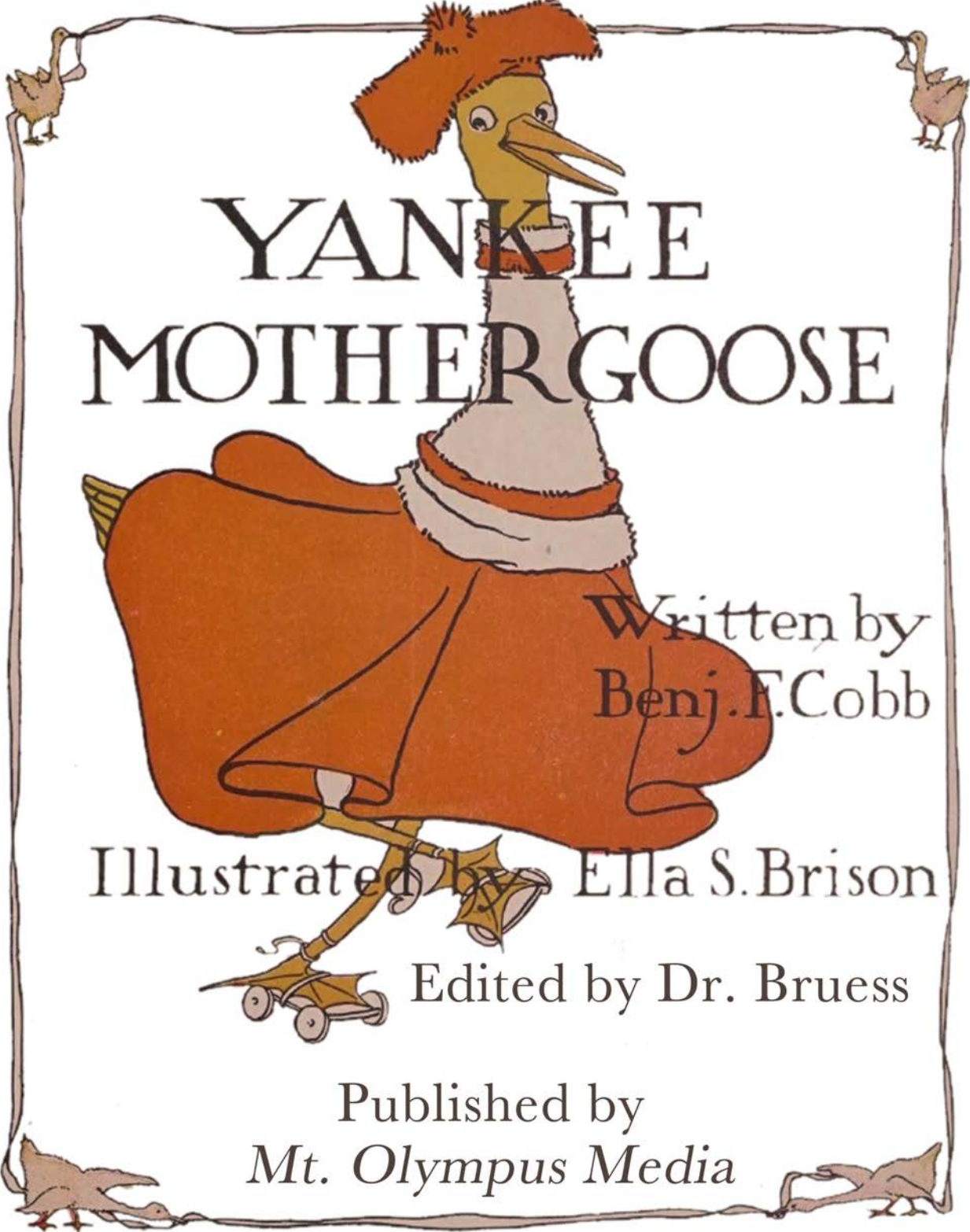


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A whimsical illustration of Mother Goose, an old hen with a large, bushy orange comb and wattle. She is wearing a white high-collared dress with a wide orange sash and a large, flowing orange skirt. She is walking and pushing a small, ornate yellow carriage with two wheels. The entire scene is framed by a thin, hand-drawn line with small birds at the corners.

