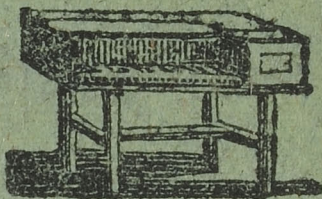




PRETTY  
POEMS;

Songs &c.



Price One Penny.

*Frontispiece.*



TOMMY LOVECHILD,

*Reading Poetry.*

PRETTY  
P O E M S,

SONGS, &c.

IN EASY LANGUAGE,

For the Amusement of

*Little Boys & Girls.*



BY

TOMMY LOVECHILD.



CHELMSFORD:

Printed and Sold by I. Marsden.

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*Price One Penny.*

BRETT

P. O. E. M. S.

SOVEREIGN

IN EARLY LANGUAGE

THE

Large Paper & Gold

TOMMY LOVECHILD

CHILMSTON

Printed and Sold by H. Marsden

Price One Penny

# Pretty Poems,

&c.



## THE ANT.

How wisely and frugal  
The busy ant plies!  
Come hither, ye sluggards,  
And learn to be wise!



## THE SHIP.

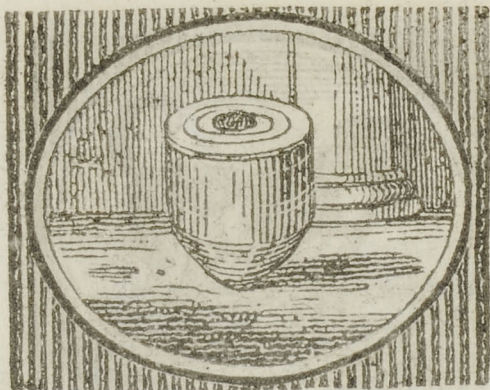
Upon the sea the well trim'd ship doth  
 glide,  
 Steering its course upon the briny tide,  
 To distant climes it moves by press of  
 sail,  
 Whilst Heav'n protects the crew and  
 sends the gale.



## THE DOG.

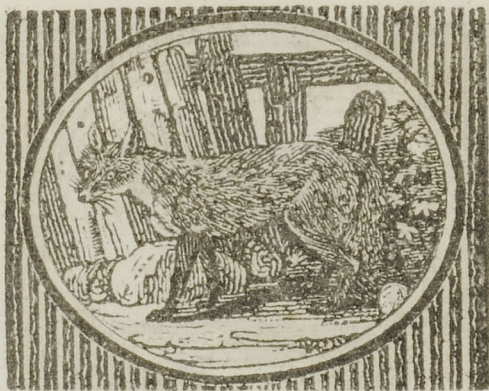
With faithful diligence  
The dog your house will keep;  
And from the raging wolf  
Protect your tender sheep.





## THE TOP.

Now, Master Henry, as you're good to-  
day,  
You are allow'd to have a little play :  
Go, whip the top, but keep from idle  
boys,  
Because their rudeness will but damp  
your joys.



## THE FOX.

Old Reynard the fox  
 Is certain to slay  
 The hens and the cocks  
 That come in his way.



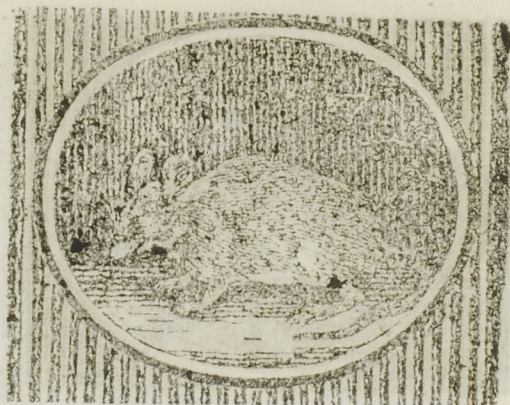
## THE ASS.

The ass, tho' mean, does, by his bray,  
Oblige a horse to run away:  
This beast is useful to the poor,  
To carry sand from door to doot.



## THE OWL.

The owl for wisdom has been often  
 priz'd,  
 Altho' her plumage is by some despis'd :  
 But mark the truth !—If thou with sense  
 art blest,  
 No matter what the garb in which we're  
 drest.



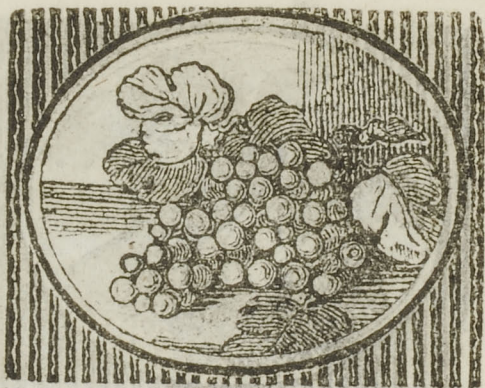
## THE MOUSE.

The little mouse  
Doth skip and play ;  
He runs at night,  
And sleeps by day.



## THE NIGHTINGALE.

The nightingale doth sweetly sing,  
To welcome in the rising spring ;  
When this sweet bird leaves off his song,  
In silence is the feather'd throng.



## GRAPES.

See, here are the grapes  
Which the fox did want ;  
Tho' quite high he leaps,  
Yet reach them he can't.



## INDUSTRY.

The bees, industrious, swarm around  
the hive,

And for support most vigilantly strive.  
So let us labour in the state we're plac'd,  
Because by indolence we are disgrac'd.

*Finis.*

Marsden, Printer, Chelmsford.



Duke of York.



St. George and the Dragon.

