

A COLLECTION

OF

BIRDS & RIDDLES.

BY

Miss Polly & Master Tommy.

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This man cries Muffins, eve and morn
And you'll of them partake ;
But if to learn your book you scorn,
You don't deserve a cake.

Miss Polly & Master Tommy's

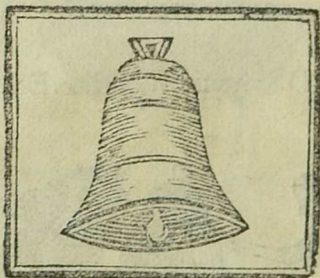
COLLECTION OF

BIRDS AND RIDDLES.



POLLY and CANARY BIRD.

Polly be quiet, let the Canary sing,
It can't hurt you poor innocent thing,
Nature has form'd us to unite in love
Go you to school and don't it move.



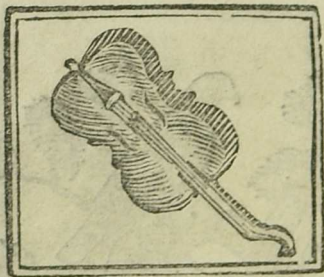
RIDDLE.

WHEN mortals are involv'd in ills,
 I sing with mournful voice ;
 If mirth their hearts with gladness fills,
 I celebrate their joys.
 And as the lark with warbling throat,
 Ascends upon the wing ;
 So I lift up my cheerful note,
 And as I mount I sing.



The HAWK.

Tho' sharp thine eye and feathers fine
 How cruel 'tis on Birds to dine !
 But says the farmer with a sneer,
 I wish I had more of them here ;
 If all loved corn, and none ate meat,
 We too might soon want bread to eat.



RIDDLE.

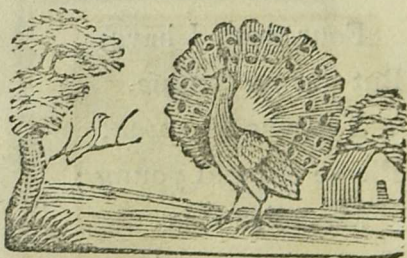
My back is bare,
My belly thin,

My guts are all
Without my skin,
I'm often scrap'd,
But never fill'd,

As many have
Oft times beheld.

Four teeth I have,
But got no tongue,
Yet when I speak,
Please old and young ;
My voice it is
A pleasing sound,
Which makes them oft
To trip it round.





PEACOCK and WREN.

The Peacock of his feathers proud,
 Spreads them and struts before the
 crowd,
 The little Wren tho' not so gay,
 Sings very fine upon the spray,
 In these two Birds we may descry,
 The pleasures of the ear and eye.



RIDDLE.

Tho' I both foul
And dirty am,
And black as pitch can be,
There's many a lady
That will come
And by the hand take me.



ROBIN RED-BREAST.

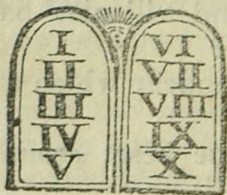
The robin red-breast drops his wings
And in Autumn sweetly sings,
His innocence makes him belov'd
For it is said, tho' never prov'd,
That with oak leaves he was so good,
As to cover the children in the wood.

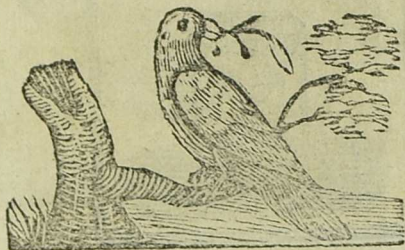


RIDDLE

HOW many hundreds for my sake
have died !
What frauds and villanies have not
been tri'd ?
And all the grandeur which my race
adorns
Is like the Rose beset around with
thorns ;

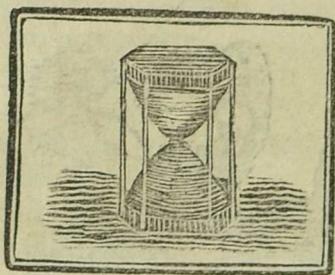
Nay, when possess'd, such your en-
 joyments are,
 I to my owners trouble bring and
 care,
 Ev'n they by whom I am so highly
 priz'd,
 If good, are hated, and if bad, de-
 spis'd,
 Thus, 'twixt the plague of getting
 me and losing,
 By some I'm thought not worth a
 wise man's choosing.





PARROT.

Most words the Parrot soon can say,
 And as to feathers none so gay,
 This chattering bird so prates away,
 And cries, "Poll's sick," alack a day!
 Resembling those, who go to school,
 Like her, delight to play the fool.



RIDDLE.

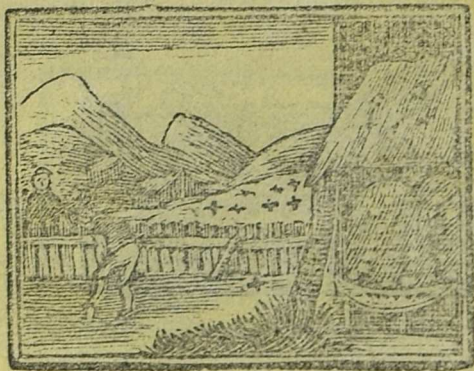
Made of two bodies join'd,
Without foot or hand,
And yet you will find
I can both run and stand



BLACK BIRD.

Soon as the day begins to dawn,
 The Black Bird's notes salute the morn
 In artless tuneful pleasing lays,
 He loud proclaims his maker's praise.
 Let every Child his praise unite,
 In doing good from morn to night.

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RIDDLE.

We dwell in cottages of straw,
 And labour much for little gains,
 Sweet meat from us our owners, draw,
 And then with death reward our
 pains.

J. Kendrew, Printer, York.