

THE

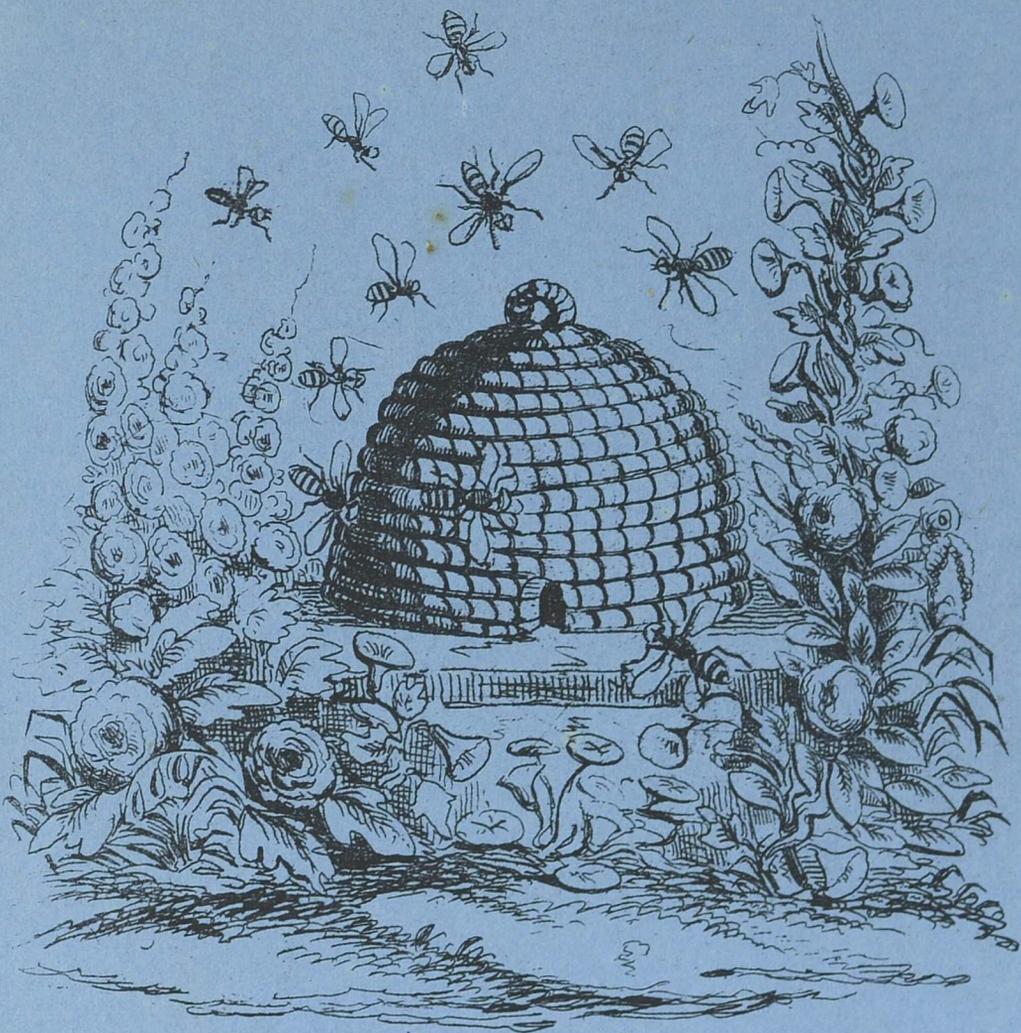
QUEEN BEE'S

Supper Party.

WITH TWELVE ENGRAVINGS.

PRICE THREE PENCE.





