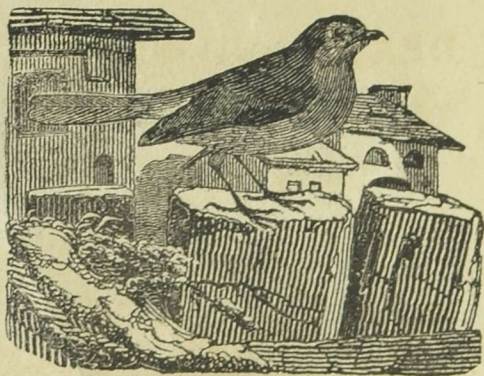


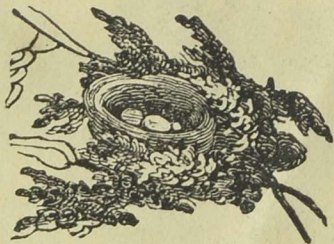
*Birds.*

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,  
Shall store of fruit preserve ;  
O let me thus your friendship bribe !  
Come, feed without reserve.



Little bird, with bosom red,  
Welcome to our humble shed;  
Daily near our table steal,  
While we pick our scanty meal:  
Doubt not, little though there be,  
But we'll cast a crumb to thee.

THE  
DEATH AND BURIAL  
OF  
COCK ROBIN.



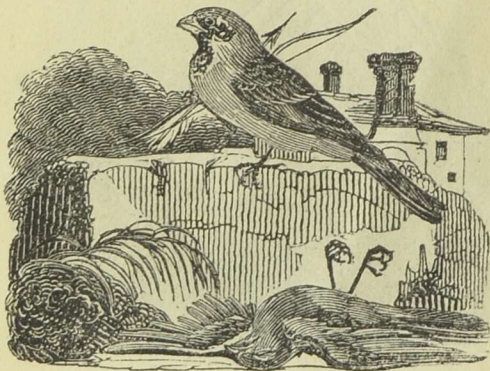
DERBY:  
Printed and published by  
HENRY MOZLEY AND SONS.  
Price One Penny.



## COCK ROBIN.

Who kill'd Cock Robin ?

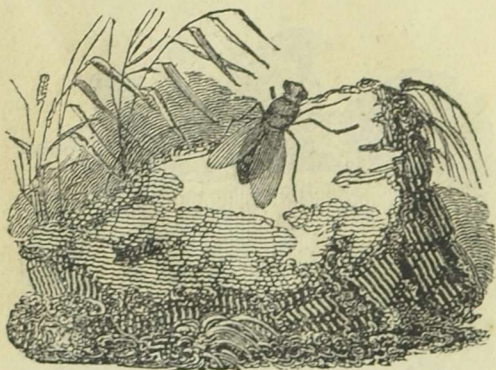
I, said the Sparrow,  
With my little Arrow,  
I kill'd Cock Robin.



This is the Sparrow,  
With his Bow and Arrow.

Who saw him die ?

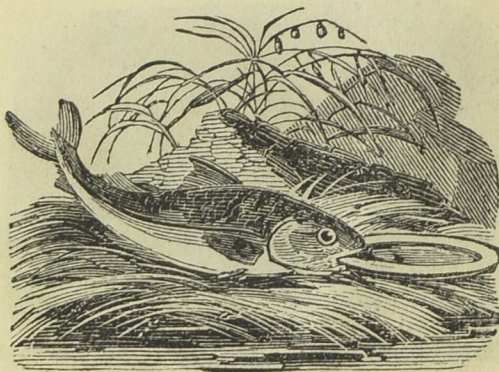
I, says the Fly,  
With my little Eye,  
I saw him die.



This is the Fly,  
With his little Eye.

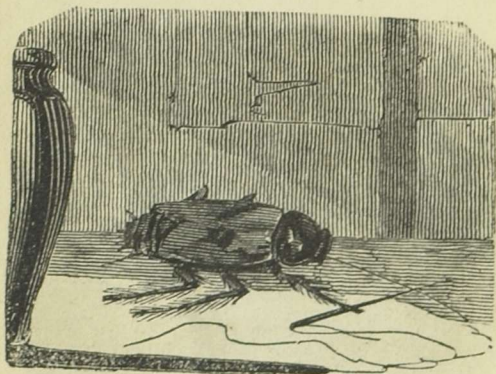


Who caught his Blood ?  
I said the Fish,  
In my little Dish,  
I caught his Blood.



This is the Fish,  
With his little Dish.

Who'll make his Shroud ?  
I, says the Beetle,  
With my little Needle,  
I'll make his Shroud.



