



COCK ROBIN
With Variations
and Illustrations

AN
OLD TALE
RETOLD.

By PALMER COX



COCK ROBIN.

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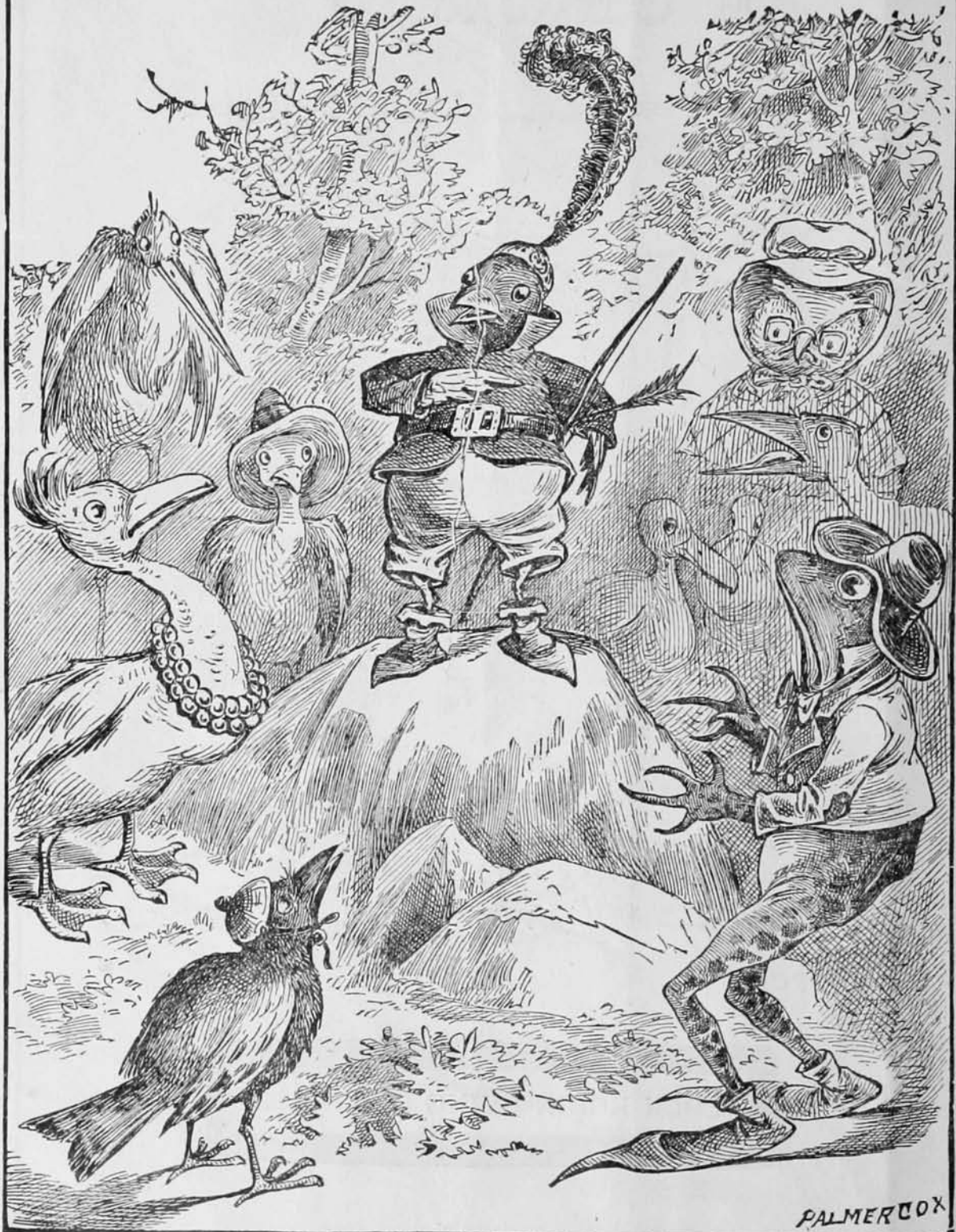
With Variations
—AND—
—Illustrations—



