

MARCH'S

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Instruction & Assessment.



COCK ROBIN

*and the New*

**Mother Hubbard.**

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON,

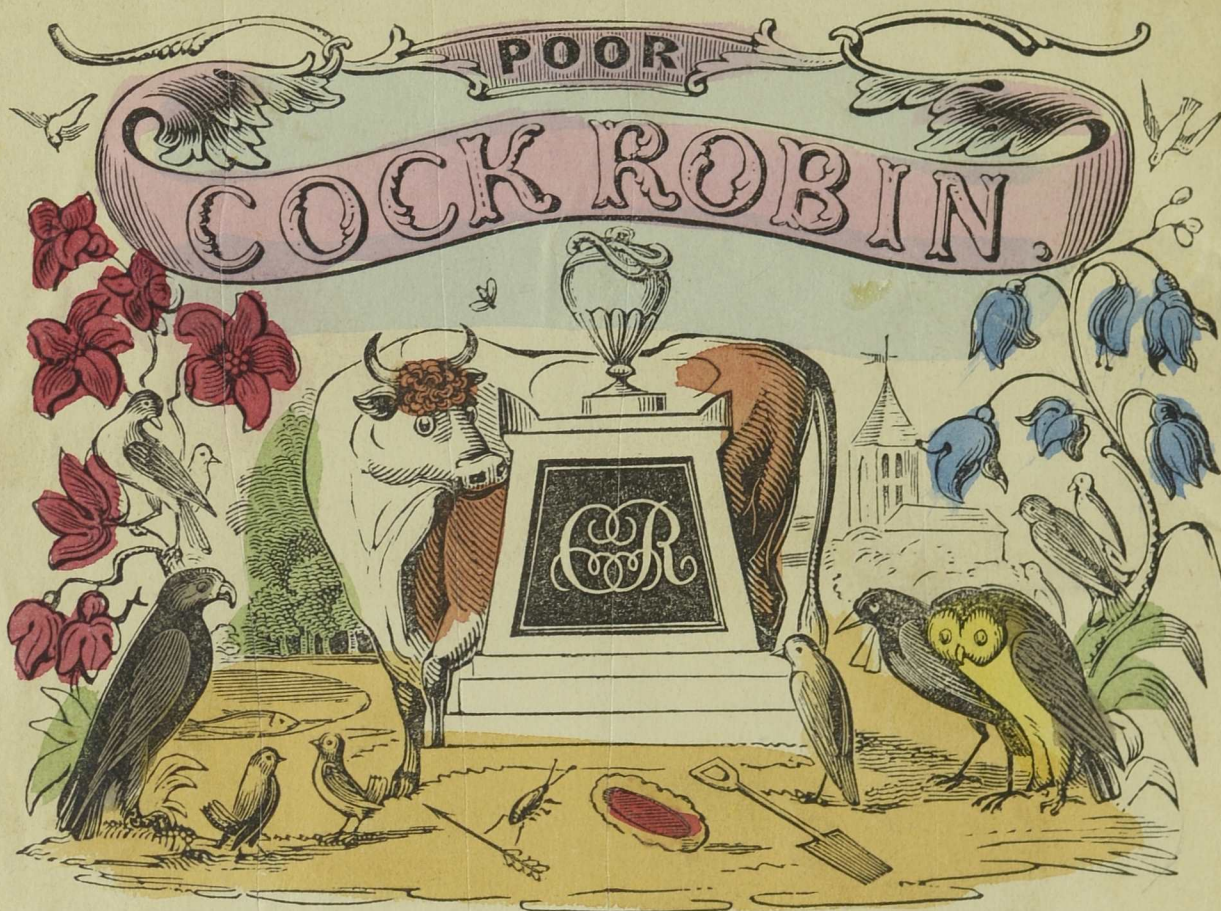
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JAMES MARCH,

