



COCK ROBIN.



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J MARCH.

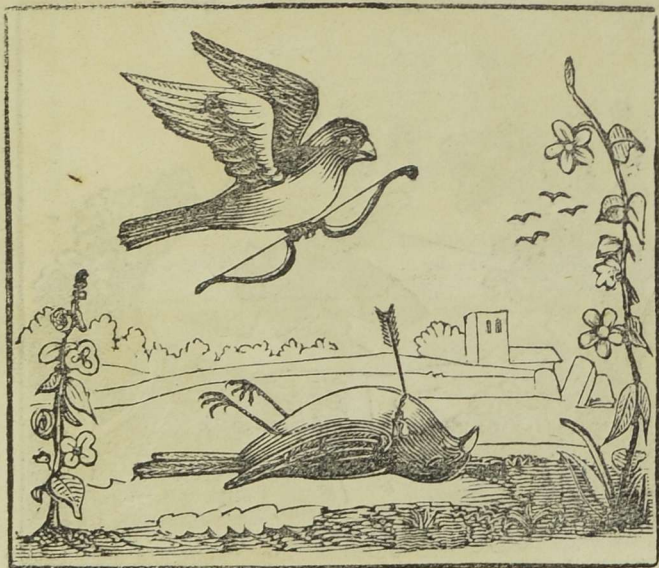
12 Webber Street,



THE
LIBRARY



COCK ROBIN.



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?

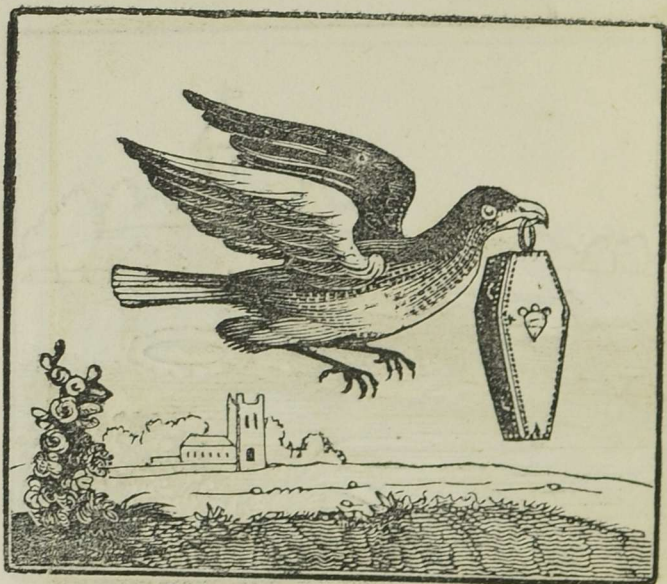
I said the Fish,

With my little dish

I caught his blood.

This is the Fish

With his little dish



Who'll 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 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 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.



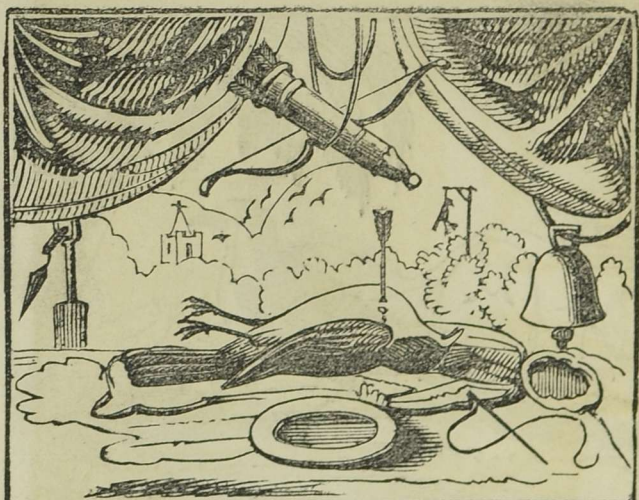
Who'll be chief mourner?

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.



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.



PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.

March, 12, Webber Street.