

GRANDPAPA EASY'S

**NEW
MOTHER GOOSE**



**AND THE
GOLDEN EGGS.**

DEAN & Co

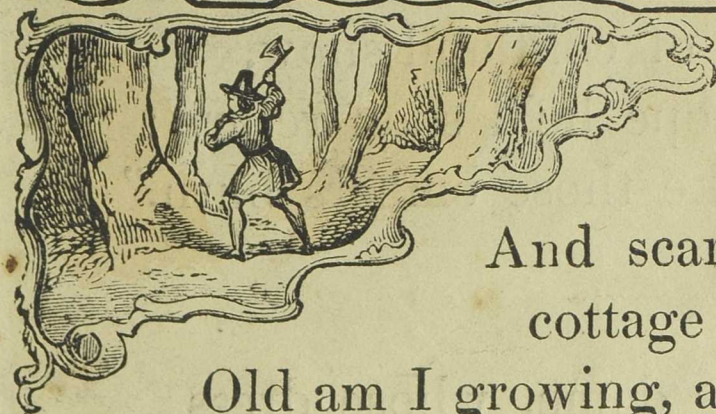
LEWIS

Price Six-p

NEW MOTHER GOOSE,



AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.



“ As maid and widow, sixty
years I’ve seen,

And scarce ten miles have from this
cottage been ;

Old am I growing, and no child have I,
But my poor son, to keep me company ;
But he’s grown up, and earns enough, ’tis true,
Both for himself and his poor mother too :
I’ll to the door, and look out t’wards the wood,
He must be there, or in the neighbourhood.

“ How cold, how drear, how winterly the night !
The fields are all one vast expanse of white :
There’s nought but snow, as far as eye can see ;
Alack, alack, for those that houseless be !

With snow, nought else, full ankle deep below,
 And nought around, and nought above, but snow.
 What icicles along those pales are strung;
 How shivering cold! alack, since I was young,
 (For now I feel that I am growing old,)
 The winters, then, were not one half so cold,
 Nor were the summers half so wet,—alack—
 Oh deary me!—that pain across my back:
 There—there—again,—it quite affects my breath;
 That rheumatism sure will be my death.
 I'll to the fire, and warm myself a bit,—
 A few good faggots to replenish it,
 Would be as well,—but none shall I obtain,
 'Till Colin from the wood comes back again;
 For my son Colin went, an hour ago,
 With axe in hand, in spite of cold and snow,
 To hew down some;—I hope he'll soon return;
 Meanwhile, I'll try to make those embers burn.”

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Thus said an aged looking dame, whose dress  
 Was of the time and fashion of Queen Bess,  
 In high-heeled shoes, and hat with lofty crown,  
 And a long stomacher, and woollen gown,  
 Who, with her son, resided in a cot  
 Near an old wood, convenient to the spot;  
 Convenient, because her son pursued  
 His occupation in that lonely wood,  
 And all the faggots which he there hewed down,  
 He took for sale as far as London town.



Now while his mother at the  
fire-place sat,  
And fanned the embers with her  
high-crowned hat,

Sudden she heard a knocking at the door:  
“ ’Tis my son Colin,” she exclaimed, “ I’m sure ;”  
So tump-a-tump, along the sanded floor,  
In high-heeled shoes she toddled to the door,  
And there, not only her son Colin stood,  
With faggots gathered from the neighbouring wood,  
But a strange woman, feeble, wrinkled, old,  
And, as it seemed, half perishing with cold,  
Who for support on Colin’s arm relied,  
Whilst a fine gosse stood shivering at her side,  
And as a page attendant, seemed to be  
No ordinary goose, as we shall see.

“Mother,” cried Colin, “as the wood I left,  
This stranger, here,—almost of strength bereft,—  
The pictured form of famine, cold, and woe,  
With her poor Goose, lay stretched upon the snow.  
She craved my aid;—I knew you’d not refuse  
Both food and shelter for herself and goose;  
So here I’ve brought them:—Mother, has your son  
Done that which you would wish again undone?”

“No, my son; no!” his mother cried; “indeed  
’Twill be my pride to help the stranger’s need.  
Walk in, good dame; and whilst you here remain,  
Welcome to all this cottage may contain;  
Welcome to you, and welcome to your goose,—  
Whate’er you wish for, you have but to choose;  
Come to the fire, and warm your frozen feet;  
And with some straw we’ll make your goose a seat;  
And, Colin, lay some faggots on the fire,—  
Now a few more,—aye, pile them up still higher;  
Make a good blaze, the brightest that you can,  
Fit to receive my largest frying-pan,  
Whilst I the bacon reach down from the pegs,  
And from the basket fetch some new-laid eggs;  
For eggs and bacon, with some cheese and beer,  
(Our best home-brewed,) the ale we brewed last year,  
Shall be our supper:—and for goosey, there,  
A suitable repast we’ll soon prepare.  
To the back paddock, Colin straight shall go,  
And from the green sward scrape away the snow,  
To pluck some grass, a bag-full at the least,  
To furnish goosey with a savoury feast.”



