

THE

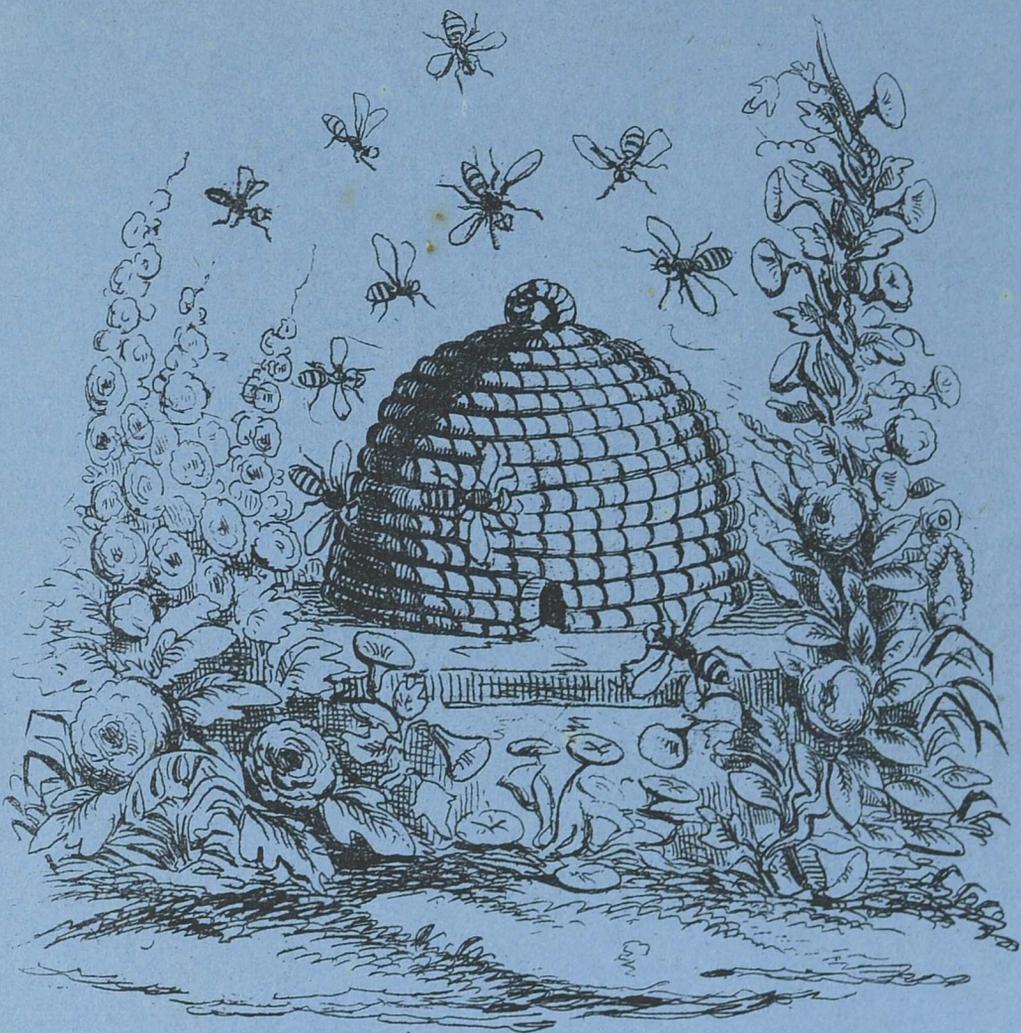
# QUEEN BEE'S

## Supper Party.

WITH TWELVE ENGRAVINGS.

PRICE THREE PENCE.





