

ONE SHILLING: OR, MOUNTED ON CLOTH, TWO SHILLINGS.

THE **LION'S**
RECEPTION

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

THE LION'S RECEPTION.



The Lion one day,
When he'd eagerly read
Of "The Peacock at Home,"
Took it into his head,
That he and his Queen
Would hold a reception
Of Beasts wild and gentle,
Without an exception;
So he sent for the Jackal
(His Groom of the Stole),
Who issued the cards,
And purveyed for the whole.
He first asked the Tiger
From burning Bengal,
Who showed his white teeth
In a smile at the call;
For he thought that the Lion
Was mighty aspiring
To call himself "King"
Ere *he'd* talked of retiring!
However, he'd go, and
He'd chaperon the Pard,
Who was apt to give trouble
If left without guard.

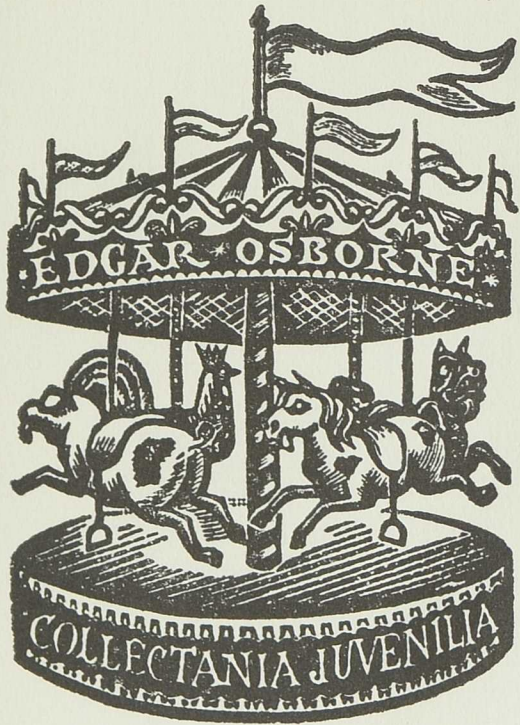
The Lion's Reception.

As the way is so long,
And the roads are so few,
That letters miscarry
(At least sometimes they do),
The White Bear from Lapland
Was written to twice,
And he was requested
To furnish the ice.
The Elephant came, looking
Grave as a Monk,—
In the dust of the way
He'd lost sight of his trunk;
And every one knows
That, when visiting Kings,
It is very annoying
To lose one's best things.
The Wolves from Siberia
Brought all on their backs—
For travellers all say
That they journey with packs.
The Horse was invited,
And he answered "Neigh,"
But said it so blandly
They knew he meant "Yea:"
He declined for Madame,
For (though it seemed silly)
He could not induce her
To leave her young filly.
To the royal command
The Dog made his bow—
But the Pigs (who were asked
Through Dame Betty, the Sow)
Made an uncivil answer,
In shape of a grunt,



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The Lion's Reception.

Which sounded uncommonly
Like "*Ugh, we wun't.*"
Country Rats, and Town Mice,
And some from a stable,
All were longing to eat
At my lord Lion's table;
And they said, "It, indeed,
Would have been an omission
If *we'd* not been invited,
Because, of tradition,
When a Lion was caught
In the toils of a net,
And a Mouse set him free,
You don't surely forget?"
But yet, at the same time,
Some wise-looking Rats
Declared that they scarcely
Liked lunching with Cats.
But the Cats, with a grace
Such as everyone loves,
Declared their intention
Of going in gloves.
The Cows had received
All their notes long before;
For the Jackal well knew
(What he did not deplore,
For sometimes it suited
His master, you know)
That a Cow or an Ox
Always walk very slow.
The Ass was invited,
Because it seemed clear
That he ought to sing well,
As he'd such a fine ear;





The Lion's Reception.

4

But, as it turned out,
When he sang, every guest
(Though they listened politely)
Declared him a pest;
So, to save all from feeling
The fête to be dol'rous,
The Jackal presented
The Ass to the Walrus,
Which was such a surprise
That he sprang from his seat,
And only thought how
He could beat a retreat.

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It were useless to tell
Of the Zebra and Fox,
Or the Sheep, who persister
In coming in flocks;
Of the lanky Giraffe,
Or the Hippopotamus,
For, if we are tedious,
How quickly folks blame us!
The Monkey's fine tricks
And facetious demeanour
Made everyone laugh
With the Laughing Hyena;
And the Camels from Araby
Supped to their tastes
Upon one hundred pounds
Of the very best dates:
For the Lion had ordered
That every guest
Should be fed with the dainty
That pleased him the best;



The Lion's Reception.

5

And the fame of the Jackal
Spread further and wider,
For that day's bill of fare,
As "the Lion's Provider:"
There were nuts for the Monkey,
And hay for the Cow,
Oats for the Horse,
Milk and meal for the Sow.
The Bear and the Wolves
Were provided with gristle,
And even the Donkey
Rejoiced in a thistle.

* * * * *

The Lion received
All his guests with a roar,
And the Lioness graciously
Offered her paw.
Then came light refreshments,
And chat even lighter,
Such as, "How do you do?"
And "The weather looks brighter."
For whenever these animals
Go out to tea,
They are quite as polite
As men ever can be.
And, indeed, people say,
That if both could assemble,
We should see many men
Do the beasts much resemble;
For some are like Bears,
And some are like Apes,
And some sly as the Fox
Who declined "sour grapes."





