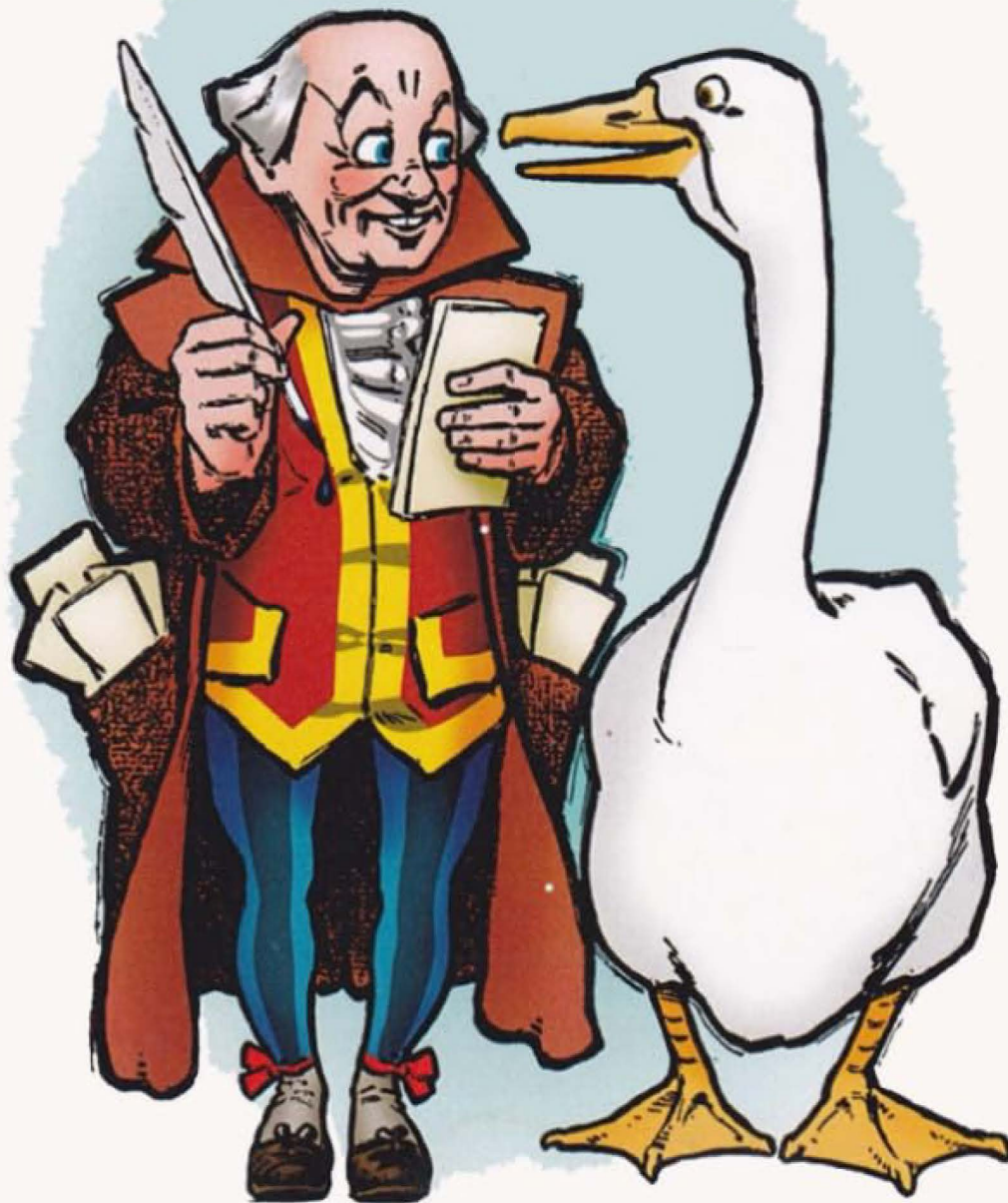


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# FATHER GOOSE

## HIS BOOK



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L.FRANK BAUM**

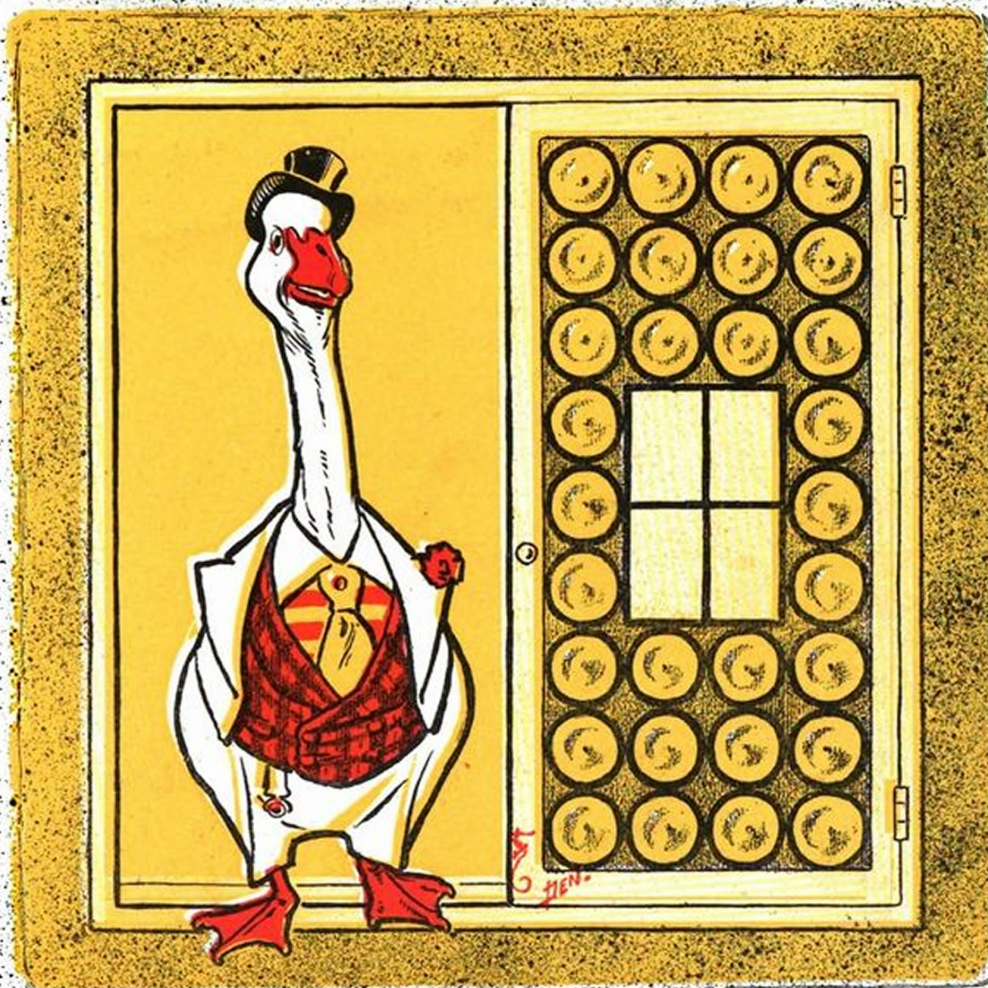