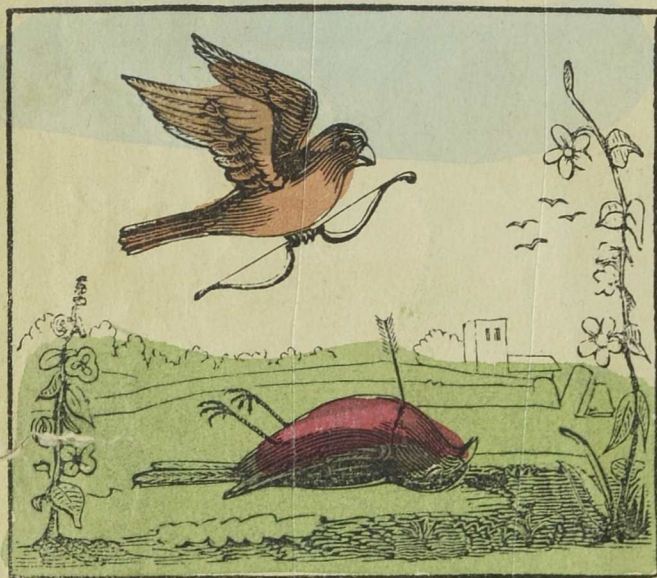
5, Great Charlotte Street,

Blackfriars Road.





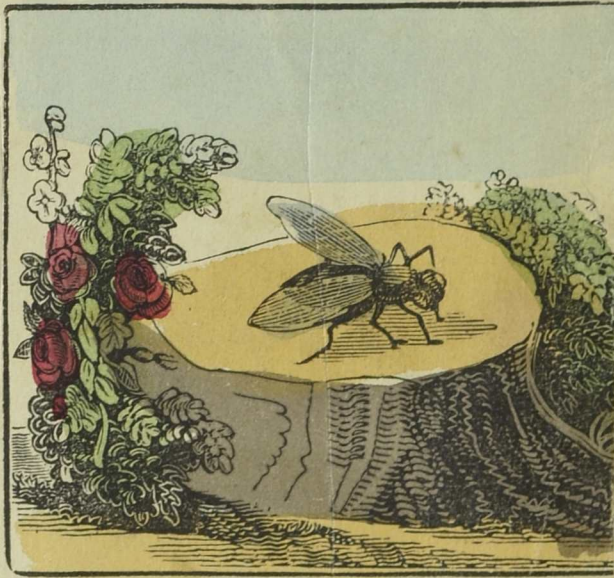
## HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I said the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow  
I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow  
With his bow and arrow.



Who saw him die?

I said the Fly,  
With my little eye  
I saw him die.

This is the fly  
With his little eye.





Who caught his blood?

I said the Fish,

With my little dish

I caught his blood.

This is the Fish  
With his little dish.



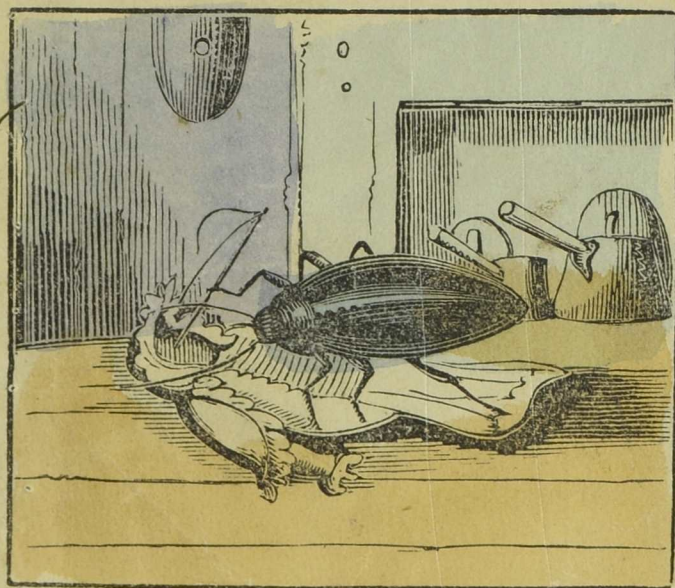
Who'll dig his grave?

I said the Owl,

With my spade and trowel

I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl  
With his spade and trowel.



Who'll make his Shroud?

