

The
DOVE'S
WEDDING.

Edith Holway
Her Book

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ca. 1815-20

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Frontispiece



See bold Chanticleer at the grey of the morn,
Inviting each guest by the sound of his horn.

THE
TURTLE DOVE'S
WEDDING

A Poem,

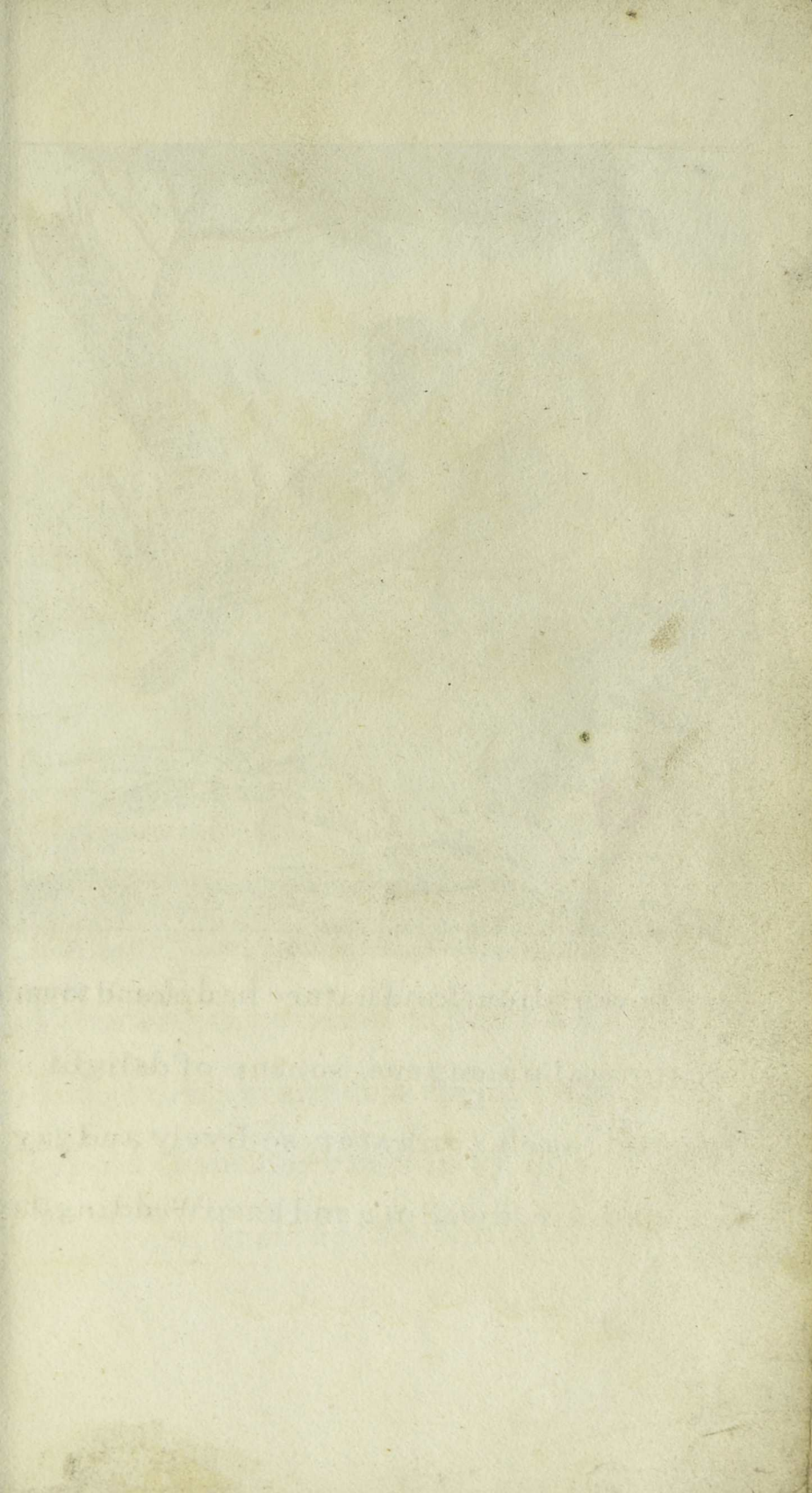
*Embellished with
Sixteen Engravings.*



L O N D O N,

Published by E. Wallis

N.º 42 Skinner Street.

