

YANKEE MOTHER GOOSE

By
Benj. F. Cobb

Illustrated by
Ella S. Brison





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YANKEE
MOTHERGOOSE

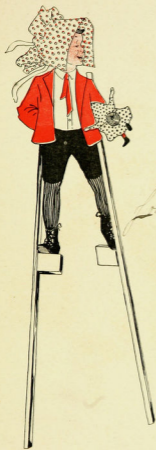
Written by
Benj. F. Cobb

Illustrated by Ella S. Brison

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This
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belongs to

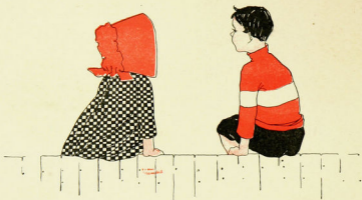
Joseph Eugene Morgenthau
from
Katie - Beebe





John Chinaman saw a
monkey,
The first he ever knew;
As he saw the monkey's tail, he
said,
"A velly funny place for a cue."

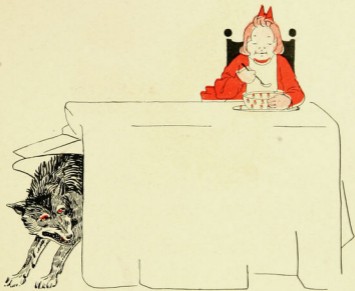




At ten I had a sweetheart,
Her name was Ida May,
She said she surely would be
mine

At no far distant day.

I saw her then at twenty,
Spoke of her promise gay,
Only to hear her answer,
"This is no distant day."



"Boston beans are very good,"
So said little Red Riding Hood;
Wolf said, "Beans are only good
When seasoned with Red Rid-
ing Hood."



Jimmy Scot was fond of shad,
Fish-day was pleasing to the lad;
The last fish-day young Jim was
bad,

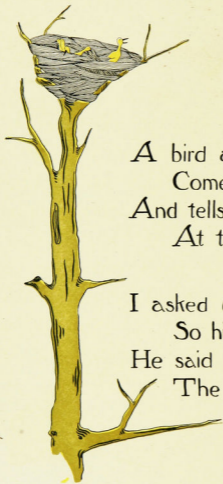
And he was sorry that he had;
The shad was nicely cooked by
planking,

But Jimmy only got a spanking.



My father gave me a pair of skates,
And I was happy as happy could be;
My mother gave me a pair of
slates;


But they're of no use when there's
skating, you see.



A bird at the window
Comes visiting me,
And tells of his young
At the top of the tree

I asked why he went
So high and all that;
He said he preferred
The very top flat.



"Birds of a feather will flock
together." 

So the maxim says in the start;
But when I went hunting with



Daddy Bunting,
The birds one and
all flocked

apart.



Did you
of
That ate



and grew so big,
It burst the pen and broke the wall
And would not live in town at all?

Pig went from town and lived on
grass.

Here my story will end, alas,
For when the grass had turned to
hay

He gave a grunt and ran away.



There was a boy in our school
Who was so wondrous good,
He would not say a wicked word,-
And couldn't if he would.

He fell and hurt himself one day,
And all we boys drew nigh,
We only came to hear him swear-
We only heard him sigh.



I read in books of a woman so
grey,
She was old and crooked and
shy;
It was said she rode on her
broom all day

And at night swept the cob-
webs down from the sky.

I wonder why?

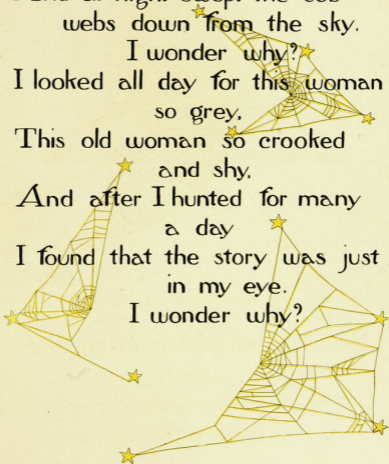
I looked all day for this woman
so grey.

