



Ca. 1828)

# AN ALPHABET

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## ANIMALS.

BY A LADY .- REVISED.

A FRIEND, my dear children,
This Alphabet sends;
To make you all know
About twenty-six friends.
Tho' God their great Maker
Has taught them no speech,
These twenty-six lessons
They unto us teach.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

LEICESTER: WINKS AND SON.



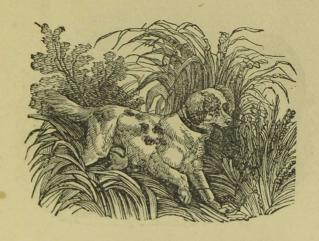
Which some Monkey call;
He will swing on a rope,
And toss up a ball.
He often is trying
To do what we do,
But he can't say his lesson
Like Lucy and you.



So busy and gay;
He is seeking for honey,
Sweet honey, all day.
From him to be idle
We learn to avoid—
How happy he is,
For he's always employ'd.



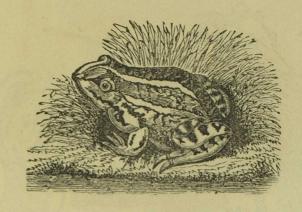
Which so kindly brings
Nice milk for our supper,
And twenty good things;
'Tis God who has made her
For food for our race;
So when eating our meals,
Let us think of His grace.



He is faithful and bold
In watching the house
And guarding the fold.
Then come, faithful Keeper,
You're honest and true,
And we'll try to be faithful
And trusty like you.



Of birds he's the king;
With a very sharp eye,
And a very strong wing,
He builds his rough nest
On the rocks high away;
And there he is feeding
His young ones with prey.



He will soon leap away;

How cruel to hurt him

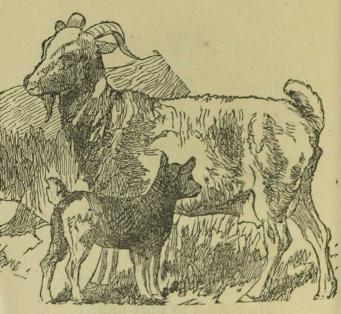
In sport or in play.

On ground and in ponds

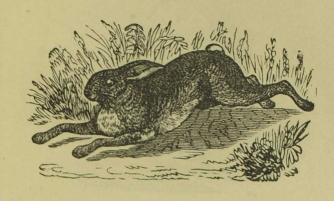
He can hop and can swim;

He is frighten'd at us;

We'll be gentle to him.



On the mountains so high
And you cannot catch her
If all day you try.
But pat her and feed her,
And then you may take
Good milk from her udder,
Your breakfast to make.



So timid and fleet,

That she scarcely touches

The ground with her feet,

When she takes her long leaps

To get out of the way

Of the dogs that are coming

To make her their prey.

11



Which lives on the rocks,

And these cunning creatures

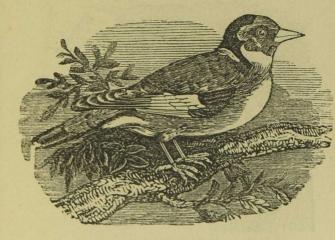
Are very shy folks.

You cannot get near them,

Or climb up so high;

And down you might tumble

If once you did try.



Which now comes in sight;

Its wings are all painted

With black, blue, and white;

It talks like the magpie,

And utters some words—

We love and admire you,

You nice pretty birds.



Now grown to a cat;
There up in that tree
What would you be at?
You would catch that bird,
But I hope you will not;
Fly away, little bird,
With the wings you have got.



It is gentle and mild;
But the best of all lambs
Is a dutiful child.
And that gracious Shepherd,
The Saviour, we're told,
Calls all the good children
The Lambs of his fold.



With its pretty black eye;
We will not torment it,
But let it run by;
So, mouse, you may go,
And get out of the way,
That puss may not catch you
And make you her prey.



