

DAME DINGLE'S LINEN.

KING

GODDIE'S

FEAST

DESIGNS BY J. H. HOWARD



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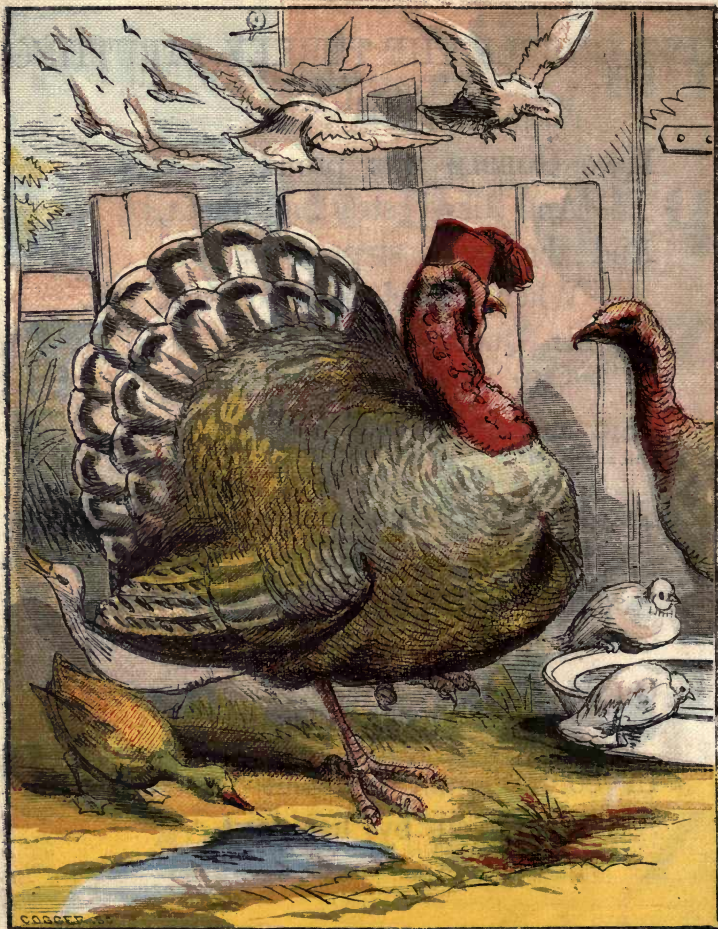
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KING GOBBLE, THE TURKEY, STRUTTING ABOUT.

KING GOBBLE was proud,
And liked strutting about,
And the birds stepped aside
When he pleased to walk out.
To his Queen he observed,
“My dear, drop a line,
And invite all our friends
To come here and dine:
I’ve examined the fields,
There’s abundance of seed,
And, at the farmer’s expense,
It will be easy to feed.”
Queen Gobble agreed—
She never ventured a word
In contradiction to what was
Expressed by her lord.

KING GOBBLE, THE TURKEY, STRUTTING ABOUT



KING GOBBLE, STRUTTING ABOUT.

MASTER PIGEON, THE CARRIER, DELIV-
ERS THE INVITATIONS.

The invitations were written,
Then to each bird directed,
And a very smart fellow
Was as Postman selected—
Master Pigeon, the Carrier—
Who returned with the news
That the birds were delighted,
And but few had refused,
Whose children were young;
Just beginning to fledge,
And could not be left
By themselves in the hedge:
Such a washing of feathers
To get themselves clean,
After sharpening of beaks,
Was ne'er before seen.



MASTER PIGEON, DELIVERS THE INVITATIONS.

THE BIRDS COLLECT ON THEIR ROAD TO THE FEAST.

The day at last came,
And as the birds flew along—
Some whistled, some warbled,
Some struck up a song;
The country folks guessed,
By seeing such swarms together,
That no doubt there'd be
Either wet or dry weather;
Some *knowing ones* said
That they certainly thought
Putting salt on their tails
Was how they were caught:
The little boys tried,
And were then told the reason
They couldn't succeed—
It was not the right season!



