

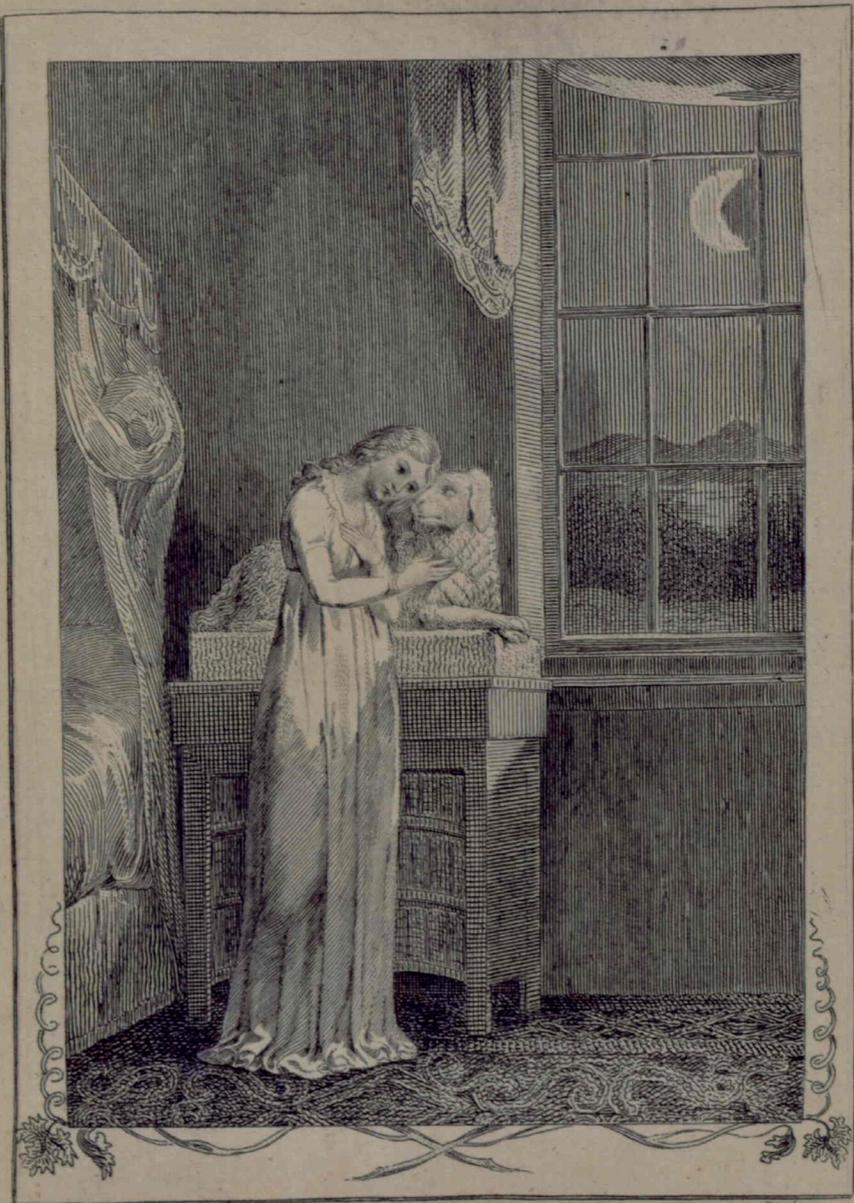
natured will accept this as an apology for my appearing to be engaged in trifles, while a serious Work, relating to the honor of a departed Friend, remains upon my hands.—And yet trifles, as these Ballads may justly be called, I will venture to hope, their moral tendency may render them not utterly unworthy of public favor. They are very unequal in their length; but we have judged it right to commence the publication with the shortest; especially as the animal it records, is entitled to precedence.—Let me add, that I am indebted to a Sussex Lady, for a lively account of the real fact, on which it is founded! Instead of endeavouring to recommend these productions of my Friend's pencil to the express patronage of any individual, I here presume to INSCRIBE them to the

INHABITANTS OF CHICHESTER.



