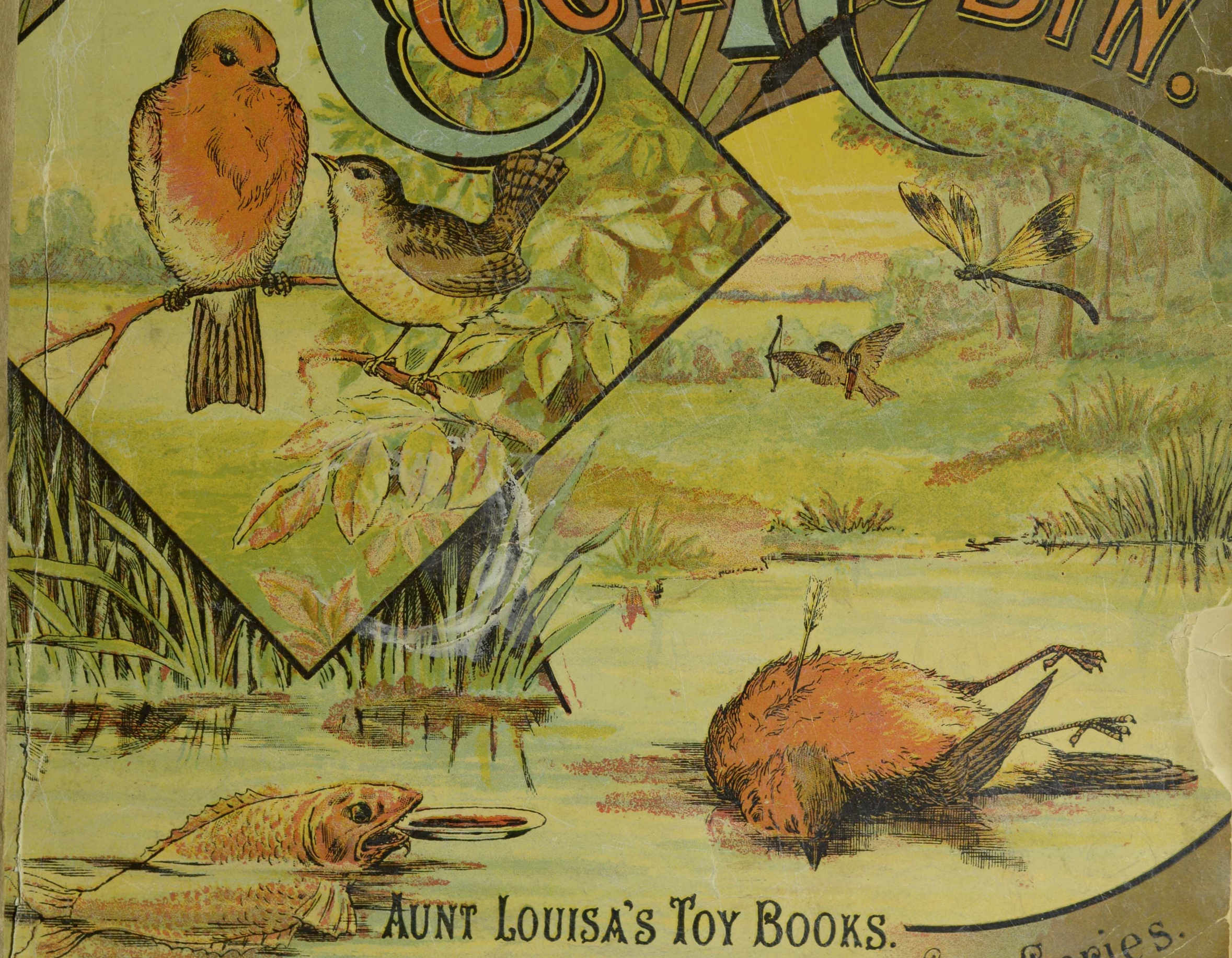


THURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, DEATH and BURIAL of COCK ROBIN.



AUNT LOUISA'S TOY BOOKS.

Frederick Warne & C.^o London & New York

New Series.
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THE
COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, DEATH, AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY STANNARD.

