

JENNY JINGLE'S
LITTLE
PRATTLER.



ROLAND TRUEHEART
AND THE
LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

LONDON.
PUB^d BY A. PARK
47 LEONARD ST.





ROLAND LEAVES HOME.

ROLAND TRUEHEART, a youth both comely and good,
With his poor mother lived, by the side of a wood;
She was a widow, old, feeble, and weak,
So Roland determin'd his fortune to seek.

When the time came to part, his mother did say,
“Remember my words, when you're far, far away:
Never tell fibs or tales, be fair in your dealing,
Be grateful and kind, keep from picking and stealing:
Forget not God's word, to your promise be true,
And be sure in your need, God will not forget you.”
So they parted in tears, for they scarcely could speak,
And off Roland trudg'd, his fortune to seek.



THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

He had walk'd a great distance by night and by day,
And sat himself down to rest by the way ;
When a little old woman came to him, and said,
“ For Charity's sake, give me one bit of bread :
I've no money, no friends, I am poorly and old,
I am starving with hunger, and shivering with cold.”
“ Take what little I have, poor woman,” said he,
“ I'm sure you're as welcome, as welcome can be ;
I would sooner by far, myself go without,
Than the feeble and old, for I'm young and stout.”
She thank'd him, and said, “ Ah! you'll meet your reward ;
' Those who give to the poor, do but lend to the Lord.' ”



THE FAIRY, THE FISH, AND THE RING.

By the side of a stream, as he happen'd to pass,
A beautiful gold-fish he saw on the grass ;
It had jumped from the brook, and vainly was trying,
To jump in again, but lay gasping and dying.
The fish would have made him a very good meal,
But Roland's kind heart, for the poor fish did feel ;
In the water he put it, and to his surprise,
From the bright silvery brook, a Fairy did rise :
Saying " Kind-hearted Roland, for saving that fish—
Take this ring, it will give you whatever you wish—
Take with it this caution ; now, mind what I say,
Never wish for too much, nor give all away."



THE DOVE IN THE NET.

He next saw a Ring Dove, caught fast in a net,
Fluttering, and trying its freedom to get:
“Don’t fear, pretty Dove,” kind Roland did say,
Then opening the net, said “Now, fly away.”
But the Dove pull’d a feather from out of its wing,
Saying sweetly, and to him the feather did bring;
“Wear this in your cap, in remembrance of me,
For I am a Princess that you have set free.
The great Wizard Badheart, that I could not love,
In his spite and his rage turn’d me into a Dove;
But the good Fairy’s caution, I chanced to forget,
I was then in his power, and caught in his net.”



THE WIZARD AND THE LADY.

He next met a lady while crossing the green,
The most beautiful creature he ever had seen ;
She smil'd and spoke kindly, and sweetly did sing,
And said, while she gazed on the sparkling ring,
“ I never saw one half so beautiful yet,
Let me just try it on, to see how 'twill fit :”
Thought Roland, she's handsome, but yet very rude,
And I very much doubt, that she's any too good.
Said he, “ Lovely Lady, whate'er you may be,
I wish my bright ring to show unto me :”
In an instant her youth and her beauty had fled,
And the grim Wizard Badheart, stood there in her stead



THE LION AND THE TIGER.

Then the Wizard did into a fierce Tiger turn—
Like two balls of fire his large eyes did burn ;
Crying, “ Now, from your finger, give me that gay ring,
Or I, in an instant, upon you will spring.”

Said Roland, “ I wish, good ring, help were at hand,”
And soon by his side a great Lion did stand :
He gave a loud roar, that shook all the wood,
In a moment the Tiger lie weltering in blood.
Then as meek as a lamb the great Lion did say,
“ To the CASTLE OF SILENCE, I’ll show you the way ;
The reward of good actions, for you they prepare,
The Wizard’s charm’s broken, the moment you’re there.”



THE CASTLE OF SILENCE.

Now, when Roland had entered the fine castle gate,
Lords, ladies, and servants, in splendour did wait :
Then came the Princess, who once was the Dove,
And thank'd him for keeping the Feather of Love.
And the little old woman by Roland's side stood,
Saying, " Now, Sir, you see what it is to be good ;
To provide for your mother, from your home far you fled,
You gave me in welcome, your last crust of bread.
Though hungry and tired you sav'd the poor fish,
Yet you might have made it a savoury dish ;
Let the Dove from the net of the bad Wizard elf,
And kept from the net of temptation yourself.
Did I not say you would meet your reward ?
Make this Princess your bride, of this castle be lord."

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