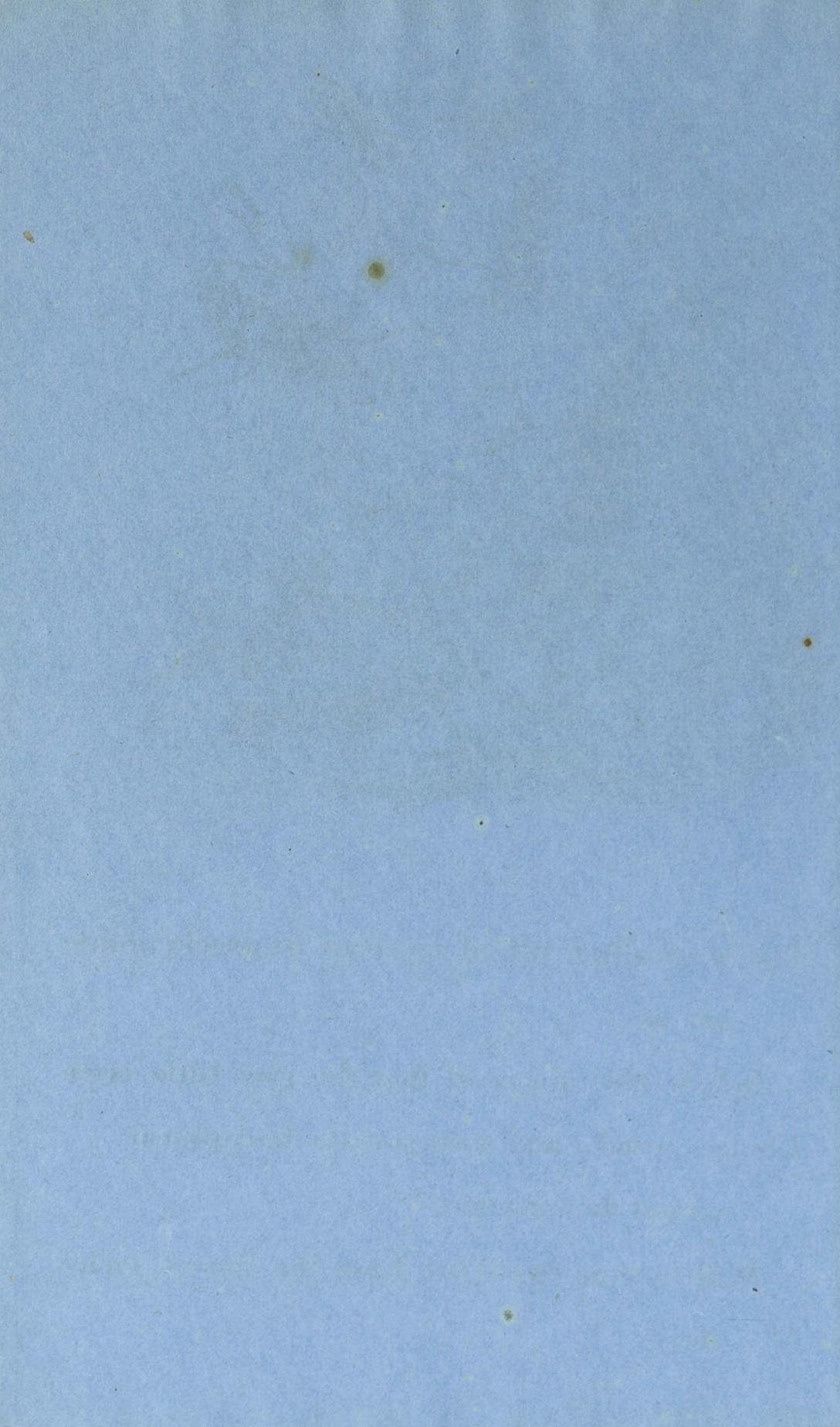
The Bees had long chosen this favourite spot
To gather their honey, and there to regale;
And the flowers they suck'd, and the trea-
-sure they got,
Were known to all insects who liv'd in the
vale.

