

LONDON, Z.T. PURDAY, 45, HIGH HOLBORN .

Pr. 1/6

## THE ISLINGTON TAILOR AND HIS STEAM GOOSE.



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## THE ISLINGTON TAILOR AND HIS STEAM GOOSE.

ZOT-SKENDEN STATE

At Islington once a Tailor did dwell,
How long ago I cannot tell,
But one thing I know very well,
A novel mishap to him befell,
Goosa, goose, &c.

As sitting upon his board one day,
Unto himself he was heard to say,
I'll have a Steam Goose without delay,
And finish my work, and go to the play.
Goosa, goose, &c.

An artist there liv'd in the town hard by,
Who was up to all sorts of deviltry,
So he made a Goose that with Steam would ply,
And smooth down the seams so wery nicely.
Goosa, goose, &c.

The Tailor he wanted the Goose to do

More work one day, so he turn'd the screw

A mite too much, and it made him rue,

For the Goose seem'd just as though it flew.

Goosa, goose, &c.

The Tailor believ'd Old Nick had broke loose,
And he thought his weight might stop the Goose,
So he jump'd on its back, without his shoes,
But in jumping on knocked out the screws.

Goosa, goose, &c.

The moment the screws were out, it flew Slap through the window—the Tailor too! He pull'd at its neck, but it would not do, For, in spite of his efforts, the Goose would go! Goosa, goose, &c.

Oh! the Tailor did shriek, and the Tailor did bawl,
But the Goose kept on, and said nothing at all,
He held round its neck, for fear he should fall,
While he turn'd as white as the whitened Whitehall!
Goosa, goose, &c.

The Goose hurried on 'till he saw Ball's Pond,
And of water, you know, all geese are fond,
So it flounced right into this "Slough of Despond,"
Says the Tailor "I'm drown'd, all doubt beyond."
Goosa, goose, &c.

It happened just then that a gardener's lad,
With a barrow of Cabbages which he had,
Was passing that way, and he felt right glad,
As he cried "I can save this Tailor, egad!"
Goosa, goose, &c.

So he took a Cabbage, a hook, and line,
And angled with this bait so fine,
For off a Cabbage a Tailor can dine,
As you may know by this short coat of mine!
Goosa, goose, &c.

The Tailor he bit at the Cabbage quick,
And he felt the hook through his nostrils prick,
While the angler pull'd him out like a brick,
And sent him home with an afterpiece kick.
Goosa, goose, &c.

The Goose in the water did gambol and play,
While the little frogs stared at the comical fray,
'Till a fat City Alderman passing that way,
Poor Goosey boned for Lord Mayor's Day!
Goosa, goose, &c.

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