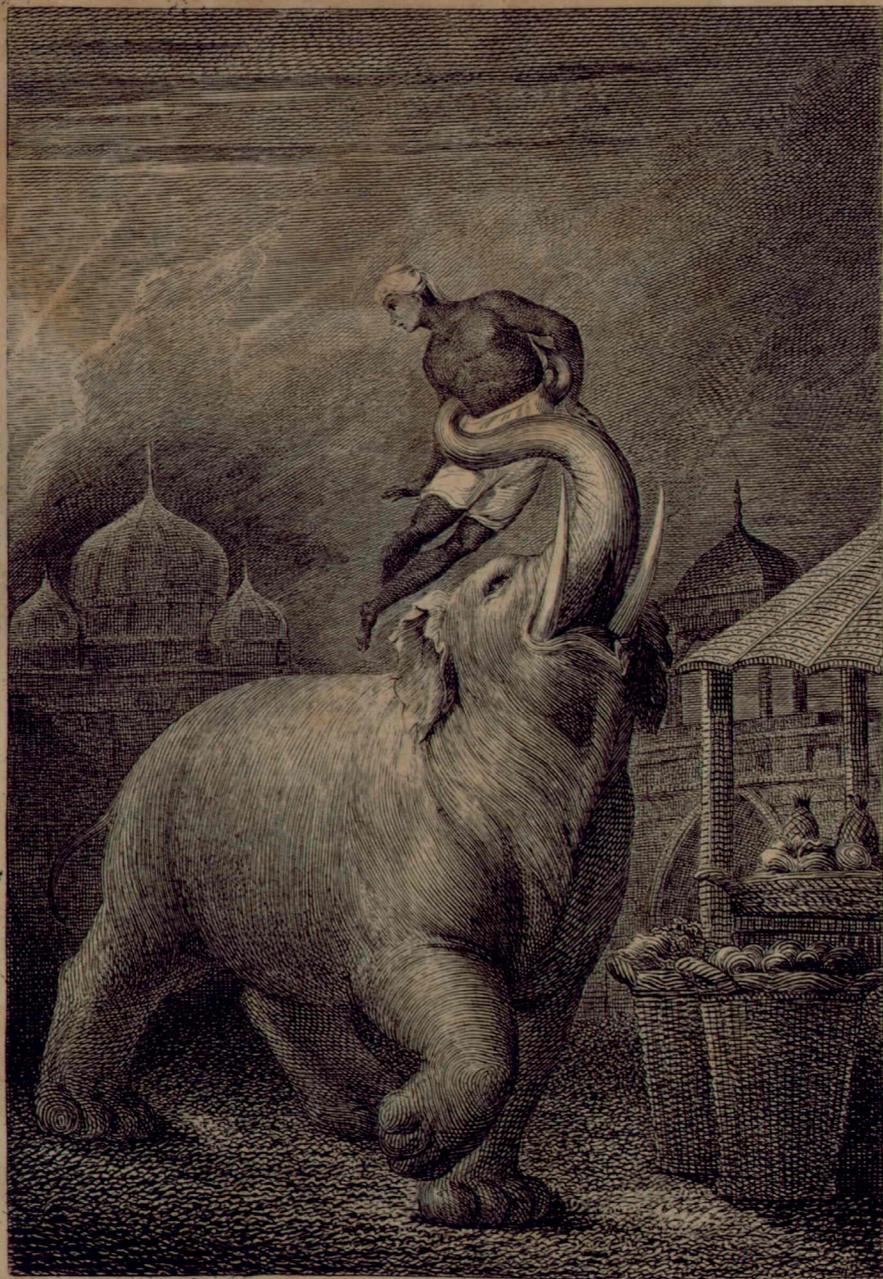
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Published Sept. 9. 1852 by W Blake Felpham

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Blake & Co



Published June 7, 1802, by W. Blake, Telford.

T H E
ELEPHANT.

BALLAD THE FIRST.

1.

SAY, Nature, on whose wond'rous reign
Delighted Fancy dwells,
Of all thy numerous brutal train
What animal excells?

B

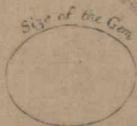
What

For, conscious of the danger, he,
 Most providently kind,
 From unseen ill to set him free,
 Such rescue had designed.

Ye, whom a friend's dark perils pain,
 When terrors most unnerve him,
 Learn from this Elephant to strain
 Your sinews to preserve him!

.....

End of the First Ballad.



*From an Antique Gem
 Published June 1 1801. by W Blake Felpham*



Published July 1. 1802. by W Blake
Felpham

Blake 143



Published July 1. 1802 by W Blake & Pharo

THE
EAGLE.

BALLAD THE SECOND.

1.

NATURE, what heart may here by thee,
Most truly brave be styl'd?

The tender Mother's it must be,

When struggling for her Child!