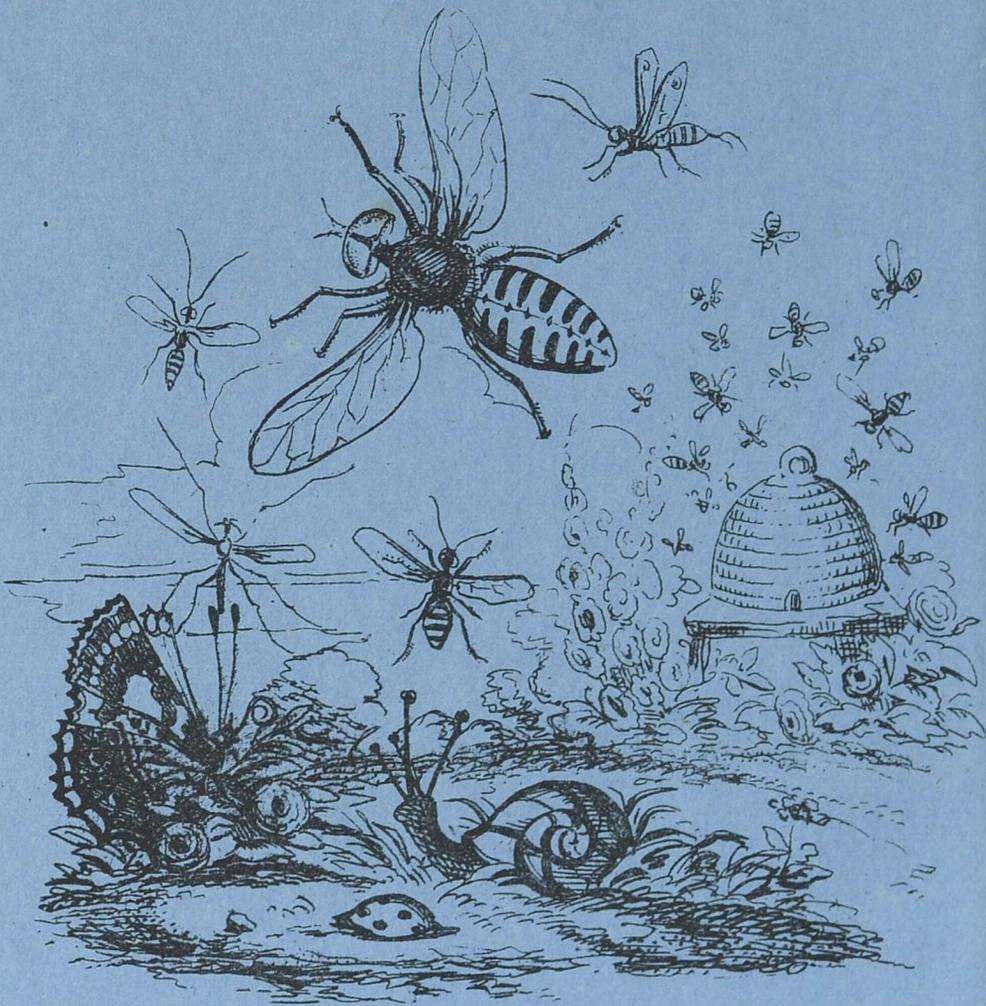


The Queen her 'intention had scarcely made
known,

Before she observ'd that the gay little crew
Choice viands and sweetmeats had plac'd
round her throne,

With nectar distilled from the rose's rich
dew.





As the business was feasting, a drone
sallied out

To invite evry insect to come as a guest,
And his hum was so loud, that the news
flew about

All over the valley—north, east, south,
and west.