This is the Beetle  
With his Thread and Needle.

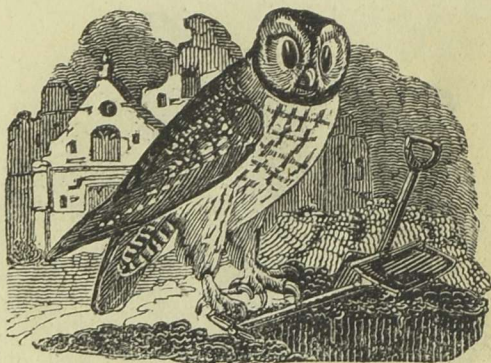


Who'll dig his Grave ?

I, says the Owl,

With my Spade and Tool,

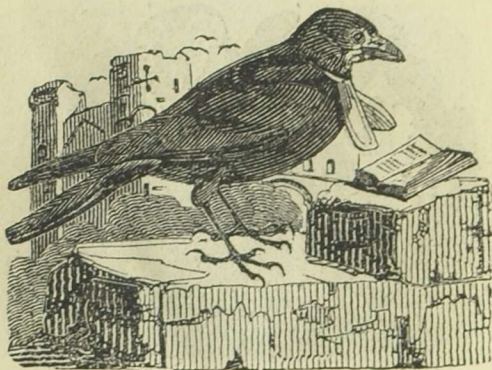
I'll dig his Grave.



This is the Owl

With his Spade and Tool.

Who'll be the Parson?  
I, says the Rook,  
With my little Book,  
I'll be the Parson.



This is the Rook  
With his little Book.

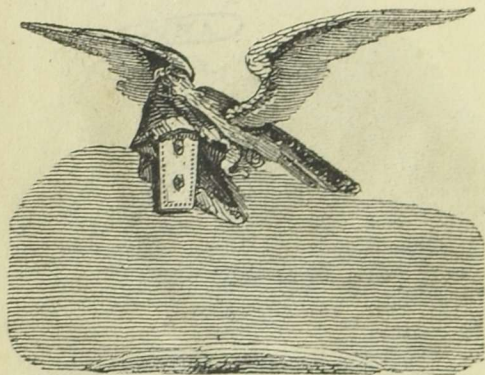
Who'll be the Clerk ?

I, says the Lark,  
If it's not in the dark,  
I'll be the Clerk.



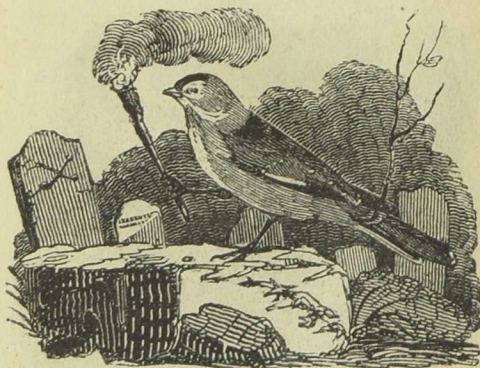
This is the Lark  
Who said Amen in the dark.

Who'll carry him to his Grave ?  
I, says the Kite,  
If it's not in the night,  
I'll carry him to the Grave.



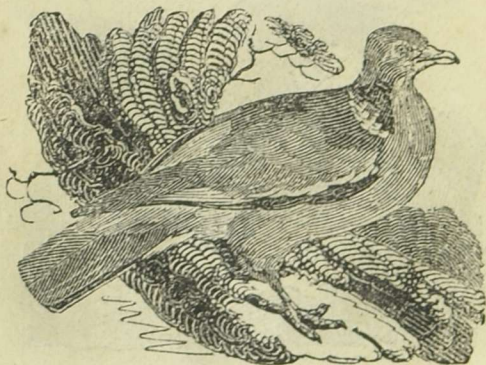
This is the Kite  
With the Coffin by night.

Who'll carry the Link ?  
I says the Linnet,  
I'll fetch it in a minute,  
And I'll carry the Link.



This is the Linnet  
With the Link in a minute.

Who'll be the chief Mourner?  
I, quoth the Dove,  
For I mourn for my love,  
I'll be chief Mourner.

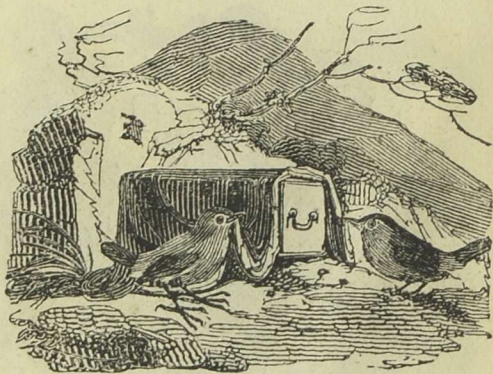


This is the Dove  
That mourned for her love.