I said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle

I'll make his Shroud.

This is the Beetle  
With his thread and needle.



Who'll bear the Pall?

We, said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,

We'll bear the pall.

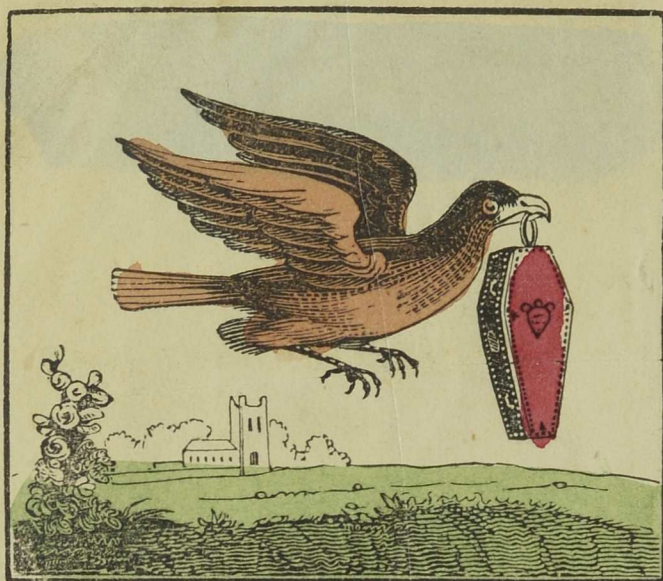
The pretty Wrens so small,  
That bore cock robin's pall.





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Who'll carry him to the grave?

I said the Kite,

If it's not in the night

I'll carry him to the grave.

Behold the kite  
Taking his flight.



Who'll be the Clerk?

I said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark

I'll be the clerk.

Behold how the Lark  
Says AMEN like a clerk.



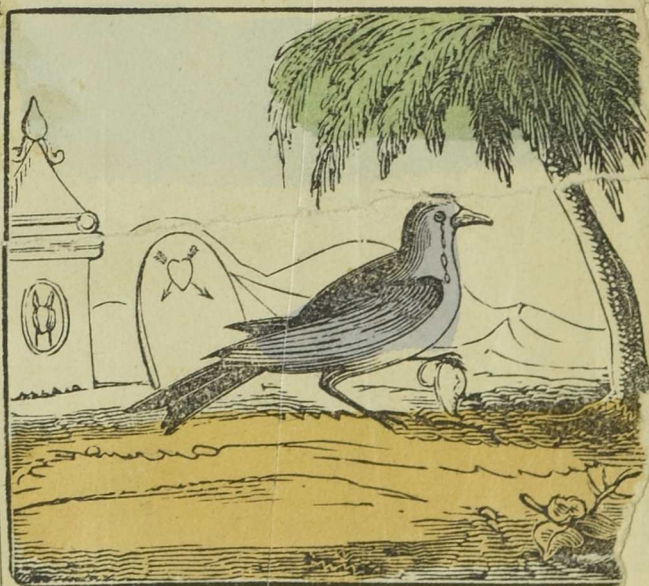
Who'll be the Parson?

I said the Rook,

With my little book

I'll be the parson.

This is the rook  
With his little book.



Who'll be chief mourner?

I said the Dove,

Because I mourn'd for my love

I'll be chief mourner.

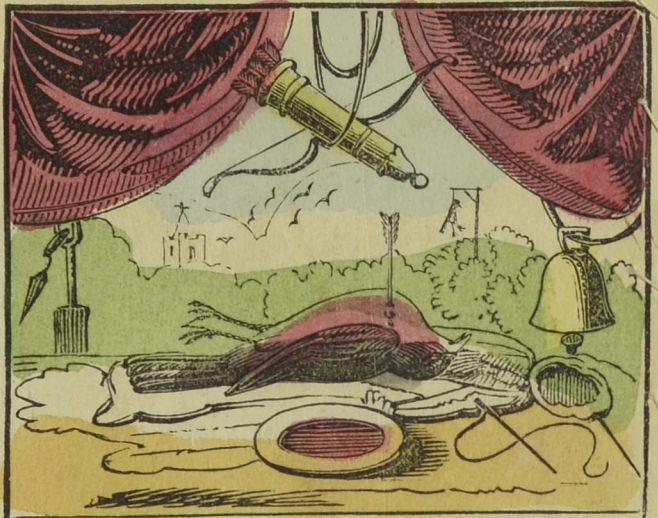
This is the Dove  
That mourn'd for her love.





