

LITTLE COCKY-BENDY.



Thou hast told me what I never dare to tell, even to mysel';
Yes, thou hast told me the truth.

Oh who so well could tell a lie,
Or in a rapture'd passion fly,
Or steal a pen when no one's by,
Like little Cocky-Bendy.

When he a pen or twa had stown,
And you accus'd him, he would frown;
As if the Deil had knock'd him down—
Remember Cocky-Bendy.

'Twas ne'er his fault to be o'er blate,
You'd think (he tried to look so' great)
You saw a Minister of State,
In little Cocky-Bendy.

But not in stature great was he—
Stature! no, no! for trust to me,
His height was only three feet three—
Little wee Cocky-Bendy.

The colour of his pow was jet,
His face was nearly so; and yet,
Off to a masquerade he'd set,
To act Miss Cocky-Bendy.

Who could so well his power display?
Or walk a hundred miles a-day?
And never known to go astray,
Like little Cocky-Bendy.

He oft was with a jordan crown'd!
And with it's fluid almost drown'd!
While heavenly fragrance flow'd around,
The head o' Cocky-Bendy.

If you requested Cocky's age,
He would you strike, stamp, roar, and rage;
And act like PUNCH upon a stage—
Passionate Cocky-Bendy.

Cock thought so highly of himself,
Because he had a little pelf;
The poor conceited silly elf,
Daft humphy Cocky-Bendy.

When Cocky knew not what to do,
And would not from his hovel go,
He made a curious raree show,
Ingenuous Cocky-Bendy.

But mending sic an elf I true,
Is not an easy job to do;
Or any such known WAG as you,
Ye singet Cocky-Bendy.

Cocky, a naughty boy I ween
Thou art, as e'er was to be seen;
And my most fervent wish has been,
To hoty Cocky-Bendy.

As the Editor of this Poem intends to issue several pieces of composition, both in prose and verse, he begs leave to request, any person who has an entertaining piece by them, (that is no ways immoral or offensive,*) that they have a mind to publish, if they will remit their piece to him, and if he approve of it, he will Edit it with a beautiful engraving, from designs made expressly for the work, and they will receive a few copies as soon as it comes from the press.

N.B.—Should the piece extend to more than what a *baw-see hand-bill* will contain, it will be inserted into one of the Numbers of the *Edinbury Gleaner*.

* *Though new in my projects, I would not offend,
That person who shows himself to be a friend;
But I will rebuff all that gives me alarm,
Or that which may prove Caledonia's harm.*

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