

MOTHER GOOSE.

MOTHER Goose's pretty cot Stood upon a pleasant spot; And an owl, to keep all right, Watched this pretty cot all night.

This is Mother Goose's son, Called poor Jackey Goose for fun: Jack was just a decent youth, Never swore, but spoke the truth.

One morning Jack obtained the luck To go to market for a duck;

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And when he bought it, Mother Goose Made it of the greatest use.

Putting it into the pond, The Duck and Drake were quickly fond; Jack was therefore pleased to see Both of them so well agree.

Next morning Jack was early struck With thoughts about his new-bought duck; So off he ran, and quickly found A golden egg upon the ground.

Without the least delay or leisure, Jack strode a goose to shew his treasure;





His mother clasped him to her breast For having found it in the nest.

A Jew, who came to sell or beg, Now bought poor Jackey's golden egg, And robb'd him out of half his price, Before the lad could get advice.

Jack, having cash, went up and down To court a lady in the town, Whose cheeks were fair as any flower That ever bloomed in field or bower.

This lady's father was a squire, To whom the Jew told Jack's desire;

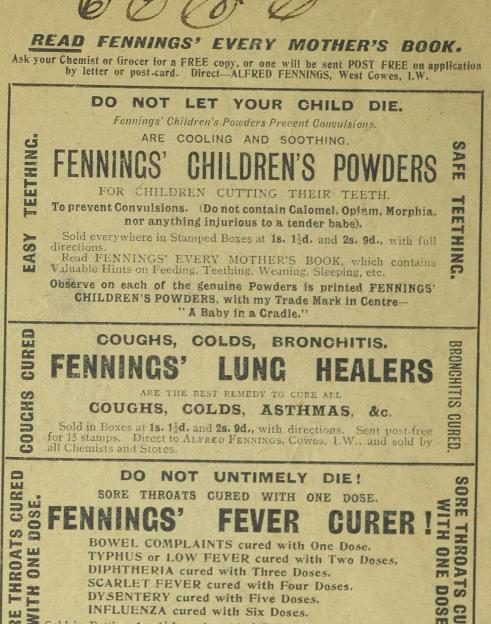
MOTHER GOOSE.

So then they got behind his back, And laid their sticks upon poor Jack.

Old Mother Goose just now came in, And made her son a harlequin; They therefore did not beat him more, But left him at the cottage door.

Then Mother Goose put on her wand, And bade Jack's sweetheart waitand stand; The lady said she would not run, And asked for Mother Goose's son.

Jack now came forth in rich attire, All burning with a lover's fire; And sure as you and I are born, He wed the girl on Sunday Morn.



Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1¹d. each, with full directions, by all Chemists. Read FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR. Sent post-free for 13 stamps. Direct to A. FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

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