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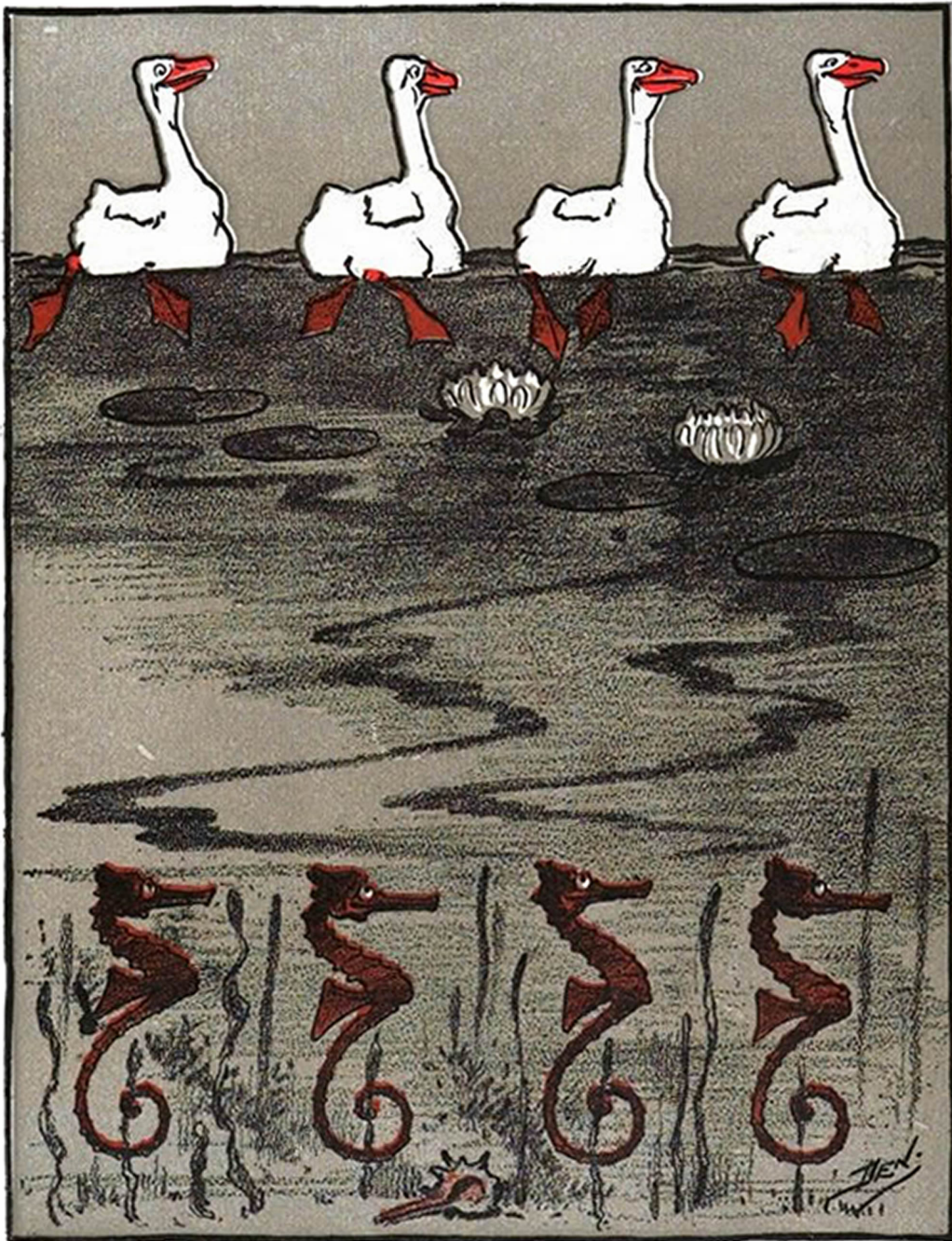
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# FATHER GOOSE HIS BOOK

BY  
L · FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER GOOSE IN PROSE"