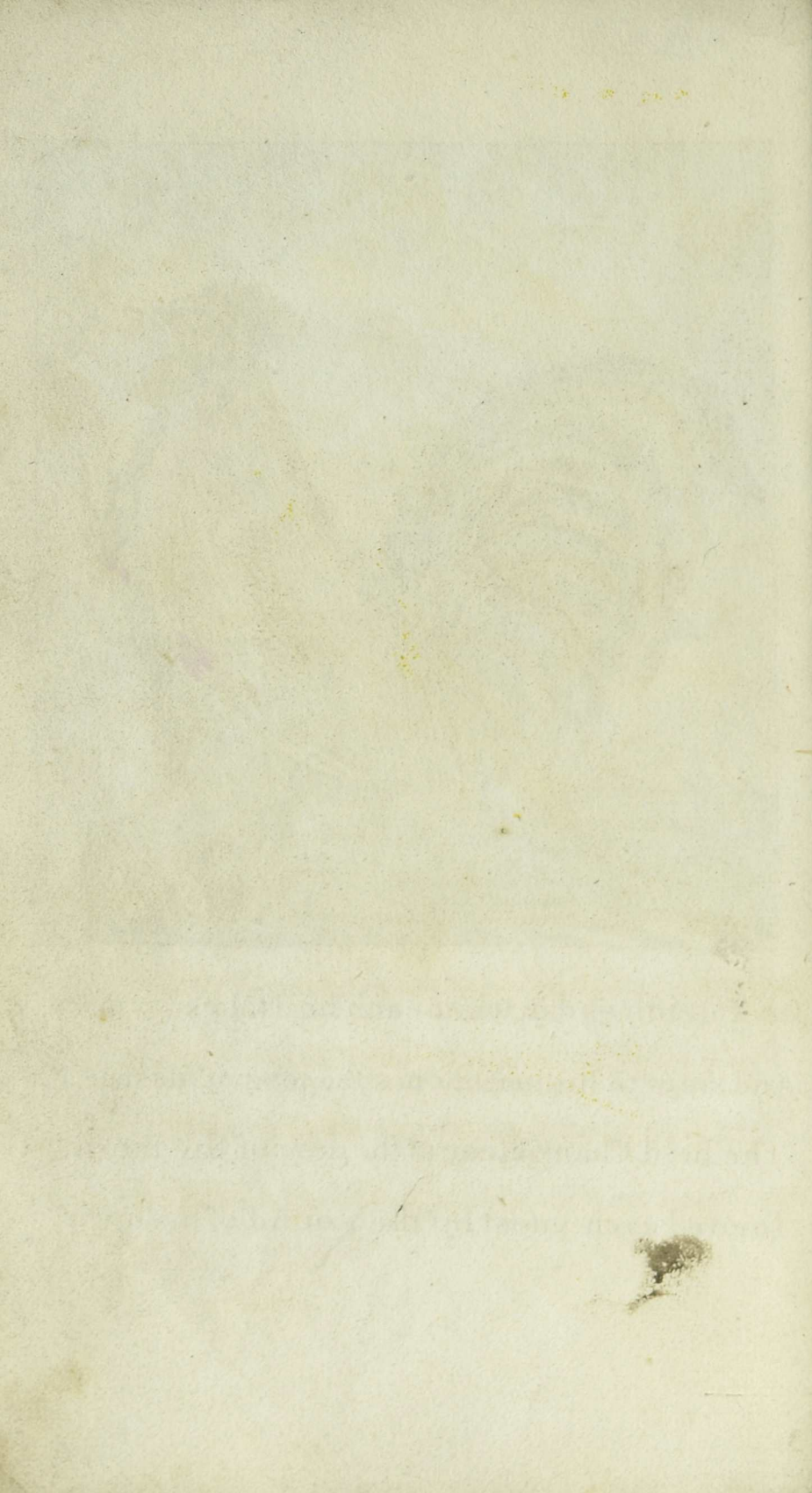


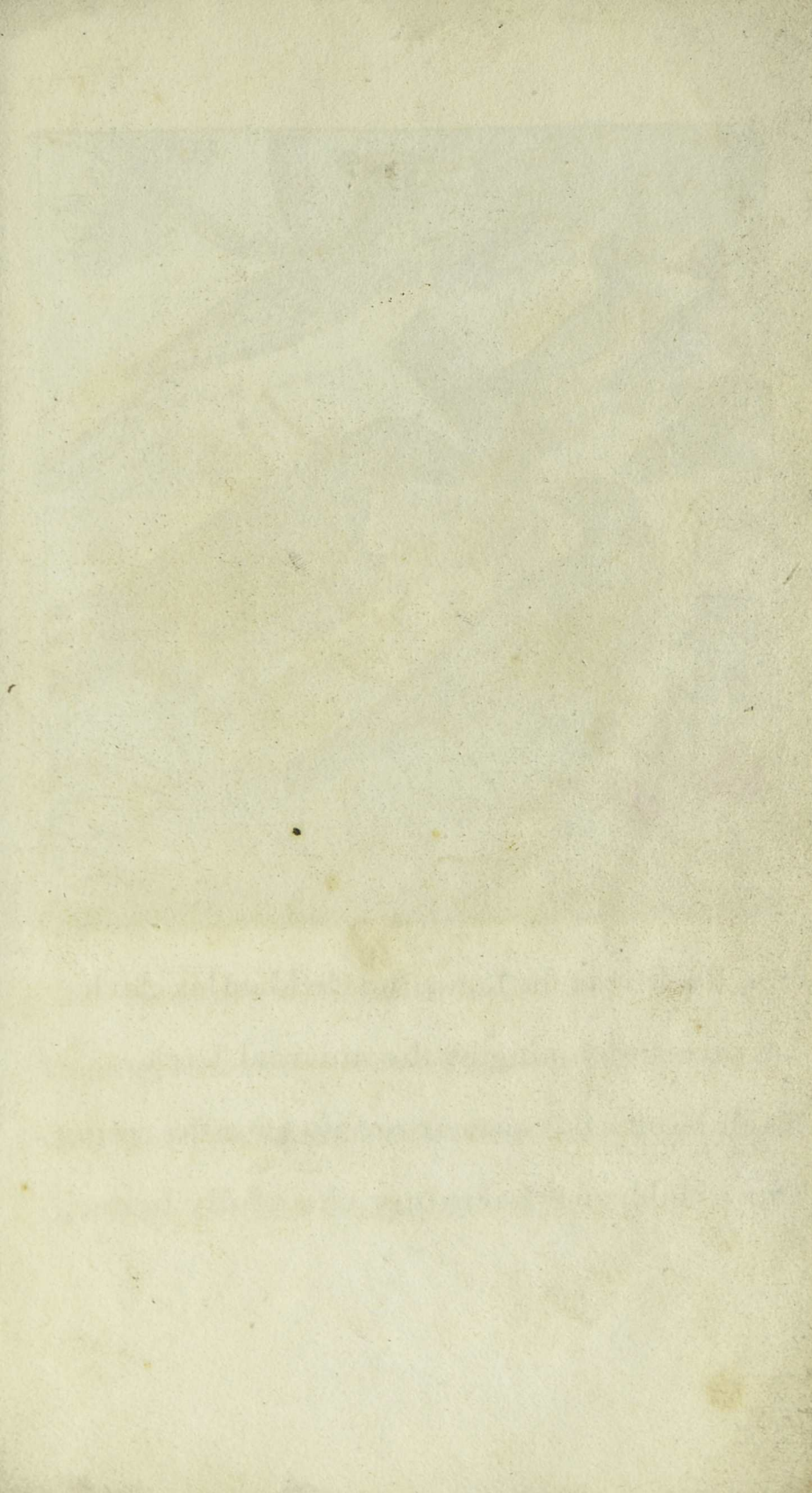


Two Doves whom kind nature had pleas'd to unite,
In conjugal union, true source of delight,
Invited each songster so lively and gay,
To visit their dwelling and keep Wedding Day.