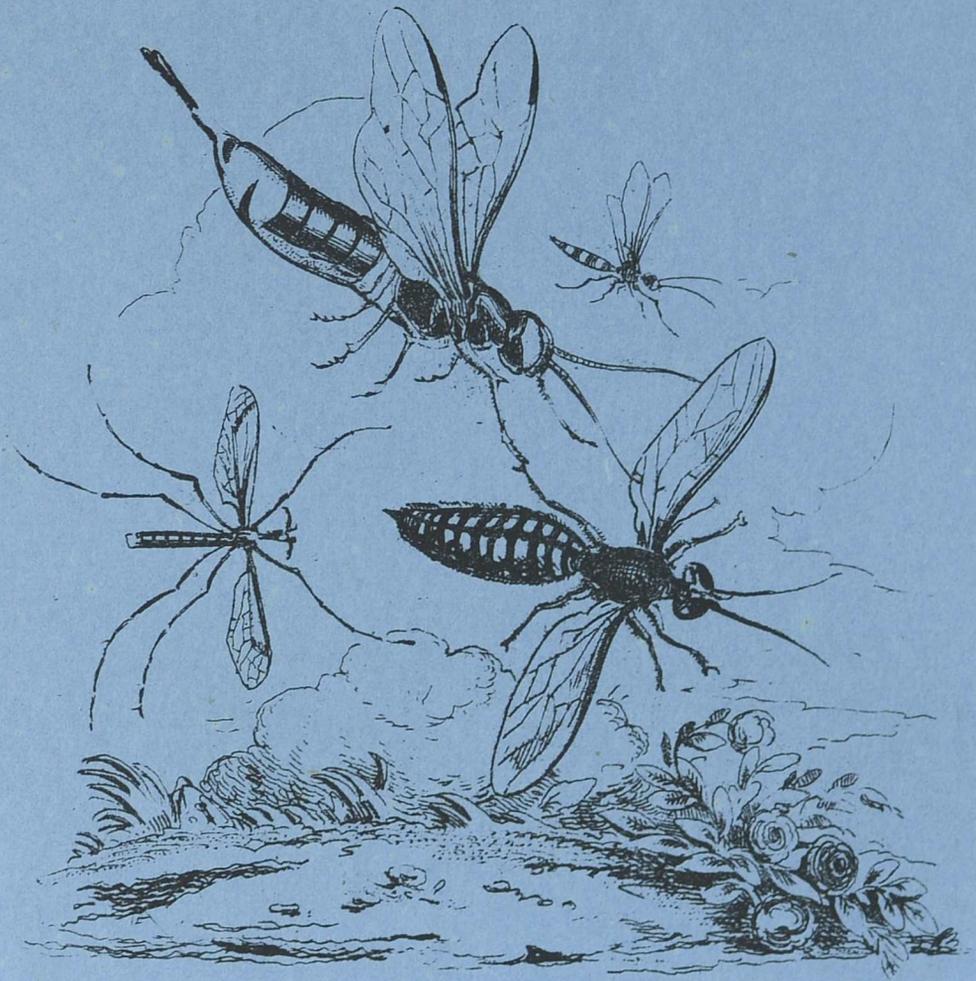


The first that appeared was the Butterfly,
dress'd

In his new scarlet coat, trimm'd with
purple and gold;