YANKEE MOTHERGOOSE

Written by
Benj. F. Cobb

Illustrated by Ella S. Brison

Edited by Dr. Bruess

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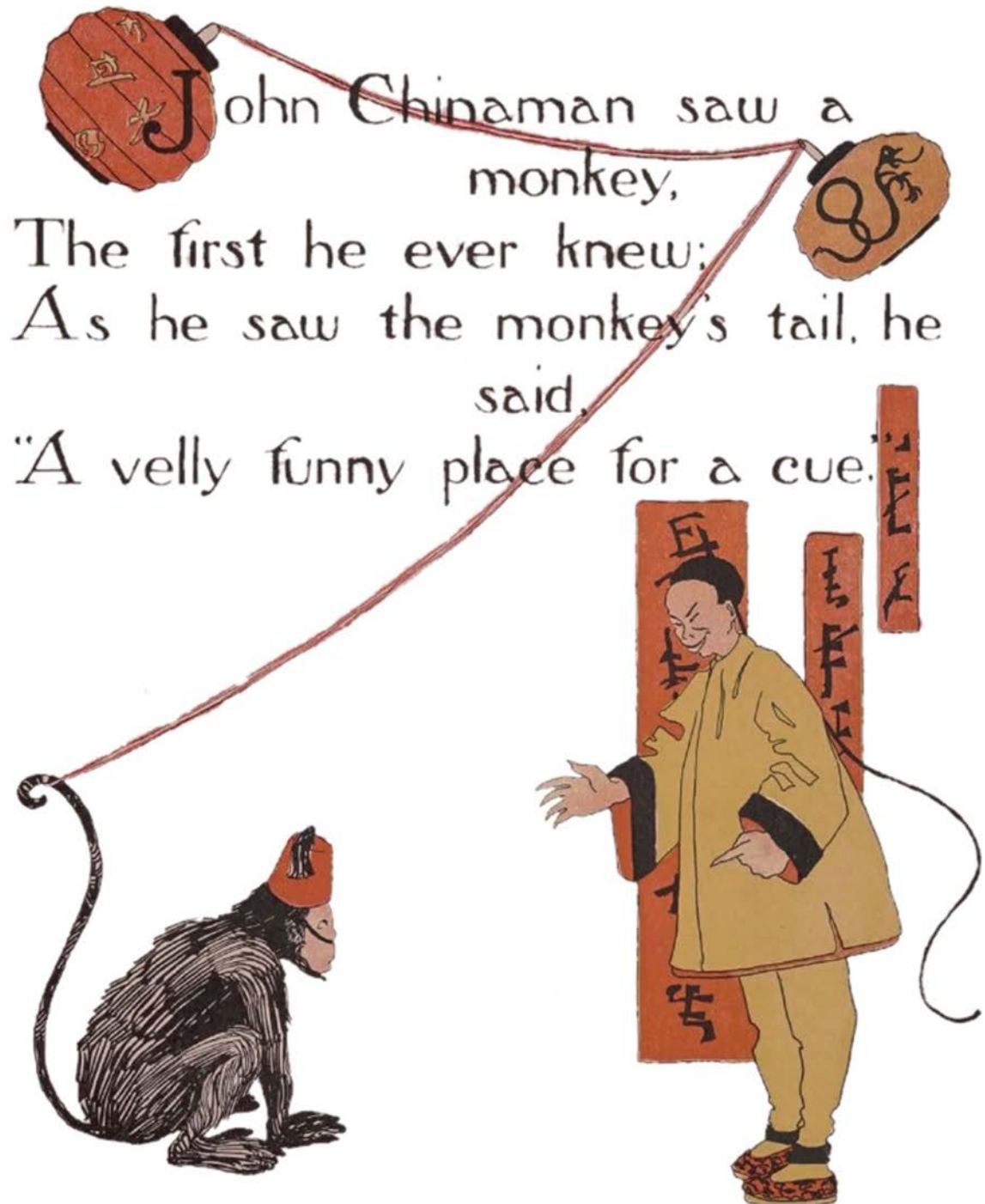


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At ten I had a sweetheart,
Her name was Ida May,
She said she surely would be
mine

At no far distant day.