On Valentine's day, when each bird takes his mate,
And sings to his neighbours the joys of his state,
The bold Chanticleer at the grey of the morn,
Invited each guest by the sound of his horn.



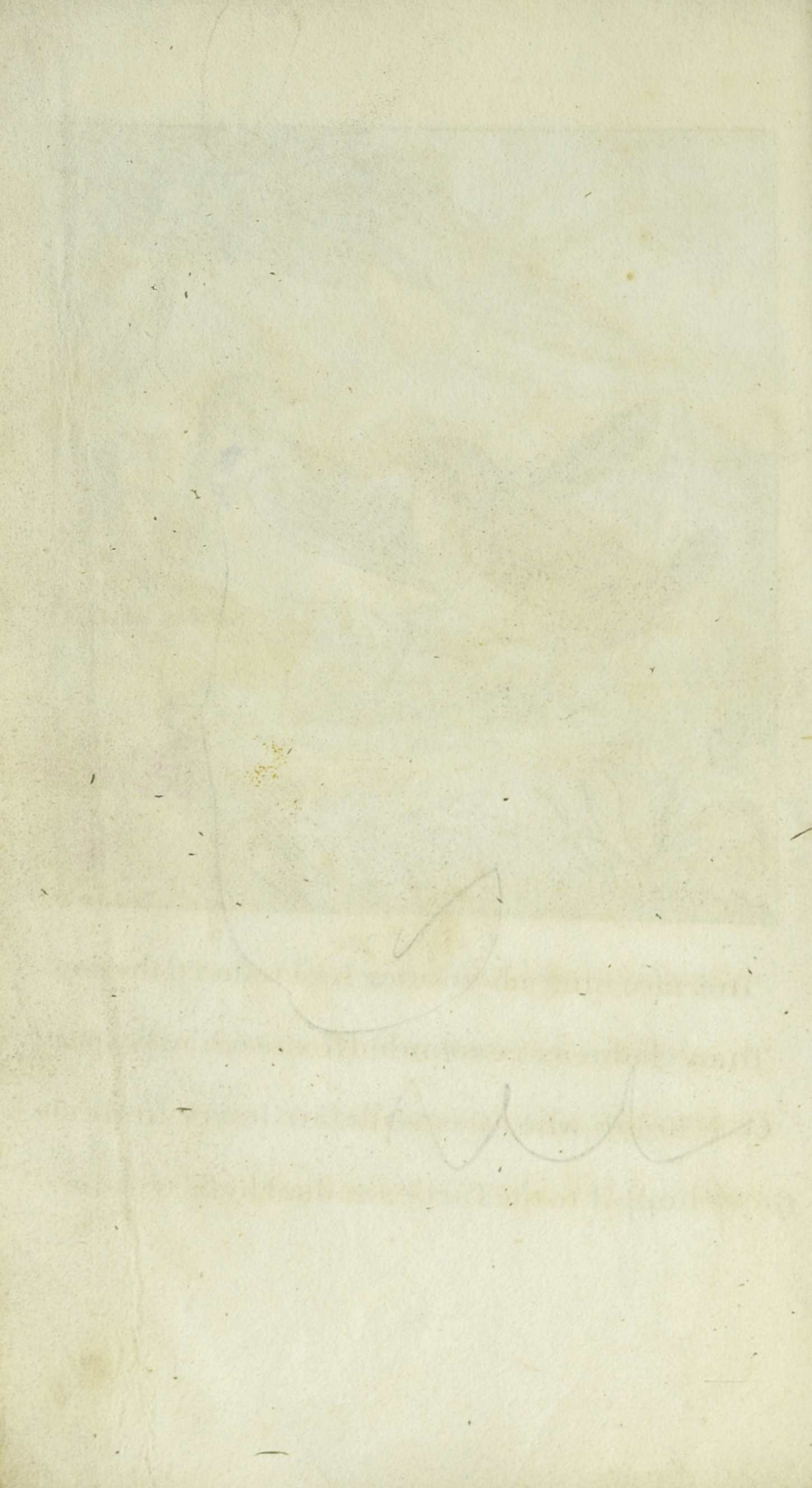




The Rook was the Parson, the Blackbird his clerk,
A carol was sung by the musical Lark,
Each dainty the summer receives from the spring,
Those children of harmony cheerfully bring.



The morning no sooner had usherd the day,
Than gladness' resounded from each leafy spray,
Cock Robin who came with fair Jenny his bride,
Gaily hopp'd to the Turtles and sat by their side.

