



THE
TWO FLIES.

A Moral Song.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

AB.

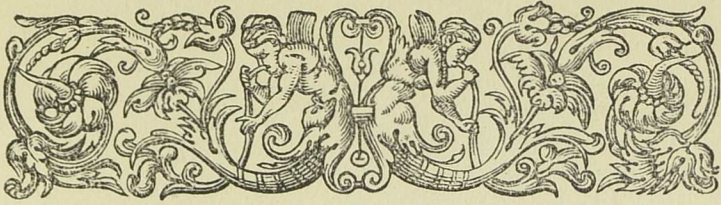
Sung to the Air
"VOLEZ-VOUS DANCER."

604101012
151

37131 039 919 329



THE TWO FLIES.



THE TWO FLIES.

A MORAL SONG.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

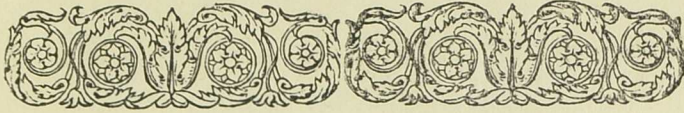


SUNG TO THE AIR, "VOULEZ-VOUS DANCER."

LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

1847.



TO MRS. SMYTH,

OF LITTLE HOUGHTON HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

THIS NEW EDITION OF AN OLD SONG
IS INSCRIBED.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page
But off they flew, and buzzed away	8
“ Oh,” says the blue Fly, “ here’s a treat	10
In a pot of treacle he’d like to swim	12
He perched on the rim of the treacle pot	14



VERSE I.



HERE were two Flies, once on a time,
 Resolv'd to travel and change their clime ;
 For they never cared for father, nor mother,
 Nor uncle, nor aunt, nor sister, nor brother ;
 But off they flew, and buzzed away
 In the smiling, joyous, month of May ;
 For they too saucy were by half—
 (I can't sing if you do laugh ;
 Shut your mouth, and listen to me—
 None are so blind as those who can't see :)
 Take a lesson from a Fly,
 And don't give way to luxury !

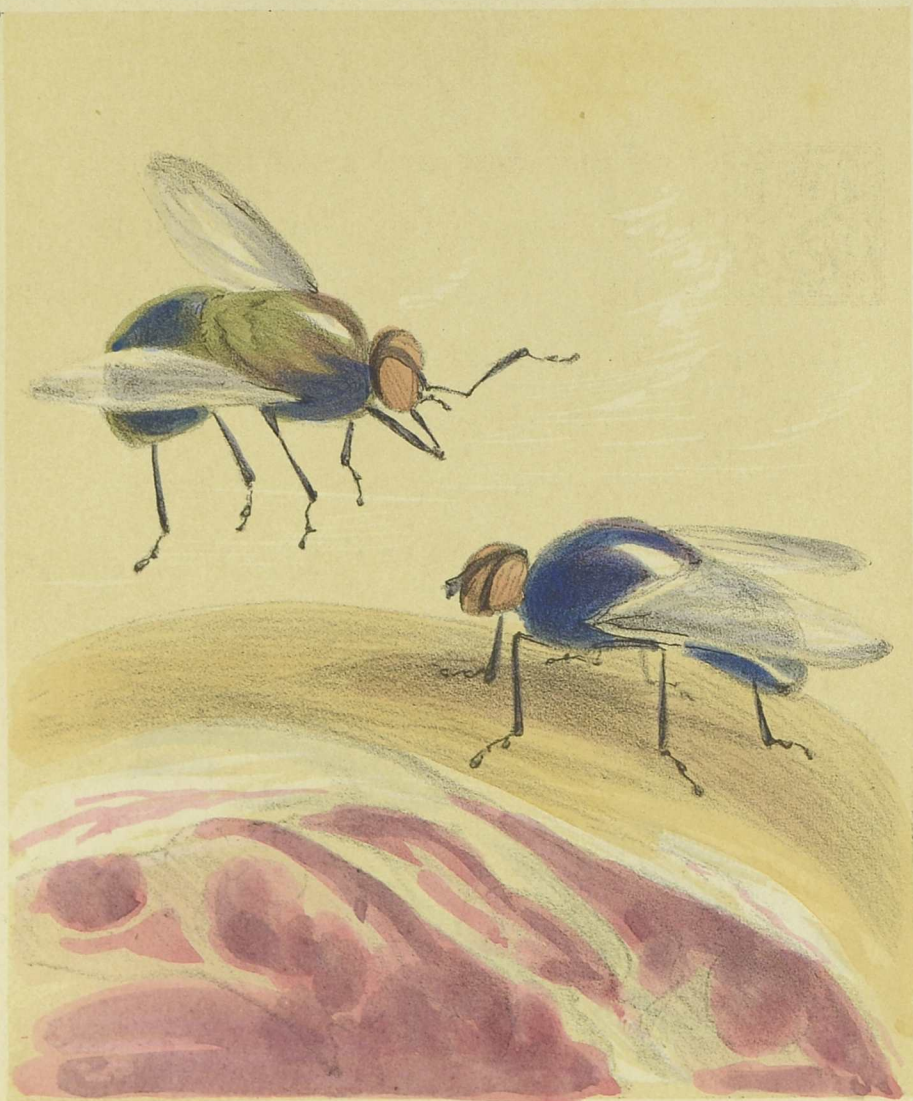




VERSE II.



