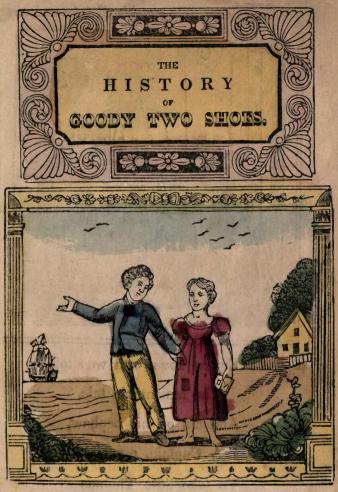


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Of Parents bereft, These poor Orphans did roam O'er the Hill and the Dale, In search of a home. Little Thomas he felt To the ocean inclined, His Sister to learning Had bent her young mind.



Squire Trueworth 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 Trueworth, The action was tried, And he found her so virtuous, He made her his Bride. 10



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.

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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.