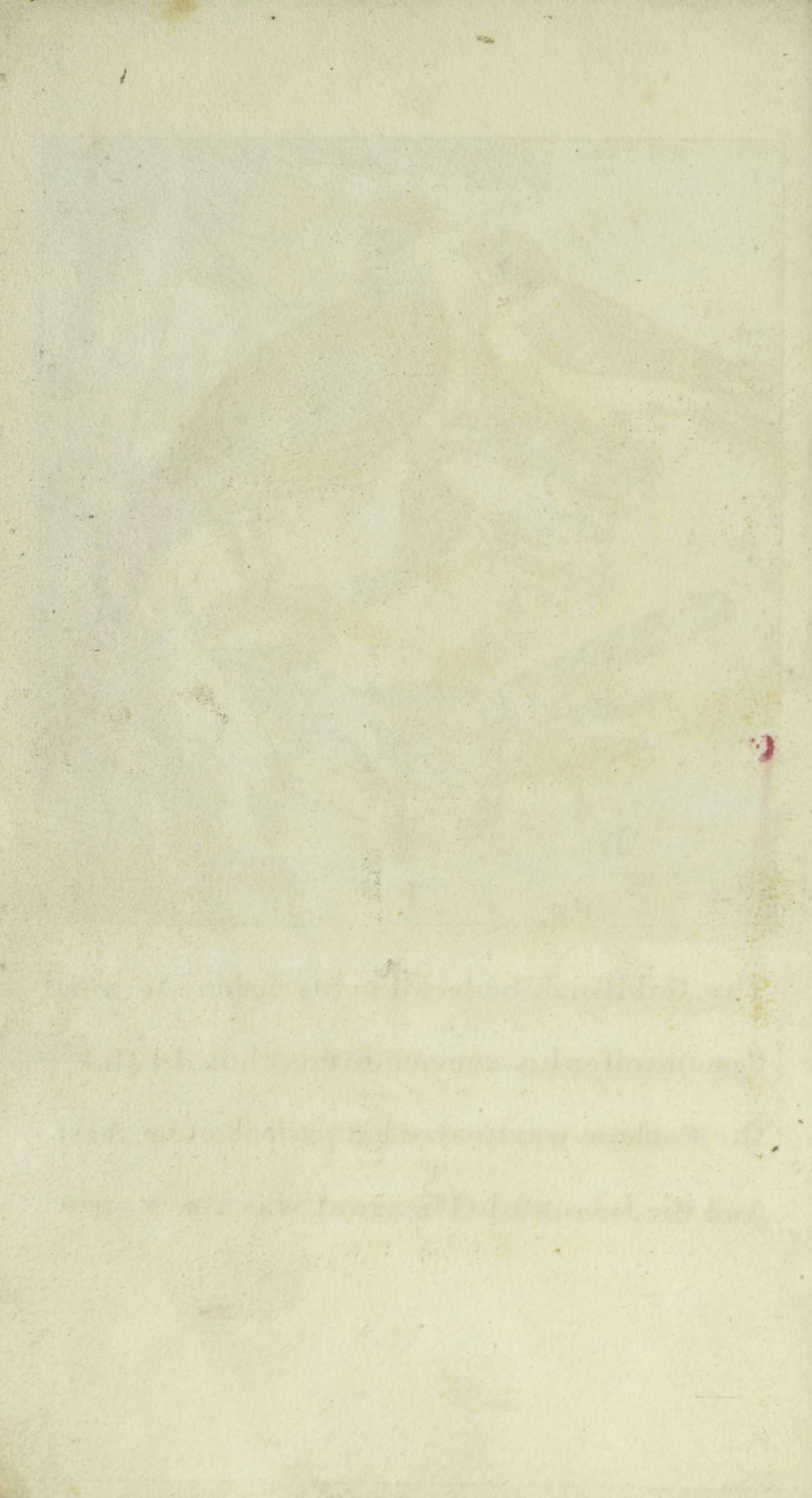


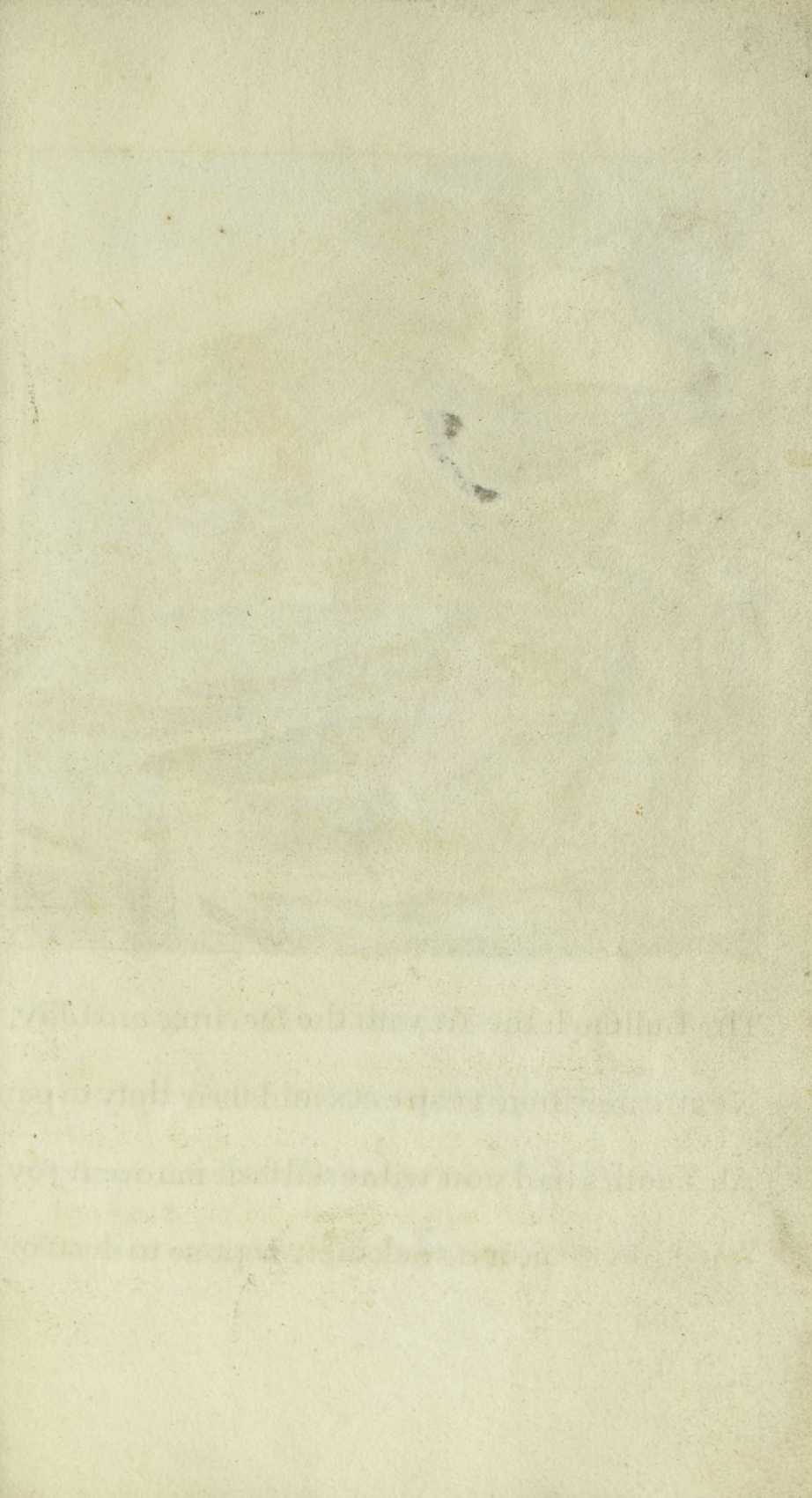


The Linnet who warbles his soft plaintive note,
And Nightingale came with his sweet juggling throat,
The Thrush gave a solo melodious and bold,
Tho' like other good singers he pleaded a cold.