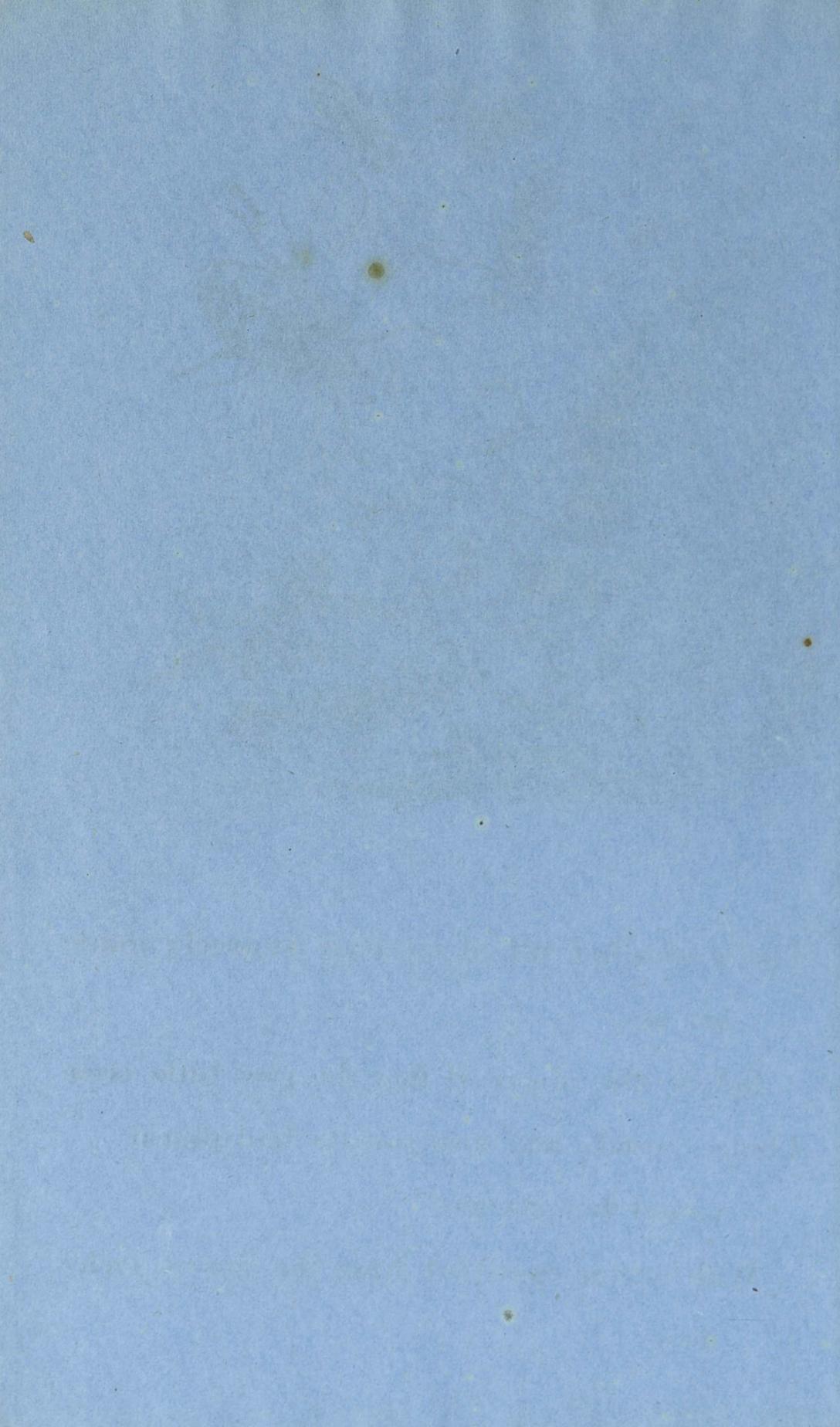
The Bees had long chosen this favourite spot  
To gather their honey, and there to regale;  
And the flowers they suck'd, and the trea-  
-sure they got,  
Were known to all insects who liv'd in the  
vale.



