

MY
PONY. 838

A POEM

ILLUSTRATED
WITH ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA.

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W^m. CHARLES.

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1818.

OF

W^M CHARLES

may also be had

The following little Poems
in the same stile as this.

OUR SAVIOUR.

MY MOTHER.

MY SON.

MY DAUGHTER.

MY SISTER.

GRATITUDE

And a variety of others.

MY PONY

As morning breaks, I rise from bed,
And by strong inclination led,
Hasten, to see well clean'd and fed,
My pretty Pony.



He runs to meet me, with delight,
Seeming my notice to invite,
But never once attempts to bite,
Goodnatured Pony.

Thy limbs are formed in beauty's mould,
Just ten hands high and three years old;
To me thou'rt worth thy weight in gold.
My pretty Pony.



Thy skin is white as driven snow,
Thy pace is not too quick or slow,
Just to my wishes thou wilt go,
My gentle Pony.