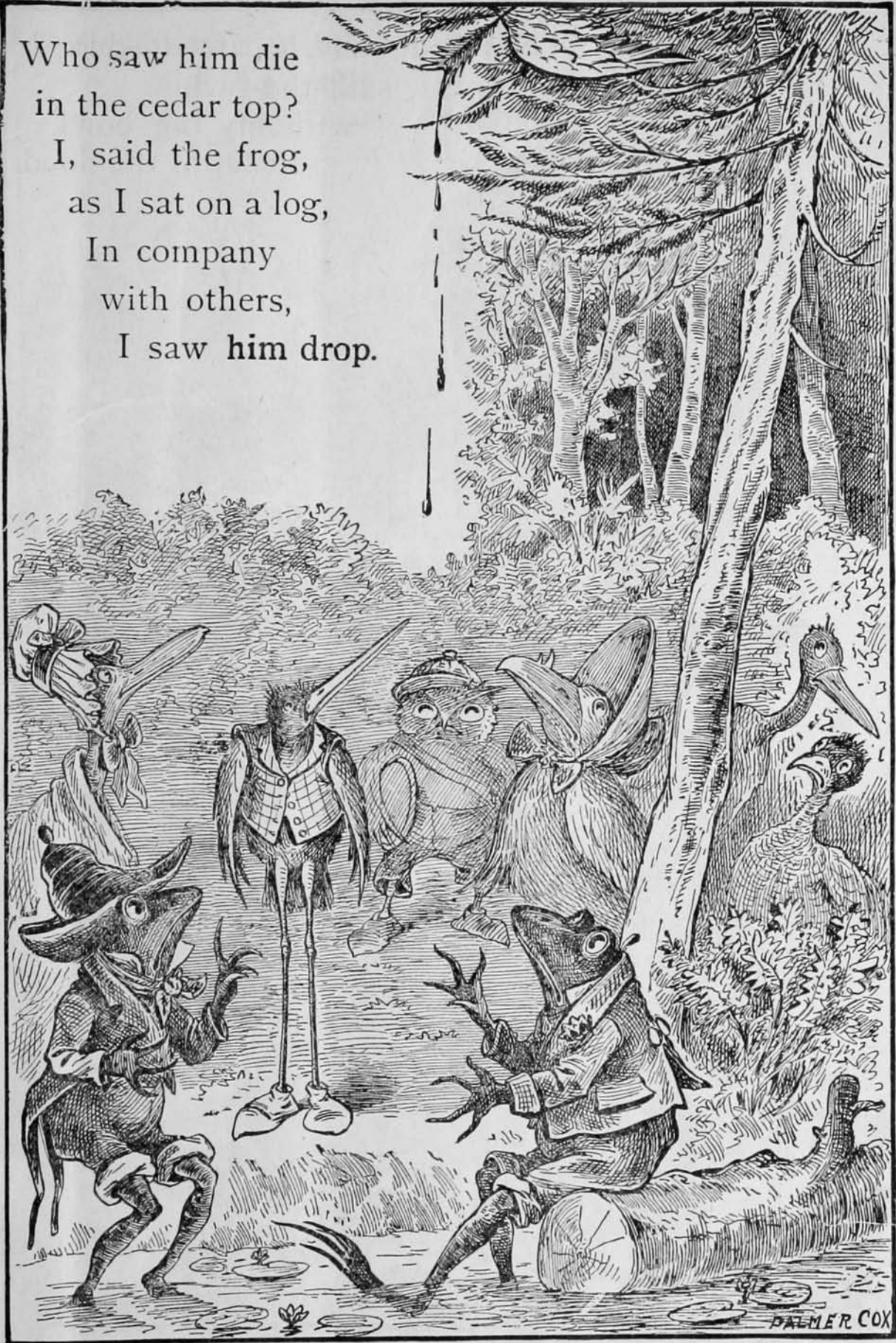
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COCK ROBIN LYING IN STATE.

Who killed Cock Robin, where the lilies grow?
I, said the sparrow, with my bow and arrow,
I laid him low.



Who saw him die
in the cedar top?
I, said the frog,
as I sat on a log,
In company
with others,
I saw him drop.



Who was at hand, to catch his blood?
I, said the owl,
with my big bowl,
I caught the flood.



Who'll make a shroud so costly and fine?
I, said the beetle,
With my thread and needle,
The task will be mine.



Who'll dig a grave in the yew-tree shade?
I, said the mole, will soon make a hole,
I'll dig the grave with my pickax and spade.

