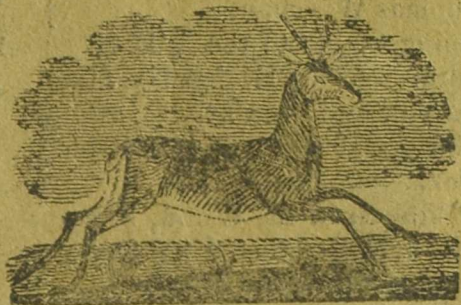


POETIC TRIFLES,
OR
Pretty Poems,
FOR
YOUNG FOLKS.



BANBURY :

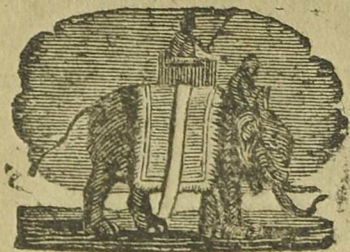
Printed and Sold by J. G. RUSHER,
BRIDGE-STREET.

Price One Penny.

THE FOLLOWING LITTLE BOOKS,
 and many others,
 Adorned with a great number of Cuts,
Are just Printed and Sold by
J. G. RUSHER, BANBURY.

History of a Banbury Cake	Price	1d
History of John Gilpin		1d
The Good Farmer, or History of Thomas Wiseman	}	1d
Galloping Guide to the A B C		1d
Adventures of Sir Richard Whit- tington and his Cat	}	1d
Riddler's Riddle Book, by Peter Puzzlecap, Esq.	}	1d
The Children in the Wood, in verse		1d
The New House that Jack Built		1d
Anecdotes for Good Children		1d
Short Stories, or Treasures of Truth		1d
The Adventures of a Birmingham Halfpenny	}	1d
Pretty Poems for Young Folks		1d

Any of which, and a variety of others,
 may be had of the person who sells this.

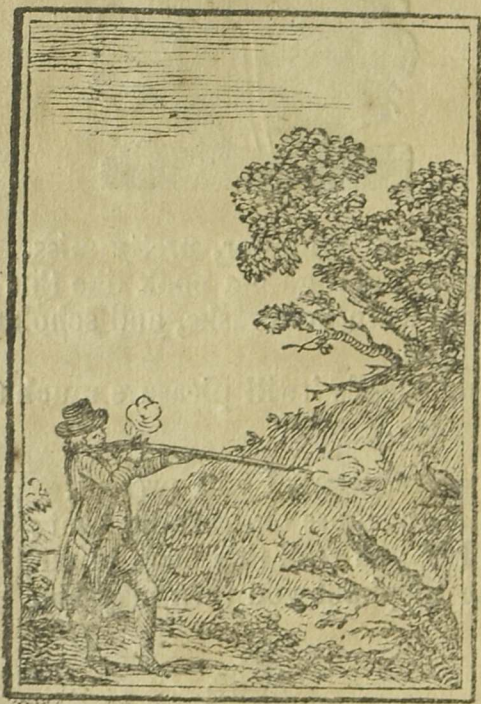


Come, pretty master, pretty miss,
Be good, and gain a book like this ;
Come, learn your tasks, and scholars
be,
Your friends 'twill pleasure much to
see.

This pretty gift I will present,
To all who are on learning bent ;
And if you read this book to me,
The Elephant you then may see.



RUSHER'S EDITION.



Ah! there it falls, and now 'tis dead;
The shot went through its pretty head.

See the 4th Page.

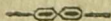
POETIC TRIFLES,
OR
Pretty Poems,
FOR
YOUNG FOLKS,

Selected from the
BEST JUVENILE WRITERS.

BANBURY:

Printed and Sold by J. G. RUSHER,

BRIDGE-STREET.



Price One Penny.

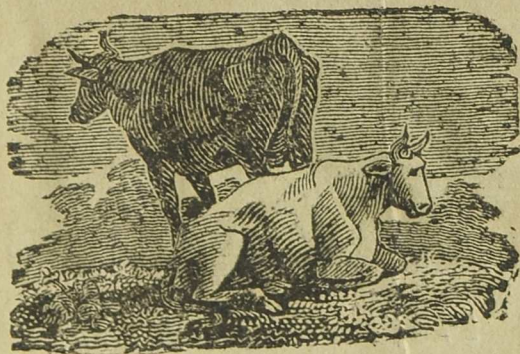
What came of firing a Gun.

See the Frontispiece.

Ah! there it falls, and now 'tis dead;
 The shot went through its pretty head,
 And broke its shining wing!
 How dull and dim its closing eyes!
 How cold, and stiff, and still it lies!
 Poor harmless little thing!

It was a lark, and in the sky,
 In mornings fine it mounted high,
 To sing a merry song;
 Cutting the fresh and healthy air,
 It whistled out its music there,
 As light it skimm'd along.

Poor little bird!—if people knew
 The sorrows little birds go through,
 I think that even boys
 Would never call it sport and fun,
 To stand and fire a frightful gun,
 For nothing but the noise.