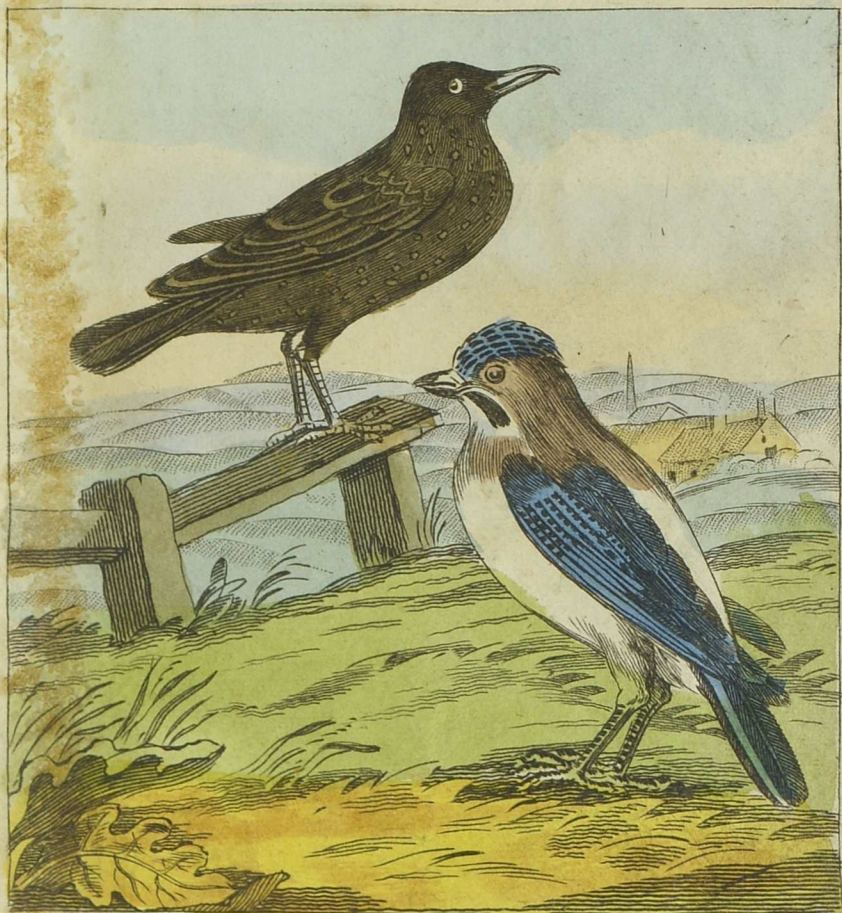
The Goldfinch, bedeck'd in his clothing so grand,
Came to offer his service in this choral band,
The Cuckoo was hoarse but partook of the feast,
And the beautiful Pheasant was also a guest.



