

Two-Shoes, Two-Shoes,  
Eager Goody Two-Shoes!  
When the magic art she knew,  
She planned to help poor children too ;  
And those who had no chance to learn  
Their letters, she would teach in turn.

Now, in the days of good Queen Bess,  
Few books were printed, very few —  
None, scarcely, for the little folks ;  
So Margery studied what to do.

She cut from proper blocks of wood  
Sets of the letters: A, B, C ;  
And in some cosy shady place  
Would group the children round her knee

And teach them — not alone to read,  
But how to spell, and how to sing ;  
And how to practice gentle ways,  
And to be kind to everything.

Two-Shoes, Two-Shoes,  
So grew Goody Two-Shoes!  
First a maiden, comely, sweet ;  
Then a woman, wise, discreet ;  
Called now, as a courtesy,  
Little Mrs. Margery.

An honored, faithful teacher she!  
And every year an added grace,  
More fair than youth's fair roses are,  
Blossomed upon her charming face.



All living things seemed drawn to her :  
A helpless lamb, whose dam had died,  
She reared and tended till he ran  
Tame as a kitten at her side ;

A sky-lark stolen from its nest  
Sang on her finger, though he knew  
His unclipped wings were free to soar  
At will into the heaven's blue ;

A raven which had fought and torn  
Its captor's hand with savage beak,  
And which at first could only croak,  
She taught in gracious words to speak ;

Jumper, the dog, watched all her steps  
With constant eyes and jealous love ;  
A great cat purred and rubbed her dress ;  
And on her shoulder perched a dove.

Two-Shoes, Two-Shoes,  
Ah me, Margery Two-Shoes !  
Maybe the days of good Queen Bess  
Were times of wisdom ; nevertheless,  
Witches (the people said) might be—  
And a witch they thought our Margery !