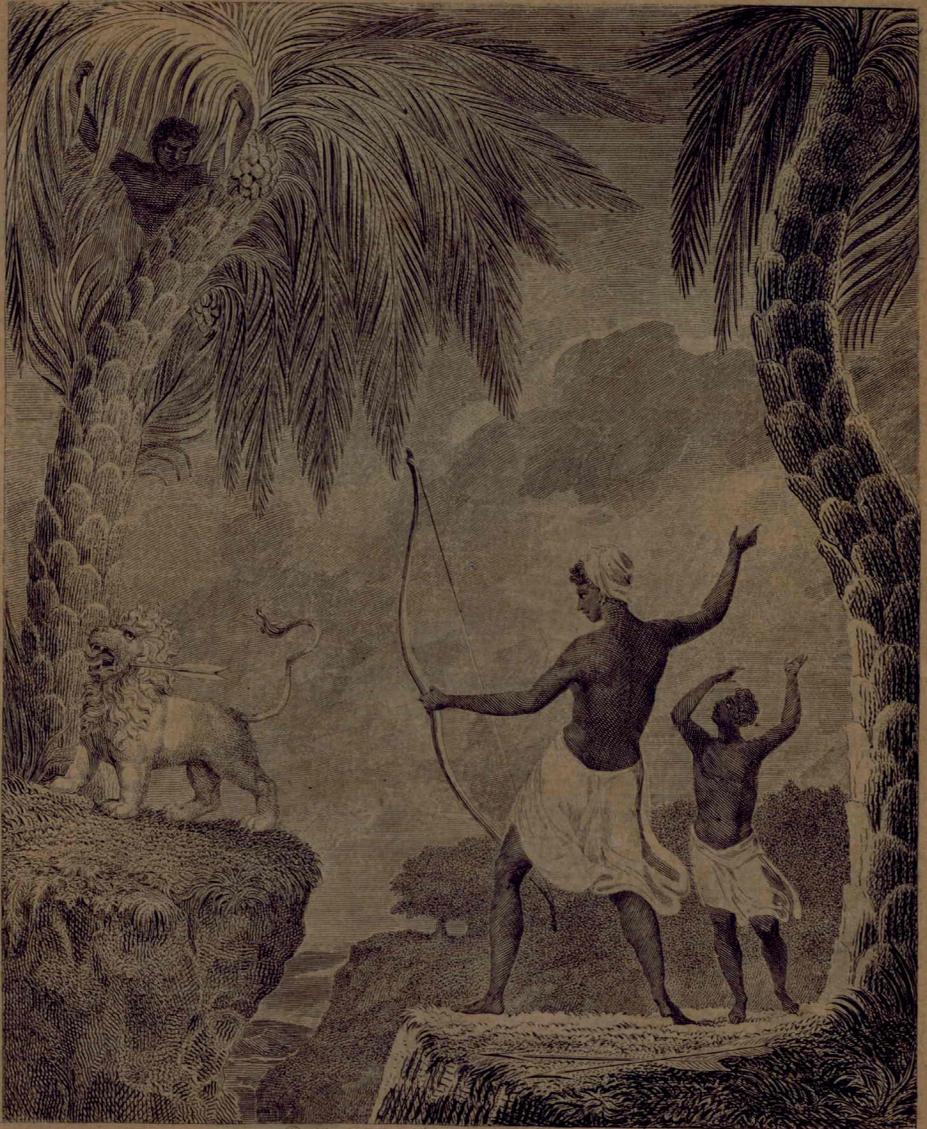
What triumph swelled in Donald's breast,
 And o'er his features spread,
 When he his living Mother prest,
 And held the Eagle dead !

Angels, who left your realms of bliss,
 And on this Parent smil'd,
 Guard every Mother brave as this,
 In rescuing her Child !

.....

End of the Second Ballad.





Published Dec. 3. 1802. by J. B. Rowlandson.



Published Aug. 5. 1802 by W. Blake Sculptor

THE
LION.

BALLAD THE THIRD.

1.

LOVELY Woman! how brave is thy soul,
When duty and love are combin'd!
Then danger in vain would controul
Thy tender, yet resolute mind.