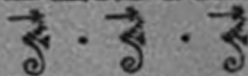


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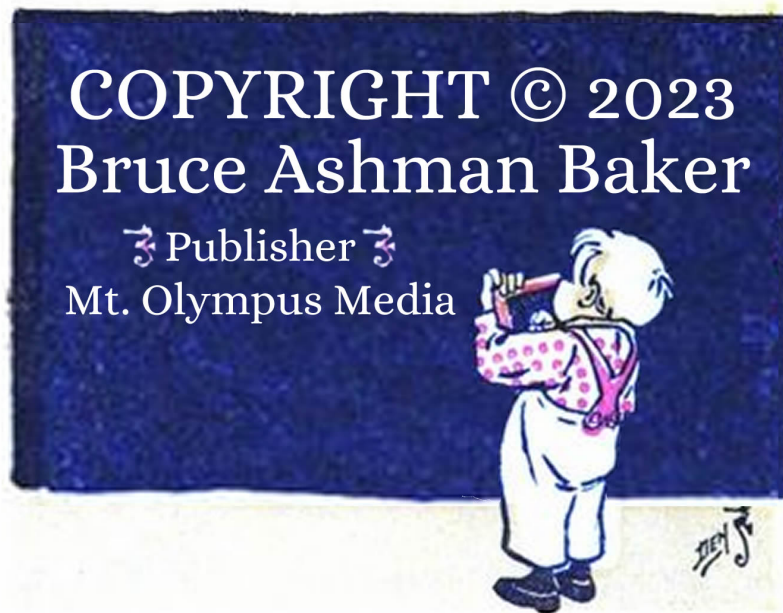
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## **COPYRIGHT INFO:**

ORIGINAL AUTHOR - L. Frank Baum

AUTHOR BIRTH DATE - MAY 15, 1856

AUTHOR DEATH DATE - MAY 6, 1919

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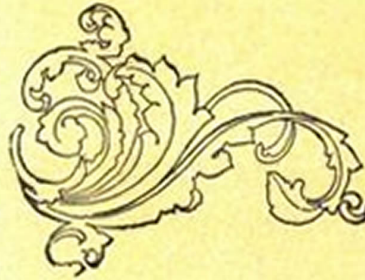
## **REFERENCES:**

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Father\\_Goose:\\_His\\_Book](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Father_Goose:_His_Book)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/L.\\_Frank\\_Baum](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/L._Frank_Baum)

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# Introduction.



**T**HERE is a fascination in the combination of jingling verse and bright pictures that always appeals strongly to children. The ancient "Mother Goose Book" had these qualities, and for nearly two centuries the cadences of its rhymes have lingered in the memories of men and women who learned them in childhood.

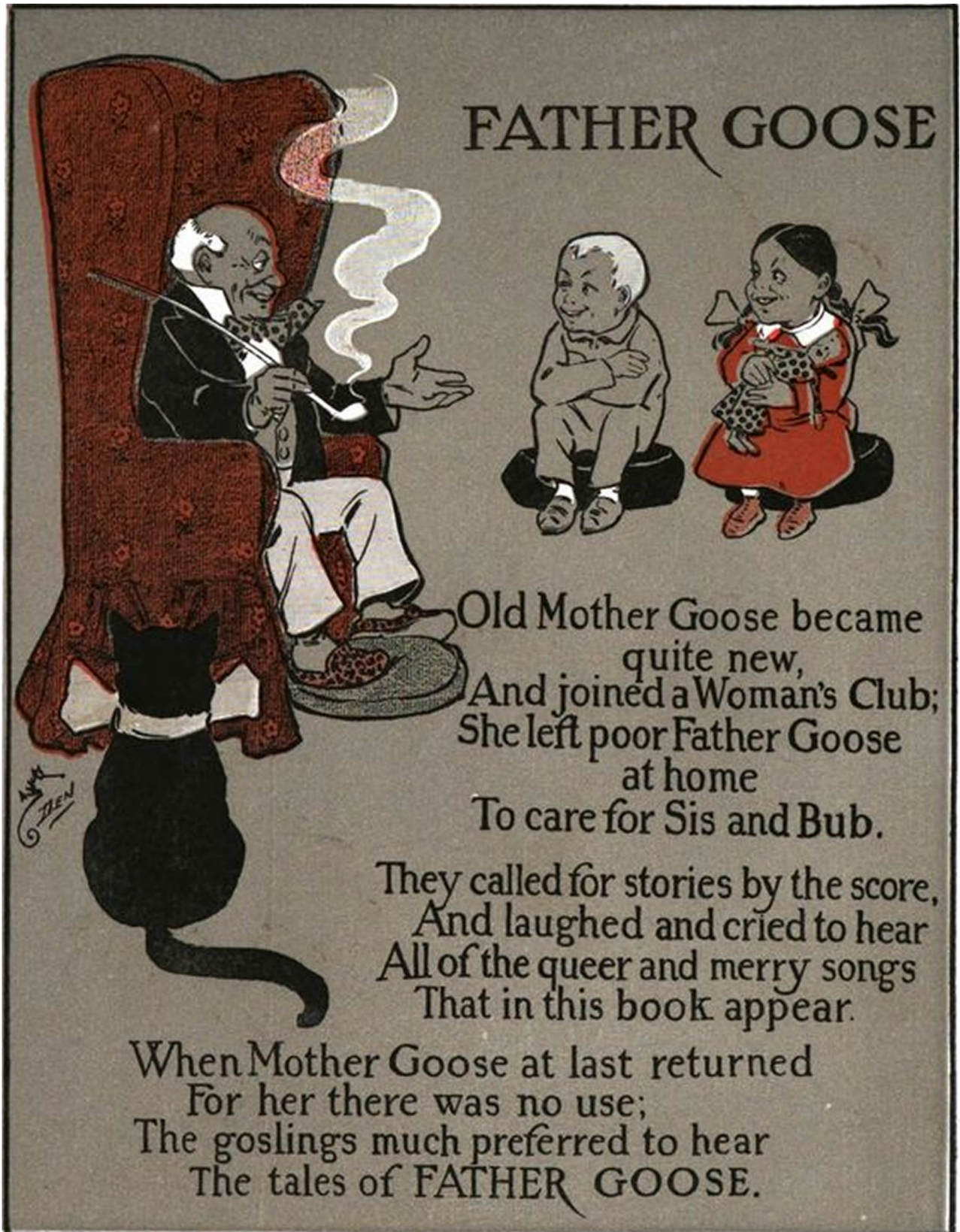
The author and illustrator of "Father Goose" have had no intent to imitate or parody the famous verse and pictures of "Mother Goose." They own to having followed, in modern fashion, the plan of the book that pleased children ages ago—and still pleases them. These are newer jingles and pictures for children of to-day, and intended solely to supplement the nursery rhymes of our ancestors.