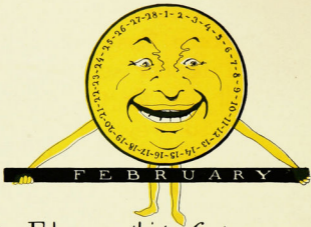
This old woman so crooked
and shy.

And after I hunted for many
a day

I found that the story was just
in my eye.

I wonder why?





On February thirty-first,
If me you will remind,
I will give you each a dollar
For every pin you find.

Now don't forget the day or date,
The time is off a mile;
Don't begin to spend the money,
But stop and think a while!



My mother is Irish,
My father, a Jew,
So I must be
An Irish stew.

With father's money
And mother's wit,
I'll marry a lord
And be English yet.



Up stairs and down stairs
We play hide-and-seek;
All the children know
'Tis not right to peek.

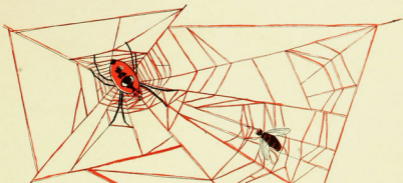


Ten, ten, double ten,
Forty-five, fifteen;
I now touch the goal,
For children I have seen.



A little fly was very shy,
Another sat beside her
And gave advice that was very
nice,
About a striped spider.

Good advice, though very nice,
To girl or boy or fly, sir,
Is thrown away each lovely day,
For other things seem nicer.



This little fly then went so nigh
That soon the spider spied her;
Into the snare she walked unaware,
Giving her life to spider.

Now, little girls, with hair in curls,
And little boys in trousers,
Don't feel too nice to take advice:-
Keep out of spider's houses.

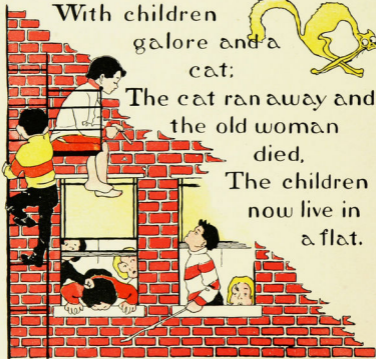
An old woman once lived
in a shoe

With children
galore and a
cat;



The cat ran away and
the old woman
died,

The children
now live in
a flat.



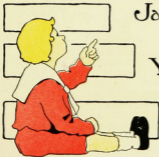
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Now I know just what you are,-
You were winking at my sister
And last night you up and kissed her.



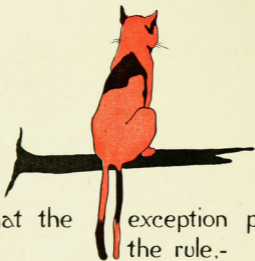
I know, for Jack he told me so-
Jack is sister's steady beau-
Jack was mad as mad could be,
Took her in the house, you see.



Now dont twinkle at my sister,



Jack is mad because you
kissed her;
You're a meddling little elf-
Jack wants those
kisses all "hisself."



That the exception proves
the rule,-

So we have oft been told;
We hardly think the maxim good
Although so very old.



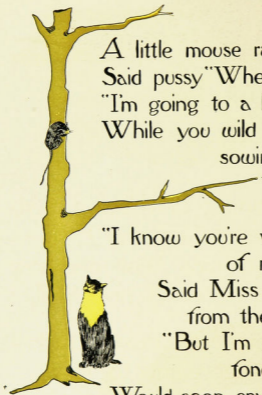
One tail has our old cat:
In order to prove it to you,
Do you mean to tell me, truly,
I must find a cat with two?



Papa went a-hunting
To get some meat for
dinner;
Ma poured water in the meal
To make the porridge thinner.

Jim and I went fishing,
Staid out doors till noon;
The pig ate up the porridge,
And Pa only shot a loon.





A little mouse ran up a tree.
Said pussy "Where you going?"
"I'm going to a higher climb,
While you wild oats are
sowing."

"I know you're very fond
of mice,"
Said Miss Mousey
from the tree,
"But I'm afraid that
fondness
Would soon envelop me."



Lucins Leandor Lovelace Lloyd,-
With accent on the L-
After school was kept one day
Because he could not spell.

