

THE  
**BUTTERFLY'S**  
**BALL**  
OR THE  
**GRASSHOPPERS**  
**FEAST.**



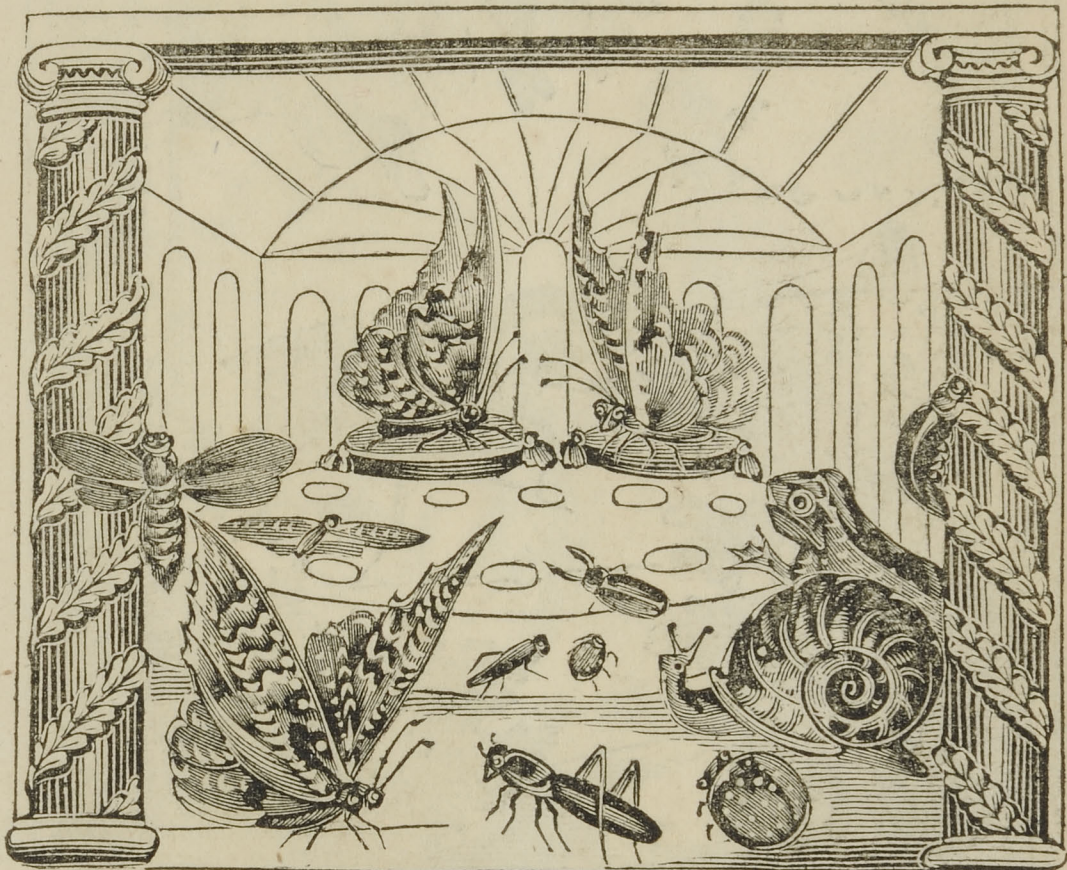
Printed by J. L. MARKS, Long Lane, Smithfield.

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THE  
BUTTERFLY'S BALL  
AND  
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.



The Emperor of Morocco gave a grand Gala ;  
It was I am told on Midsummer Day,  
Quite close to his side was the young Chinese queen  
Two handsomer Butterfly's never were seen.

A B C D E



The Bluebottle Fly as a herald went round,  
All the insects crept out as they heard the gay  
    sound,  
Of his clarion, inviting them unto the ball,  
Which was to take place close to peacock's Hall.

# ON GRASS



Such a throng of gay revellers ne'er was seen,  
Of Moths and of Gnats, with Grasshoppers green,  
The Bees left their hive, and did quickly repair,  
With large bags of honey to add to the fare.

# K O L O N N



The Cricket came next a chirping along,  
But no one but himself was pleased with the song,  
She rode on a Frog, who was a kind fellow,  
And she had a small Dock leaf for an umbrella.

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The Butterfly's subjects came in grand procession,  
 The scene it was pleasing beyond all expression,  
 A drawing along, (tis true I declare,)  
 Their favourite Prince in a car through the air.

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A little Tom Tit was so kind to make tea,  
And handed it round to the gay company,  
On a small wooden tray, that he placed on his  
head,  
And the Cups and the Saucers of Acorns were  
made.



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The Queen and the Emperor led off the dance,  
 Which did with much skill,—they had  
     learned it in France,  
 The Frog he stood up, and play'd on the fiddle,  
 While some little Cockchafers blithe sung  
     “Diddle diddle.”



Alas they imprudently staid till 'twas dark ;  
They heard the owls hoot and surly dog bark,  
Mr Frog lost his way, but had the good luck.  
To make his escape from the gripe of a Duck,  
The Butterfly's lay untill the next morning,  
But rov'd 'mongst the flowers just at the day's  
dawning ;  
Then cards of enquiry to their late guests they  
sent,  
By a Beetle in boots, who speedily went.

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POETRY.



LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

1.

What-ev-er brawls dis-turb the street,  
There should be peace at home :  
Where sis-ters dwell, and bro-thers meet,  
Quar-rels should nev-er come.

2.

Birds in their lit-tle nests a-gree ;  
And 'tis a shame-ful sight  
When chil-dren of one fam-i-ly  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3.

The wise will make their an-ger cool,  
At least be-fore 'tis night ;  
But in the bo-som of a fool  
It burns till morn-ing light.

4.

Par-don, O LORD, our child-ish rage,  
Our lit-tle brawls re-move,  
That, as we grow to ri-per age,  
Our hearts may all be love.