

THE
CHILD'S CABINET
OF
BEASTS AND BIRDS.



NORTHAMPTON.

John Metcalf...1838.



THE Dog will come when he is
call'd,

The Cat will walk away,



The Monkey's cheek is very bald,

The Goat is fond of play.





The Parrot is a prate-a-pace,
Who knows not what he says ;



The noble Horse will run the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.



The Pig is not a feeder nice,



The Squirrel loves a nut,

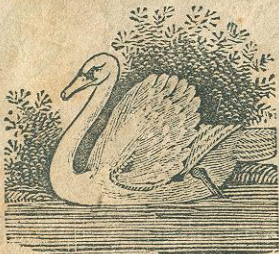


The Wolf would tear you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.

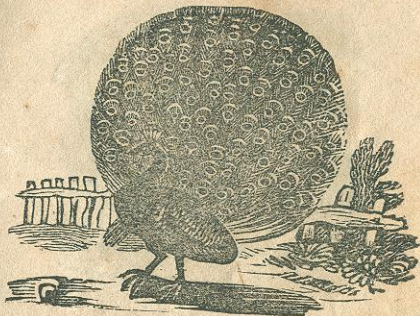
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet, on the tree;



The Swan he has a breast so fair,
And who so proud as he?



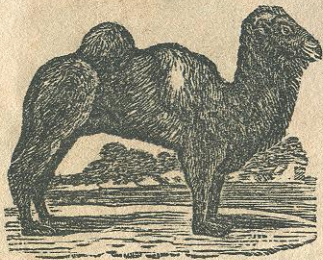
O yes, the Peacock is more proud,
His feathers look like eyes;



The lion roars so very loud,
He fills you with surprise.



The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or rather raven-gray ;



The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.



The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,



The Blackbird charms you with his
pipe,



The false Hyena cries.

12
The Hen guards well her little
chicks,

The useful cow is meek,



The Beaver builds with mud and
sticks,



The Lapwing loves to squeak.



The little Wren is very small,

The Humming-bird is less ;



The Lady-bird is least of all,

And beautiful in dress.

The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork his father loves ;



The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.





The spotted Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeons feed on peas,



The Duck will waddle in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.

The Lobster's black, when boil'd
he's red,



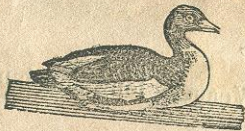
The harmless Lamb must bleed,



The Codfish has a clumsy head,



The Goose on grass will feed.





The Lady in her gown of silk,
 The little Worm may thank ;
 The sick man drinks the healing
 milk,
 The Weasel's long and lank.

The Buck gives us a ven'son dish,
 When hunted for the spoil ;



The Shark eats up the little fish,
 The Whale he gives us oil.
 The Glow-worm shines the darkest
 night,
 With brightness in his tail ;

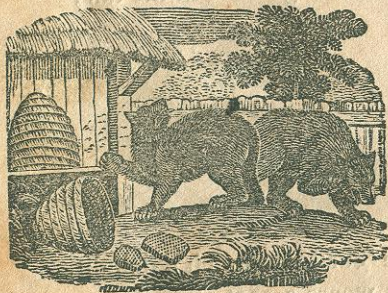


The Turtle is the cit's delight,
 It wears a coat of mail.

In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home ;



The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.



The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots ;
The Starling, if he's taught, will
speak,
The Ostrich walks and trots.



The Child that does not these things
know,
May yet be thought a dunce ;



But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.



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