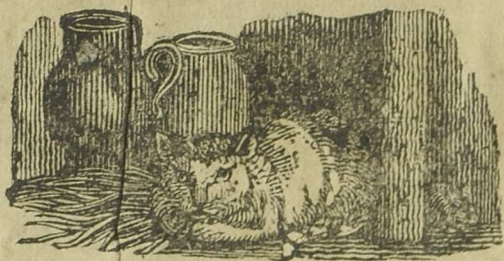


The Cow.

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
 Pleasant milk, to soak my bread ;
 Ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
 Warm and fresh, and sweet and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
 Growing on the weedy bank ;
 But the yellow cowslips eat,
 They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
 Where the bubbling water flows,
 Where the grass is fresh and fine,
 Pretty cow, go there and dine.



The Dunce of a Kitten.

Come, pussy, will you learn to read,
 I've got a pretty book :
 Nay, turn this way, you must indeed,
 Fie, there's a sulky look.

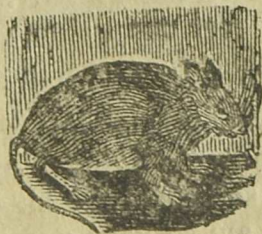
Here is a pretty picture, see,
 An apple, and great A :
 How stupid you will ever be;
 If you do nought but play.

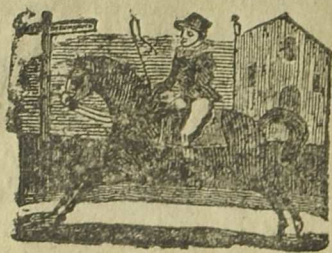
Come, A, B, C, an easy task,
 What any dunce can do :
 I will do any think you ask,
 For dearly I love you.

Now, how I'm vex'd, you are so dull,
You have not learnt it half:
You will grow up a downright fool,
And make all people laugh.

Mamma told me so, I declare,
And made me quite asham'd;
So I resolv'd no pains to spare,
Nor like a dunce be blam'd.

Well, get along, you naughty kit,
And after mice go look;
I'm glad that I have got more wit,
I love my pretty book.



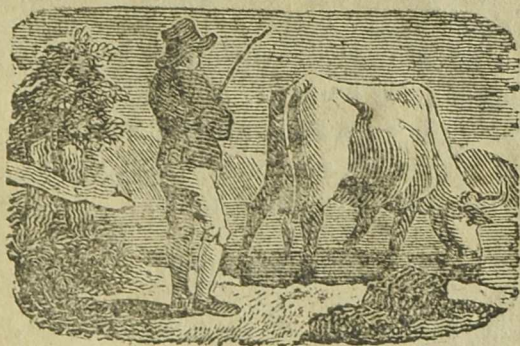


One little Boy.

I'm a little gentleman,
 Play, and ride, and dance I can ;
 Very handsome clothes I wear,
 And I live on dainty fare :
 And whenever out I ride,
 I've a servant by my side.

And I never, all the day,
 Need do any thing but play,
 Nor even soil my little hand,
 Because I am so very grand :
 O! I'm very glad, I'm sure,
 I need not labour, like the poor.

For I think I could not bear,
 Such old shabby clothes to wear ;
 To lie upon so hard a bed,
 And only live on barley bread ;
 And what is worse, too, ev'ry day
 To have to work as hard as they.



Another little Boy.

I'm a little husbandman,
 Work and labour hard I can ;
 I'm as happy all the day
 At my work as if 'twere play ;
 Tho' I've nothing fine to wear,
 Yet for that I do not care.

When to work I go along,
 Singing loud my morning song;
 With my wallet at my back,
 Or my waggon whip to smack;
 O, I am as happy then,
 As the idle gentlemen.

I've a hearty appetite,
 And I soundly sleep at night,
 Down I lie content, and say,
 "I've been useful all the day:
 I'd rather be a plough-boy, than
 A useless little gentleman."

Employment.

Those who are of riches possess'd,
 Are not from employment exempt;
 If they give themselves up but to rest,
 They're objects of real contempt.

The pleasure employments create,
 By them cannot be understood;
 And tho' they may rank with the great,
 They never can rank with the good.



Little Lambs.

Look at those pretty little lambs,
 How nimble and how brisk,—
 See how they skip, and jump, and
 And run about, and frisk. [bound,

How good and innocent they are!

How gentle, and how mild!

They seem as harmless in their play,
 As any little child.

Let then, my dear, these little lambs

Instruct you how to play;

And learn, like them, in innocence

To spend each passing day.



The undutiful Boy.

Little Harry, come along,
 And mamma will sing a song,
 All about a naughty lad,
 Tho' a mother kind he had.

He never minded what she said,
 But only laugh'd at her instead;
 And then did just the same, I've heard,
 As if she had not said a word.

He would not learn to read his book,
 But wisdom's pleasant way forsook,
 With wicked boys he took delight,
 And learnt to quarrel and to fight.

