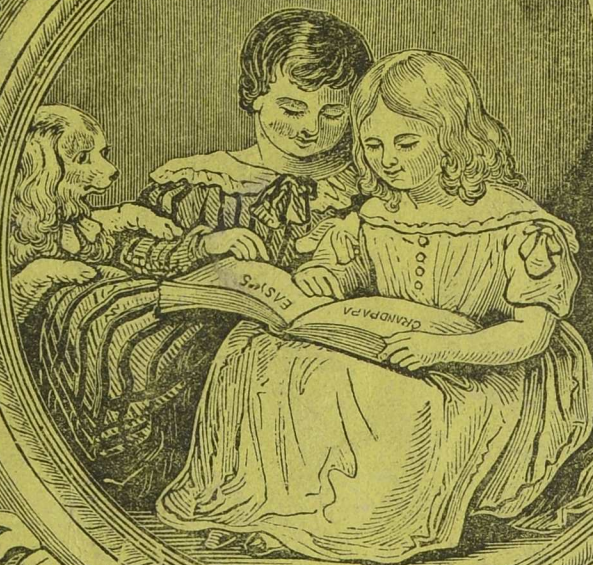


GRANDPAPA EASY'S

COCK ROBIN



**ALIVE AND WELL
AGAIN.**

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157-

COCK ROBIN

ALIVE AND WELL AGAIN.



A FEAST upon the grass is spread,
And birds in plumage gay,
Have met, that they may celebrate
Cock Robin's wedding day.

“And whom,” the reader may demand,
Has Robin married, then?”

“A little lady, dressed in brown,
Whose name is—Jenny Wren.”



And Robin, putting out his bill,
Gave Jenny Wren a kiss,
And softly whispered in her ear—
“A happy day is this!”

My Robin dear, my Jenny Wren,
I'm coming to the rescue,
I'll take no evil my enemy
To run our happiness,
The scorching had pronounced the words
When down upon the ground
A sparrow, unharmed, appeared,
With bow and arrow keen
The waxy bird, resolved to put
The victory to test
Shot forth his arrow from his bow,
Which pierced poor Robin's breast,
From Robin, and from Jenny Wren,
A sudden shriek is heard,
And shrieks of horror and regret
I heard from every bird,
Poor Robin, falling on his side,
His eyes closed his pretty eyes,
While all the party rent the air
With piteous wails and cries,
The wailing grows all sobs and cries,
As though their hearts would break;
And the sparrow, throw his bow away,
To the for Doctor Drake,
Who found the doctor in a pond,
With his gun (which was a gun)
And with him, three other ducks,
Including them all to swim,
Oh come with me, good Doctor Drake,
I fear I've killed poor Robin,
And I am sure my pretty Jenny
Will die of grief and sobs.

“My Robin, dear,” said Jenny Wren,
Returning the caress,
“I hope no evil may ensue
To mar our happiness.”

She scarcely had pronounced the words,
When down upon the green
A Sparrow, uninvited, dropped,
With bow and arrow keen.

This saucy bird, resolved to put
His archery to test,
Shot forth his arrow from his bow,
Which pierced poor Robin's breast.
From Robin, and from Jenny Wren,
A sudden shriek is heard;
And shrieks of horror and regret
Proceed from every bird.

Poor Robin, falling on his side,
Then closed his pretty eyes;
While all the party rent the air
With piteous screams and cries.

The wedding guests all sobbed and cried,
As though their hearts would break;
And the Sparrow threw his bow away,
To fly for Doctor Drake.

He found the Doctor in a pond,
With his pretty wife so prim,
And twenty little darling ducks,
Teaching them all to swim.

“Oh, come with me, good Doctor Drake,
I fear I've killed Cock Robin;
And I am sure our pretty Jen,
Will die of grief and sobbing.”

The Doctor, as he could not fly,
Replied with fear and doubt,
“ I cannot waddle very fast,
Because I am so stout ;



“ But, if to bear me to the spot,
Some other bird you'll bring,
My draught, and pills, and bolusses,
I'll tuck beneath my wing.”

The Sparrow called an Eagle bold,
Who in the air did hover;
And he quickly carried Doctor Drake
To Jenny and her lover.

The Doctor pulled the arrow out,
And gently raised poor Bob;
And, though he could'nt stand upright,
His heart began to throb.

“Be silent, now,” the Doctor cried,
“Such screams I never heard;
Jenny, who suffers most, is here
The only quiet bird.”

“Is Jenny gone?” the patient sighed;
Poor Jenny was so meek,
She did not answer, but he felt
Her breath upon his cheek.

And now they made a bed of wool,
A pillow too, of down;
And took him far from all the noise
And bustle of the town.

And Jenny watched him night and day;
She never left his bed:
She was so very, very glad,
Her Robin was not dead.

And when he opened wide his eyes,
And saw his pretty bride,
He thought it would be sad, indeed,
If he so soon had died.

The doctor brought him grapes and figs,
As soon as he could eat,
But told him not, for all the world,
To touch a bit of meat.

“ Good Doctor Drake,” poor Robin said,
“ I’m cured of all my pain ;
Indeed, I’ll never be so rude
To call you—Quack—again.”



When all the anxious birds had heard
That Robin was quite well,
They flew about to all their friends,
The happy news to tell.

The Peacock now proposed a feast,
And sent the cakes and wine;
The oldest birds had never heard
Of any thing so fine.



They gathered all the ripest fruits,
And hung the trees with flowers;
And every singing bird resolved
To charm with all his powers.

The Sparrow came, (without his bow,)
And all was bright and gay;
The noble Eagle soared aloft,
To keep the Hawkes away.

No naughty Cuckoo came to tease
Cock Robin's pretty bride;
They thought that they were happier, far,
Than all the world beside.



Among the scented flowers they roved,
Or nestled in the bush,
And listened to the merry song
Of Blackbird and of Thrush.

Towards others of the feathered tribe
No jealousy they felt;
But lived in peace with every bird
That in the garden dwelt.

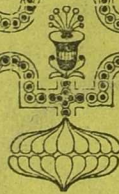
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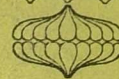
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