

Cock Robin's Farewell,

TO ALL

The BIRDS of the AIR ;

With the New SONG of

Naughty BOY JACK,

AND

MAXIMS for the Improvement of the
MIND.

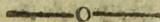
To which is added

The Death of the Court APPLE PYE,

AND

A Nurfing Song, by DEAN SWIFT.

Very proper for all little Masters and ~~Mist~~esses
who love to learn.



Congleton : Printed by J. Dean.

Roman Small Letters.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z.

Roman Capital Letters.

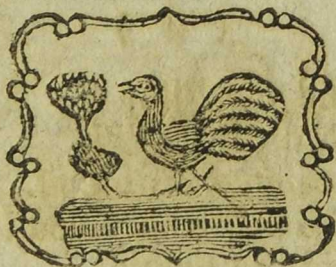
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

Italic Small Letters.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z.

Italic Capital Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.



Cock Robin's Farewell.

WHO kill'd Cock Robin;
I, says the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock Robin.
And who saw him die,
I, said the Jay,
While I sat on the spray,
And I saw him die.
Then who catch'd his blood?

I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 And I catch'd his blood.
 And who made his shroud?

I, said the Beetle,
 With my little needle,
 And I made his shroud.
 Who shall dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,
 With my spade and shovel,
 I will dig his grave.
 Then who shall be the Parson?

I, said the Rook,
 With my little Book,
 Then I'll be the Parson.
 And who shall be the Clerk?

I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark,
And I'll be the Clerk.
Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.
Who will carry the Links?

I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch 'em in a minute,
And I'll carry the Links.
Who'll toll the Bell?

I, said the Snipe,
My tears I will wipe,
And I will toll the bell,
And so poor Robin farewell.



NOW Cock Robin's gone, we'll
 sing a new Song,
 The Woodcock and the Sparrow,
 The little Dog has burn'd his tail,
 And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.



Naughty Boy Jack.

THERE was an old man and he liv'd
 in a wood,
 And his trade it was making of brooms,
He had a little son, Naughty Boy Jack,
 He would not get up till 'twas noon.
His father was vex'd and sorely perplex'd
 With passion he entered the room,
Come firrah he cry'd I'll licker thy hide,
 If you don't fetch a bundle of broom.

His mother got up and fell in a rage,
 And swore she would fire the room,
 If he did not rise and go to the wood,
 And bring home a bundle of broom.
 This wak'd him straight before it was late
 For fear of his terrible doom,
 Dear mother quoth he, have pity on me,
 I'll bring home a bundle of broom.
 Jack went to his trade and readily made,
 His goods up for country grooms,
 This being done, Jack got 'em on his back
 Crying, maids do you want any brooms
 The maidens did call, the stewards of the
 hall,
 Who brought liquor and spicy perfumes
 With hot, boil'd, and roast, which made
 Jack to boast,
 No trade was like making of brooms.



A few Maxims for the improvement of the Mind.

HE that gets up in the morning without returning thanks to the LORD for the rest he had over night, does not deserve to sleep again.

He that puts his trust in GOD, has a powerful shield to defend him.

Honour your parents, and the world will honour you.

Do good for your neighbours, and they will do good for you, else they are not good neighbours.

He that forgets his friend, forgets himself.

Live leisurely and live long, for he that is always feeding and eating, will soon make harvest for the worms.

A drunkard is a brewer's hog, and the tankard his trough.

The sluggard lives but half his days, and those are turned into nights.



The Death of the Court Apple-pye.

A apple-pye,
 B bit it,
 C cut it,
 D divided it,
 E eat it,
 F fought for it,
 G got it,

H had it,
 J joined for it,
 K kept it,
 L longed for it,
 M mourned for it,
 N nodded at it,
 O opened it,
 P peeped into it,
 Q quartered it,
 R run for it,
 S stopped it,
 T took it,
 V ventured for it,
 W wanted it,
 X, Y, Y, and &.

All wished for a piece in their hand.



A stands for Apple, so nice it does look,
And they must have it, who best mind
their Book.



Jack Horner.

LITTLE Jack Horner,
Sits in a corner,
Eating a Christmas-pye,
He puts in his thumb,
And pulls out a plumb,
And says, what a good boy am I.

HERE's great A, B, and C,
 And tumble down D,
 The cat's a blind buff,
 And she cannot see.
 Great E, F, and G,
 Come and follow me,
 And we'll dance under
 The mulberry tree.
 Here's great H and I,
 With a Christmas-pye,
 Who eats the plumbs out
 Great H and I.
 Here's great k and L,
 Pray dame can you tell,
 Who put the big hog
 Into the well.

Here's great M and N,
They're come back again,
To bring the good boy
A fine golden pen.
Here's great O and P,
Pray what do you see:
A naughty boy whipt,
But that is not me.



Here's

Here's great Q and R,
 Who are just come from far,
 To bring you good news,
 About the french war.
 Here's S, T, and U,
 Pray how do you do,
 Here's great W and X,
 Good friends do not vex.
 Here's great Y and Z,
 On a Horse that is mad,
 If he tumbles down,
 Farewell great Y and Z.



A Nursing Song.

HHEY my kitten, my kitten,
 And oh my kitten, deary,
 Such a sweet baby as this
 Is neither far nor near-ee ;
 Here we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down down-ee,
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, round-e
 Oh, my bibby, my chicken-cock,
 See-saw, sic a down-ee,
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for London town-ee ;
 This pig went to market,
 Squeak my little mouse-ee,
 Saddle and shoe wild colt,
 And here is its own doll Douf-ee,
 Where was my jewel and pear-ee.
 Where was a sugar and spice-ee,
 Hush a baby in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a trice-ee ;

Did its papa torment it,
 Will he vex his own baby, will he,
 Hush, a sweet baby in bosey,
 Suck its own teaty and dilly.
 Good morrow a pudding is broke,
 It flavers a thread of chrystal,
 Now the sweet posset's come up,
 Where is its coral and whistle;
 Come water my chickens come cluck,
 Leave or he'll crawl ye he'll crall ye,
 Give me its bran new doll-ee,
 Where was a laugh and a crow.
 Where was a gigling honey,
 Good--ee, good child shall be fed,
 But naughty brats shall have none-ee,
 Get you gone raw head and bloody bones,
 Here is a child does not fear ye,
 Piddle come Piddle my Jewel,
 And ach-ach-ah, my dear-ee.

FINIS.