O off they flew, and never did stop
 Until they came to a butcher's shop :
 " Oh," says the blue Fly, " here's a treat ;
 I'm particularly fond of butcher's meat."
 " Then," says the green one, " off I go ;
 Such things don't suit my taste, you know."
 For he too saucy was by half—
 (I can't sing if you do laugh)—
 Take a lesson from a Fly,
 And don't give way to luxury !

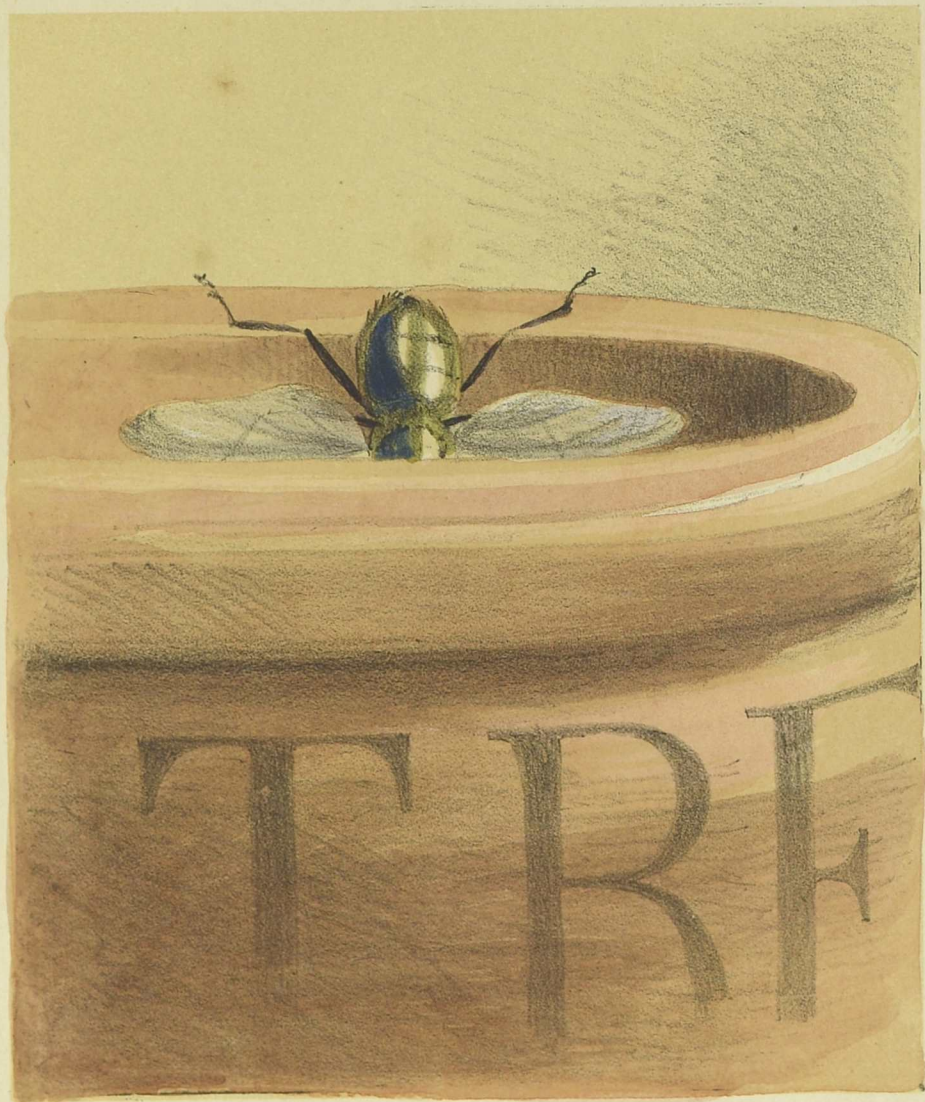


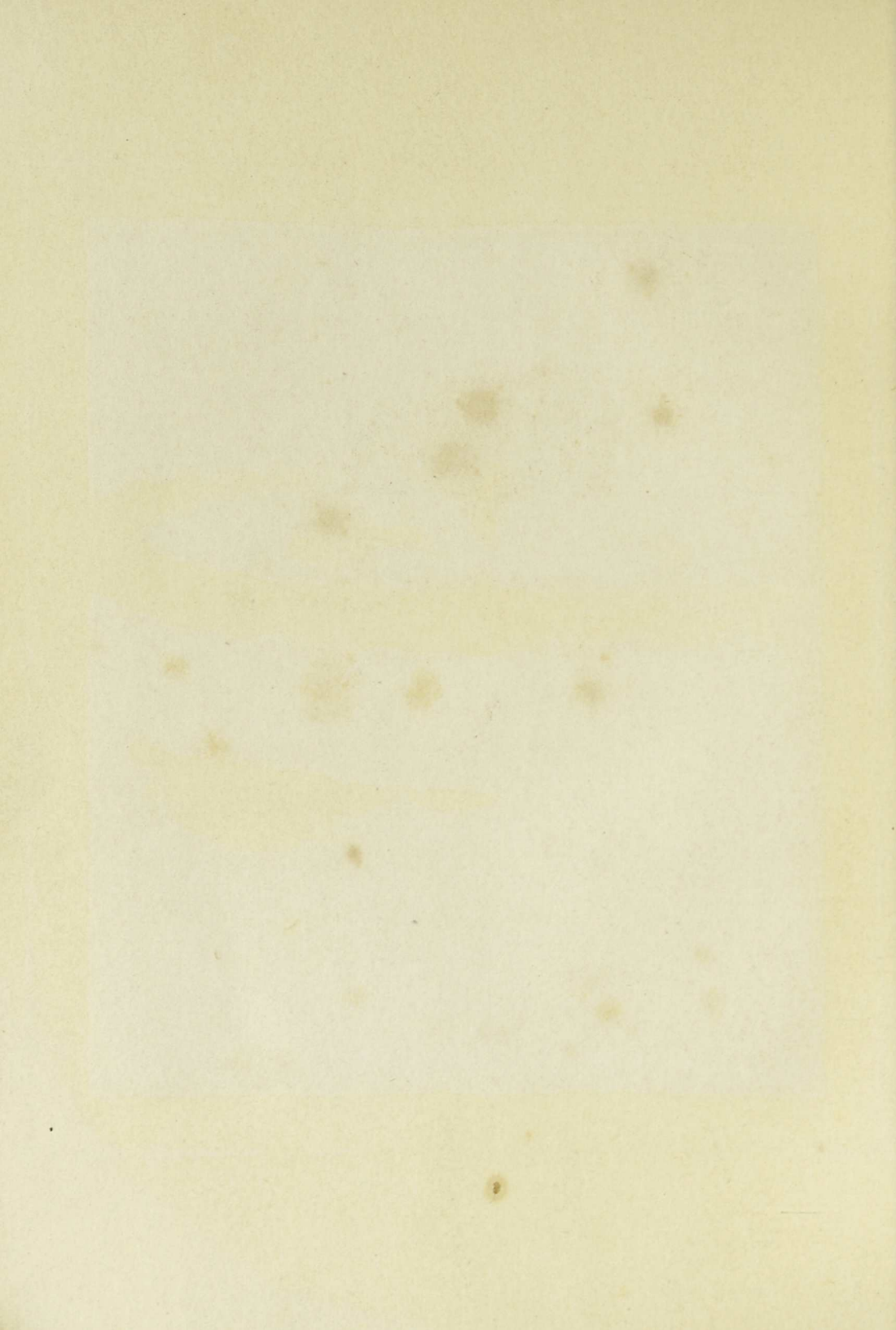


VERSE III.



O off the green Fly flew, and never did stop
 Until he came to a grocer's shop ;
 And there he ran some wonderful rigs
 Among the prunes, the plums, and the figs :
 And next he took a fantastical whim,
 In a pot of treacle he'd like to swim ;
 So, without considering consequences, in he goes,
 And never e'en stopped to take off his clothes :
 For he too saucy was by half—
 (I can't sing if you do laugh)—
 Take a lesson from a Fly,
 And don't give way to luxury !