Who'll toll the bell?  
 I said the Bull,  
 Because I can pull,  
 I'll toll the bell.

And let them all know  
 By its mournful ding dong,  
 The tragical end  
 Of Poor Robin's song.

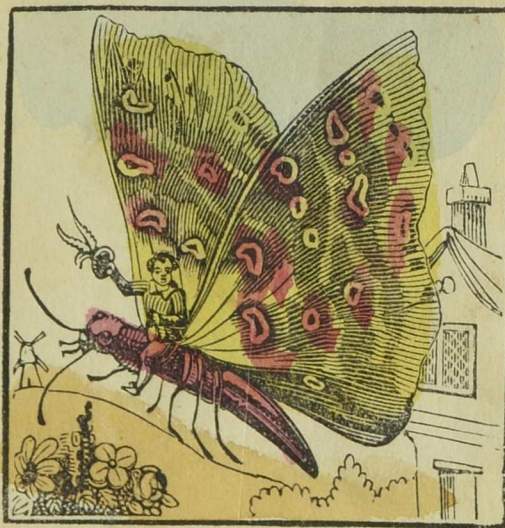


**ALAS! POOR BOB.**

All the birds in the air  
 Fell to sighing and sobbing,  
 When they heard the bell toll  
 For poor Cock Robin;

While the cruel Cock Sparrow,  
 The cause of their grief,  
 Was hung on a gibbet  
 Next day like a thief.

**THE END.**















**MOTHER HUBBARD  
AND HER DOG.**

Old Mother Hubbard  
She went to the cupboard  
To fetch her poor Dog a bone,  
When she got there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog got none.



She went to the Baker's  
To buy him some Bread,  
When she came back  
She thought he was dead.  
She let the bread fall  
And burst out a crying,  
Then said who'd have thought  
That the poor dog was dying.





She went to the Undertaker's  
To buy him a Coffin,  
When she came back  
She found the Dog laughing.

Which pleased the old Dame,  
Though she took up her stick  
And gave him a basting  
For playing the trick.



She went to the Hatter's  
To buy him a Hat,  
When she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

The Old Dame was pleased  
At the comical sight,  
And thought Master Pompey  
Was wond'rous polite.



She went to the Cobbler's  
To buy him some Shoes,  
When she came back  
He was reading the news.

About Fires, and Murders,  
And Tories, and Whigs  
And Arabs, and Tumblers,  
And three learned Pigs.



She went to the Tailor's  
To buy him a Suit,  
When she came back  
He was sounding the flute,

Then played 'Rory O'More,  
And The Rushes so Green,  
A Health to Prince Albert,  
And God save the Queen.













She went to the gardens  
To see the Giraffe  
When the monkey's fine pranks  
Made both of them laugh.

But the lion and tiger  
And panther and bear  
So frightened poor pompey  
He would not stop there.



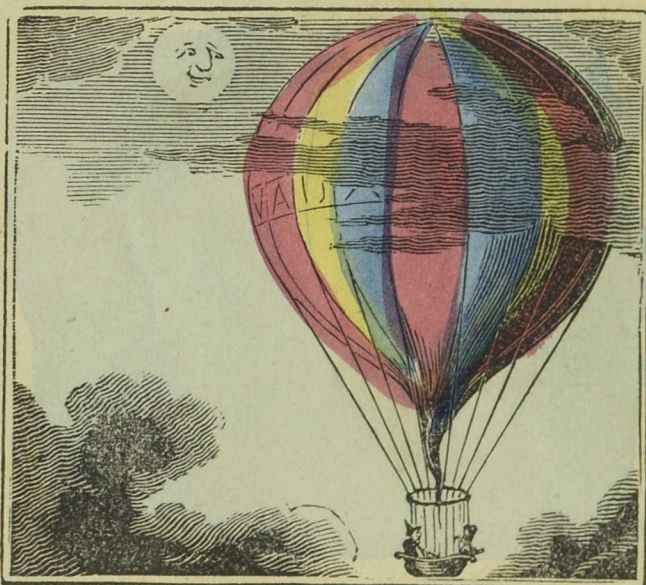
She went to the Rail-road  
The Dog followed after,  
Their places were book'd  
In an uproar of laughter.

