

**THE HISTORY OF
GOODY TWO SHOES.**



Of Parents bereft,
These poor Orphans did roam
O'er the Hill and the Dale,
In search of a home.
Little Thomas he felt
To the ocean inclined,
His Sister to learning
Had bent her young mind.



Squire Truworth was told
The lamentable tale,
And did on his nephew,
A Captain, prevail,
To take little Thomas
Out with him to sea,
And a Cottage provide,
For our poor Margery.



Goody said to herself,
 "Ah! how happy I am,
With my Bird, my fond Cat,
 And this pretty pet Lamb:
'Tis with them I enjoy
 All my hours of leisure,
But to hear from dear Thomas,
 Would add to my pleasure."



Goody Two Shoes so clever,
 She set up a School,
 To arise with the skylark,
 Was always her rule:
 She taught little children
 Their prayers and their letters;
 And very soon grew
 In respect, with her betters.



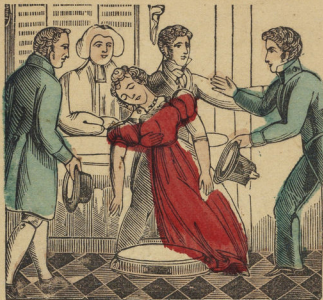
Now there was a Miser,
 So surly and rich,
 Did accuse our poor Madge,
 Of being a Witch;
 Before Squire Truworth,
 The action was tried,
 And he found her so virtuous,
 He made her his Bride.



In the meantime poor Thomas,
By sad tempests tost,
Was wrecked at a distance,
On a foreign coast:
The Indians, however,
Proved kind to the Boy,
Who in hunting and fishing,
His time did employ.



He tamed a young Lion,
So noble and bold:
He found in a Cavern,
A chest full of gold:
A vessel came by,
He embarked on the Sea,
"My Sister shall share
In this treasure," said he.



How happy the meeting,
How pleasant the day;
With joy overcome
Our Madge fainted away:
Thus Providence did
For the Orphans provide,
How blest was young Thomas,
And the pretty Bride.