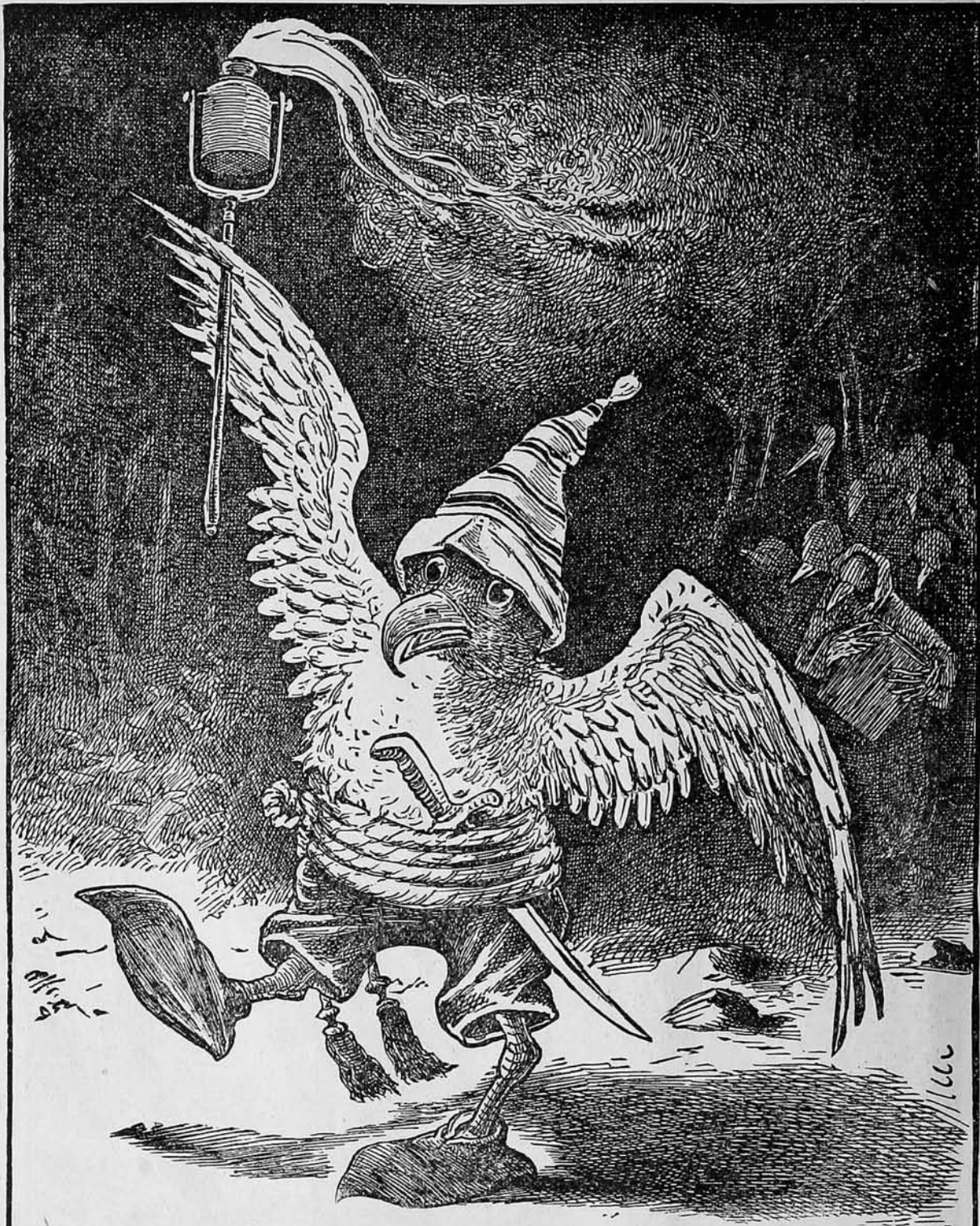


PALMER COX



Who'll toll the bell in the chapel tower?
I said the daw, with my long claw,
I toll the bell for half an hour.

PALMER COX.



Who'll bear a blazing torch in the case?
I, said the kite, will carry the light,
And show the way to the burial place.

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Who'll bear the pall, both careful and slow?

I, said the stork,

With a measured stride

My legs are long

and my shoulders wide,

I'll bear the pall

to the plain below.



