JACKY DANDY'S DELIGHT:

OR, THE

HISTORY OF

BIRDS AND BEASTS;

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

J. Kendrew, Printer, York.

Roman Capital Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S
U V W X Y Z & Æ Œ

Old English Capital and Small Letters.

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JACKY DANDY.

HANDY spandy, Jacky Dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy,
He bought some at the Grocer's shop,
And pleas'd, away went hop, hop, hop.

He was a nimble, active fellow,
Merry as any Punchinello,
And did the part of Harlequin;
Here do but look, he's just come in.

Good Mr. Harl, instruct me, pray,
How I may be a pretty boy,
Says Harlequin, I'll grant your suit;
Learn to be good, and that will do't

For all good boys are very pretty,
Belov'd by Molly, sue, and Betty,
I thank you, Mr. Harlequin:
Then to be good I will begin.

The little good boy,
That will not tell a lie,
Shall have a plum-pudding,
Or hot apple-pie.
But he that is naughty,
and tells a false tale,

Will deserve nothing else
But the whip to his tail.

F Lying is a bad faculty, and ought always to be discouraged as much as possible; and indeed it seldom goes without its deserved punishment.

I'll tell you a story of a naughty boy. One day little Billy Froward went a bird-catching with Tommy Telltruth, and they agreed, at the first setting out, to be partners in there success. While Tommy's back was turned Billy caught a fine linnet.

This bird he contrived to hide from his companion, and when they parted

what they had taken, Billy told a great many lies about this bird; in which however, he was soon detected. His papa came to hear of it, and was so angry with him as to send him to bed without his supper, and whipped him in the bargain; for by

this single act, Billy was a liar and a cheat. Nor was this all; there was a collection of wild beasts in the town, which Billy was not suffered to see. The first was the Lion.

This is the Lion
That never would yield,
Behold how he ranges,
The king of the field.

He is called the king of beasts; and though he his so very powerful, it is said he is of a generous nature, which makes every one admire his character. The next was the Wolf.

This is the Wolf
That prowls through the wood,
Who preys upon lambs,
And drinks of their blood.

He is a savage beast, and very different from the lion in disposition. He comes down from the mountains and forests, and devours every thing that comes in his way.

The Monkey, mischievous,
Like a naughty boy looks,
Who plagues all his friends,
And don't mind his books.

The monkey is a native of warm countries, and an useless beast in this part of the world, so I shall leave him to speak of another that is more bulky, and comes from cold climates. I mean the Bear.

This is the Bear,
In Greenland was bred,
And brought over here,
Through the streets to be led.

See his rough shaggy hair, and observe his paws: they resemble the hands and feet of a man. I have nothing to object to his character. We say, indeed, as rude as a Bear.—Now for the feathered race. The first is Robin Redbreast.

He cocks up its tail,
While hopping along,
And pays for his crumbs
With an innocent song.

He comes to see you more particularly in cold frosty weather, and nobody will hurt poor Bobby, because he puts confidence in those that he visits.

The little Robin
And the Wren,
Are Jack Dandy's
Cock and hen.

Though she is of an active disposition, I never heard that she was a tale-bearer or a slanderer. And I believe she has only one enemy; in short, her enemy is the common enemy of all little innocent birds.

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This is the Kite,
When searching for food,
Kills Bob and his wife,
And all the young brood.

His very figure is terrible. The Kite is a cruel bird, and like a coward, attacks none but those who are much weaker than himself.

This is the Cock
  Who crows (if you're wise)
To tell you from bed
  'Tis time for to rise.

The Cock is of great use to his master, who feeds him. And never fails in the morning to tell him the the day approaches, and that he must rise to his lawful employment.

J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate