



MARKS'S EDITION

THE
HISTORY
OF AN
APPLE
PIE.



LONDON.
PUBLISHED BY J. L. MARKS,
10 LONG LANE SMITHFIELD.



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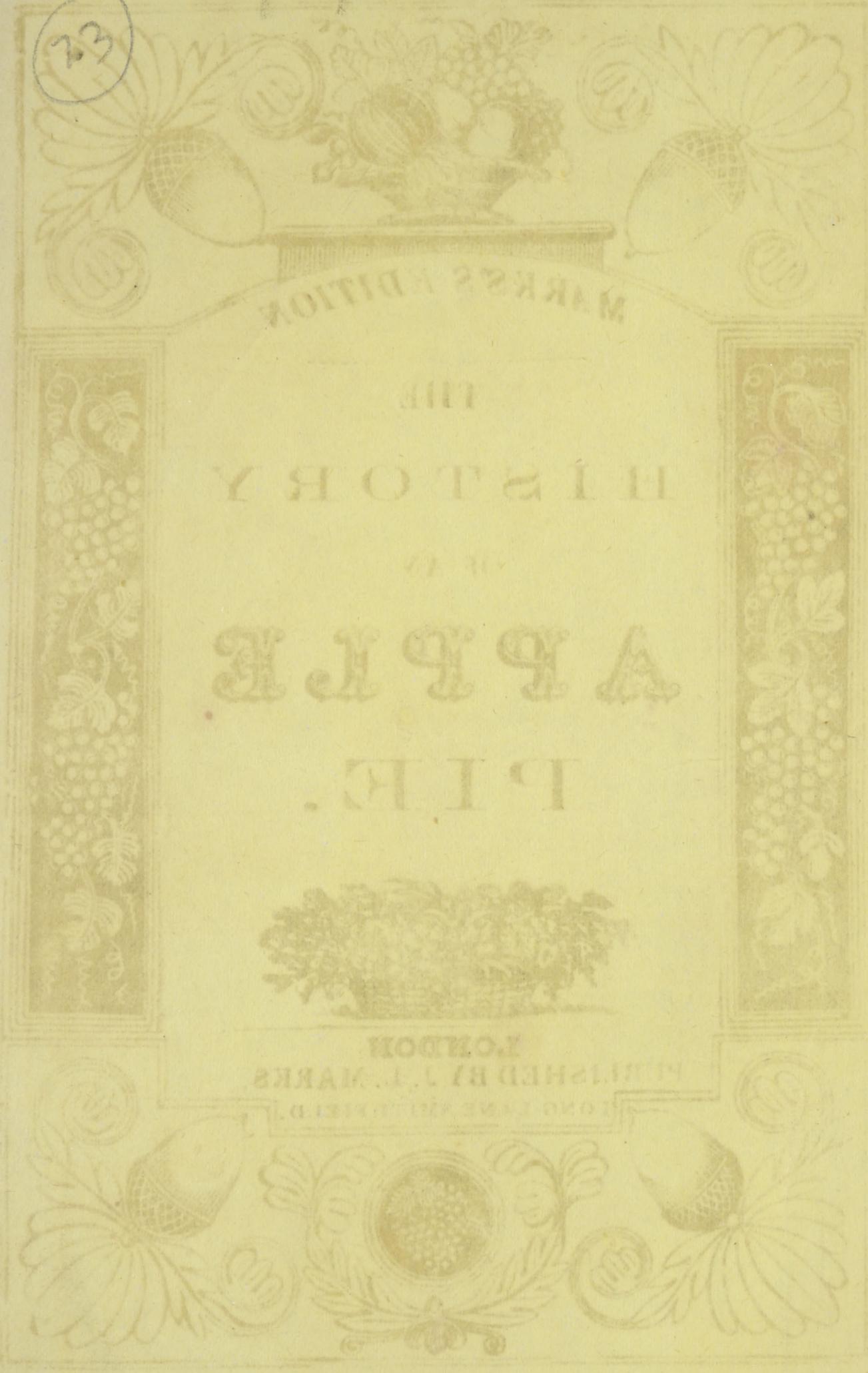
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MARRAS EDITOR

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MARKS'S

HISTORY OF AN APPLE PIE.

APPLE

PIE.



BIT IT



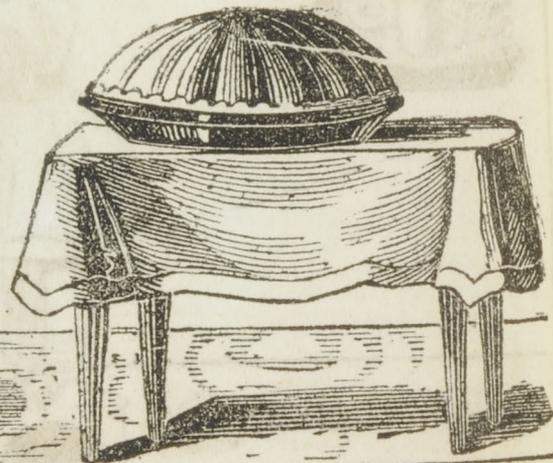
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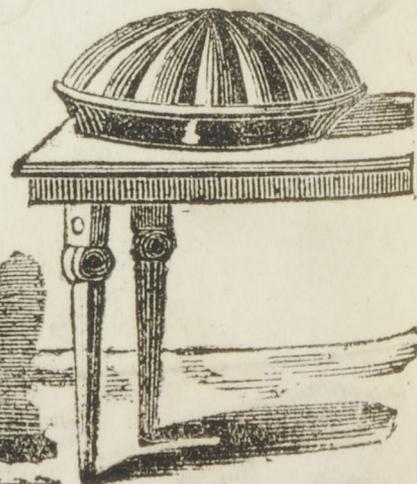
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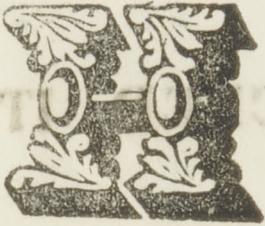
FIDDLED FOR IT



GOBBLED IT



HID IT



INSPECTED IT



JUMPED FOR IT



KICKED IT



LAUGHED AT IT



M

MOURNED FOR IT



N

NODDED FOR IT



O

OPENED IT





PEEPED IN IT



QUISED IT



RODE FOR IT



SKIPT FOR IT



TOOK IT



UPSET IT





VIEWED
IT



WARBLED
FOR IT



XERXES
DREW HIS
SWORD
FOR IT



YEARNED
FOR IT



Zealous that all good Boys and Girls should be acquainted with his Family, he sat down and wrote the History of it.



EVENING HYMN

And now a-noon-er day is gone,
I'll sing thy Ma-ker's praise;
My com-forts ev-er-y hour make known,
His prov-i-dence and grace.

2

But how my child-hood time to waste,
My sins, how great their sum;
Lord, give me par-don for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3

I lay my bod-y down to sleep,
Let an-gels guard my head,
And through the hours of dark-ness keep
Their watch a-round my bed.

4

With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not re-move;
And in the morn-ing let me rise,
Re-joic-ing in thy love.

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POETRY.



EVENING HYMN

1.

And now a-noth-er day is gone,
I'll sing my Ma-ker's praise ;
My com-forts ev-e-ry hour make known
His prov-i-dence and grace.

2.

But how my child-hood runs to waste,
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me par-don for the past,
And strength for days to come.

3.

I lay my bo-dy down to sleep ;
Let an-gels guard my head,
And through the hours of dark-ness keep
Their watch a-round my bed.

4.

With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes ,
Since thou wilt not re-move ;
And in the morn-ing let me rise,
Re-joic-ing in thy love.