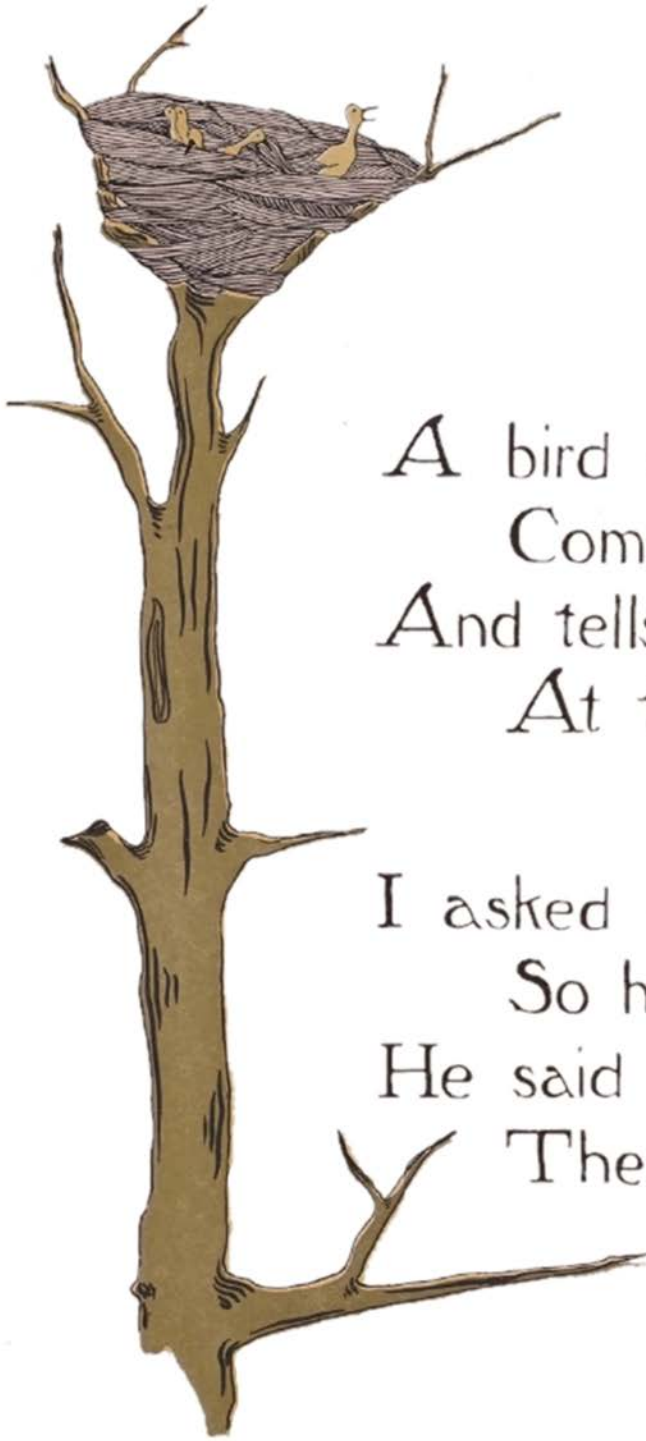
I saw her then at twenty,
Spoke of her promise gay,
Only to hear her answer,
"This is no distant day."



"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.



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.

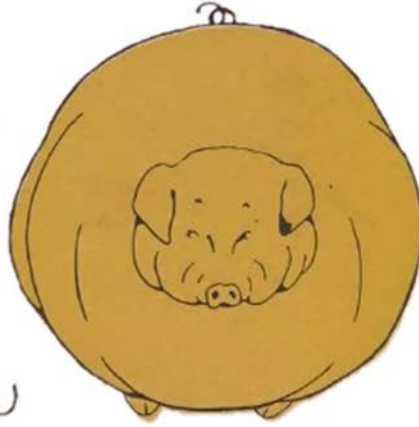


"Birds of a feather will flock
together."

