

**ONE HUNDRED
DOUBLE
ACROSTICS**

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One Hundred Double Acrostics by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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DOUBLE
ACROSTICS**

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DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

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DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

A New Year's Gift.

EDITED BY
"MYSELF."



CURSEY CURSE—"Obscure quotations bagged from
unfair literature!"—C. B. D.

HOMERUS, EPIGRAM—"Methinks a generous public
will be lenient and indulgent."—H. W.

LONDON:
ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, PICCADILLY.

1866.

280.1.142.



LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET,
AND CHURCH LANE.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.



No. 1.

PRAY, all who buy this little Book,
Accept these wishes kind ;
Be pleased its errors to o'erlook,
And to its faults be blind.

1. Glist'ning leaves of violet hue.
2. Silvery beams o'er waters blue.
3. My native Isle, fair freedom's seat.
4. This do, to make the two ends meet.
5. A Jewish maid, with locks of jet.
6. My dog's sad way, the naughty pet.
7. Come fill the goblet high with wine.
8. A merry lot in life be thine.
9. The clouds are gath'ring for a storm.
10. Pendent, it shines, in many a form.
11. My heart is rent with *grief* and woe.
12. He was my friend,—but now, my foe.
13. That noise again ! those patt'ring feet.
14. O for my Cat to kill and eat !
15. Your humble servant, *this*, my last.

H. W.

B

No. 2.

My First implies perplexity ;
A labyrinth my Second ;
And both, without a clue or key,
Are tribulations reckoned.
Both mysteries, without the light
That helps to make Acrostics bright.

1. The Red Cross Knight with lance and brand
Has fought the Paynim in Holy Land.
2. Swiss canton, Forest Canton called ;
3. A Polish town, with a citadel ;
4. Smallest of cantons, known so well,
The Swiss will never be enthralled.
5. This is a populous village of Kent,
Never, we hope, to be torn and rent ;
6. Nor by fierce volcano's fires appalled.

A. A. W.

No. 3.

"Beneath our humble dwelling let us haste,
And here, unwearied, rural dainties taste."

"Cheerful at morn he wakes from soft repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes."

1. Do not find fault, but eat it with its sauce.
2. I crave your pardon if I have given *this*.
3. A *diadem* of gems so rare ;
4. She wore upon her golden *hair*.
5. From Afric's western shore
6. This animal we bore.
7. The last of his race, his name is heard no
more.

H. W.

No. 4.

My First if real will priceless be
As the shine of the summer sun to thee ;
Better than wine, and better than gold,
And also better for being old.

But war to the knife ! if my Second comes,
Then sound the trumpets and beat the drums ;
Yet if my First be false and fair,
It were better my Second himself were there.

1. "Chase him !" so a fairy spoke,
"Light the torches round the oak !
Pinch him, fairies, black and blue !
Old, and full of mischief too !"
2. I am also old and rare,
And my gems princesses wear.
3. Beggar or gipsy comes this way,
4. Upon my turf in June so gay.
5. This name is hated by the nations,
Shuddering at his devastations.
6. Smoking our pipes, in peace we sit,
Among our cushions, softly lit.

A. A. W.