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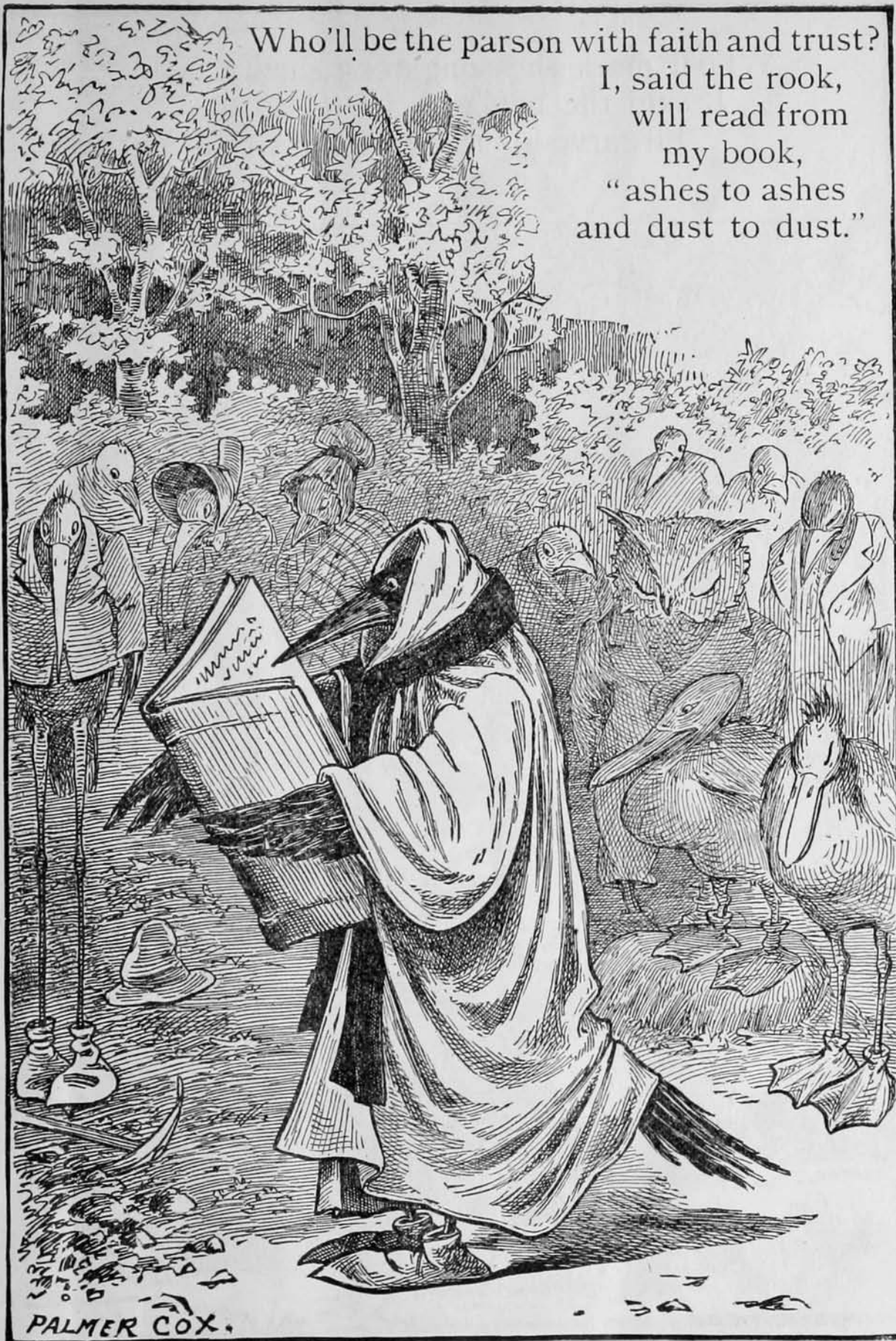
Who'll sing a psalm as the hearse goes by?
I said the thrush,
if others will hush,
I'll sing a verse will bring tears
to the eye.



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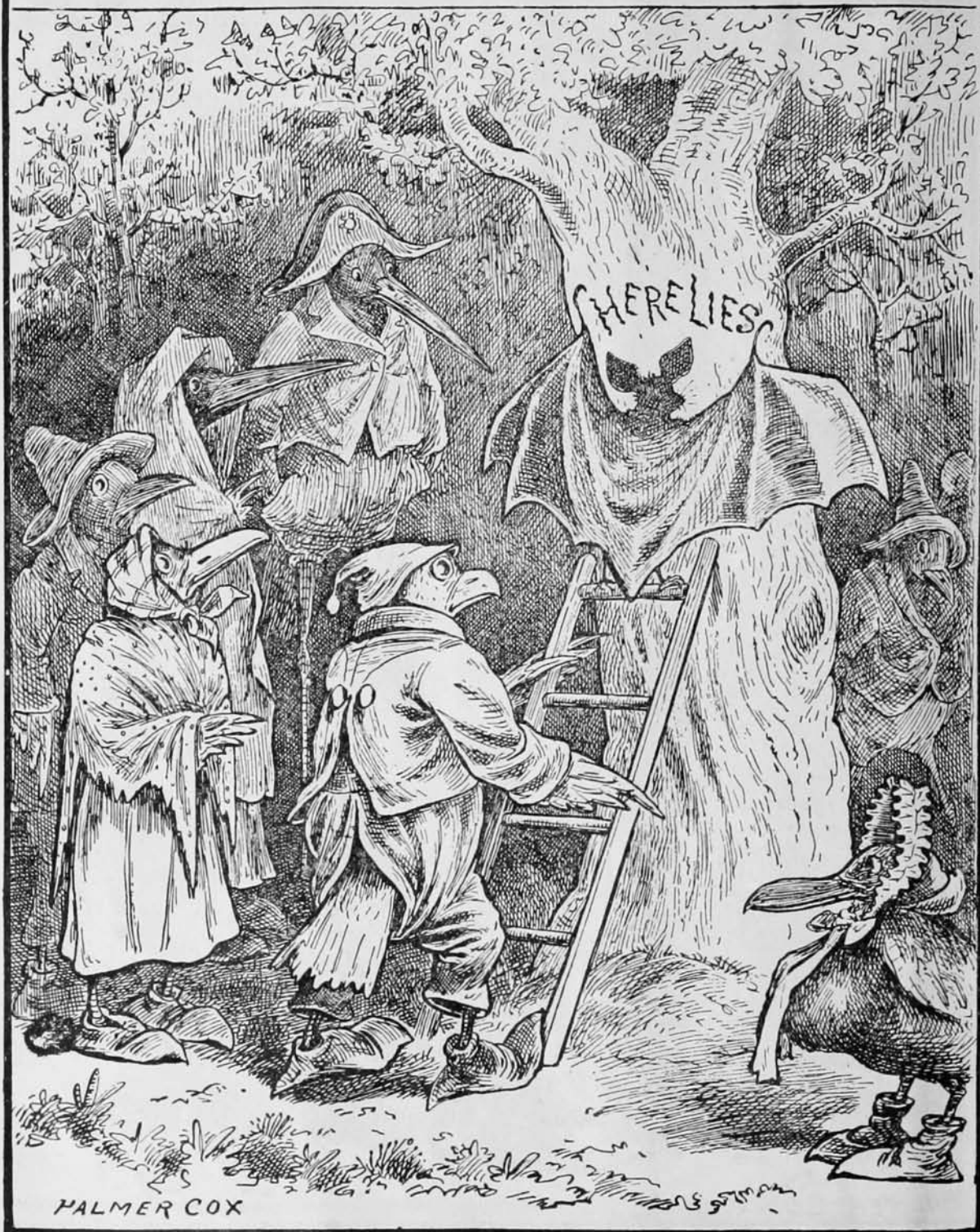
Who'll be the parson with faith and trust?