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## FATHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose became  
quite new,  
And joined a Woman's Club;  
She left poor Father Goose  
at home  
To care for Sis and Bub.

They called for stories by the score,  
And laughed and cried to hear  
All of the queer and merry songs  
That in this book appear.

When Mother Goose at last returned  
For her there was no use;  
The goslings much preferred to hear  
The tales of FATHER GOOSE.





## WHY?



Why does the doggie bark, papa,  
Why does the doggie bark?

The reason why, if you must know,  
Is that the little dog can't crow,  
And so he has to bark.

Why does the rooster crow, papa,  
Why does the rooster crow?

The reason why I'll  
tell to you;  
Because the rooster  
cannot mew,  
And so he has to crow.





Why does the kitten mew, papa,  
Why does the kitten mew?

The reason why  
I'm forced to say,  
Is that the kitten  
Can not bray,  
And so she has to mew.

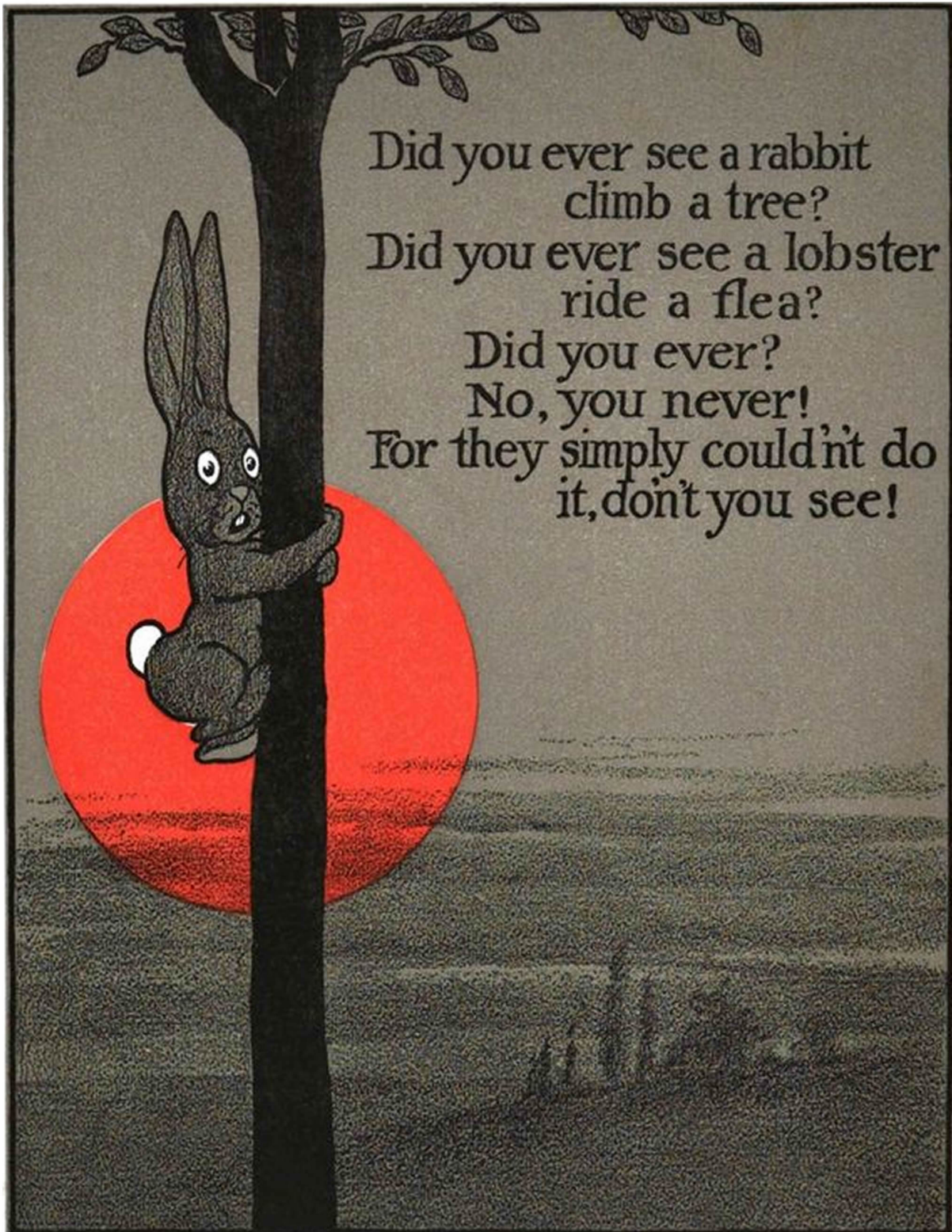


Why does the donkey bray, papa.  
Why does the donkey bray?