Which little birds form,

To lay their nice eggs in,

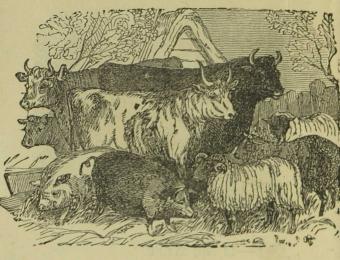
So snug and so warm;

We never will take them,

Nor climb where they're hung,

For that would be robbing

Poor birds of their young.



A very fine beast,

Whose flesh is so rich,

That it makes us a feast.

Roast beef and plum-pudding

We all like to eat;

Let us give some to others

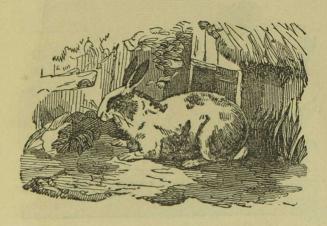
And make them a treat.



An emblem of peace;
The dove showed to Noah
The waters should cease;
For she hasten'd again
Her kind master to seek,
And took him an olive leaf
Safe in her beak.



In the Bible we read,
God sent Quails from heaven
His people to feed.
So let us think always
When eating our food,
'Tis God gives us all things,
Who is very good.



What pains does she take,

For her poor helpless young ones
A shelter to make!

So we to our mothers
Our duty should pay,

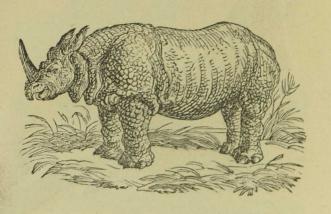
Who feed and who watch us
By night and by day.



Some wisdom he'll lend,
For in cracking his nuts
He marks the right end.
Now this is a lesson
To me and to you,
To mind and do right
In all that we do.



How these singing-birds gay,
All praise their Creator
As well as they may!
Then we will be learning
Our hymns to repeat,
That we may sing praises
With voices as sweet.



But some people say

It is the Rhinoceros;

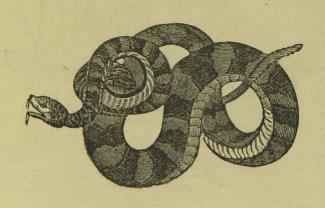
And perhaps it may.

It is a strong creature,

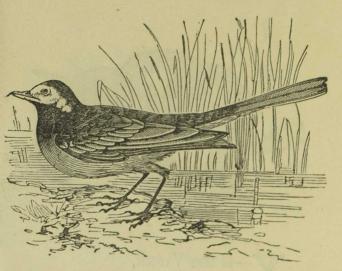
And often has torn

Other wild beasts to pieces

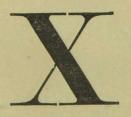
With its mighty horn.



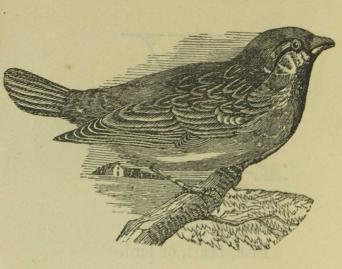
It lives in the brake;
Can anything useful
Be learned from a snake?
O yes, we may think
How the Saviour approves,
To be "wise as the serpent,
And harmless as doves."



Hopping about
Close by the water,
Picking things out.
Hopping and wagging
Its tail all day long,
But never giving us
One little song.



\_is not a letter Beginning a word For any one animal— Fish, beast, or bird. But there was one creature With two legs like you, That the Greeks called a Xany; Now mind what you do-Or they'll call you a Xany If you go to school, And dont mind your lesson-For Xany means fool!



O look! on that tree,
It is sitting and chirping
So happy and free!
You may fly through the air,
Lovely bird, we engage
That we never will snare you,
Or keep you in cage.



And whence cometh he?

He came from wild Africa
Far over the sea;

So he is a pilgrim
And is made to roam;

And we are all pilgrims

To heaven our home.

### AND NOW ABOUT YOU.

So now I have done
What I did intend;
And I hope to dumb creatures
You will be a friend.

Never teaze or torment them, For God made them all; And he always feeds them— The great and the small.

But God has made you
Much better than they;
And he will care for you
If to him you pray.

For Jesus, the Saviour,

Has died in your place,

And I'm sure he will bless you

If you seek his face.