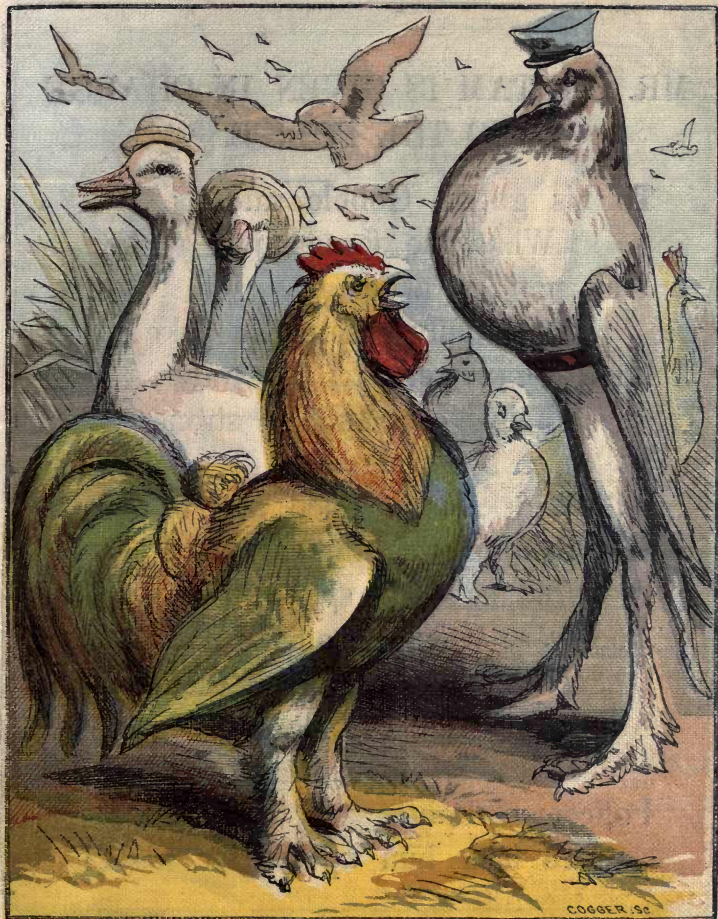
THE FARMER THREATENS DESTRUCTION.

THE FARMER THREATENS DESTRUCTION TO THE GUESTS.

After dinner the guests
Promenaded together,
Talked of the fields, of the woods,
Of the corn, and the weather;
Some scratched holes in the ground,
Some basked in the sun,
When the farmer was seen
With his two-barrell'd gun!
"Why Dick," said the farmer,
"Whatever's the matter?
For miles have the birds
Come in flocks here to chatter;
Just look round the fields,
And I'll promise the lot
(If you find any damage)
A taste of powder and shot!"



THE BIRDS COLLECT ON THEIR ROAD TO THE FEAST.



MR. BANTAM IS GIVEN IN CHARGE TO THE POLICE.

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To his guests Gobble said,
 "What the farmer just spoke
Was nothing at all,
 'Twas only uttered in joke!"
Then some went to the water,
 Having expressed a strong wish
To finish their dinner
 With some choice sort of fish.
Mr. Bantam was there,
 And, as usual, spoke insulting words,
And very vulgarly offered
 To thrash any one of the birds;
As they found that he'd made up
 His mind for a fight,
Policeman Pouter was ordered
 To lock him up for the night!



OLD MOTHER GOOSE ABUSES MR. COXCOMB.

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But now the birds all
With consternation were filled—
Mrs. Hen's only chick
By a strange cat was killed;
She fainted and fell back
On poor old Mother Goose,
Who gave Coxcomb, her husband,
No end of abuse.
Other birds took it up,
And, shouting out shame,
Call'd him "Barn-door," "Dung-hill,"
And every vile name—
"Who's afraid of a cat,
And let her eat up his child?"
Coxcomb's blood was fast rising—
He began to feel wild.




DEATH OF PROUD KING GOBBLE.

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In the midst of this uproar,
 Bang, bang! went a gun,
Which blew some to pieces,
 And made the others all run.
Gobble's pride had received
 A most terrible blow,
And he rushed home as fast
 As his two legs would go.
Here he was seized by the farmer,
 Who pull'd out his knife,
And, to prevent further mischief,
 Put an end to his life.



KING GOBBLE SERVED UP FOR DINNER.



The next day for dinner
He was roasted and basted,
"And a more tender Turkey,"
They said, "never was tasted!"

MORAL.

PRIDE OF HEART FORERUNS DESTRUCTION.



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