

# The Spider and the Fly.



1. "Will you walk in - to my par-lour?" Said the Spi-der to the Fly. "Tis the pret-tiest lit-tle  
2. I am sure you must be wea - ry, dear! with soar-ing up so high, Will you rest up on my

par - lour That e - ver you did spy; The way in-to my par-lour is up a wind-ing  
lit-tle bed?" said the Spi-der to the Fly; "There are pret-ty cur-tains drawn a-round, the sheets are fine and

stair, And I have ma-ny pret-ty things to show you when you're there." "Oh, no, no!" said the  
thin, And if you like to rest a-while, I'll snug - ly tuck you in." "Oh, no, no!" said the

lit-tle Fly. "To ask me is in vain, For who goes up your wind-ing stair, shall ne'er come down a - gain."  
lit-tle Fly, "For I have heard it said, They ne- ver, ne- ver wake a- gain who sleep up - on your bed."

The Spider turned him round about and went into his den,  
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again;  
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,  
And he set his table ready to dine upon the Fly:  
Then he came out to his door again and merrily did sing,  
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly with the pearl and silver wing."

Alas! alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,  
Hearing all these flattering speeches came quickly buzzing by;  
With gauzy wing she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her crested head and gold and purple hue:  
Thinking only of her brilliant wings poor silly thing, at last  
Up jumped the wicked Spider and fiercely held her fast!