“Thanks!” cried the stranger,  
 “for your kind regard,  
 May Heaven’s choice blessing be  
 your meet reward ;

Both for myself and Goosey Gander here,  
 Thanks for the welcome and the promised cheer.”

Now crack the faggots, whilst a cheerful blaze  
 Round the large chamber throws its crimson rays,  
 And the oak table with a cloth is spread,  
 And home-brewed-ale, cheese, butter, and brown bread,  
 And piping hot, the eggs and bacon made  
 Chief dish of all, in order are arrayed.  
 Now, ere the party have begun to eat,  
 Our Dame says grace, and each one takes a seat ;

Then, for their supper they no longer wait,  
But soon the wants of hunger satiate;  
And forthwith bring, for Goosey Gander's treat,  
A dish of juicy and rich grass to eat.

Now, having finished, towards the fire they turn,  
Where crackling faggots in abundance burn;  
And there, awhile, in kind and friendly chat,  
They gossip, cozily, of this and that:  
Then to her chamber is the stranger led,  
Where at her service is the dame's best bed;  
While Colin piles into a nice soft heap  
Some straw and hay, on which the goose may sleep.  
Snowy and windy was the night, but they  
Still slept, and woke not 'till the break of day;  
And then they rose, and then the sun rose too,  
Chased the white clouds, and straight appeared to view,  
Opening a beauteous prospect to the sight,—  
The snow-clad country in one dazzling white;  
The frosted leaves, at every gentle gust,  
Seemed to be glittering with—diamond dust,  
And every icicle that met the gaze,  
Shone, like a jewel, in the sun's bright rays.

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Their breakfast over, the mysterious guest,  
Her entertainers gravely thus addressed:  
“For all your kindnesses, my thanks receive,  
Added to which, I've nothing else to give,  
But this one present,—Goosey Gander there;  
She's yours,—but guard her with the utmost care.





For a rich treasure you will  
find in her!

A certain property,—peculiar,—  
Enables her, although not every day,

Yet once a week, a golden egg to lay,  
And each gold egg is worth a sum no less  
Than fifty golden pieces of Queen Bess.  
And now, adieu! yet, 'ere I go, one word  
Touching the treasures of that wond'rous bird:  
Be not ambitious; strive not to acquire  
More than your reasonable wants require:  
When wealthy grown, whatever you have o'er  
Distribute one part to the suffering poor,  
And with the rest a little hoard lay by,  
Against the season of adversity.

Mark what I counsel, and forget it not,  
Or rags and poverty will be your lot!—  
Once more, adieu!” she said, and to the door  
Passed quick as lightning, and was seen no more.

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Aghast stood Colin, and the old Dame too:
“Mother,” he cried, “can this indeed be true?
Zooks, let me look into the goosey’s bed,
Perhaps she’s laid one:”—and no sooner said
Than from the straw the goose he lifted out,
And scarcely had he moved the straws about,
Than with a shout of joyfulness, behold;
He drew forth from it a large Egg of Gold.
“Mother, look here,” exclaimed the joyous son;
“Here’s a goose egg,—you ne’er saw such a one!
I’ll off to London, where I soon will meet
With some rich customer, in Lombard street;
There dwell the jewellers who deal in gold,
My faggots oft in that same street I’ve sold.
Huzza, huzza! no more through rain and snow,
Trudging, to sell my faggots, shall I go;
Nor you, good mother, at the wheel shall spin,
Toiling to bring a weekly pittance in.
Huzza, huzza.”—“Oh, rare,” exclaimed the Dame;
“How fortunate for us that stranger came.”
And then she laughed, and then with joy she cried,
And then to sing, and then to dance, she tried;
Whilst Colin held the treasured egg on high,
And sang and capered in her company.

PART THE SECOND.