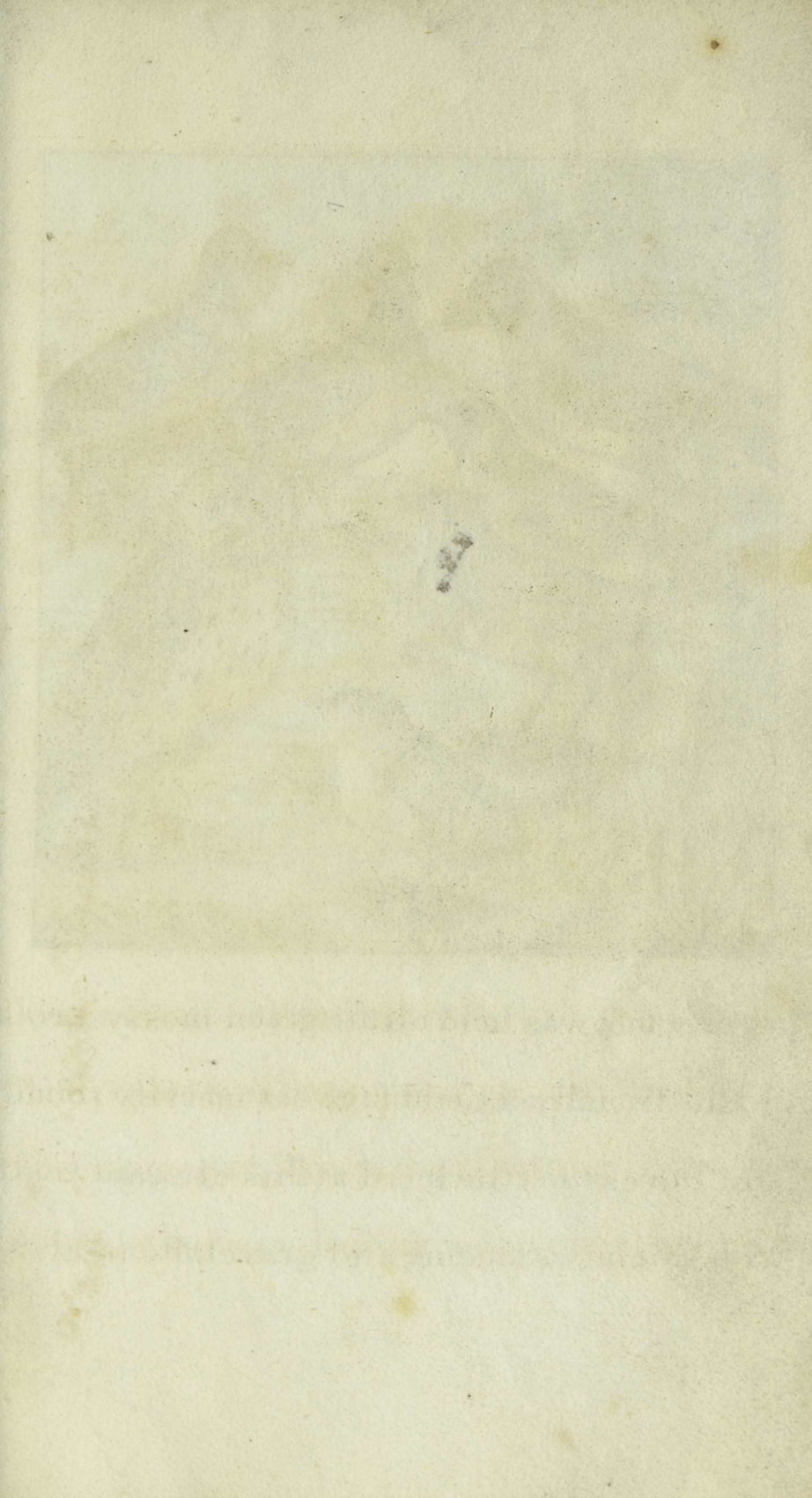




The Bullfinch, the Tit, with the Starling and Jay,
Next came their respects and their duty to pay
Ah Youths had you witness'd their innocent joy,
You'd never more seek their repose to destroy.



Then cease as you ramble in meadow or grove,
To disturb the retreats of such beauty and love,
So may you from Parents so kind be ne'er torn,
To wander as Orphans distress and forlorn.





Their meeting was held on the green mossy ground,
And the friendly assemblage sat merrily round,
The Doves took the head at this elegant treat,
With gait unassuming and grace lully neat.