F

Boulla

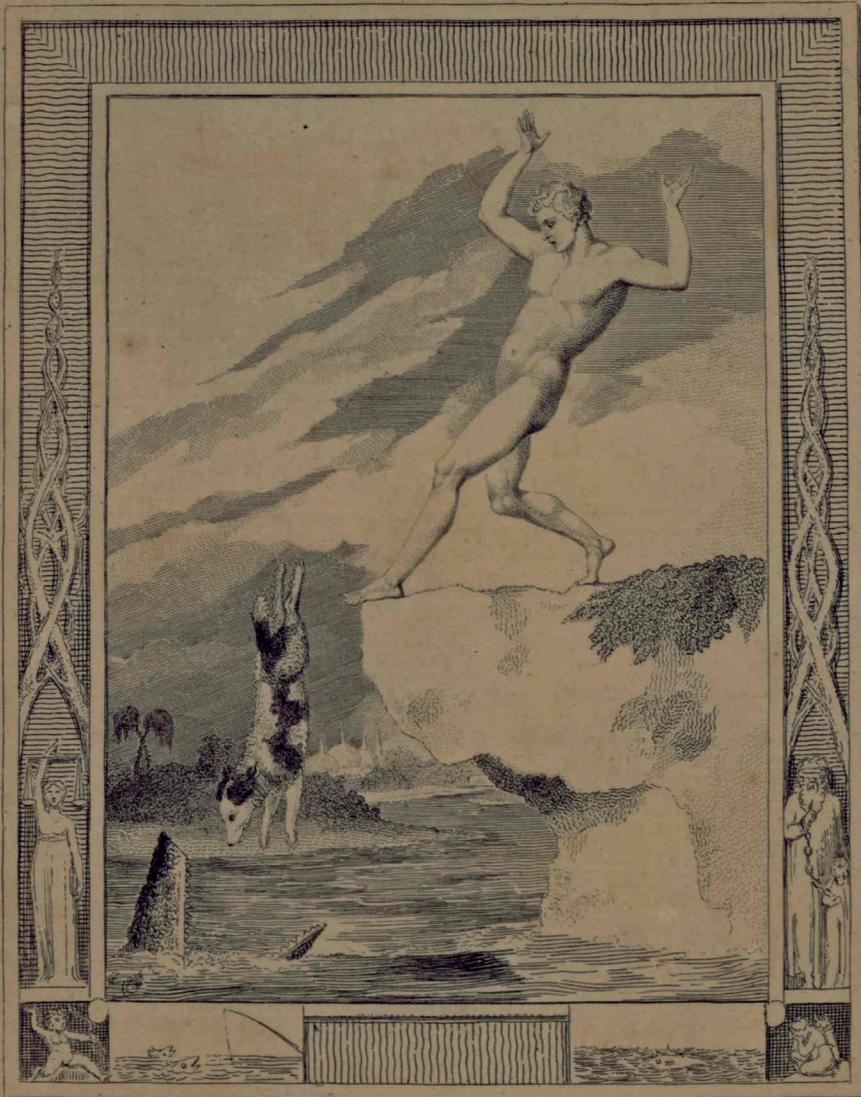
Their poisons collected afford
 Lethargic relief to his pangs;
 And Death! of all Nature the Lord!
 Thy shadows now rest on his fangs.

Now Love! thy own fancy employ!
 For words are too feeble to trace
 The Father, the Mother, the Boy,
 In Triumph's extatic embrace.

.....

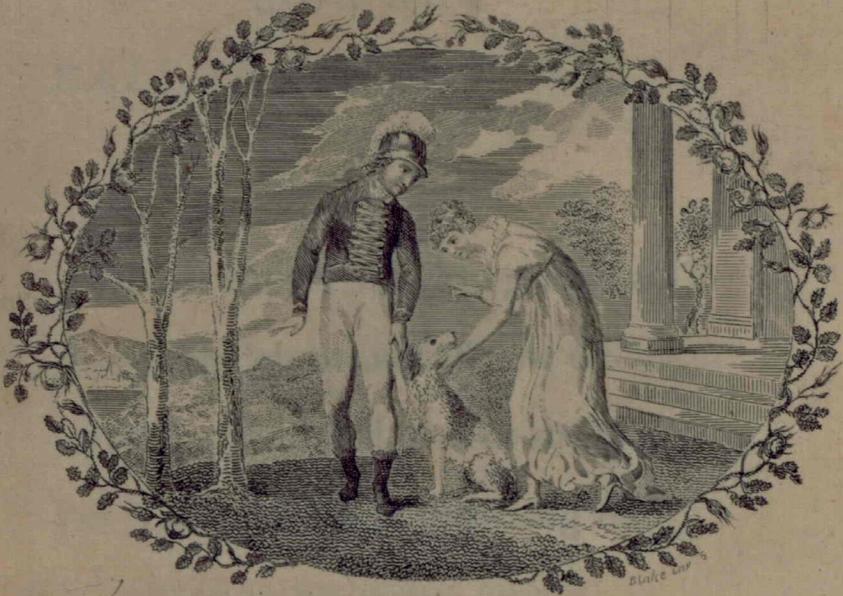
End of the Third Ballad.





Published Sept. 9. 1802 by W Blake Felpham

Blake inv & sc



Published Sept 9. 1802 by W Blake Telpham.

THE
D O G.
BALLAD THE FOURTH.

1.

O F all the speechless friends of man
The faithful Dog I deem
Deserving from the human clan
The tenderest esteem :

H

This