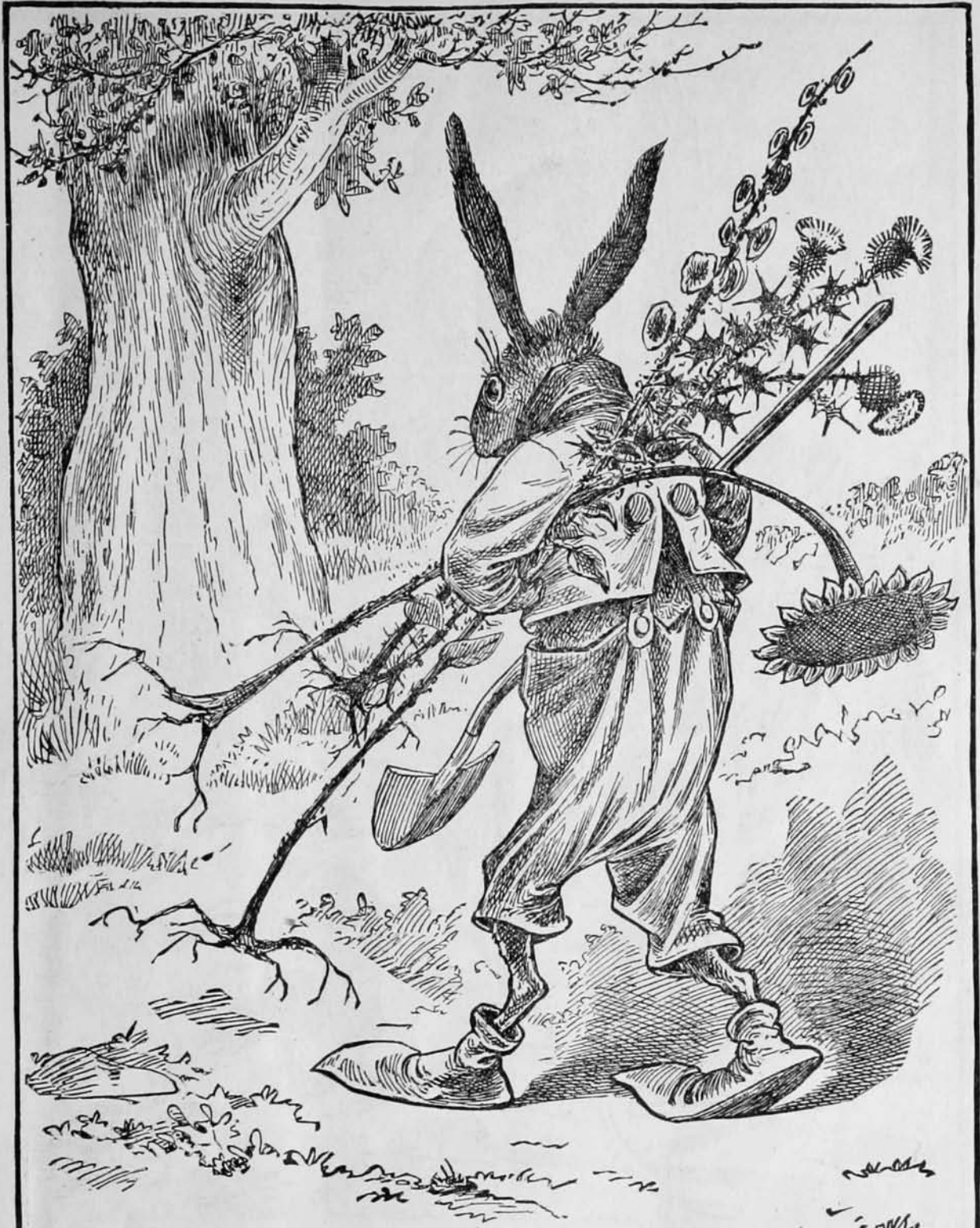
I, said the rook,
will read from
my book,
"ashes to ashes
and dust to dust."