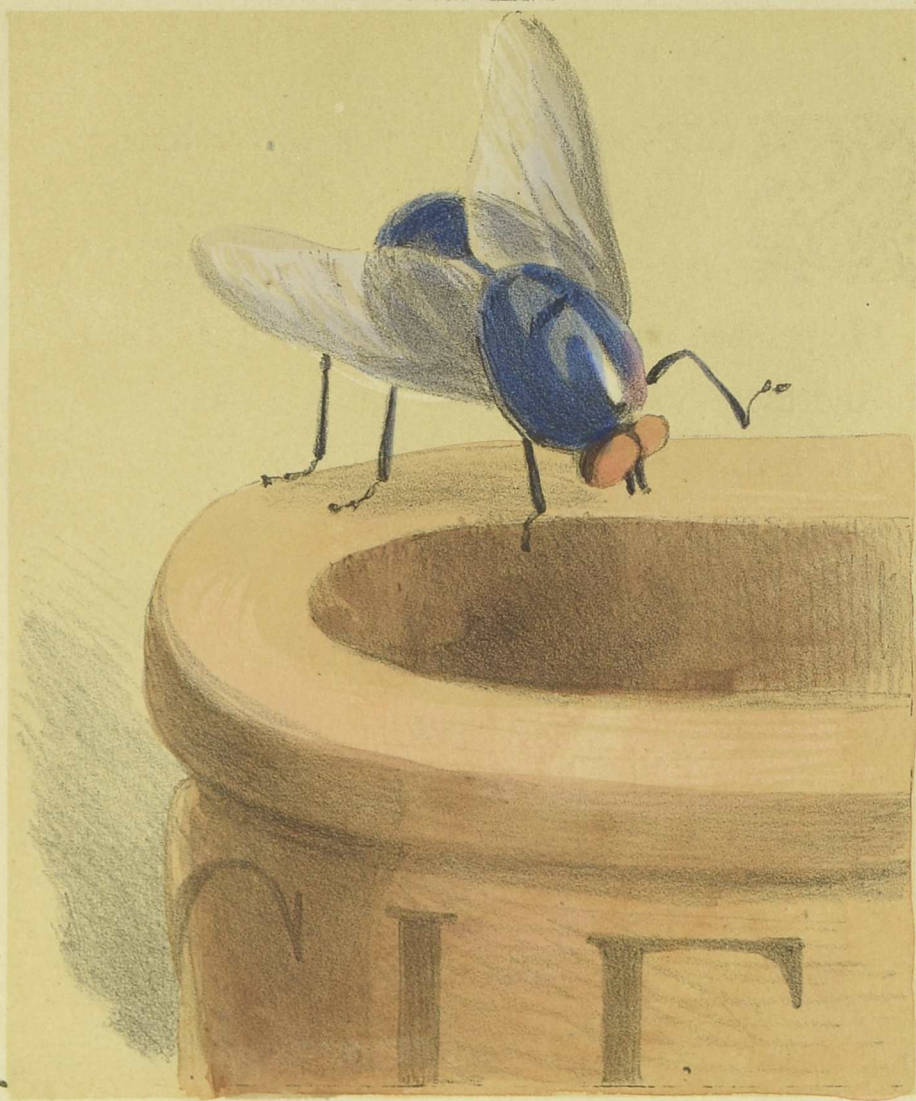




VERSE IV.



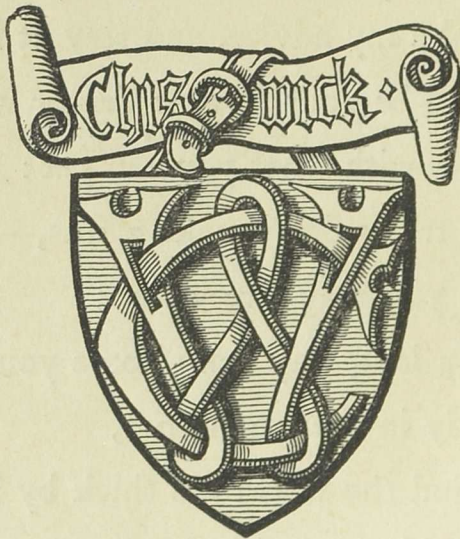
SOON the blue Fly flew by the door,
And heard a voice he knew before ;
And when inside the place he got,
He perched on the rim of the treacle pot ;
And there he found Greeny almost dead,
And thus to him old Bluebottle said :
“ O, Greeny ! all my powers can't save ye,
You'd better have stuck to the beef and the gravy !
For you too saucy were by half—”
(I can't sing if you do laugh)—
Take a lesson from a Fly,
And don't give way to luxury !



MORAL.



H! all young Ladies, inclined to roam,
Take my advice, and stay at home ;
And be your fortune dry or wet,
Be content—with what you can get :
And about trifles don't make a fuss,—
Further on you may fare worse ;
And when a long way from home you have got,
Like the Fly in the treacle pot,
You may find the world too thick by half—
(I can't sing if you do laugh ;
Shut your mouth, and listen to me—
None are so blind as those who can't see :)
Take a lesson from a Fly,
And don't give way to luxury !



PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.

1847.

THE
TWO FLIES.