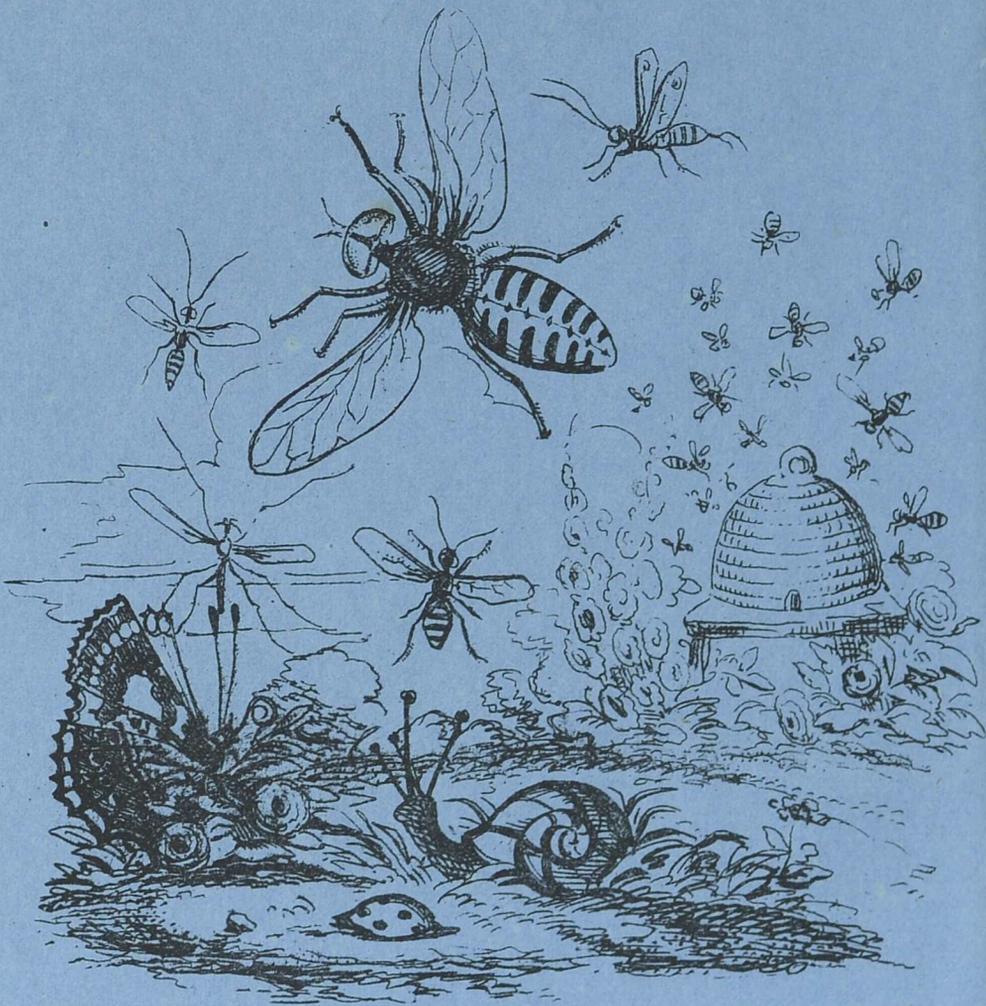
The Queen her 'intention had scarcely made  
known,

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

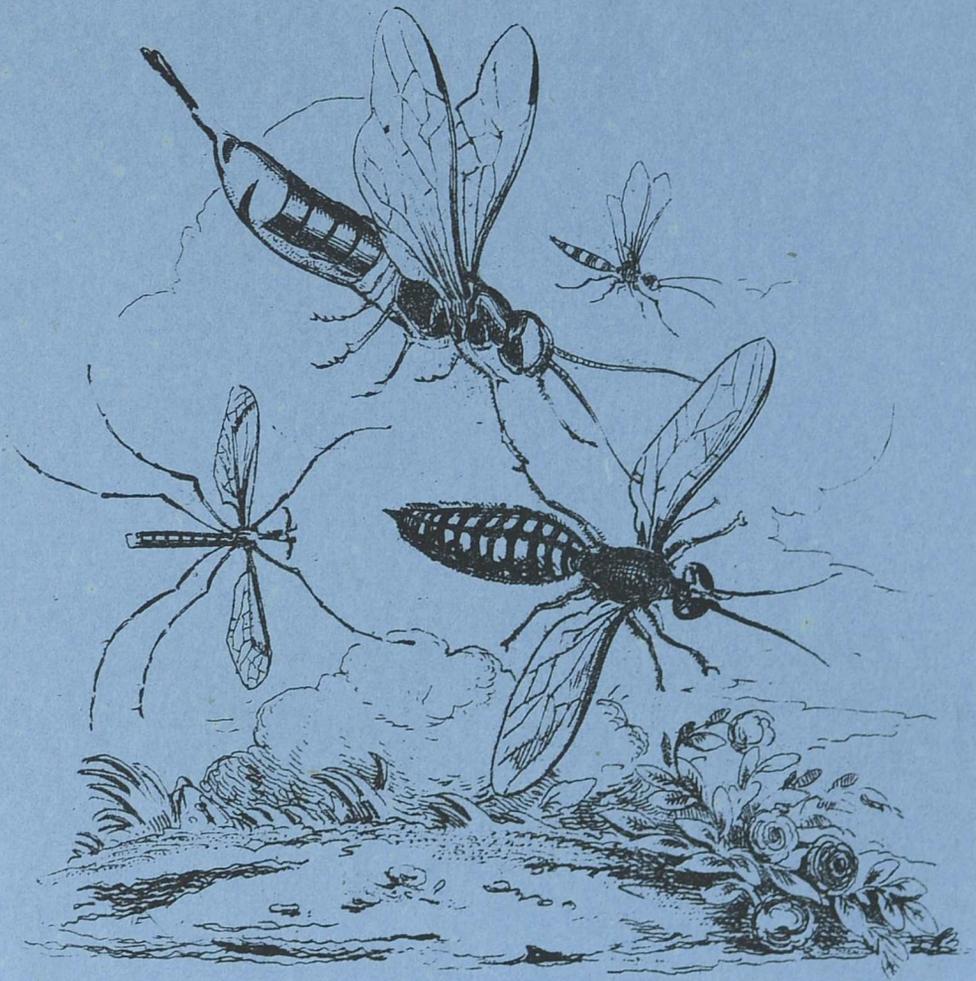
In his new scarlet coat, trimm'd with  
purple and gold;