And close by his side was the friend he
lov'd best, -

Mister Moth, his, great uncle, so smooth,
sleek, and old

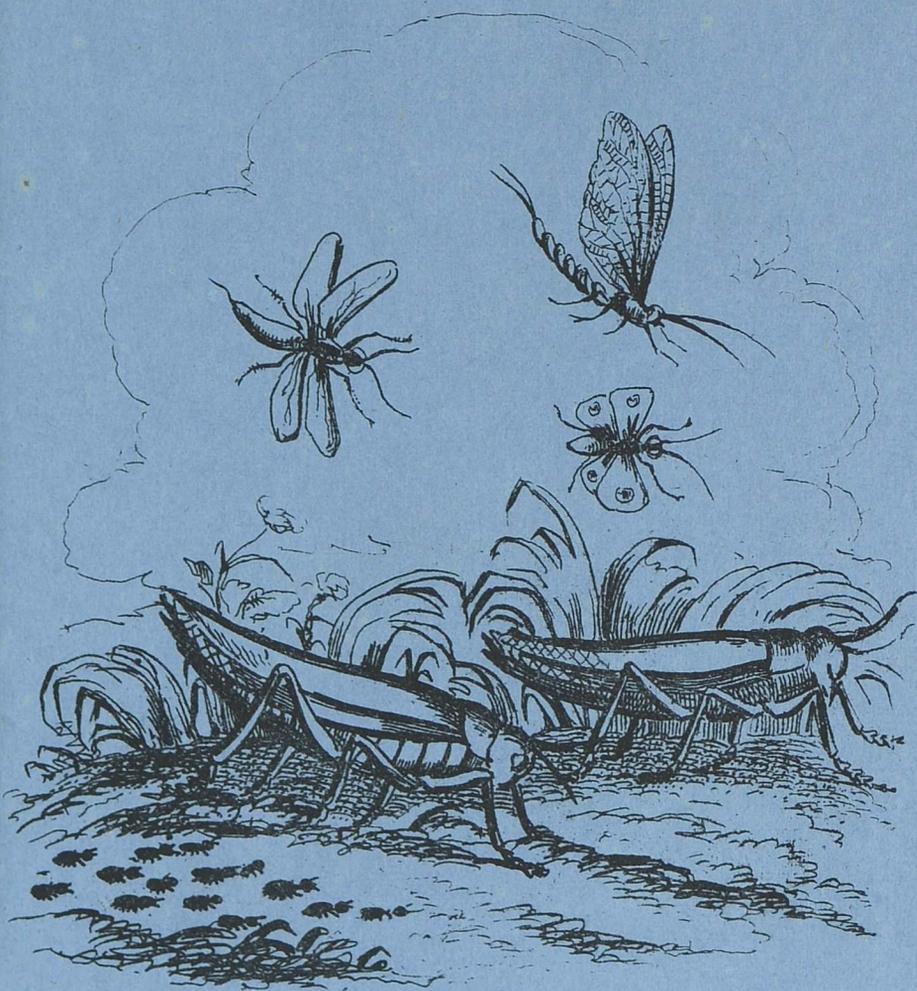


Then next came the Hornet, the Wasp, and
the Gnat,

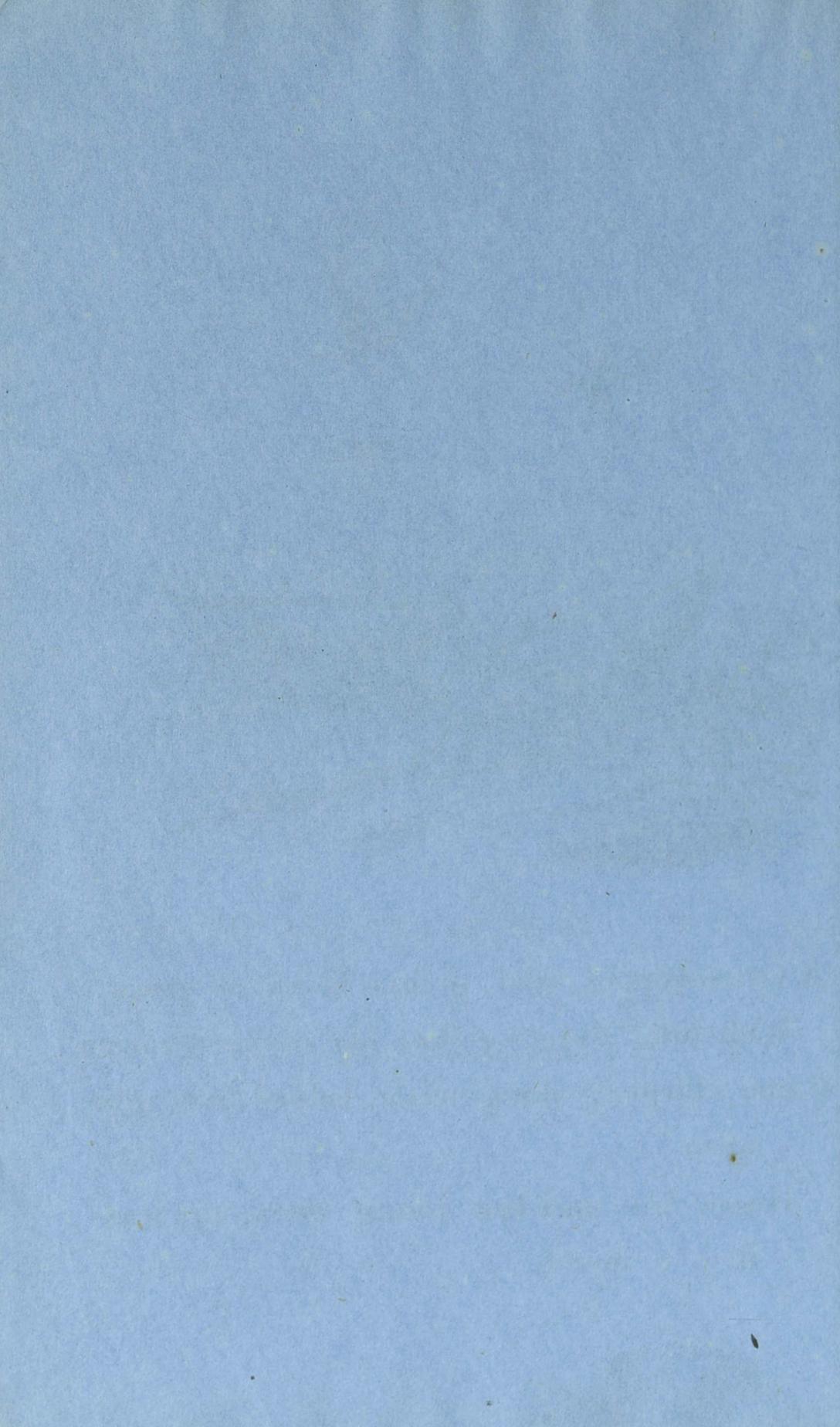
Each arm'd with their stings, though they
meant not to use them,