Time fled apace,—three twelve-
months,—during which,

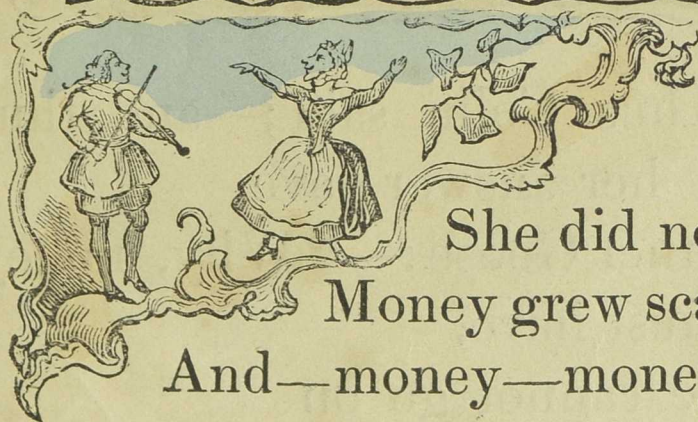
Our good old Dame, and Colin, grew
quite rich ;

And now no longer is the cottage seen,
Standing embowered on its patch of green ;
But in its place, the visitor, amazed,
Beheld a mansion, like a palace, raised :
In which was all that money could procure ;
Good beds, fine tapestries, and furniture ;
And meats, the choicest, for each meal arrayed ;
And serving men, and many a serving maid.

But ne'er abroad was our good dame espied
 Without her goose, which waddled at her side.
 So, as she toddled in her high-heeled shoes,
 With stick in hand, they call'd her 'Mother Goose;'
 And by this name she every where was known;
 Old Goody Goose, as far as London town.

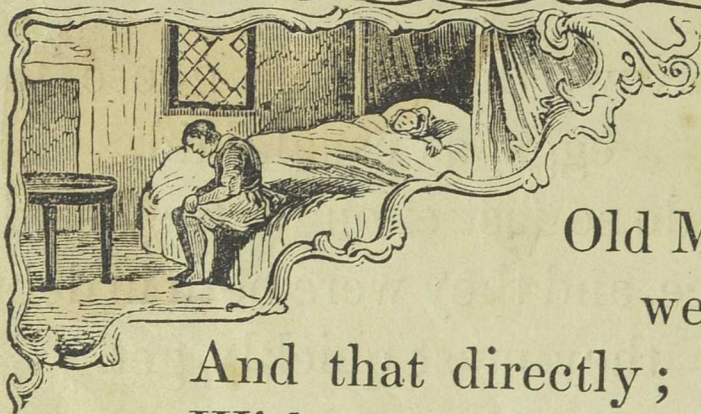
Thus time flew on; and Goody quite forgot
 Her former poverty, and humble cot,
 And grew quite proud, and then began to dress
 In silks and velvets, like the famed Queen Bess;
 And Colin, too, was dressed like any lord,
 Wearing rich clothes, and carrying a sword;
 Though very vulgar they appeared, 'tis true,
 But he was rich, and that the world well knew:
 And so he'd often with his betters join,
 Who shared his company as well as coin.
 Then he gets dogs and horses for his sport,
 And, like his mother longs to go to court;
 And they forget, or treat as t'were a jest,
 The council given by the Stranger Guest.

At first—for months,—they partly spent their gold,
 In food and clothing, for the poor and old;
 And what small sums they did not pay away,
 They treasured up against the rainy day:
 But now, abandoning their former plan,
 Colin must be the complete gentleman;
 And the fine lady Mother Goose must be,
 And mix with dames of first-rate quality.



Now, though the goose the
eggs, as usual, laid,
She did not do so fast enough, they said :
Money grew scarce, and they were both in debt,
And—money—money—they must quickly get.

“ Oh, if our goose one dozen eggs would lay,
All at one time, or all within a day,
Instead of one—an odd one, now and then,
Should I not be the happiest of men !
Mother, what think you ? let me hear you say ;
Goosey grows bulkier 'most every day ;
A dozen eggs must in that body be ;
Suppose I were to rip her up, and see ?
The wound, perhaps, though it would give her pain,
Might be sown up, and she grow well again.”



Thus Colin said;—and thus
her answer gave
Old Mother Goose:—“Why, money
we must have,

And that directly; we cannot go on
Without more money. Do it, then, my son.”

’Tis done, indeed; that act which cannot be
Undone again; as they too plainly see.
What was their disappointment and dismay,
As lifeless, there, the goose before them lay?
But for the eggs,—those eggs of gold,—’twas plain
None could they find, nor ever would again.
What follows now?—their house and goods are sold,
And e’en their dresses parted with, for gold;

For debts they owe, and these they're bound to pay,
As law compels them, by a certain day ;
So that, at length, so little have they got,
They've scarce enough to take the meanest cot.
Colin no more can raise his humbled head,
But hews down faggots for his daily bread ;
And the old Dame, to gain the scanty meal,
Is forced again to ply her spinning-wheel.
In shame and poverty their lives they spend,
And ne'er again behold that Stranger Friend,
Of whose advice so heedless they had been,
Striving to live like courtiers of the Queen ;
Forgetful of their former humble state,
And slaves to wants they ne'er could satiate.

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Thus they both lived, and even thus they died,  
Repentant victims of their foolish pride.

THE END.

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