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

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





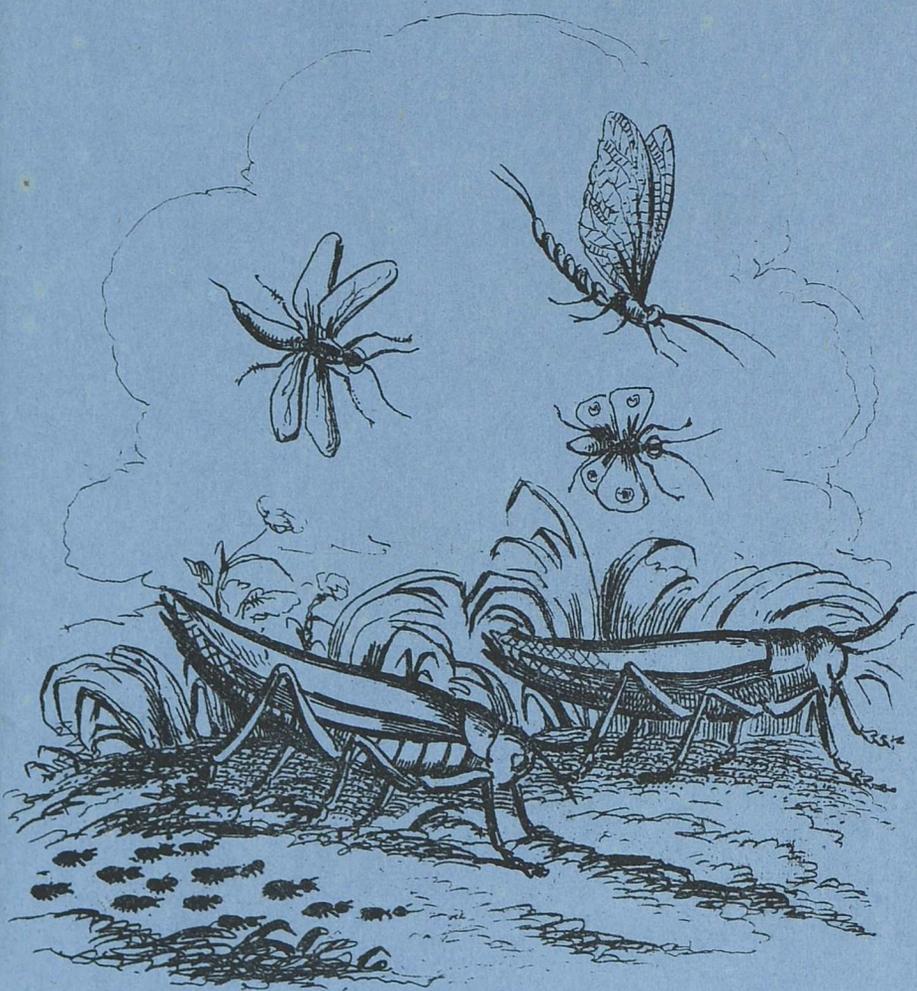


Then next came the Hornet, the Wasp, and  
the Gnat,

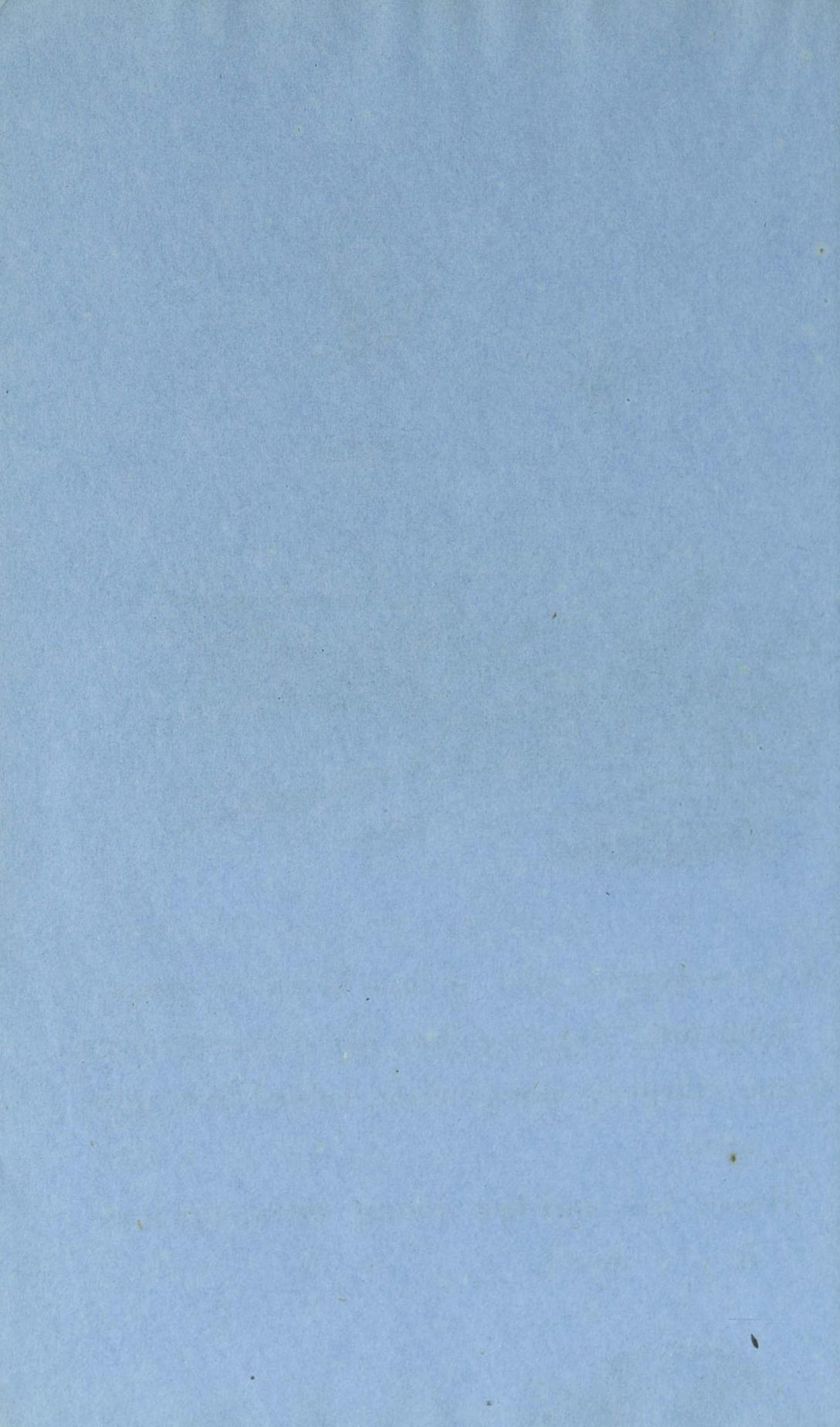
Each arm'd with their stings, though they  
meant not to use them,

