

# CHILDREN

IN THE

# WOOD.



LONDON:

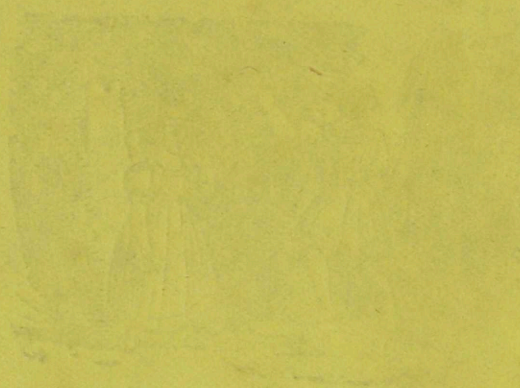
SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS.



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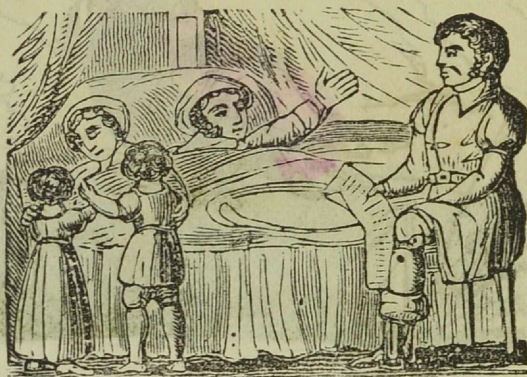
A GENTLEMAN of good account,  
In Norfolk dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount,  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
No help his life could save ;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possest one grave.



No love between these two was lost,  
 Each was to other kind :  
 In love they lived, in love they died,  
 And left two babes behind.

The father left his little son,  
 As plainly doth appear,  
 When he to perfect age should come,  
 Three hundred pounds a year.



And to his little daughter Jane,  
 Five hundred pounds in gold,  
 To be paid on her marriage-day,  
 Which might not be controll'd.

But if the children chance to die,  
 Ere they to age should come,  
 Their uncle should possess their wealth,  
 For so the will did run.

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
 “Look to my children dear ;  
 Be good unto my boy and girl,  
 No friends else have they here.”

With lips as cold as any stone,  
 They kiss'd their children small :  
 “God bless you both, my children dear ;”  
 With that the tears did fall.



These speeches then their brother spake,  
 To this sick couple there :  
 “The keeping of your children small,  
 Sweet sister, do not fear.

God never prosper me nor mine,  
 Nor aught else that I have,  
 If I do wrong your children dear,  
 When you're laid in the grave.”





He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
Who were of furious mood,  
That they should take these children young,  
And slay them in a wood.





And told his wife and all he had,  
 He did the children send  
 To be brought up in fair London,  
 With one that was his friend.

They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
 As they rode on their way,  
 To those who should their butchers be,  
 And work their life's decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,  
 Made murderer's heart relent,  
 And they that undertook the deed,  
 Full sore did now repent.





Yet one of them more hard of heart,  
 Did vow to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch that hired him,  
 Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto ;  
 So here they fell to strife,  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the children's life.

he that was of mildest mood,  
 slay the other there,





Within an unfrequented wood,  
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,  
Tears standing in their eye,  
And bade them straightway follow him,  
And look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for bread complain ;  
“Stay here,” quoth he, “I’ll bring you some  
When I come back again.”

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and down ;  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town.





Their pretty lips with black-berries,  
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,  
 And when they saw the darksome night,  
 They sat them down and cried.