Teacher gave him easy words,-
She did not want to stay-
But she tanned his jacket when
He spelled cat with a K.



John Jones asked questions
by the score,
Then he'd commence and
ask some more;
He asked, "What makes the owl
so wise,
With eyes upturned unto the skies?"

His father said, "My little man
I'll tell, remember if you can:
The owl is a very quiet bird-
He listens, but is
seldom
heard."





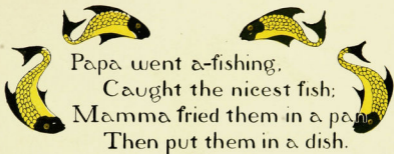
Sweet little Nellie Maley
Made a doll of dough,
Then put it in the oven,
And baked it well, you know.

She sent it to her cousin
Who lived in Hannibal;
Her cousin ate the dolly,
So she's a cannibal.

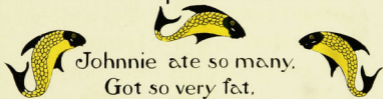


A monkey once cut off his tail
And dressed up like a soldier;
He enlisted in a regiment,
And every day grew bolder.

He was ordered into battle
To make the foemen flee,
But he forgot his training
And climbed right up a tree.



Papa went a-fishing,
Caught the nicest fish;
Mamma fried them in a pan,
Then put them in a dish.



Johnnie ate so many,
Got so very fat,



Made two
shadows on
the wall-
What do
you think
of that?



Mabel had a little doll,
With head of papier-
mache.

The body stuffed with
saw-dust.

The feet were made
of clay.

She took the dolly out one day,-
It should have been in bed;
Its feet getting wet in the
meadow

Drove saw-dust to its head.





When I was a little boy
I wanted to grow big;
To help to grow up faster
I ate just like a pig.

I've grown so very big,
I am a sight to see;
My Mamma can no longer
lift
Her boy upon her knee.

A mousie would a-wooing go,
And dressed up in his best:



A pussie met him on the road
And tucked him in his vest.

Jim and Ella climbed a
hill

To secure a pail of
cream;

Jim fell down
upon the
ground.

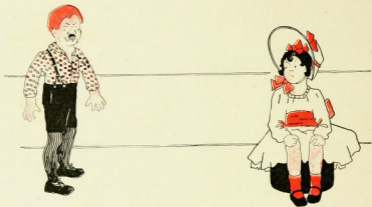
Ella let out a scream.

Jim was troubled for the
cream.

Ella began to mutter;
The cream ran swiftly down
the hill.

And straightway churned to
butter.





The college boys cry "Rah, rah,
rah!"

The boatmen, "Row, row, row!"

The small boy has a cry of his
own,

The girls don't cry, you know.



We had a spelling-match at
school,
We spelled from cat to clown;
It would have lasted longer,
But we were all spelled down.



A cat at a king
may look,
So I read in a picture book:
I don't think that kings are
much,
If only cats can look at
such.





We read in books of an early date

That talk was common
with geese,

That the little dog laugh-
ed a merry laugh,

And the black sheep
sold his fleece.

Perhaps it was so in days long ago,-



To dispute those books were a sin,-

But if animals talked as in
days of old



Where would we
children come
in?

Little Jack Curley
Sat by the grate,
He came in early,
So wasn't out late;
He felt of the fire,-
'Twas not very cold,-
He'll doubtless know better
When he grows old.





Little Tommy Tinker
Tinks no more, I think,
He thinks he is a tinker
But only thinks the think.



I'll sing you a song,
And it won't be
But it might be
A hole in my coat
And one in my throat,
It's not much of a song to
miss.





Under the house there lived a mouse,
He was happy and growing fat;
One day alone he scurried home,
For he had seen a dreadful cat.

"Why should it be," said he to me,
"There should be an awful cat?
Is it the reason, at this season
The cat finds out I am fat?"



There's a sparkle in your eye,
 Jenny Green;
You've a smile and not a sigh,
 Jenny Green;
You've a sweetheart, one or more,
You're so light upon the floor,
 Jenny Green, Jenny Green.