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

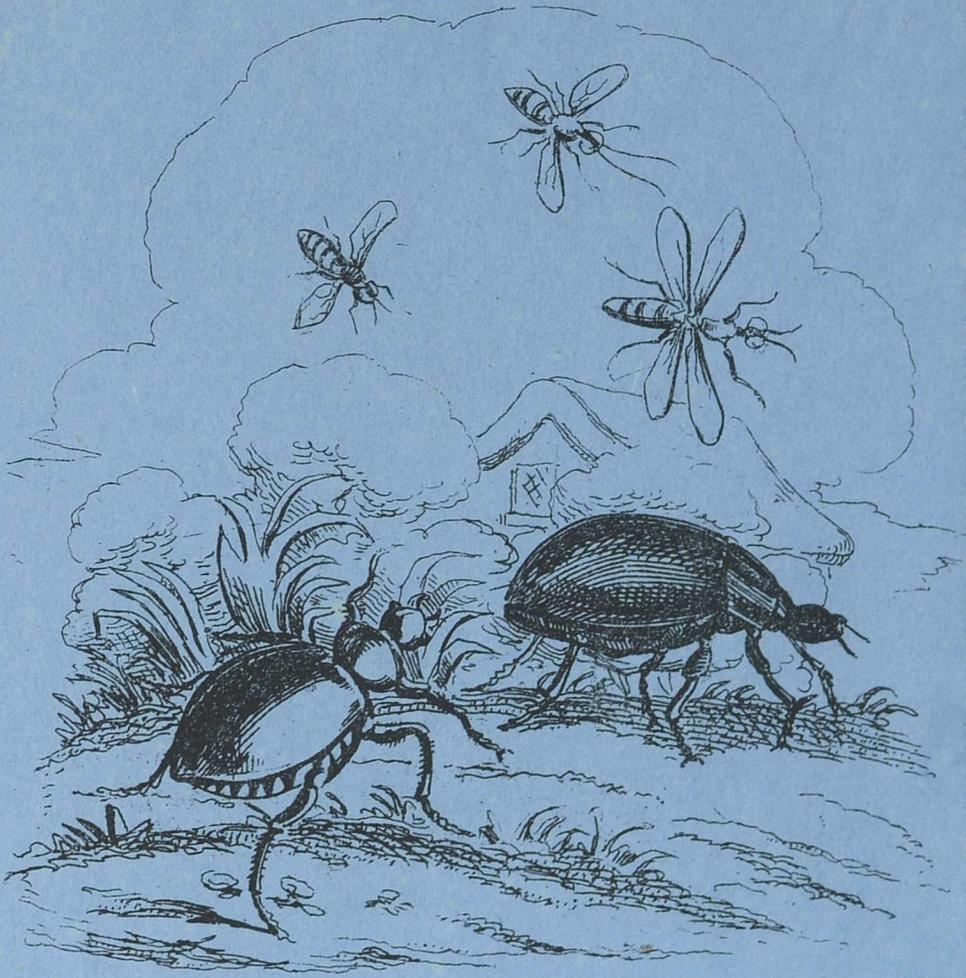
Any other arm'd insects should dare to  
abuse them



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.