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Who'll mark the songster's earthy bed?
I, said the bat, will attend to that,
I'll carve his name on the tree at his head.





Who'll keep it green when summer is here?
I, said the hare, will plant flowers there,
I'll keep it green through many a year.


PALMER COX



Who suffered for his fault, ere a week rolled by?
Who, but the sparrow, that shot the fatal arrow,
And roused the indignation of all creatures far and nigh.

VACATION AT GRANDFATHER'S.

VACATION had come and Dick and I were two of the happiest boys you could find after a good long search. Vacation did not simply mean to us that examinations were over, that now books and slates could be put away, and study hour given over to play. No indeed! vacation meant lots more to us, it meant Grandfather's. If any boy has a grandfather who lives on a big farm with lots of horses and cows, and whose place is just filled with trees that grow in exactly the right style for climbing, and if he has a grandmother who knows how to make the best pies and puddings and ginger cake men that no baker could possibly make half as good, then he has some idea of what vacation meant to Dick and me.

Grandfather's place was many miles from our home. We had to start quite early in the morning and ride on the train all day—then just about the time the sun commenced to creep down back of the hill the train stopped

at Clearfield, that's the name of the station and out we popped, eyes wide open for the two big grays that grandfather always drove. They never failed us, and after getting a good big hug from grandfather we always rubbed their soft noses, and patted their sleek, fat necks.

Grandmother knew the appetites of her two healthy grandsons, and made ample preparations, Such piles of bread and butter as she cut for us, and how good it tasted



spread with grandmother's lovely butter and the golden honey that the busy bees made.

"Early to bed, and early to rise" was grandfather's motto, so we boys must wait until breakfast time to tell all the home news, and to ask after Towser, the watch dog, and Bess the old donkey, and to hear about the cunning gray kittens in the barn, and the little fluffy ducklings only two days old, and the baby lambs.

The sun was not up long, when grandfather called—
“Dick! Rob! It’s time you were a stirrin.’ Don’t let the
outside world enjoy all the morning’s loveliness, get up
and enjoy yourself.”

How we did love the well cured ham that grandmother
had for breakfast, and the new laid eggs that were fried
just right. Everything tasted wonderfully good to us
boys, for hunger is a good sauce, you know.

Breakfast over, we started for the stables. It was
such fun to hear the horses whinnying for their share of
the apples we carried to Bess, and to see the little baby
colts trot coyly away as we attempted to rub their cunning
faces. Our next visit was made to the calves. Nothing
could be prettier than these timid little creatures. We
had hard work coaxing them to be
friends, but the salt held out to
them was too great a temptation
and we won at last.

Aaron, the man, was milking.
The milk rose in a snowy foam
as it poured into the shinning



tin pail. We boys were great friends with Aaron and his round, red face beamed like the sun, as we watched him with undisguised admiration.

“Mew! Mew! sounded from some far away corner. Dick went off to search for the cause, and there in an empty stall lay Maltie and her four maltie babies. Aaron gave us a saucer of milk for her, and she purred gently as though she were trying to express her thanks. The old gobbler strutted around the barn yard, seeming to suggest that he too was a subject for admiration.

The boy Dan had gone to the corn field to pull out the weeds that had gathered between the rows. Dick and I started off to join him, but what a laugh we had when we reached the top of the hill. There stood the funniest looking thing you ever saw. It was a scare crow rigged up in an old suit of Dan's with one of grandfather's hats on its head, a wooden gun in its hand, and a powder flask swung under its arm. But the funniest sight of all was to see a crow perched on the top of the hat, no more scared than Dick and I were.

Days went so fast that vacation was over before we

realized it, and the time had come for us to go home. It was hard work to leave so much fun, but we had to make



the best of it, and look forward to another summer and more happy day at Grandfather's.