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
 of Billy's pig,
That ate so much
 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?

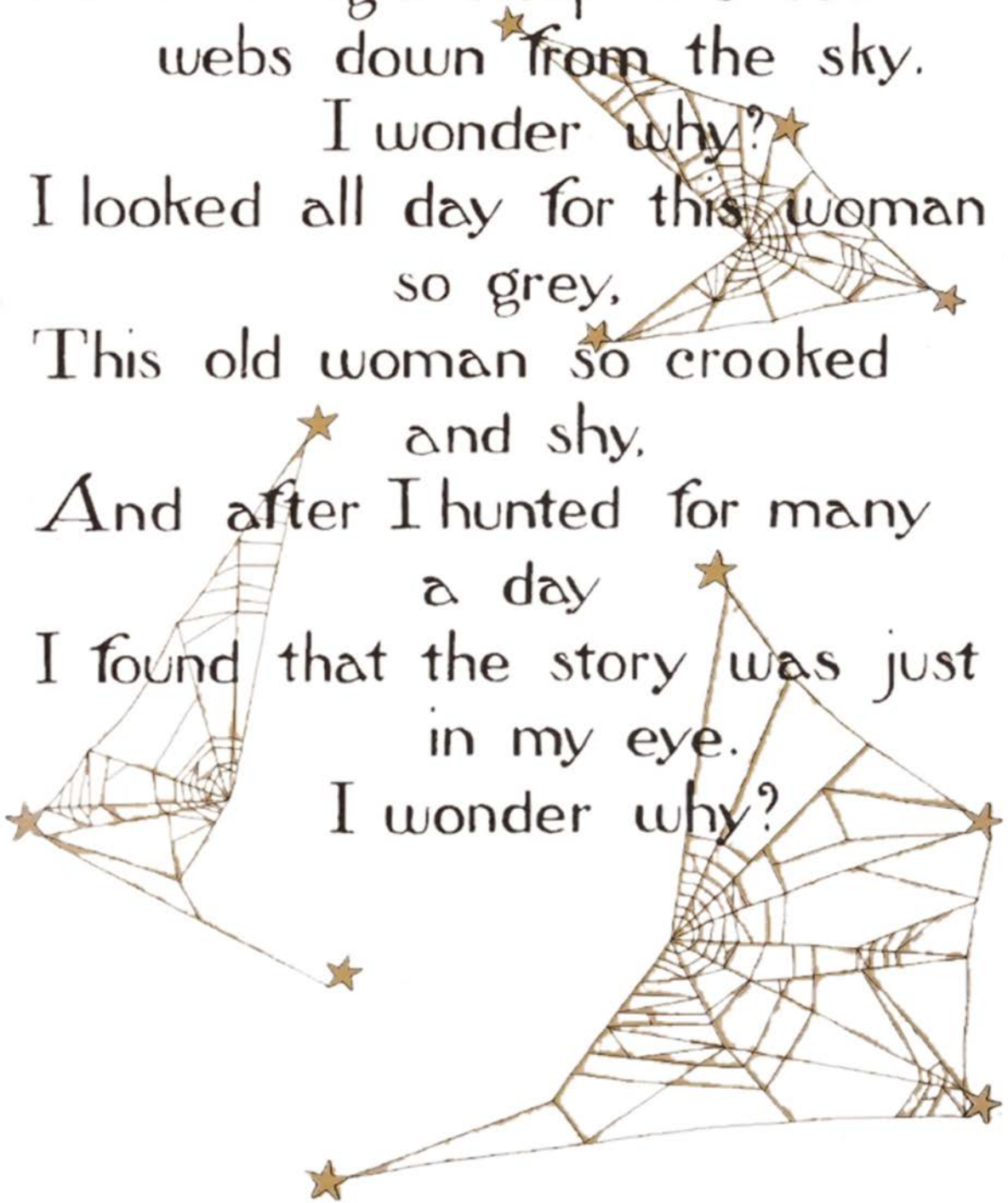
I looked all day for this woman
so grey,

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!



That's all.



