

OLD
MOTHER GOOSE



London :

T. GOODE, 30 Aylesbury-Street,
Clerkenwell.

Also, S. Goode, Melbourne, Port
Phillip.

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T. GOODE, 30, Abchurch-lane

Clarkenwell.

Also, 2, Good, Melbourne, Port

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Old Mother Goose had a house,
It was built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
Ever sentinel stood.



This is her son Jack,
A plain looking lad,
He is not very good
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
 A live goose he bought
 Here mother, says she,
 It will not go for nothing.



Jacks goose and her gambler
 Grew very fond,
 They'd both eat together,
 Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.



Jack rode to his mother
The news for to tell,
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

The Jew and the 'squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack,



Then old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into fam'd Harlequin.

Jack sold his gold eggs
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.



Then Jack went a courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily
As sweet as the May.

She then with her wand
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.



The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then,
When Jack jump'd in
And got it out again.

The Jew got the Goose
Which he vow'd he would
kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.



Jack's mother came in
And caught the goose soon
And mounting its back
Flew up to the moon.