TED'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

IT was Ted's birthday. Eight years ago, Grandma told him as she wished him many happy returns of the day, and gave him a great big hug and a kiss—he was just the



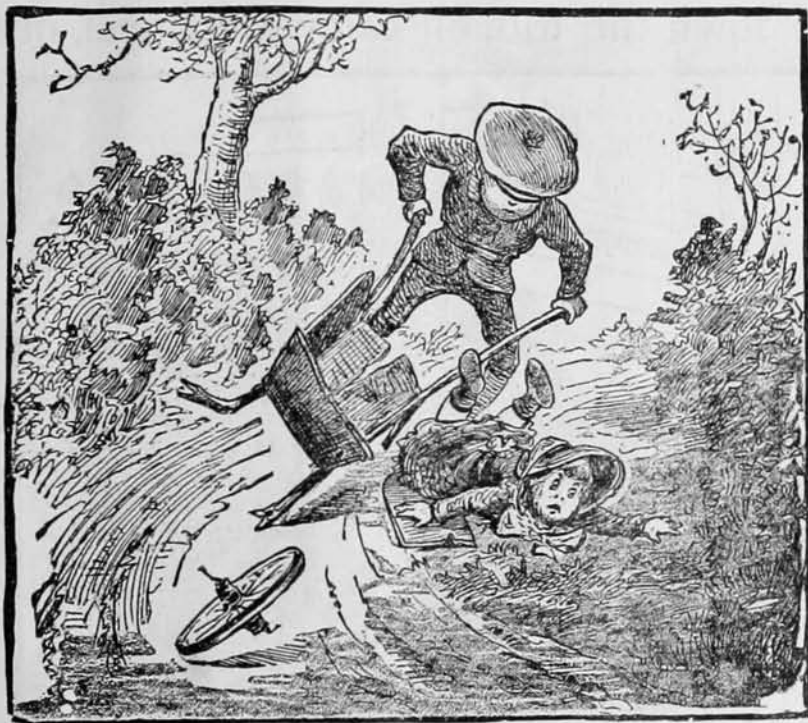
tiniest mite of a thing but now she considers him quite a good size boy for his age. Ted liked to be told he was big, and he held up

his head and threw back his shoulders just to make himself as tall as ever he could.

Now Papa had a birthday kiss for Ted too, but he had something besides that. Right along side of Ted's chair at the table was the loveliest red wheel barrow all finished off in black and gold. You should have seen Ted's eyes

when they spied the treasure. They grew bigger and bigger until you might almost think they would drop out of his head. He had wanted a wheel barrow for ever so long, and now that his wish was to be fulfilled he was too pleased to say one word. Papa looked almost as pleased as Ted, he did so like to make his boy happy.

Ted's birthday came in the spring. He thought it was a beautiful time to have a birthday—the whole outside world seemed to put on its prettiest dress in honor of



the day, and as Ted sat at the table trying to eat his breakfast, but too full of delight over his wheel barrow to care very much, the breezes heavily

laden with the perfume of the blossoms stole softly in at the half opened windows.

Little Bess was Ted's three year old sister, and she

was also his pet and plaything. Ted was an idol to Bess and to share in his play was her greatest happiness. Bess thought the new wheel barrow the most beautiful thing she had ever seen

“Go put your bonnet on and I’ll take you for a ride,” said Ted.

What fun they had and how frightened Bess grew when Ted trunneled her so swiftly around the corners. Ted laughed at her fear and went all the faster.

But Ted’s fearlessness led to sad trouble. Just as they started at full speed down the hill, off came the wheel, out

went Bess and the pretty red wheel barrow fell all to pieces. No bones were broken, but two broken heart-ed little children p i c k e d up the



pieces and went into the house to mother. Mother kissed and petted them both, and comforted Ted with the promise that Father would mend it and make it as good as new.

TALES OF THE CRUSADES.

LONG, long years ago before your grandfather, or your great-grandfather or your great-great-great-grandfather was born something happened away across the Atlantic Ocean which set that great big country in a regular hub-bub. The Turks, a nation living in Asia had gotten possession of a country called Palestine or the Holy Land, and it was to try and get it once more in her possession that all Europe was so greatly exercised.

The Holy Land was a place very dear to the hearts of the Christian people, it was the place of sacred relics and when the Turks conquered it some of their rulers behaved very badly. Not all, for some of them treated the Christians with much kindness, but others persecuted them shamefully. It was the custom of the Christian people to make pilgrimages to this holy spot to bring gifts of money and to worship there, many of them walked all the distance reaching the place of worship ragged and foot-

sore. But these people who had taken possession had a very different religion from the pilgrims and they often



abused these religious visitors most cruelly. Some of the Christians who still made their home in the Holy Land suf-

