

A COLLECTION

OF

***BIRDS & RIDDLES.***

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BY

Miss Polly & Master Tommy.

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YORK:

J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate]

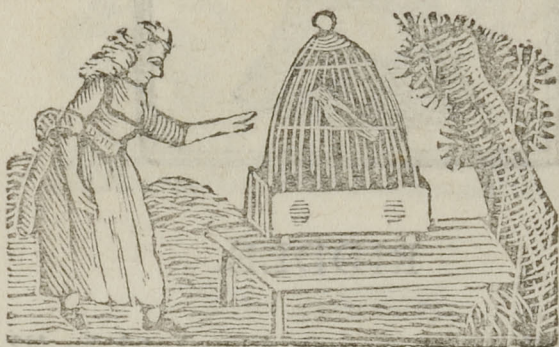


This man cries Muffins, eve and morn  
And you'll of them partake ;  
But if to learn your book you scorn,  
You don't deserve a cake.

# Miss Polly & Master Tommy's

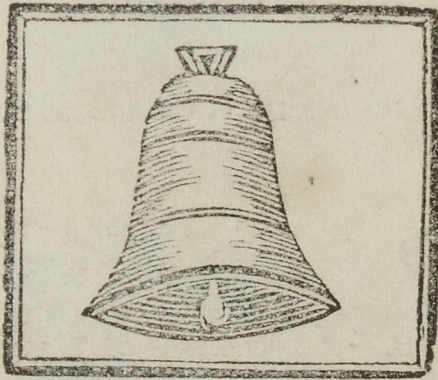
COLLECTION OF

## BIRDS AND RIDDLES.



### POLLY and CANARY BIRD.

Polly be quiet, let the Canary sing,  
It can't hurt you poor innocent thing,  
Nature has form'd us to unite in love  
Go you to school and don't it move.



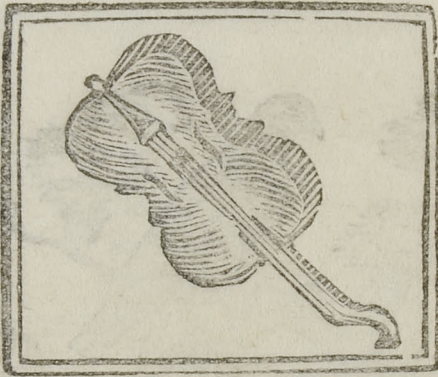
## RIDDLE.

WHEN mortals are involv'd in ills,  
I sing with mournful voice ;  
If mirth their hearts with gladness fills,  
I celebrate their joys.  
And as the lark with warbling throat,  
Ascends upon the wing ;  
So I lift up my cheerful note,  
And as I mount I sing.



### The HAWK.

Tho' sharp thine eye and feathers fine  
How cruel 'tis on Birds to dine !  
But says the farmer with a sneer,  
I wish I had more of them here ;  
If all loved corn, and none ate meat,  
We too might soon want bread to eat.



## RIDDLE.

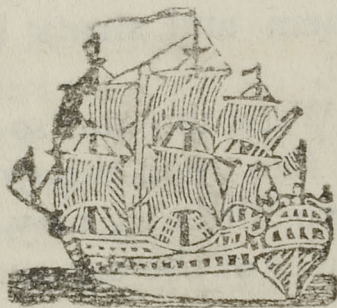
My back is bare,  
My belly thin,

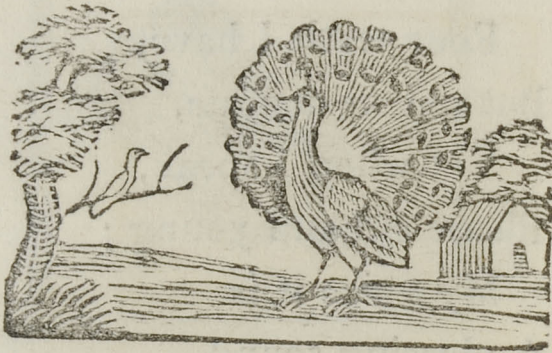
My guts are all  
Without my skin,

I'm often scrap'd,  
But never fill'd,

As many have  
Oft times beheld.

Four teeth I have,  
But got no tongue,  
Yet when I speak,  
Please old and young ;  
My voice it is  
A pleasing sound,  
Which makes them oft  
To trip it round.





## PEACOCK and WREN.

The Peacock of his feathers proud,  
Spreads them and struts before the  
crowd,

The little Wren tho' not so gay,  
Sings very fine upon the spray,  
In these two Birds we may descry,  
The pleasures of the ear and eye.