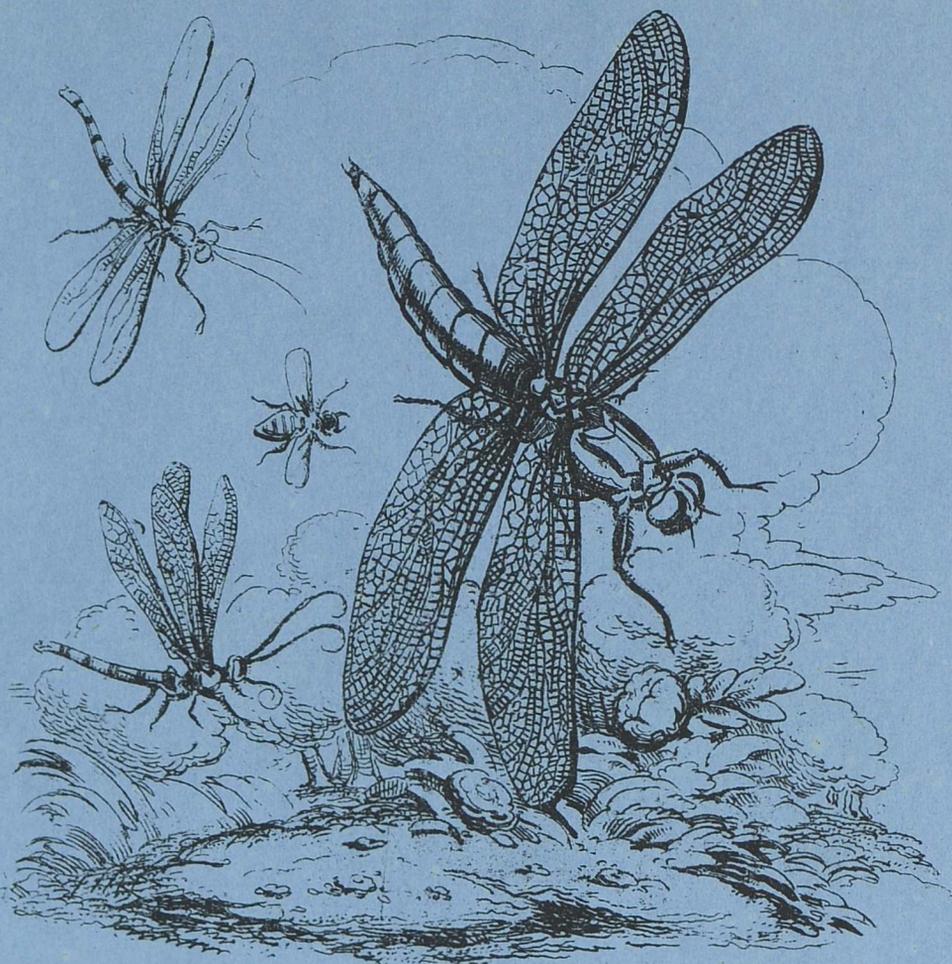


And there came the Beetle, as black as 'a  
coal,

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.