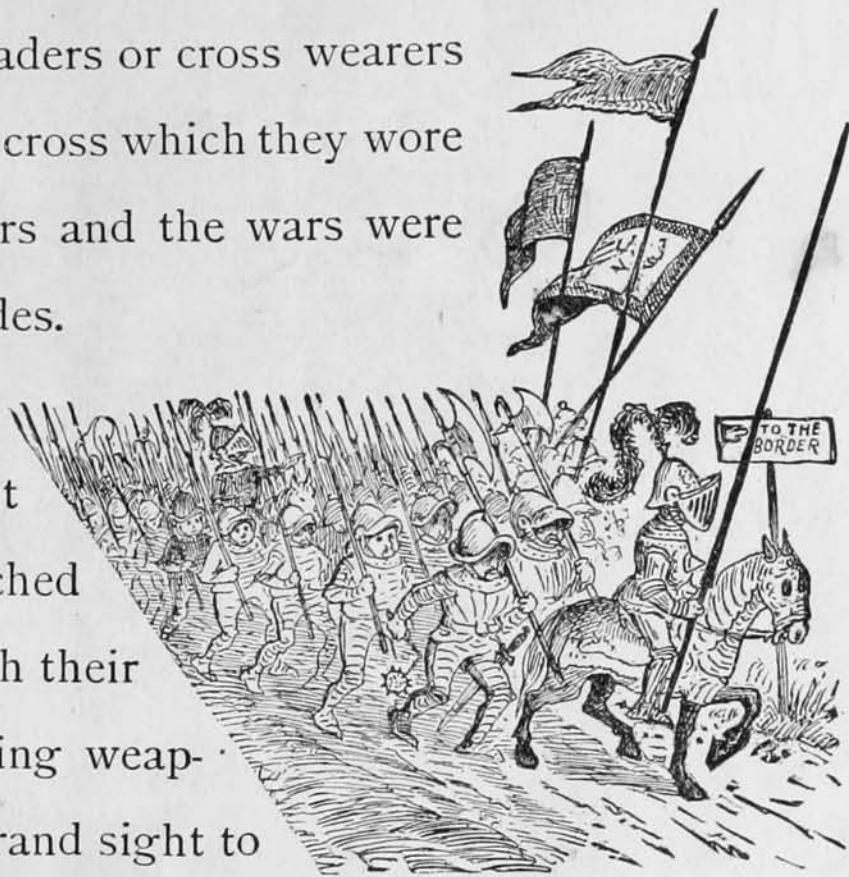
fered severely from the hands of the Turks. They did more than this, they destroyed their places of worship, and tried to interfere with their pilgrimages.

At last the people could stand it no longer and it was decided that nothing remained but to go to war against the Turks, and a poor monk named Peter the Hermit, who had suffered at the hand of this Eastern nation and who had seen the sufferings of his fellow creatures went forth

preaching against these cruelties and rousing the people so greatly that thousands of men, rich and poor gave up everything to go fight for the Holy Land.

A great and mighty army was formed and men full of zeal and vigor led these hosts of men. Now these soldiers were called Crusaders or cross wearers owing to the red cross which they wore on their shoulders and the wars were called the Crusades.

These pilgrims too many almost to count marched forth armed with their bright and shining weapons. It was a grand sight to behold this vast body of soldiers.



One Crusade after another was formed—eight in all and victory and defeat both met them. These wars lasted many years—after the eighth Crusade had been formed and the army conquered by the Turks, the expeditions were abandoned and the Eastern nations held the land.



UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT.

THERE were four of them counting the baby; Fred and Nell, Tot and baby Joe. Of course little Joe knew nothing about it, but the rest knew that Mother had gone off on the steam cars early that morning to find a place where they meant to stay all the summer long. What jolly times they meant to have! They knew all about it, for Mary the nurse had once lived in the country, and she had told them beautiful stories about the cows and the horses, and the little baby chickens that were so soft and yellow. They had heard too, about the pig that had a ring put in his nose because he rooted up all the young plants that were put in the ground. Fred could scarcely wait to go fishing, with a rod and line, like Mary's brother used to have. He could make them. Papa's cane had served him for a pole, and he had found a string and a pin in Mother's sewing basket. Nell wanted to wear a sun bonnet and go after black berries, and Tot meant to find all

the nests where the hens laid the eggs that Father loved to have for his breakfast. Poor Mary was almost crazy



with the questions they kept asking her, and she sighed as she looked at the clock and found that it was more than

ur.

John
when he
with the child
along very well indeed.
them, and went off to have a cup
the cook.

Uncle John felt quite proud of himself as the child gathered around, listening with rapt attention to the tales of the wonderful things he had seen. By and by baby Joe grew restless, for all this talk failed to please him, and his little lips quivered, and great big tears rolled down his cheeks. Out of his pocket came Uncle John's watch, and baby grabbed hold of it eagerly. Uncle John started off

...by
...eve
...means
...much sooner
...had taken an earlier
...one to her darlings. Then Uncle
...otten, but he made up his mind that never
...as he lived would he play nurse maid to four
small children.

It was much more of a task than he had bargained for, and he said, (to himself, of course) that he did not see how Mary managed to live, if they were always as full of mischief as they were that day. But that was all because he was not used to their pranks; not because they were bad.