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It was on a merry time,  
When Jenny Wren was young,  
So neatly as she danced,  
And so sweetly as she sung—  
Robin Redbreast lost his heart:  
He was a gallant bird;  
He doffed his hat to Jenny,  
And thus to her he said:

“My dearest Jenny Wren,  
If you will but be mine,  
You shall dine on cherry-pie,  
And drink nice currant-wine.  
I’ll dress you like a Goldfinch,  
Or like a Peacock gay;  
So, if you’ll have me, Jenny,  
Let us appoint the day.”







Jenny blushed behind her fan,  
And thus declared her mind ;  
“ Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,  
I take your offer kind.  
Cherry-pie is very good,  
So is currant-wine ;  
But I'll wear my russet gown,  
And never dress too fine.”

Robin rose up early,  
At the break of day ;  
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,  
To sing a roundelay.  
He met the Cock and Hen,  
And bade the Cock declare  
This was his wedding day  
With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn,  
To let the neighbours know  
This was Robin's wedding-day,  
And they might see the show.  
And first came Parson Rook,  
With his spectacles and band ;  
And one of Mother Hubbard's books  
He held within his hand.







Then followed him the Lark,  
For he could sweetly sing;  
And he was to be the clerk  
At Cock Robin's wedding.  
The Goldfinch came on next,  
To give away the bride;  
The Linnet, being bridesmaid,  
Walked by Jenny's side;

The Bullfinch walked by Robin,  
And thus to him did say,  
"Pray mark, friend Robin Redbreast,  
That Goldfinch dressed so gay;  
What though her gay apparel  
Becomes her very well?  
Yet Jenny's modest dress and look  
Must bear away the bell."

Then came the bride and bridegroom;  
Quite plainly was she dressed,  
And blushed so much, her cheeks were  
As red as Robin's breast.  
But Robin cheered her up;  
"My pretty Jen," said he,  
"We're going to be married,  
And happy we shall be."



“Oh, then,” says Parson Rook,  
“Who gives this maid away?”

“I do,” says the Goldfinch,  
“And her fortune I will pay.”

“And will you have her, Robin,  
To be your wedded wife?”

“Yes, I will,” says Robin,  
“And love her all my life!”

“And you will have him, Jenny,  
Your husband now to be?”

“Yes, I will,” says Jenny,  
“And love him heartily!”

Then on her finger fair

Cock Robin put the ring;

“You’re married now,” says Parson Rook,  
While aloud the lark did sing.

The birds were asked to dine—

Not Jenny’s friends alone,

But every pretty songster

That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry-pie,

Besides some currant-wine,

And every guest brought something,

That sumptuous they might dine.







Now they all sat or stood,  
To eat and to drink;  
And everyone said what  
He happened to think.  
Then each took a bumper,  
And drank to the pair,  
Cock Robin the bridegroom,  
And Jenny the fair.

The dinner things removed.  
They all began to sing;  
And soon they made the place  
Near a mile round to ring.  
The concert it was fine,  
And every bird tried  
Who best should sing for Robin  
And Jenny Wren the bride.

When in came the Cuckoo,  
And made a great rout;  
He caught hold of Jenny,  
And pulled her about.  
Cock Robin was angry,  
And so was the Sparrow,  
Who fetched in a hurry  
His bow and his arrow.



His aim then he took,  
But he took it not right;  
His skill was not good,  
Or he shot in a fright—  
For the Cuckoo he missed,  
But Cock Robin he killed!  
And all the birds mourned  
That his blood was so spilled.

Who killed Cock Robin?  
I, said the Sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.

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

Who caught his blood?  
I, said the fish,  
With my little dish,  
I caught his blood.

Who'll make his shroud?  
I, said the Beetle,







With my thread and needle,  
I'll make his shroud.

Who'll be chief mourner?  
I, said the dove,  
For I mourn for my love,  
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll carry the link?  
I, said the Linnet,  
I'll fetch it in a minute,  
I'll carry the link.

Who'll be the Parson?  
I, said the Rook,  
With my little book,  
I'll be the Parson.

Who'll be the Clerk?  
I, said the Lark,  
If it's not in the dark,  
I'll be the Clerk.

Who'll dig his grave?  
I, said the Owl,  
With my spade and shawl,  
I'll dig his grave.







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.

Who'll sing a psalm?  
I, said the Thrush,  
As she sat in a bush,  
I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?  
I, said the Bull,  
Because I can pull,  
So, Cock Robin, farewell!

All the birds of the air  
Fell a-sighing and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.







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