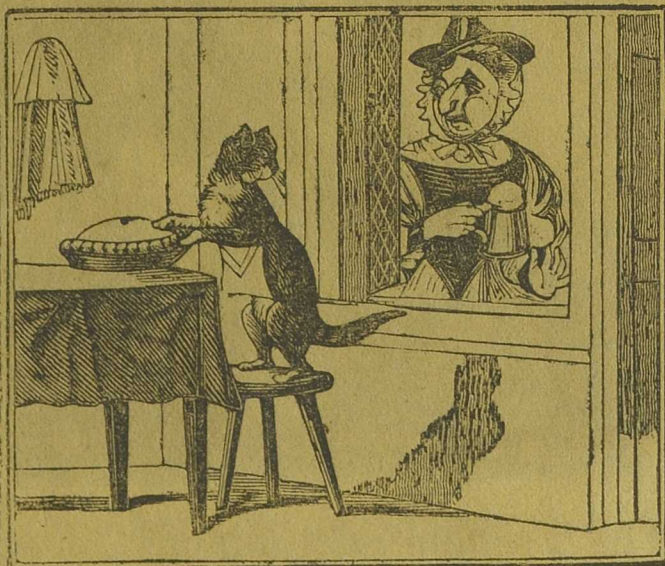


THE
BUTTERFLY'S
BALL.



The Cat engaged her skill to try,
In making them an Apple Pie.
She made the crust of rich puff paste,
And each resolved to have a taste.

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THE
BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



Come, Emma, take hold
Of my hand, lest you fall,
And let us make haste
To the Butterfly's Ball;
We there shall behold
Such a singular sight,
As will at once fill us
With mirth and delight.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



The Trumpeter, Gadfly,
Has summon'd each guest :
You and I are expected
Along with the rest.
The place of amusement
Is under the hill,
In Squire Brook's park,
By the side of the rill.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



A profusion of Dainties
Were spread with great taste,
And the Bee serv'd with honey
To sweeten the Feast;
Of which the whole party
With gladness partook,
And then drank of water
Brought fresh from the brook.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



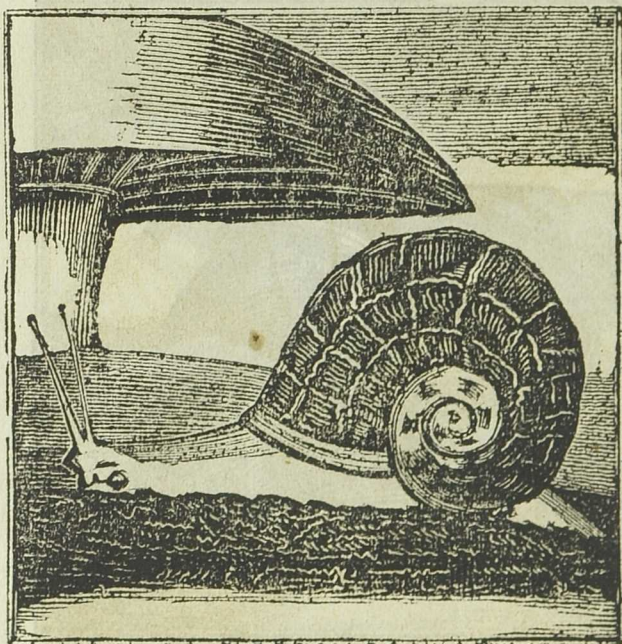
The Spider advanc'd, too,
With fingers so fine,
And spun them a thread
Most exquisitely fine ;
While on her they each one
Attentively gaz'd,
And with her dexterity
Were much amaz'd.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



See, yonder's the Dormouse,
Just crept from his hole ;
He's leading along
His blind brother, the Mole :
They each do expect
A most excellent treat,
And will fill themselves well,
If there's plenty to eat.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