The reason for  
the donkey's bray  
Is that the beast  
was born that way,  
And so, he has to bray.

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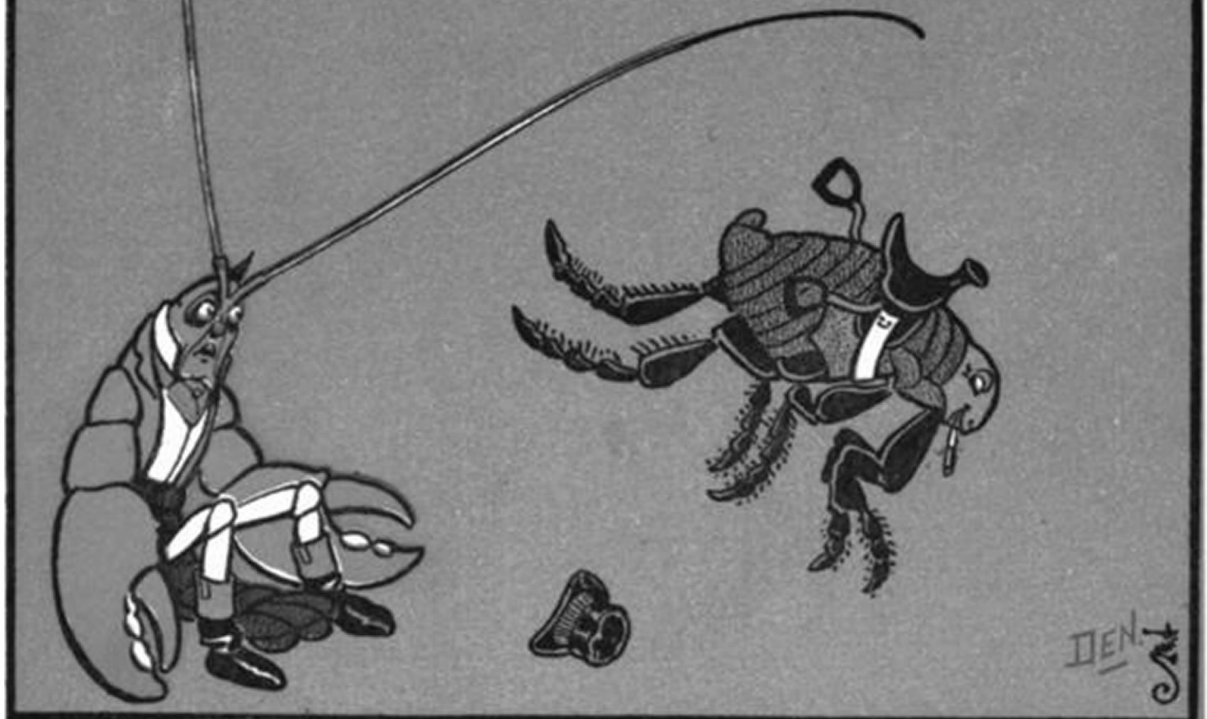


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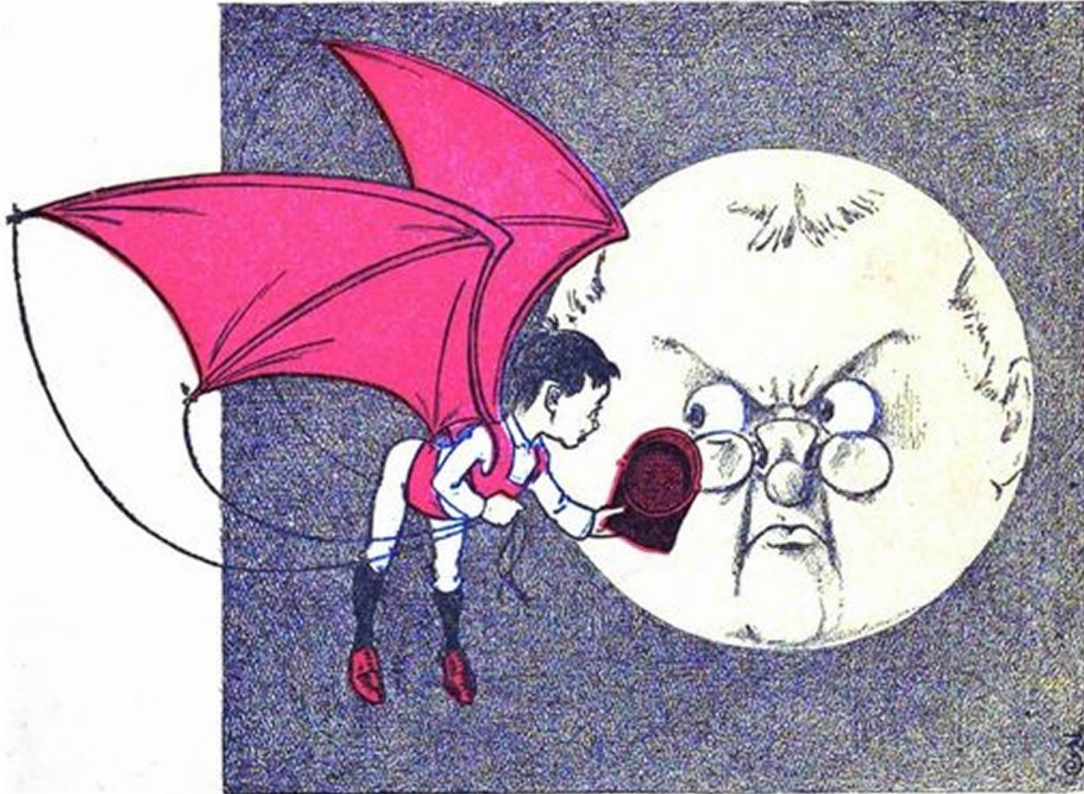


Did you ever see a fire burn with snow?  
Did you ever climb a ladder down below?  
Did you ever?  
No, you never!  
For these things cannot happen, don't you know?

