



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said what a good boy am I.

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Three little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry.
Oh mother dear, we sadly fear,
That we have lost our mittens.

Three little kittens, they found their mittens,
And they began to cry.
Oh mother dear, see here, see here!
Our mittens we have found.

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