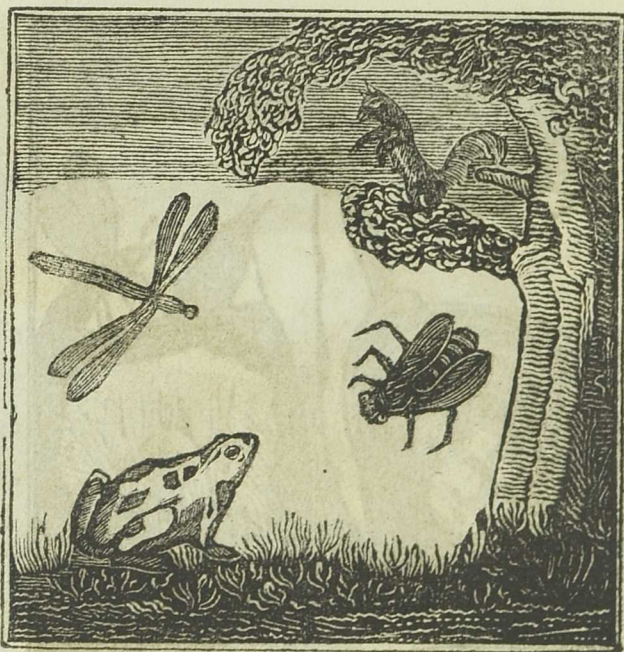
See, here comes the Snail !
He has heard the glad sound,
And, rous'd from his slumbers,
Which seem'd so profound,
Has travell'd already
The length of an ell,
And bears the house with him
In which he does dwell.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



With steps most majestic,
The Snail then drew near,
And danc'd them a hornpipe,
Which, all did declare,
Was such an exploit
As they'd ne'er before seen,—
'Twas fit to be witness'd
By King or by Queen.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



Such a day of amusement
They ne'er had before ;
And one the like of it
May never have more.
The Frog was delighted,
And danc'd round with glee ;
The Squirrel observ'd them,
Aloft in the tree.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



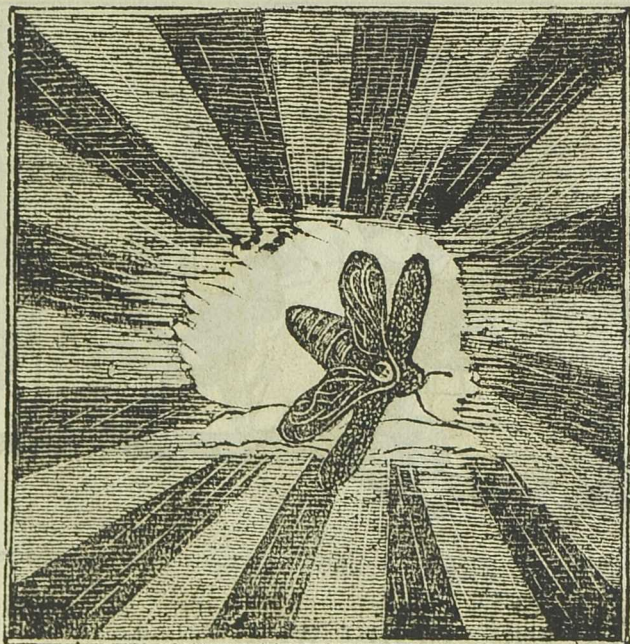
The next guest that came,
Was a rich downy Moth
Who fed all his life
Upon superfine cloth;
A pest to the wardrobe
He'd long been, 'tis true;
My coat was eat by him,
Soon after 'twas new.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



The Hornet and Wasp
To the Banquet took wing ;
But each of them promis'd
To lay by his sting :
Or else they would not
Have had admittance there ;
Their presence fills all
That's around with such fear.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



The Butterfly's Ball
Was held in July ;
The day, though so long,
Too soon was gone by :
And when it gave way
To the shades of the night,
The Glowworm illumin'd
Them all with his light.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.



The Cat, being weary,
Resolv'd she would ride
To the Ball: so on Pompey
She leap'd up astride.
And when she was mounted,
The Dame brought her dress,
Exclaiming—"You'll have
A fine treat, I will guess!"

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