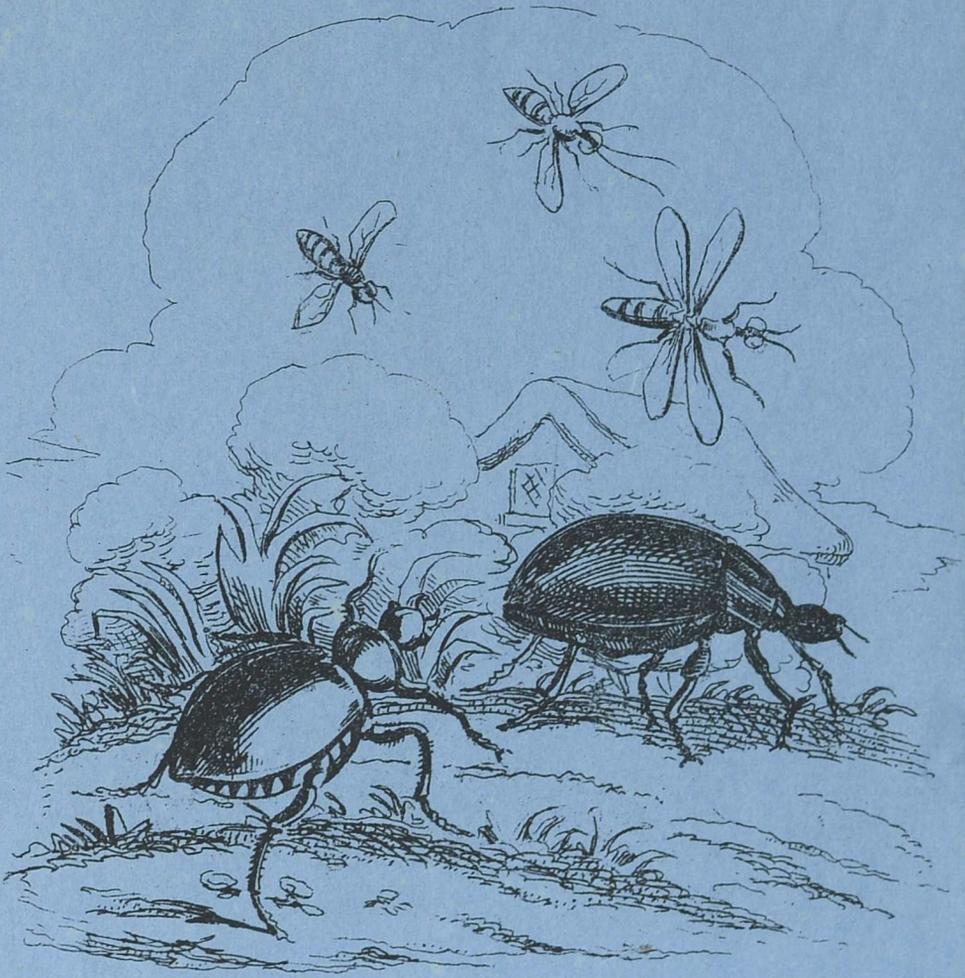
Unless (as they said), when in innocent chat,

Any other arm'd insects should dare to
abuse them



A Grasshopper next, in his liv'ry of green,
With little Miss Cricket, his musical cousin,
Came chirping along while, behind them were
seen
Dame Ant and her young ones, not less
than a dozen.



