



THE

Sugar-Plumb;

OR,

GOLDEN FAIRING.

COMPILED,

FOR THE USE OF ALL HER PUPILS,

BY

Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes,

Governess of A, B, C, College.

YORK

Printed and Sold by E. Peck,

Lower-Ousegate.

Here's A, B, and C,
And tumble-down D:



The Cat's a Blind-Buff,
And she cannot see.

A stands for Apples, and Ale,
Which to gladden the Heart cannot fail.

B stands for Ball, and for Batt,
And for Band-Box to cover a Hat.

C stands for Cow, and for Cell,
And for Custard we all love so well.

D stands for Dog, and for Dick
The Dunce who deserves a good Stick.

Great E, F, and G,
Come, Boys, follow me,



And we'll jump over
The Rosemary Tree.

E stands for Egg, and for Ear,
And for Englishmen, void of fear.

F stands for Fortune and Fame,
And for Folly, which leads to Shame.

G stands for Glory and Gold,
And Guineas (all shining) behold.

Here's great H and I,
With a Christmas Pie:—



Don't eat out the Plumbs,
Good Boys, H and I.

H stands for Horses, and Hounds,
For hunting over the Grounds.

I stands for Inn, and for Isle,
And for Innocence without guile.

J stands for Joseph and James,
And several more pretty Names.

Messrs. great K and L,
I pray can you tell



Who put the little Pig
Into the Well?

K stands for Knight, and for Knave,
And for Kings, so noble and brave.

L stands for London so gay,
And Lucy—the Queen of the May.



Pray, great M and N,
Why are ye come agen?



To bring this good Boy
A fine golden Pen.

M stands for Mercy, and Might,
And for Money—the World's Delight.

N stands for Nancy, and Name,
And for Nobody—always to blame.



Well, great O and P,
Pray what do you see?



A naughty Boy whipped,
But that is not me.

O stands for Owl, and for Oat,
And for Oysters of every sort.

P stands for Plumb, and for Pit,
And for Punch with so little Wit.



Here's great Q and R,
Both come from afar,



To bring us good News
About the French War.

Q stands for Question, and Queen,
The fairest that ever was seen.

R stands for Riches, and Rhyme,
Like this, when taken in Time.



So, S, T, and U,
Pray how do you do?



We thank you, much better
For meeting with you.

S stands for Stone, and for Sling,
And for Solomon,—that wise King.

T stands for Tale, and for Tart,
And Thank-ye, with all my Heart.

U stands for Us, and for Urn,
And for Use of all Things in Turn.

V stands for Virtue, and Vice,
And Voter, without a Price.

Friends W and X,
When you go to Church next,



Attend to the Sermon,
And bring Home the Text.

W stands for Watch, and for Wine,
And Welcome to this of mine.

X stands for Xantippe the Scold,
Wise Socrates' plague, we are told.



See, here's Y and Z,
On a Nag at full Speed:



Their Fall will be sad,
If they don't take goodheed.

Y stands for York, and for Year
When this Book was printed, and where.

Z stands for Zealot, and Zany,
Of whom in this World there are so many.



THE
Boy and the Butterfly;
A *FABLE, IN VERSE.*

A Sprightly Boy, one Summer's Day,
Perceived a Butterfly so gay,
That all his Wishes it engrossed,
To each surrounding Object lost:
He left his Fellows, and pursued,
With sparkling Eyes, the favourite Good.

Now on the Rose it seem'd to rest,
And now to court the Violet's breast,
From Flow'r to Flow'r incessant flying,
Inviting still, and still denying.
Beneath his Hand, beneath his Hat,
He often thought he had it pat;
The Violet-bed, the Myrtle-sprig,
Had made his little Heart grow big.
At last, with Joy he saw it venture
Within a Tulip's Bell to enter,
And *snatch'd* it with ecstatic rapture.
But what, alas! was all his Capture?
A lifeless Insect, like a Worm,
Without one Grace in all its Form!

With Rage and Disappointment stung,
The Reptile to the Earth he flung;
Yet fond Remembrance fill'd his Eye
With Tears,—and Passion heav'd a Sigh.

Reason inform'd the Creature's Breast,
And thus the Mourner it address'd:

"I am deceitful P L E A S U R E ' S Shade;
A Butterfly with Joy surveyed
By every inexperienced Child,
Till he, like you, has been beguiled.
Learn, therefore, that this Insect bright,
The Worm alluring to the Sight;
This airy Trifler, ever smiling,
Still promising, and still beguiling;
All glorious, when at Distance view'd,
And always pleasing while pursued,
Will never yield what you desire;
And, grasp'd with Ardour, will expire."