Did you ever see a ship sail on the land?  
Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?  
Did you ever?  
No, you never!  
For it really can't be done, you understand.



To walk Jim Jones was not contented,  
And so an air-ship he invented;



He sailed away  
One summer day,  
And people say  
He wont return home very soon,  
For Jim Jones sailed up to the moon.

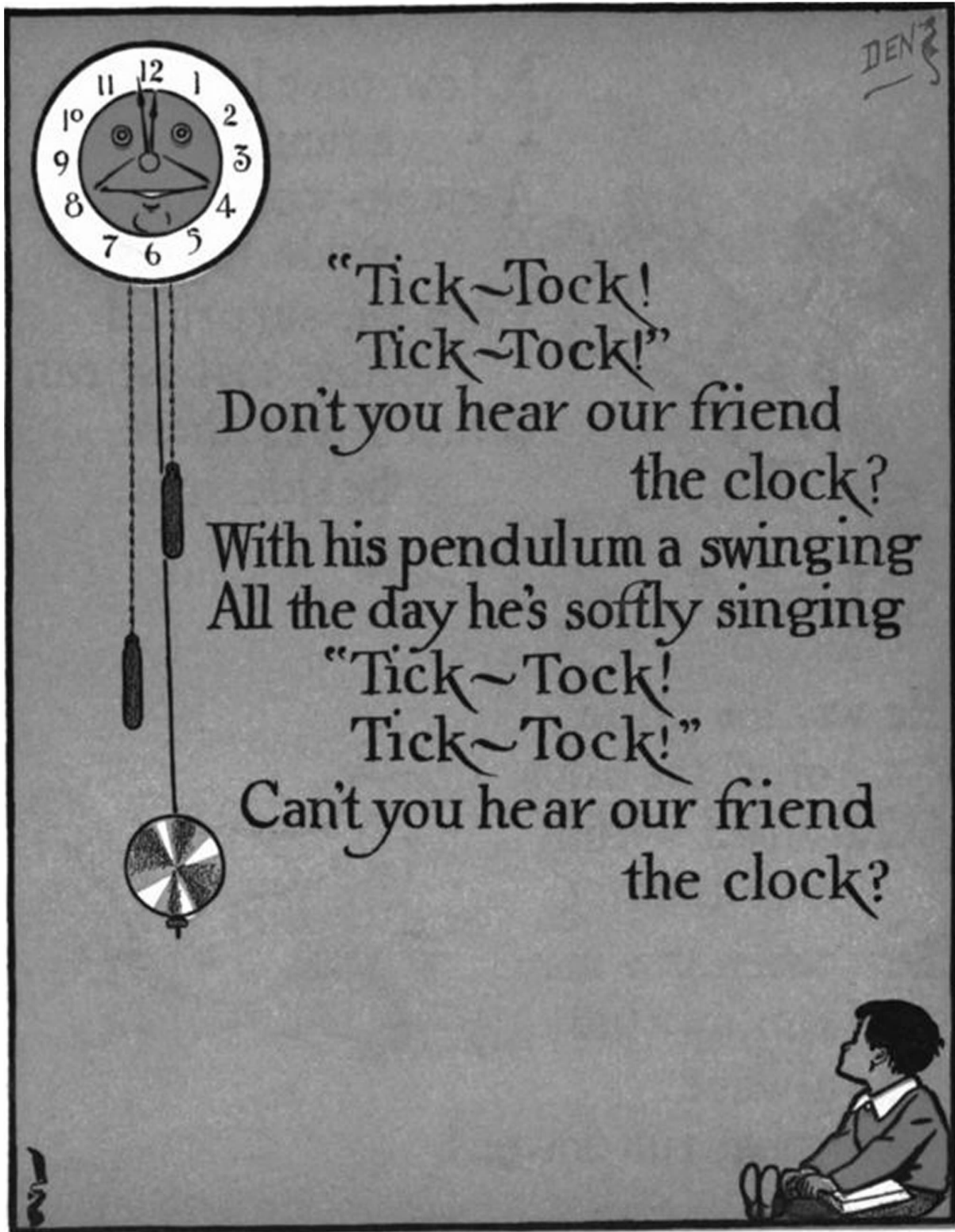




Now, once I owned  
a funny man,  
A clock-work was  
inside him;  
You'd be surprised  
how fast he ran  
When I was there  
beside him.

He was the pride  
of all the boys  
Who lived within  
our town;  
But when this man  
ran up a hill  
He always  
would run down!



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"Tick~Tock!  
Tick~Tock!"

Don't you hear our friend  
the clock?