And when he saw his mother cry,
 And heard her heave a bitter sigh,
 To think she'd such a wicked son,
 He never car'd for what he done!

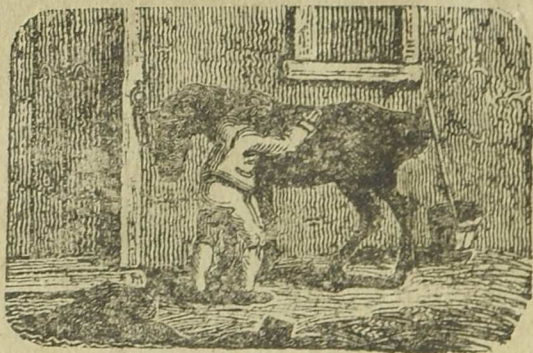
I hope my little Harry will
 Mind all I say, and love me still;
 For 'tis his mother's greatest joy,
 To think he's not a wicked boy.

The Idle Boy.

Young Thomas was an idle lad,
 And loung'd about all day;
 And though he many a lesson had,
 He minded nought but play.

In vain his mother's kind advice,
 In vain his master's care,
 He follow'd ev'ry idle vice,
 And learnt to curse and swear.

And think you, when he grew a man,
 He prosper'd in his ways?
 No—wicked courses never can
 Bring good and happy days.



The Horse.

A horse, long us'd to bit and bridle,
 But always much dispos'd to idle,
 Had often wish'd that he was able
 To steal unnotic'd from the stable.

At length he ventur'd from his station,
 And with extreme self-approbation,
 As if deliver'd from a load,
 He gallop'd to the public road.

But when dark night began t' appear,
 In vain he sought some shelter near;
 And well he knew he could not bear,
 To sleep out in the open air.

The night was dark, the country hilly,
 Poor Dobbin felt extremely chilly;
 Perhaps a feeling like remorse,
 Just now might sting the truant horse.

'Twas long ere Dobbin could decide,
 Betwixt his wishes and his pride,
 Whether to live in all this danger,
 Or go back sneaking to the manger.

At last his struggling pride gave way;
 The thought of savoury oats and hay
 To hungry stomach, was a reason
 Unanswerable at this season.

So off he set, with look profound,
 Right glad that he was homeward
 bound :

And trotting, fast as he was able,
 Soon gain'd once more his master's
 stable.

Now Dobbin, after this disaster,
 Never again forsook his master,
 Convinc'd he'd better let him mount,
 Than travel on his own account.



Poor Donkey's Epitaph.

Down in a ditch poor Donkey lies,
 Who jogg'd with many a load ;
 And till the day death clos'd his eyes,
 Brows'd up and down this road.

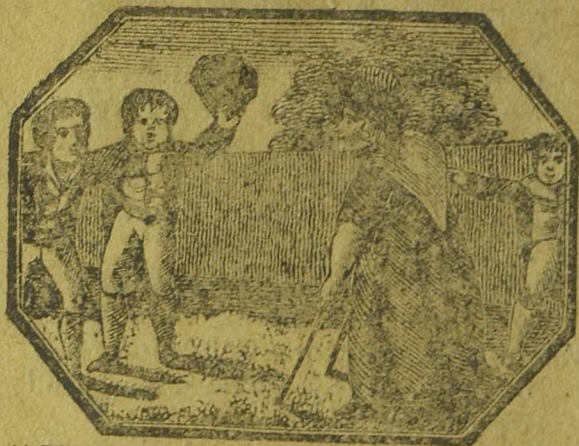
Each market-day he jogg'd along
 Beneath his master's load,
 And snor'd out many a donkey's song
 To friends upon the road.

Poor Donkey ! trav'lers passing by,
 Thy cold remains shall view ;
 And 'twould be well if all who die
 To duty were as true.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS,
 and many others,
Are Printed and Sold by
J. G. RUSHER, BANBURY.

The Filial Remembrancer, or Col- lection of the much admired Poems, "My Father, My Mo- ther, My Brother, My Sister, &c." with Originals	Price 4d
Rusher's Reading made most Easy	6d
Rusher's Royal Primer Improved	3d
History of Belisa, Orsames, and Julia, with Frontispiece	6d
History of Rustan and Mirza, &c. and Anna, with Frontispiece	6d
Wit and Humour, or a Collection of Jests, Witty Sayings, &c. with Frontispiece	6d
History and Misfortunes of Fa- tyma, and of Olympia, with Inkle and Yarico, in Verse, with Frontispiece	6d
The Gleaner, or new Selection of Songs, very small size, embel- lished with many Engravings	6d
Arithmetical Tables	1d

Young Folks should ne'er at old age jest,
Or pain and sorrow bring,
To insect, reptile, bird, or beast,
Or any living thing.



“ When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so ;
And bid the Prophet go his way,
‘ Go up, thou bald head, go ;’
God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.”

02 37131 039 918 461