Then mounted the train,  
The dame and her spark,  
And in less than ten minutes  
Arrived in the Park.



Took a walk up the hill  
And had a fine view  
Of the Vessels, the College,  
And Father Thames too.

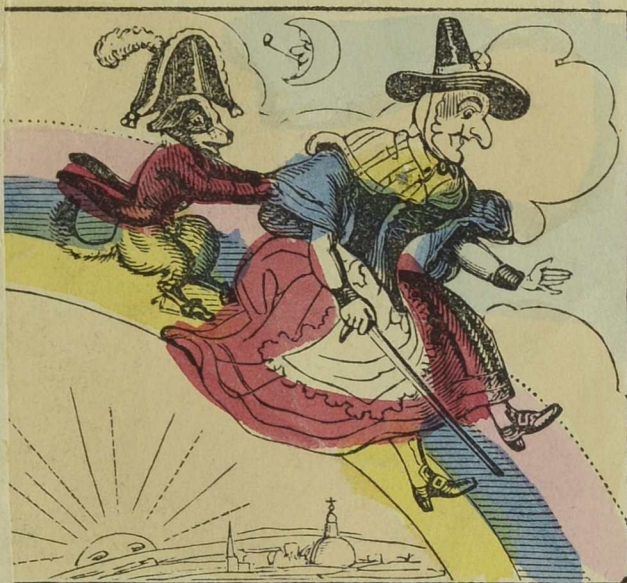
The tide being fair  
From the hill they came down  
And rode in the steam-boat  
From Greenwich to town.



Then got in the Car  
Of the Vauxhall Balloon  
But for want of more ballast  
Went up to the moon.

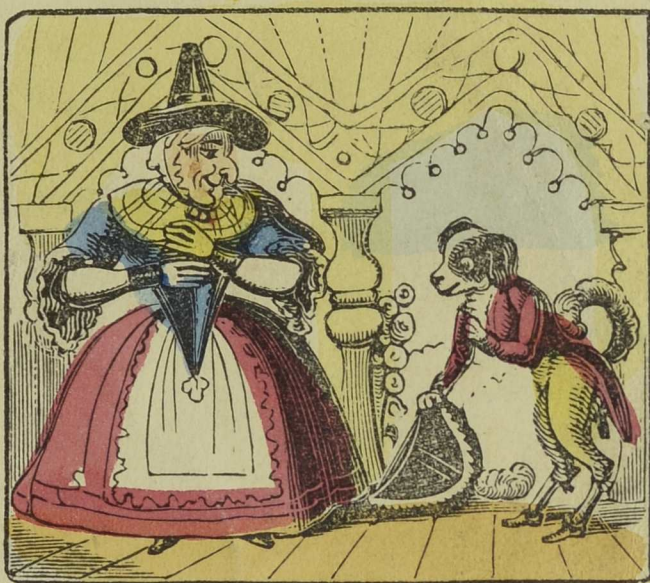
Where the Man with his sticks  
Kindly welcom'd them in,  
To a seat, to a cake,  
And a quartern of \* \* \*





Now both of them wishing  
That they might again go  
To London, slid down  
On the edge of the Rainbow.

This frighten'd the Dog  
Who was glad when he found  
By the bump, that they both  
Had got safe to the ground.



But this sort of riding  
So frighten'd the pair,  
They determin'd to travel  
No more in the air.

The Dame rose and courtesied,  
The Dog made a bow,  
The Dame said your servant,  
The Dog said bow wow.

THE END.





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