I've no sweetheart that you know,

Mr. Bean;

So dont reap before you sow,

Mr. Bean;

If one of mine is ever seen,

His name will not be Bean,

Mr. Bean, Mr. Bean.



Little Miss Snow was very proud,
And when she walked she talked
aloud;
"I know I look sweet and nice,"
said she,
"That all the girls are looking
at me."

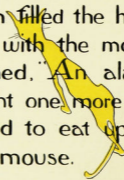
She slipped upon an orange peel,
Down went her head, up went her
heel,
Her little head went round in a
whirl,
And looking at her ~~was~~ every
girl.





Lickety, lickety, lock,
A mouse ran away with a clock,
The clock, fearing harm,
Sounded forth an alarm,
And a cat was awaked by the
clock.

Pussy's laugh filled the house
Seeing the clock with the mouse,
He exclaimed, "An alarm
Ne'er brought one more harm,"
And he proceeded to eat up the
mouse.





"Mud pies for sale," sang Molly
Grey.

"And they are nicely made,
We made them in the sunlight
And baked them in the shade.

"The crust is made of light blue
clay.

Inside, another grade;
If you're afraid to eat them
Just feed them to your maid."

A frog in a brook
lived to be quite
old,

And then he
caught a ter-
rible cold;

He called in a
doctor.

young and neat,

Who told him the cause was
wetting his feet.





Henry Holman went a-fishing,
Just to have a little fun,
Bated his hook with angle-
worms
And sat down in the
sun.



Fishes that were big and strong
Pulled the boy in with a dive;
Said Henry, "I will not return
If I get out alive."





"Robinson Crusoe," said Charley
Roe,

"Was better off than he did
know:

No boys to bother, no girls to fear-
He'd fare much worse if he were
here.



"I'd take his chances, without
doubt,
With pistols, guns, and goats
about;
The beautiful island, that grand
sight,-
But I would like to come home
at night."



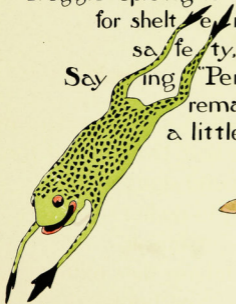


A big green frog sat by a stream
And croaked, "How stupid the
world does seem
With nothing to do but swim in a
brook,
Or sit catching flies without
any hook."

A boy just then shied a
stone at a log,
And came very near up-
setting the frog;

Froggie sprang to the stream
for shelter and
safety.

Saying "Perhaps my
remarks were
a little too hasty."





I'm just a little
boy,

Ma gives me
all her care;

When I am
quite grown
up

My own home she shall share.

She shall wash my children,-

It may be her daily joy-

If now she'll kindly skip

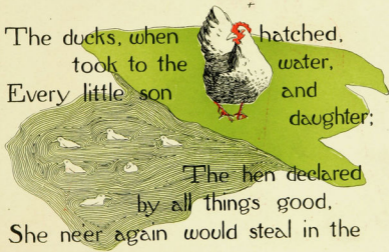
The washing of her boy!

A hen, one day, stole to the wood,
And then she did the best she could,
She stole a nest and thought, "What
luck!"

Knowing not 'twas the nest of a duck.

The ducks, when hatched,
took to the water,
Every little son and daughter;

The hen declared
by all things good,
She neer again would steal in the
wood.



There was a man named Lalley
Who had a wife named Callie;
Said Lalley to Callie,
"Is the table yet spread?"
"How can it," said Callie,
"When the spread's on
the bed!"



I rode my hobby-horse to town
To buy my Ma a dress;
I asked for a bright red gown
Like that of Auntie Bess.



The store man asked for money
I told him I had none;
Said he, "That's very funny,
You'd better ride back home."



A muley cow standing in the swale,
Switched the flies off with her tail;
She wished she could enjoy the shade,
And wondered why such pests were
made.

A fly, disabled by a blow
Of the muley cow's tail, as it lay
quite low,
Racked with pain and turning pale.
Decided a cow should have no tail.



"Thanksgiving is coming," said turkey,
He was large and fine to see,-
And further he said I've been thinking
I would find a safe place in
some tree.