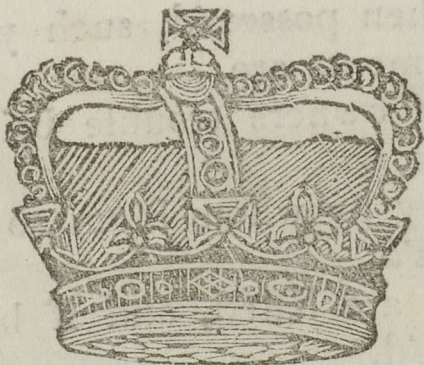
## RIDDLE.

Tho' I both foul  
And dirty am,  
And black as pitch can be,  
There's many a lady  
That will come  
And by the hand take me.



## ROBIN RED-BREAST.

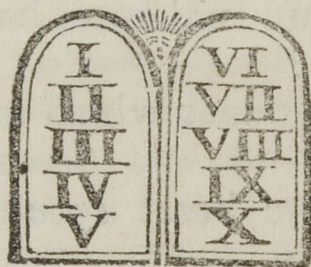
The robin red-breast drops his wings  
And in Autumn sweetly sings,  
His innocence makes him belov'd  
For it is said, tho' never prov'd,  
That with oak leaves he was so good,  
As to cover the children in the wood.



## RIDDLE

HOW many hundreds for my sake  
have died !  
What frauds and villanies have not  
been tri'd ?  
And all the grandeur which my race  
adorns  
Is like the Rose beset around with  
thorns ;

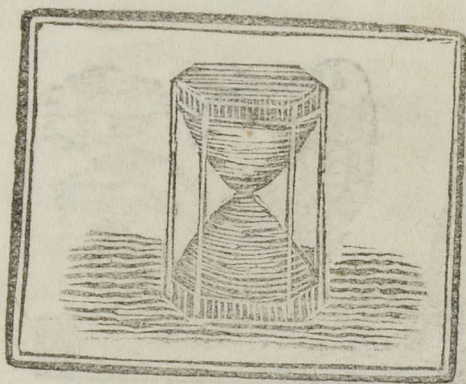
Nay, when possess'd, such your en-  
 joyments are,  
 I to my owners trouble bring and  
 care,  
 Ev'n they by whom I am so highly  
 priz'd,  
 If good, are hated, and if bad, de-  
 spis'd,  
 Thus, 'twixt the plague of getting  
 me and losing,  
 By some I'm thought not worth a  
 wise man's choosing.





## PARROT.

Most words the Parrot soon can say,  
And as to feathers none so gay,  
This chattering bird so prates away,  
And cries, "Poll's sick," alack a day!  
Resembling those, who go to school,  
Like her, delight to play the fool.



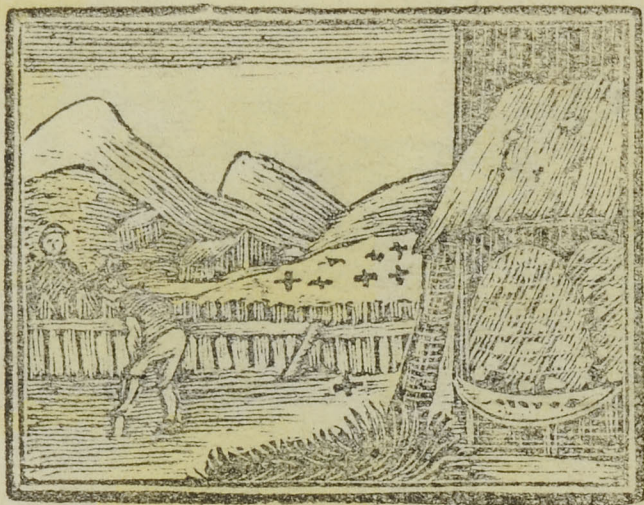
## RIDDLE.

Made of two bodies join'd,  
Without foot or hand,  
And yet you will find  
I can both run and stand



## BLACK BIRD.

Soon as the day begins to dawn,  
The Black Bird's notes salute the morn  
In artless tuneful pleasing lays,  
He loud proclaims his maker's praise.  
Let every Child his praise unite,  
In doing good from morn to night.



## RIDDLE.

We dwell in cottages of straw,  
And labour much for little gains,  
Sweet meat from us our owners, draw,  
And then with death reward our  
pains.

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J. Kendrew, Printer, York.