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YANKEE MOTHER GOOSE

Written by Benj. F. Cobb
Illustrated by Ella S. Brison

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JORDAN
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1902x
This Book belongs to
Joseph Eugene Hergenreder
from
Auntie Bette
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 Riding 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 ever hear Billy's pig, so much 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 cobwebs 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 don’t twinkle at my sister,
Jack is mad because you kissed her;
You’re a meddlying 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,
Stayed 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."
Lucin's 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 he 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 doll 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 laughed 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, won't be long, might be shorter than this:

A hole in my coat in my throat, of a song to miss.

And it But it

It's not much

And one
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 don't 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 terrible 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 angler-worms  
And sat down in the sun.

Fishes that were big and strong  
Tumbled 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 upsetting 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 ne'er 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 try
To be 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 Christmas, 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 trembling 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.