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The Tale of Mother Goose

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The Tale of Mother Goose

Mother Goose has slipped her noose
a'running round in circles.
That silly hen in a terrible spin
a'turning shades of purple.

Molly Boyce

She scrambled Humpty who fell on his Dumpty
a'scaring the King's men away.
Oh, what a fright, the moon's out of sight
a'fiddling with kittens at play.

Down feathers fly like snow from the sky
a'covering Mary's poor sheep,
Lost rams and ewes, like meadow's dew
a'hiding from Little Bo Peep.

That goose in a twirl, being such a bad girl
a'tumbling right past Jill.
Jack came down, hitting the ground,
a'bottom of that hill.

Webbed feet kick the air in a terrible dare
a'threatening Little Boy Blue.
Sheep nor cow's safe while she sets the pace
a'churning her personal zoo.

Her beak tills the soil under Contrary's toil
a'flinging those little maids.
Cockleshells scatter amidst the clatter
a'crying the price been paid.

Muffett's tuffet is tossed at the spider's loss
a'spilling the curds and whey.
Mother Goose, daffy bird, broke the poetic word
a'loosing her rythmic say.

The lesson we learn by her psychotic turn
a'changing our nursery fare,
is a mother gone mad jumbles tradition's fad
a'stirring emotions of care.