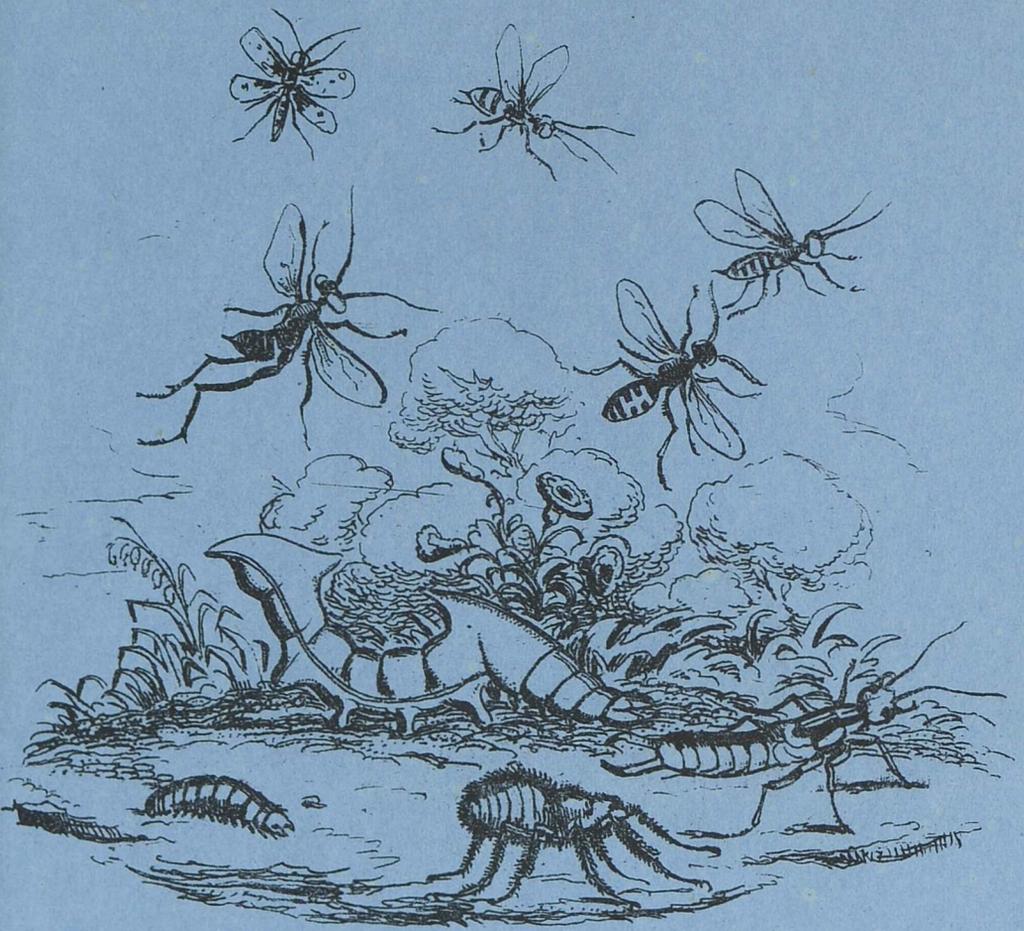




Two dashing young Lady-cows now flitted  
past,

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,