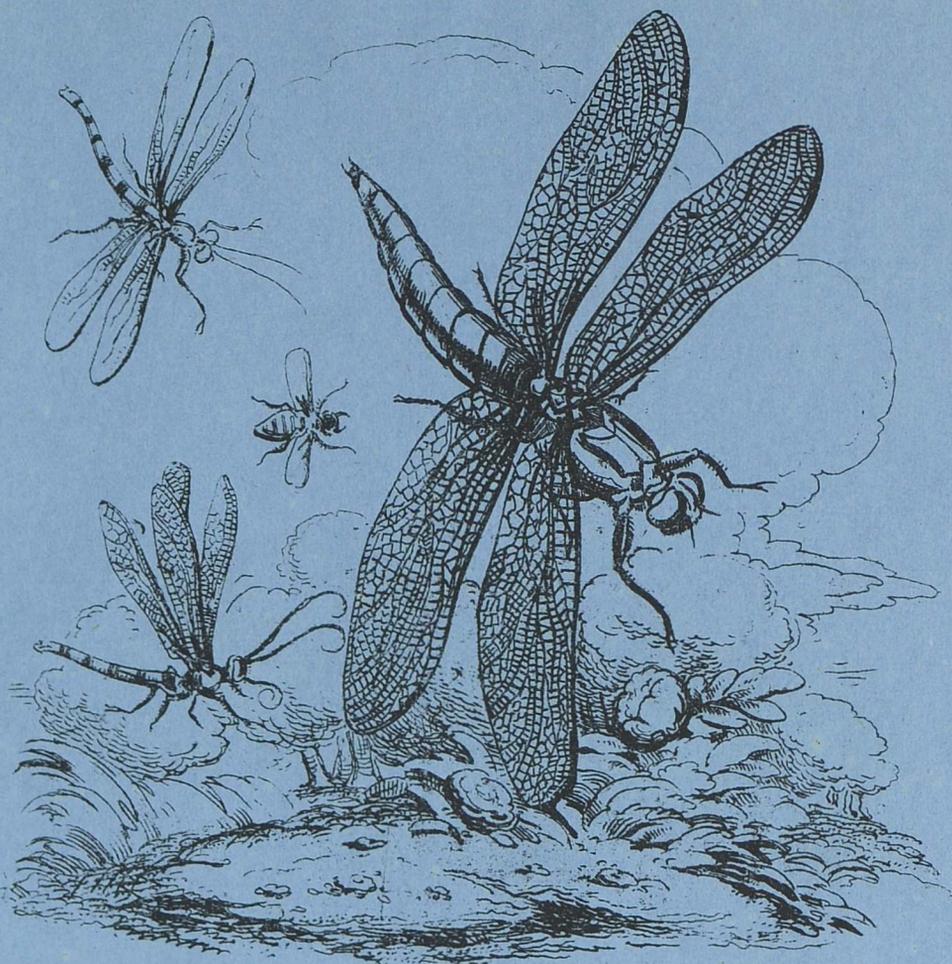


And there came the Beetle, as black as 'a
coal,

Arm-in-arm with a Chafer, brown, glossy,
and bright;

And many an earth-worm crawl'd out of his
hole,

To partake of the feast to be given that
night.



A Dragon-fly now through the air whizz'd
along,
And, close at his elbow, two Gad-flies were
seen:

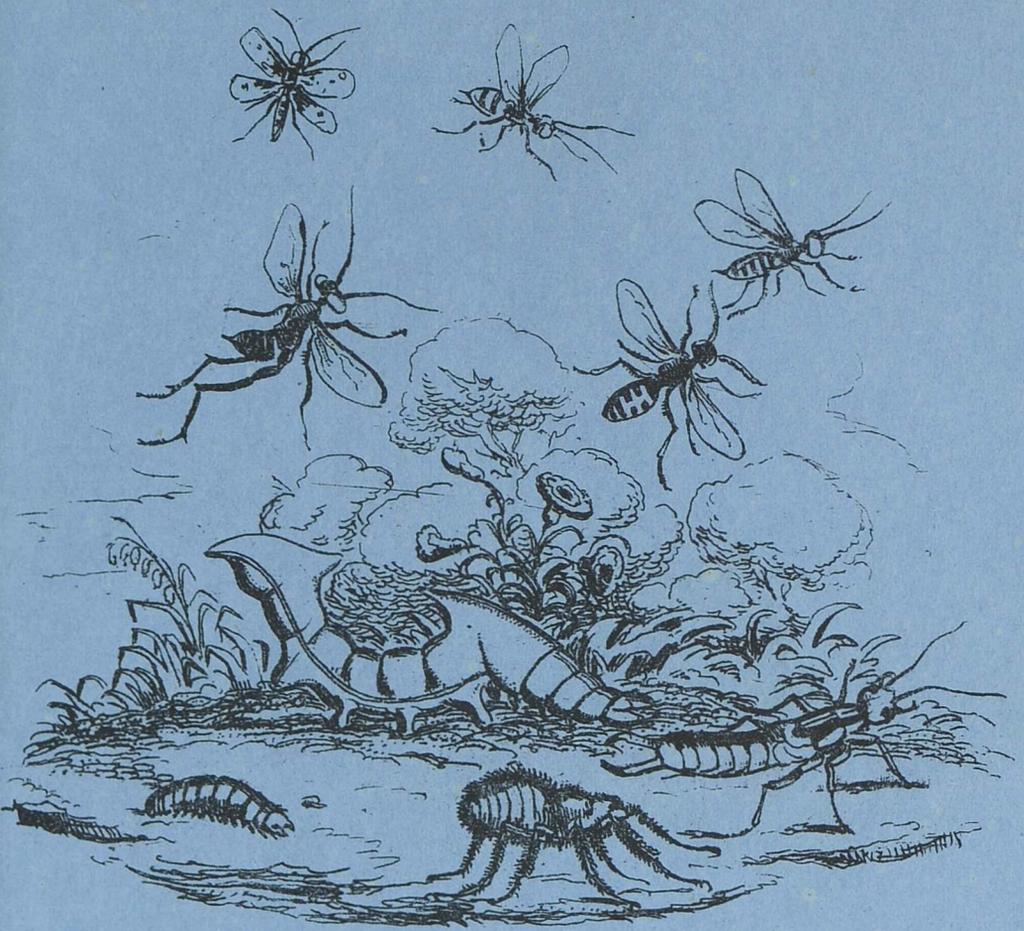
While Flies of the common sort join'd in
the throng,
With their blue-bottle brethren, and kindred
in green.



Two dashing young Lady-cows now flitted
past,

In their very best dresses of orange and
black;

The Snail hobbled after, but not very fast;
No wonder-she carried a house on her
back.