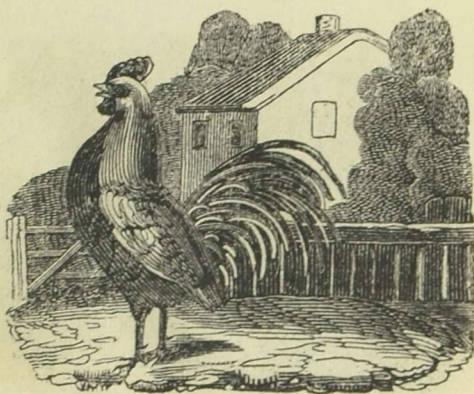
Who'll bear the Pall?

We, says the Wren,  
Both the Cock and the Hen,  
We'll bear the Pall.



Here's the Wren  
Both Cock and Hen.

Who'll go before ?  
I, says Chanticleer,  
For I don't fear,  
I'll go before.



Here's Chanticleer,  
Who does not fear.

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

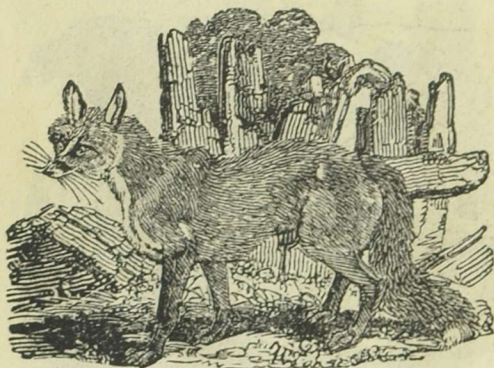


Here is the Thrush  
Singing a Psalm in a bush.

Who'll throw in the Dirt ?

I, says the Fox,

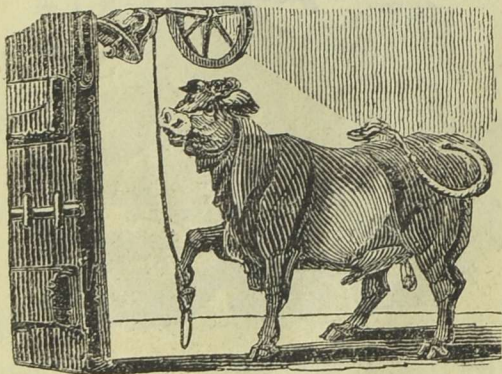
Tho' I steal Hens and Cocks,  
I'll throw in the Dirt.



This is the Fox

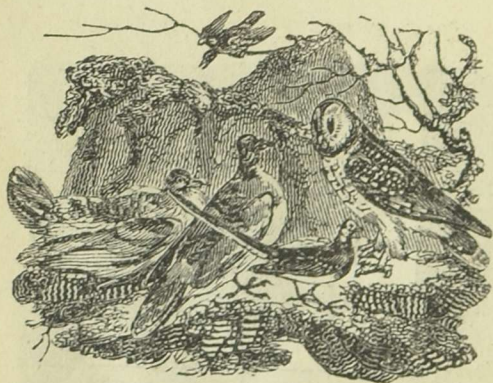
That steals Hens and Cocks.

Who'll toll the Bell?  
I, says the Bull,  
Because I can pull,  
I'll toll the Bell.



This is the Bull  
That the Bell does pull.

And all the Birds in the air  
Fell to sighing and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.



These are the Birds  
That are sighing and sobbing,  
Now they hear the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.



*The Robin's Lamentation for the loss of  
her mate.*

THOU cruel sparrow,  
Thy pointed dart  
Has robbed me  
Of half my heart.

Ah ! he is no more  
Who us'd with me to fly,  
He is slain, he is gone,  
And I follow, I die.

Having warbled out these sentiments in the most melancholy notes imaginable, she dropped from the spray and expired.



*On the shortness of life.*

LIKE as a damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower of May,  
 Or like the morning to the day ;  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade :  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had.

Even such is Man ! whose thread is  
    spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so 'tis done,  
Withers the rose ; the blossom  
    blasts ;  
The flower fades ; the morning  
    hastes ;  
The sun is set ; the shadows fly ;  
The gourd consumes—the mortals  
    die.



*Good Children.*

Be cheerful, innocent, and gay,  
As passes by the happy day,  
Nor heave a sigh, nor have a fear,  
That either God or I should hear.