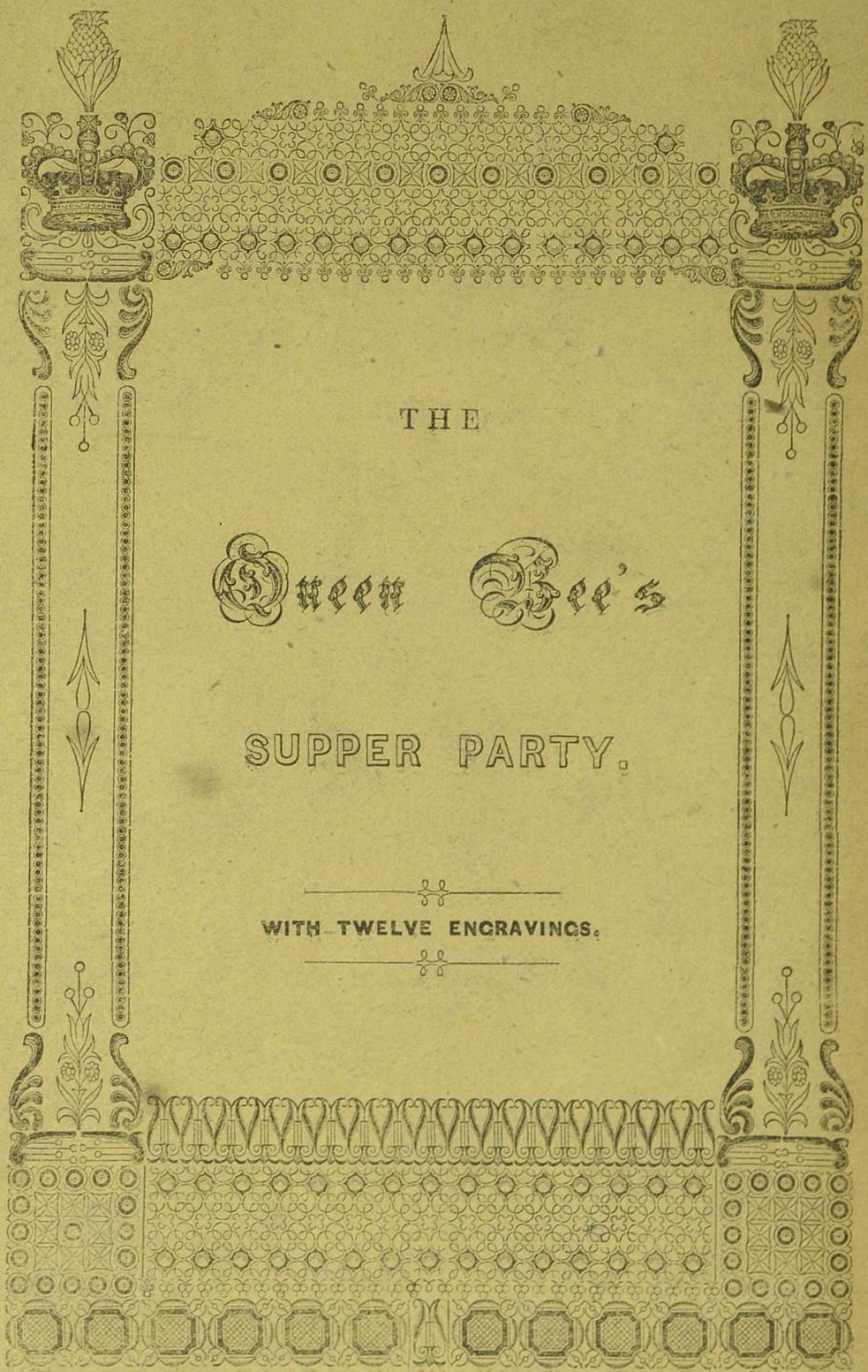
Or tell you what dainties were spread on the  
table,

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.  
—  —