

Molly, my sister, and I fell out,  
And what do you think it was about?  
She loved coffee and I loved tea,  
And that was the reason we could not agree.

My maid Mary, she minds her dairy,  
While I go hoeing and mowing each morn;  
Merrily run the reel and the little spinning wheel,  
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

A little boy went into a barn,

And lay down on some hay;  
An owl came out and flew about,  
And the little boy ran away.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Silver bells, and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row.

Little girl, little girl, where have you been?  
Gathering roses to give to the Queen.  
Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?  
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe.

Diddley, Diddley, Dumpty;  
The cat ran up the plum tree.  
I'll wager a crown  
I'll fetch you down;  
Sing, Diddledy, Diddledy, Dumpty.

I'll sing you a song  
Though not very long  
Yet I think it  
As pretty as any.  
Put your hand in your purse  
You'll never be worse  
An give the poor singer  
A penny.

Rain, rain go away,  
Come again some April day,  
Little Johnny wants to play.

Little Betty Blue, lost her holiday shoe;  
What can little Betty do?  
Give her another to match the other,  
And then she may walk in two.

Here am I, little jumping Joan;  
When nobody's with me,  
I am always alone.

Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday,  
Took ill on Thursday, worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday,  
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

The man in the moon came tumbling down,  
And asked his way to Norwich,  
He went by the south, and burnt his mouth  
With supping cold pease-porridge.

The North Wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do then?  
He will hop to a barn,  
And to keep himself warm  
Will hide his head under his wint,  
Poor thing.

(Coals)

Black we are, but much admired;  
Men seek for us till they are tired.  
We tire the horse, but comfort the man;  
Tell me this riddle if you can?

I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,  
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean:  
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,  
She brought it home in less than an hour;  
She baked me my bread, she brew'd me my ale,  
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

Bat Bat (clap hands) come under my hat,  
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;  
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake  
If I am not mistaken.

There was an old woman of Leeds;  
Who spent all her time in good deeds;  
She worked for the poor  
Till her finger were sore,  
This pious old woman of Leeds!

Little Tommy Tittlemouse lived in a little house;  
He caught fishes in other men's dishes.

As I was going to St. Ives,  
I met a man with seven wives;  
Every wife had seven sacks;  
Every sack had seven cats;  
Every cat had seven kits.  
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,  
How many were there going to St. Ives?

There was a little man  
And he woo'd a little a little main,  
And he said "Little main will you wed, wed, wed,  
I have little more to say,  
Than will you, yea or nay,  
For the least said soonest men ded, ded, ded.  
The little maid replied  
(Some say a little sighed)  
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat,  
Will the love that you are so rich in

Make a fire in the kitchen,  
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit.

The End

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK, YOUNG CANADA'S NURSERY RHYMES \*\*\*

This file should be named ycrhy10.txt or ycrhy10.zip  
Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks get a new NUMBER, ycrhy11.txt  
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, ycrhy10a.txt

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the US unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we usually do not keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our eBooks one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing. Please be encouraged to tell us about any error or corrections, even years after the official publication date.

Please note neither this listing nor its contents are final til midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement. The official release date of all Project Gutenberg eBooks is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our Web sites at:  
<http://gutenberg.net> or  
<http://promo.net/pg>

These Web sites include award-winning information about Project Gutenberg, including how to donate, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter (free!).

Those of you who want to download any eBook before announcement can get to them as follows, and just download by date. This is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext03> or  
<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03>

Or /etext02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

## Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any eBook selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. Our projected audience is one hundred million readers. If the value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour in 2002 as we release over 100 new text files per month: 1240 more eBooks in 2001 for a total of 4000+ We are already on our way to trying for 2000 more eBooks in 2002 If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total will reach over half a trillion eBooks given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away 1 Trillion eBooks! This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

Here is the briefest record of our progress (\* means estimated):

### eBooks Year Month

1	1971	July
10	1991	January
100	1994	January
1000	1997	August
1500	1998	October
2000	1999	December
2500	2000	December
3000	2001	November
4000	2001	October/November
6000	2002	December*
9000	2003	November*
10000	2004	January*

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

As of February, 2002, contributions are being solicited from people and organizations in: Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

We have filed in all 50 states now, but these are the only ones that have responded.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states. Please feel free to ask to check the status of your state.

In answer to various questions we have received on this:

We are constantly working on finishing the paperwork to legally request donations in all 50 states. If your state is not listed and you would like to know if we have added it since the list you have, just ask.

While we cannot solicit donations from people in states where we are not yet registered, we know of no prohibition against accepting donations from donors in these states who approach us with an offer to donate.

International donations are accepted, but we don't know ANYTHING about how to make them tax-deductible, or even if they CAN be made deductible, and don't have the staff to handle it even if there are ways.

Donations by check or money order may be sent to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation  
PMB 113  
1739 University Ave.  
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Contact us if you want to arrange for a wire transfer or payment method other than by check or money order.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been approved by the US Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-622154. Donations are tax-deductible to the maximum extent permitted by law. As fund-raising requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund-raising will begin in the additional states.

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information online at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html>

\*\*\*

If you can't reach Project Gutenberg,  
you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>

Prof. Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

**\*\*The Legal Small Print\*\***

(Three Pages)

**\*\*\*START\*\*THE SMALL PRINT!\*\*FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS\*\*START\*\*\***

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this eBook, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this eBook if you want to.

**\*BEFORE!\* YOU USE OR READ THIS EBOOK**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this eBook by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this eBook on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

**ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM EBOOKS**

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBooks, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project").

Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this eBook under the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these eBooks, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's eBooks and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other eBook medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

#### LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this eBook from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this eBook within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS EBOOK IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE EBOOK OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

#### INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this eBook, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the eBook, or [3] any Defect.

#### DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this eBook electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the eBook or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this eBook in machine readable

binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as \*EITHER\*:

[\*] The eBook, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does \*not\* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (\*) and underline (\_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[\*] The eBook may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the eBook (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[\*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the eBook in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the eBook refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU \*WANT\* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time, public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses. Money should be paid to the:  
"Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at:  
hart@pobox.com

[Portions of this eBook's header and trailer may be reprinted only when distributed free of all fees. Copyright (C) 2001, 2002 by

Michael S. Hart. Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales of Project Gutenberg eBooks or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related product without express permission.]

\*END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS\*Ver.02/11/02\*END\*