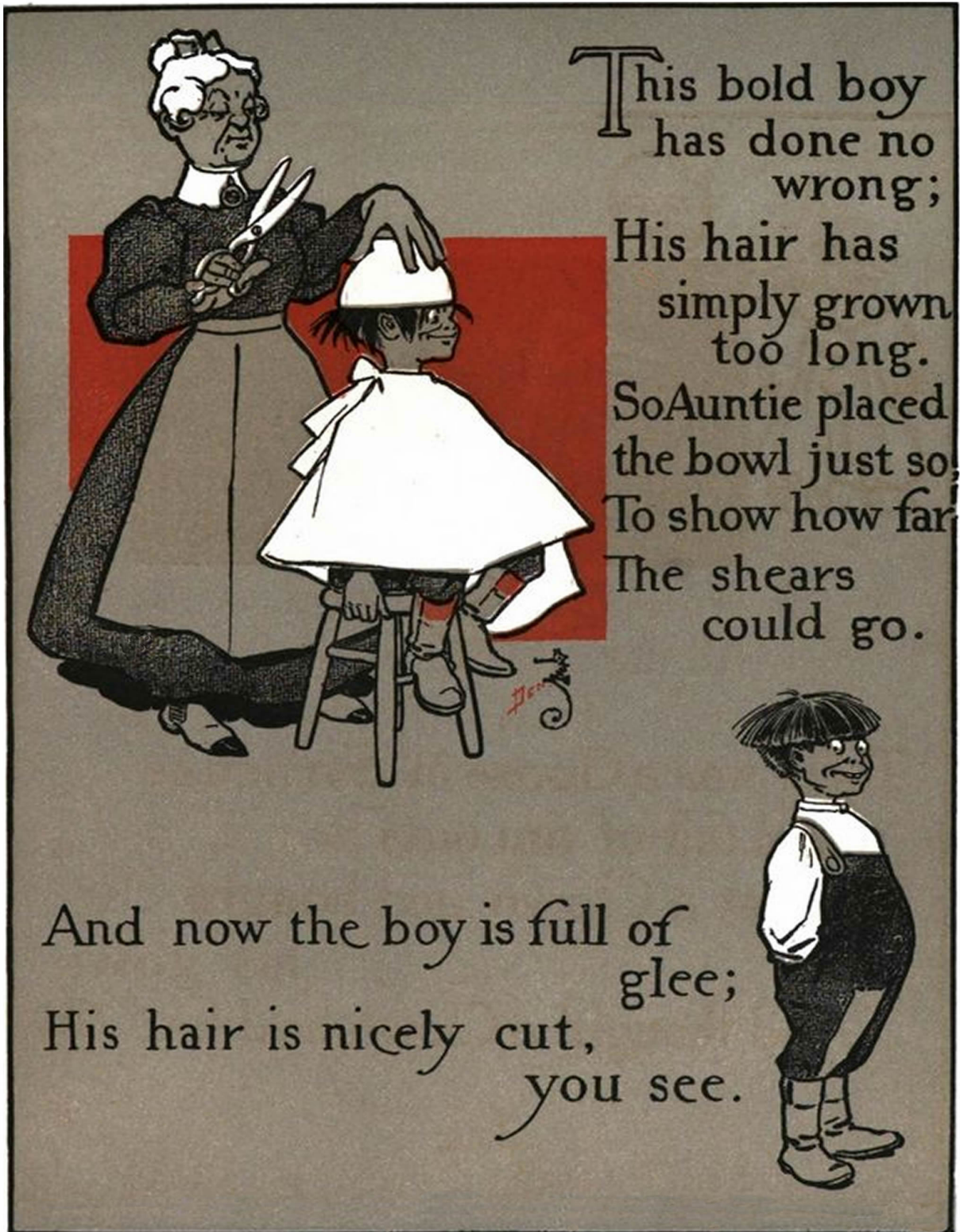
With his pendulum a swinging  
All the day he's softly singing

"Tick~Tock!  
Tick~Tock!"

Can't you hear our friend  
the clock?

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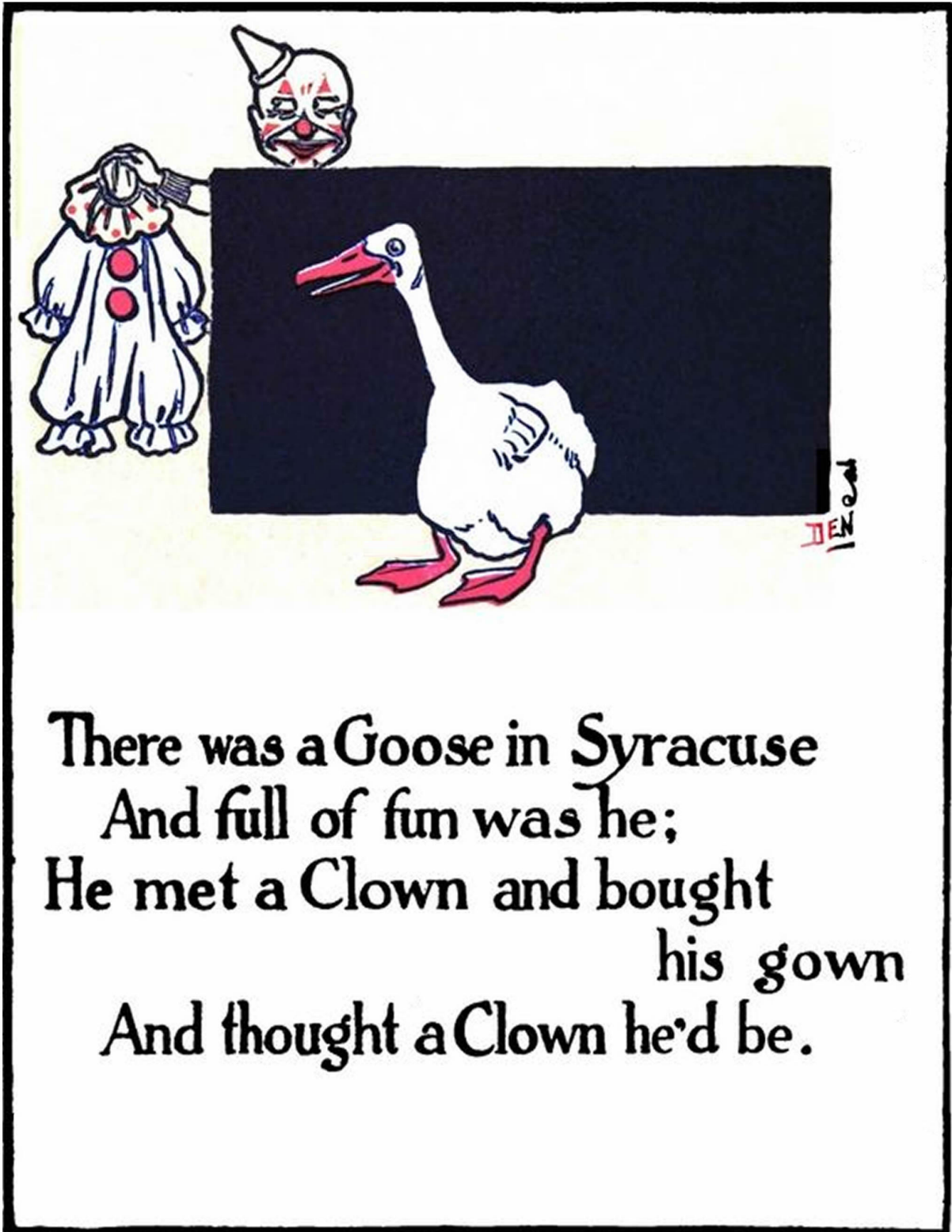