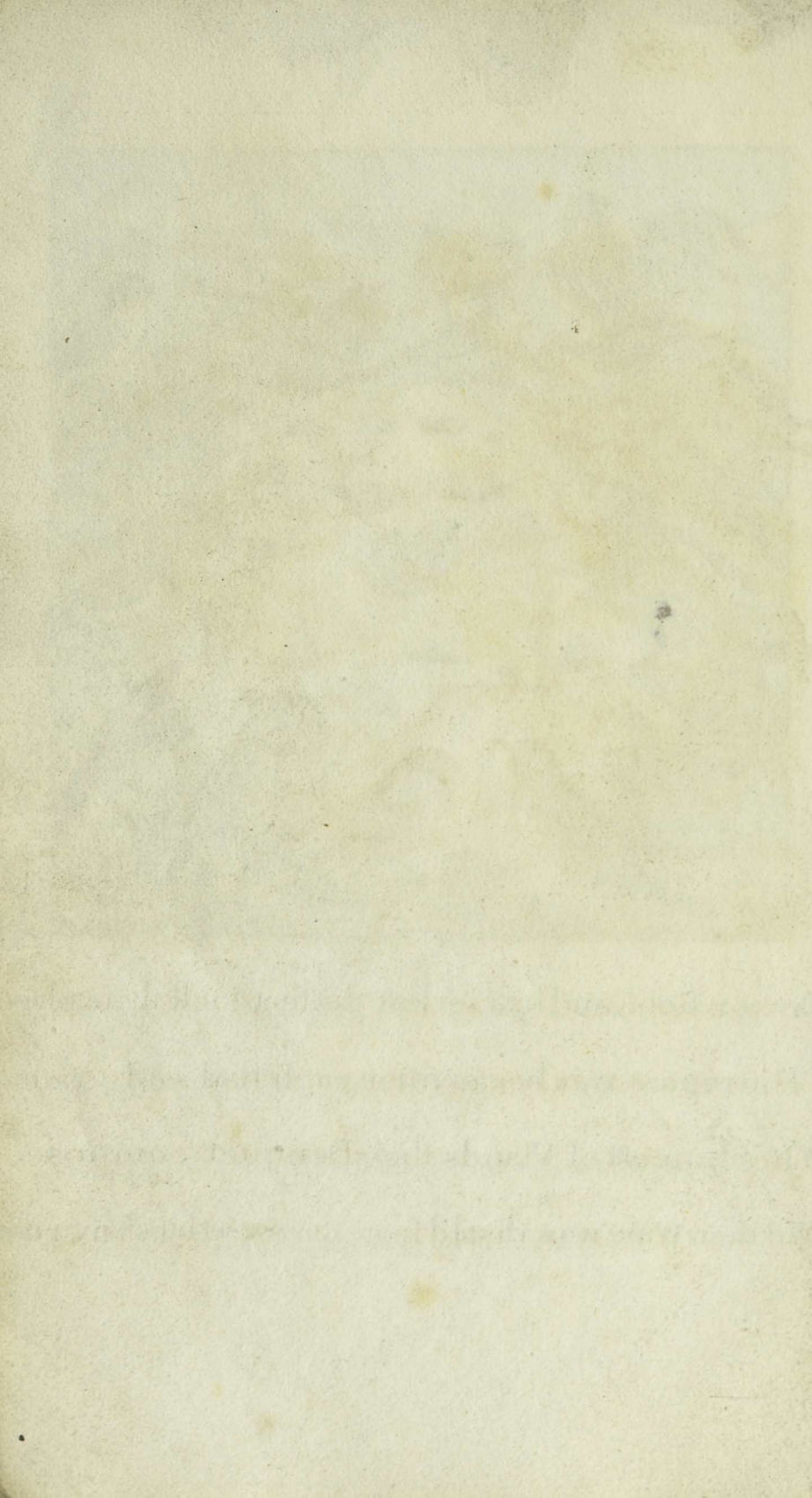


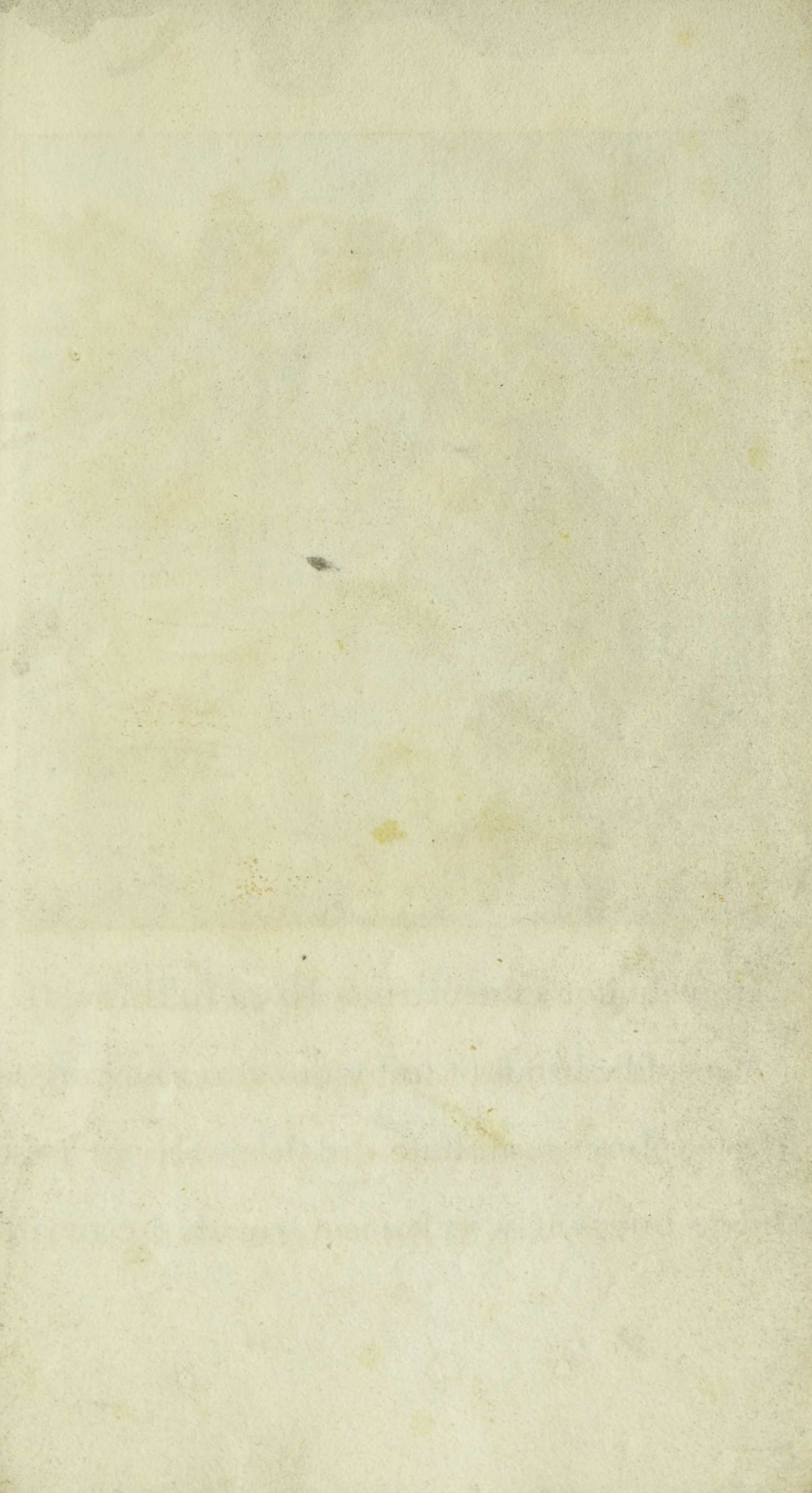
Parson Rook and his Clerk at the feet took their place,