As the Queen-bee presides o'er a hard
working nation,
Who earn well the sweets which they lay
up in store,
She invited all insects, whatever their station,
To come to her supper, though ugly or
poor.



Oh! could I describe how the sideboard was
grac'd,

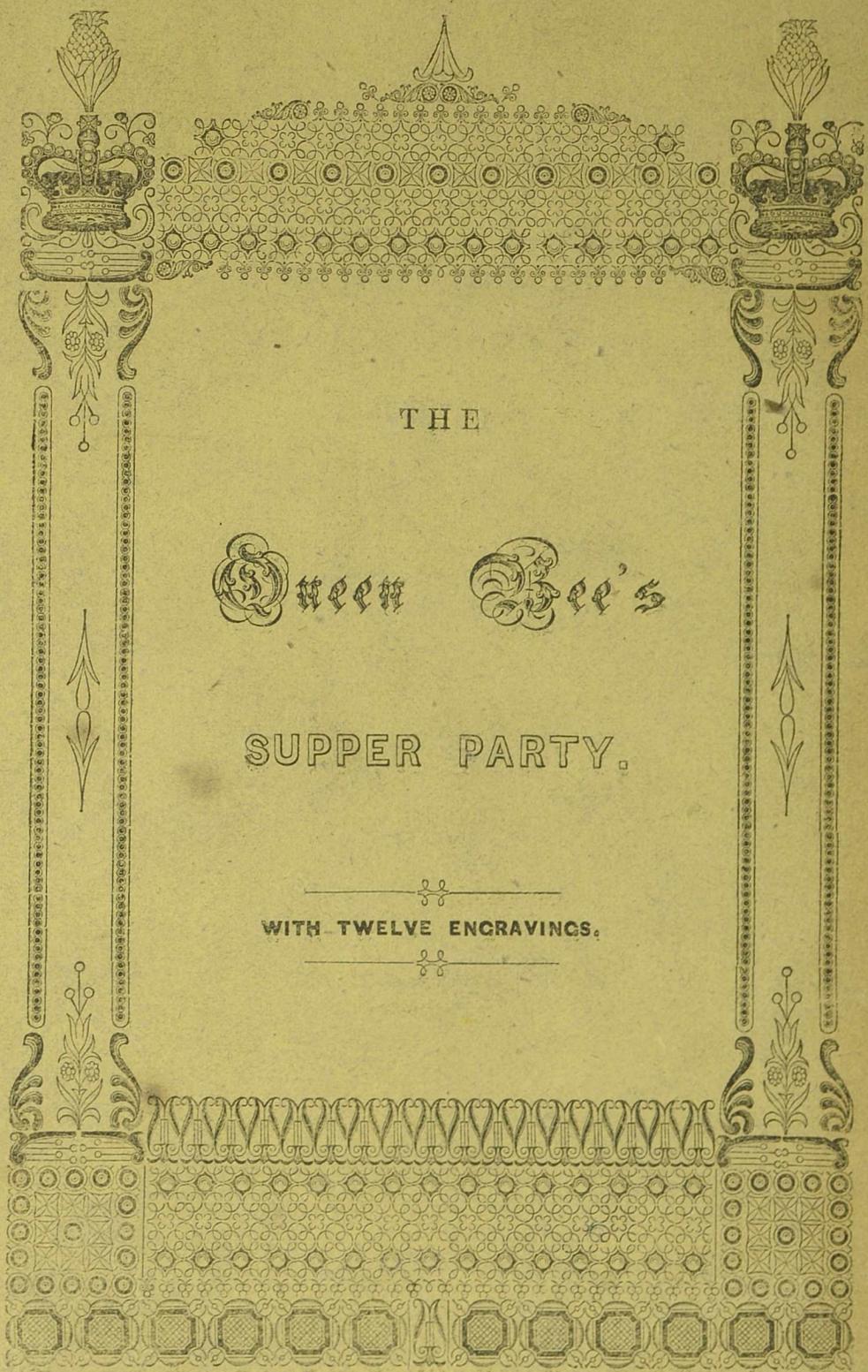
Or tell you what dainties were spread on the
table,

It would make my dear children all long for
a taste

Of things which to give them I ne'er should
be able.



At length they were rous'd from their revels
so gay,
By the owl's shrill shriek (for the sun had
gone down);
And, courtesies over, they hastened away,
To seek out their homes by the light of the
moon.



THE

Queen Bee's

SUPPER PARTY.

—  —
WITH TWELVE ENGRAVINGS.
—  —