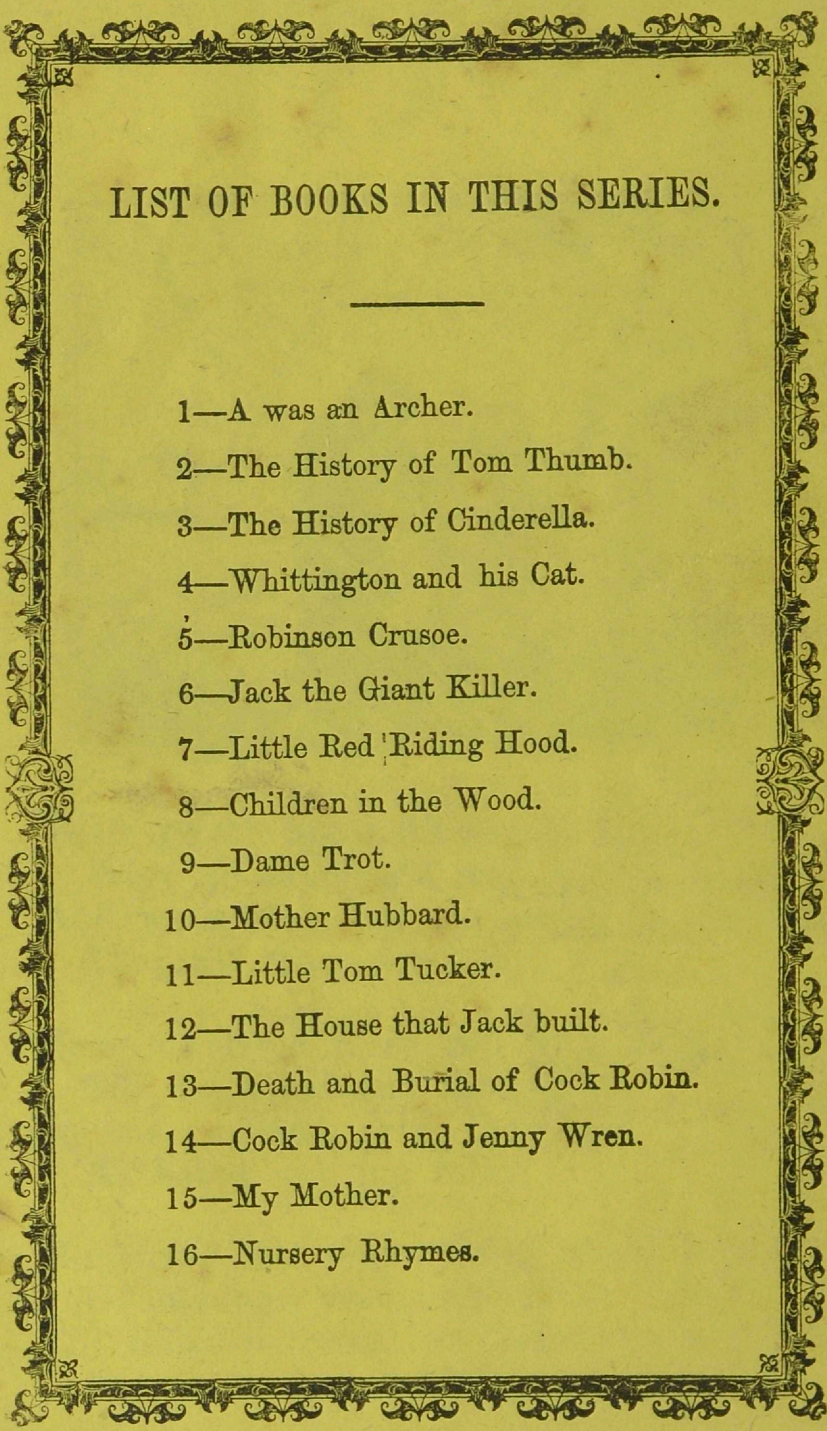
Thus wandered these two little babes,  
 Till death did end their grief,  
 In one another's arms they died,  
 As babes wanting relief.

No burial this pretty pair,  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till Robin-redbreast painfully,  
 Did cover them with leaves.









## LIST OF BOOKS IN THIS SERIES.

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- 1—A was an Archer.
- 2—The History of Tom Thumb.
- 3—The History of Cinderella.
- 4—Whittington and his Cat.
- 5—Robinson Crusoe.
- 6—Jack the Giant Killer.
- 7—Little Red 'Riding Hood.
- 8—Children in the Wood.
- 9—Dame Trot.
- 10—Mother Hubbard.
- 11—Little Tom Tucker.
- 12—The House that Jack built.
- 13—Death and Burial of Cock Robin.
- 14—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren.
- 15—My Mother.
- 16—Nursery Rhymes.