This bold boy  
has done no  
wrong;  
His hair has  
simply grown  
too long.  
So Auntie placed  
the bowl just so,  
To show how far  
The shears  
could go.

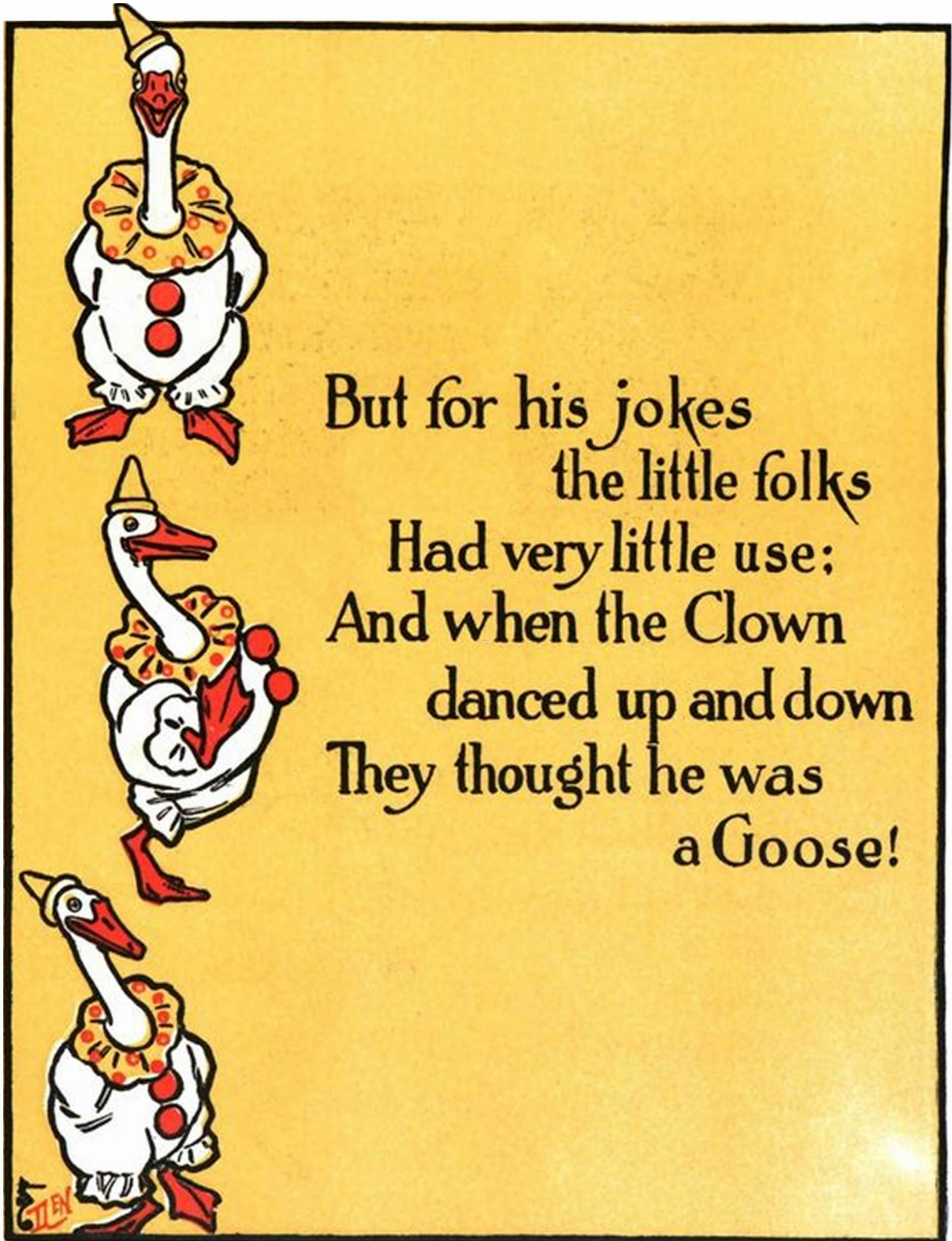
And now the boy is full of  
glee;  
His hair is nicely cut,  
you see.





There was a Goose in Syracuse  
And full of fun was he;  
He met a Clown and bought  
his gown  
And thought a Clown he'd be.





But for his jokes  
the little folks  
Had very little use;  
And when the Clown  
danced up and down  
They thought he was  
a Goose!



*All the pages of verse in  
Father Goose, His Book  
have been hand-lettered  
by  
Ralph Fletcher Seymour*