"For the way these people get
thankful
Is a way that's most trying, you see;
For they stuff themselves with
good eating,
But first they're inclined to stuff me."



Old Mother Santry
Went to the pantry
To get her cats some meat;
When she came nigh
There was nothing but pie.
And that the cats wouldn't eat.



There was a jolly miller
Who had a jolly wife,
And five jolly children
To help their jolly life.

Then the five jolly children
A jolly-boat did get;
The owner of the boat
Sent them all to Joliet.



I had a box of candy
And plenty of hungry friends;
Some that had been vexed with
me
Began to make amends.



But when the box was empty,
My friends were friends no more:
They play now with another girl
Whose Ma keeps a candy store.



I once knew an Indian
Who was not commonplace,
And the name that he went by
Was Rain-in-the-Face.

Indian Rain-in-the-Face



Was a horseman complete,
And would ride in the races
And win them quite neat.



And the way that he won them,
I've heard people say,
He put spells on the horses
That came in his way.



"What will you be," said Mary Lee,
"When you grow to be a man?"
"I think," said I, "that I will

To be try
a soldier if I can."

"All right," said Mary,
quite contrary,
"I presume you think
that nice,

The man for me when
days are warm
Is the man who peddles ice."



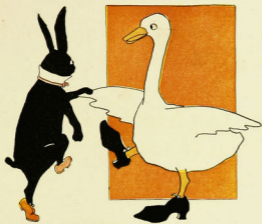


"Let's play doctor," said Charlie Dee,
"And I will be the wise M. D.
You be the nurse, sweet sister Poll,
And we will practise on the doll.

"She is ailing, her tongue is bad,
Mind the directions,-the case is sad;
This medicine her blood will start,
Give her two drops four months
apart."

There was a dance the other night
Down at Farmer Lute's,
Thomas Cat did play the fiddle,
And two Monkeys played
on flutes.





The Rabbit danced with
the Gander,
The Fox jumped
over the Fawn;
They had the
best time of
the year,
And didn't go home
till dawn.

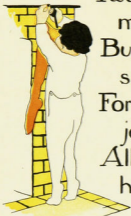




Little Dolly Dimple wished to be
a cook,
So she took some flour, as she
read in a book,
Then she took some water and
stirred it up, you know,
Lastly, put it in the oven to bake
just so.



So into the oven she popped her
little head,
It was then she found the dough
was baked like lead;
Poor little Dolly Dimple sat right
down and cried,
Then gave the baking to a tramp
who went off quick and died.



'Twas the night before Christ-
mas, and I had been bad;
But truly, now, children, I am
sorry I had,
For Santa was coming, that
jolly old chap
All covered with furs from
his heels to his cap.

I hung up my stocking with trem-
bling and fear,
Feeling sorry that Santa came but
once a year,
For I promised myself that from
now to forever
I would be, Oh so good in all kinds
of weather.

Now what do you think I found
in the morning?

The stocking was full,-in the toe
was a warning.

It was written on paper, and I read
in confusion,

"I will try you once more for
your good resolution."





Three cats once sat upon a tree,
They were as vain as vain could be;
One was yellow, one was white,
And one was black as darkest night.

Said Pussy yellow, "You must see
I have the smartest coat of the
three;"

Said Pussy white, "Oh, I don't know,
What's better than mine, as white
as snow?"



Said Pussy cat black, ready to fight,
"What's better than black when
out at night?"

Then up spake Sally, "You conceited
young scamps,
I'll make you all look just like tramps"

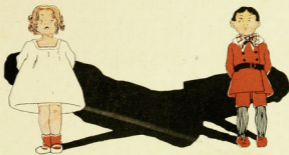




Little Boy Blue now blows his horn
From the top of a tally-ho.
The tramp sleeps in the fragrant
hay
Where the boy slept long ago.



Things have changed
a little bit
From the days of
good old cheer,
And we cannot sing
the old songs now
Because rag-time is
here.





 The children will all be good 
Pretty soon;
They will do just as they should
Pretty soon.
Did you ask when will it be-
Pretty soon?
When mosquitoes bite the tree
Instead of you or me,
Pretty soon, pretty soon.





That's all.