The repast was began after each had said grace,

The choicest of Viands their Banquet compose,

And their Wine was distild from the sweet blushing rose



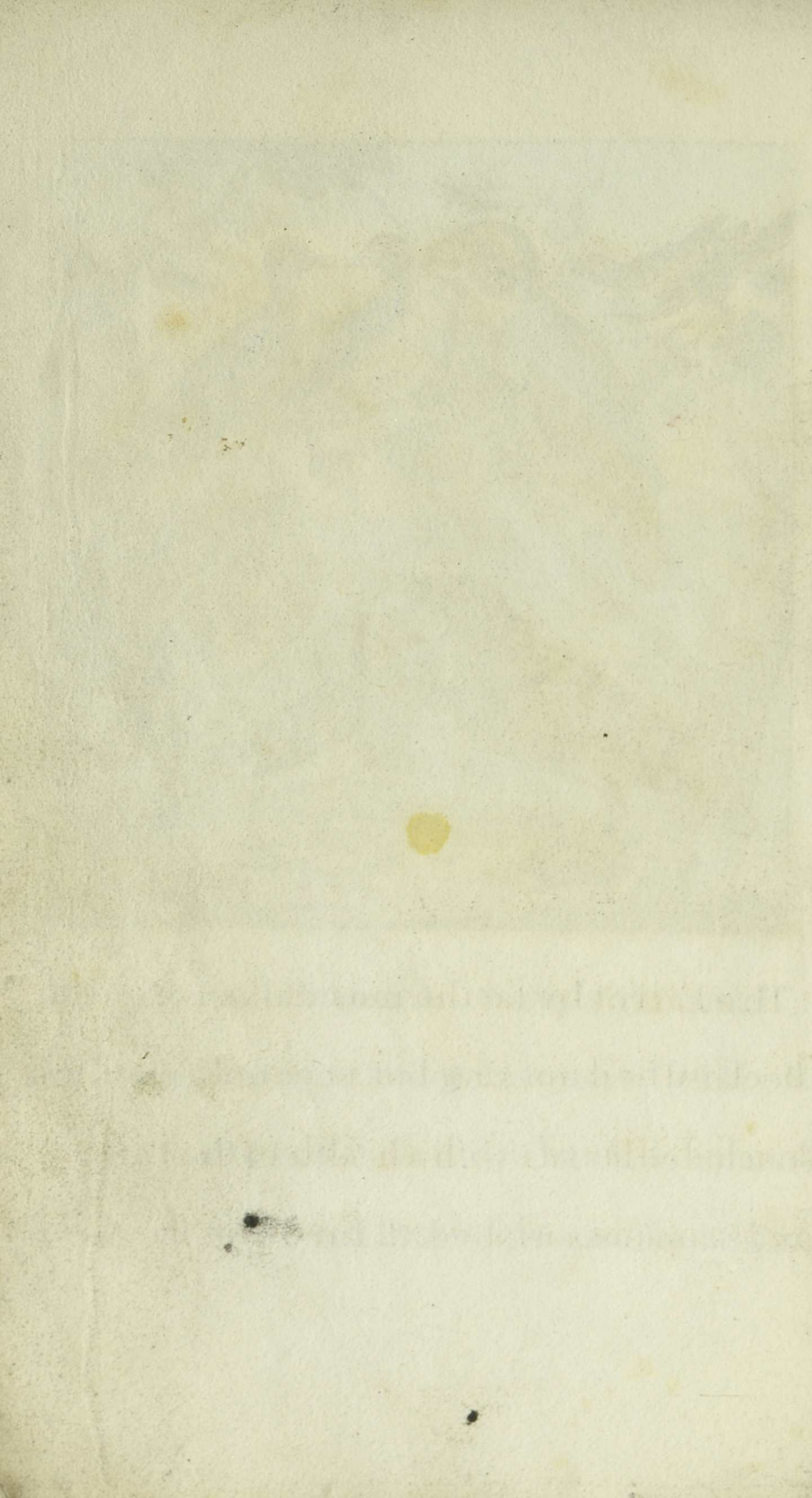


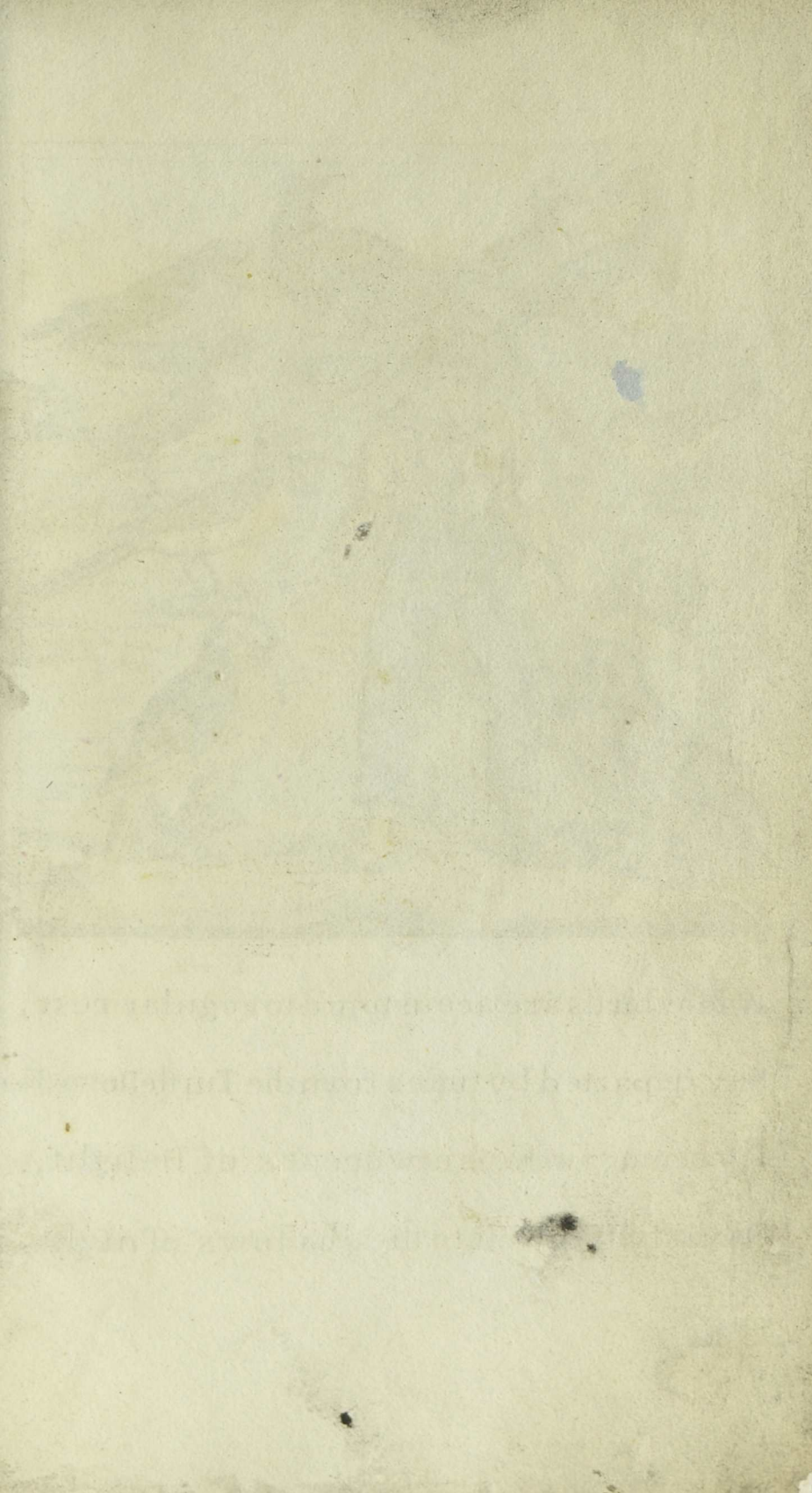


After dimer of nectarine dew a full bowl,
Was shily brought in by the grave looking Owl
Then a chorus sublime did those forresters sing
While a burst of sweet harmony made the air ring



The Parrot by far the most talkative guest,
Declar'd he d not sing but recount a good jest,
Conclud'd his tale with a health to the Pair,
And happiness wish'd all birds of the Air.







And as birds are accustom'd to regular rest,

They departed by times from the Turtle Doves Feast

Till morning awakens new scenes of Delight,

In early farewell to the shadows of night.

