

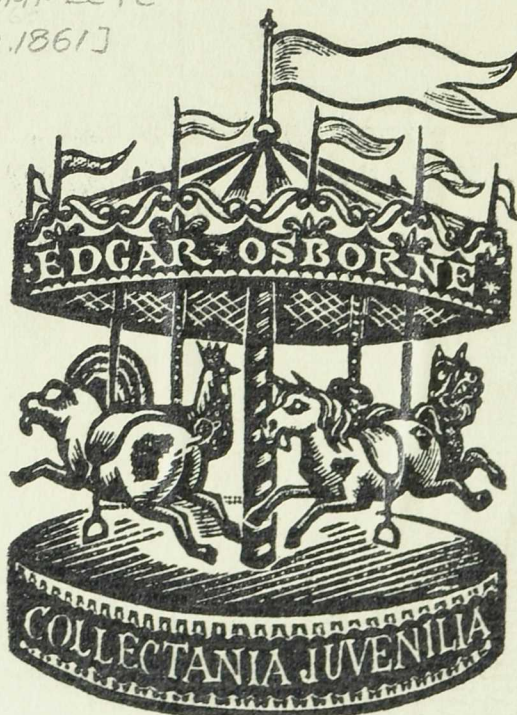
THE COMPLETE
AND
WONDERFUL HISTORY
OF
COCK ROBIN.

To. Ascher Crauney
with his cousin
Mary - Stuart Sheppard's love

Feb. 16th 1861.

In re
of Mangham 99

NR
COMPLETE...
[ca. 1861]



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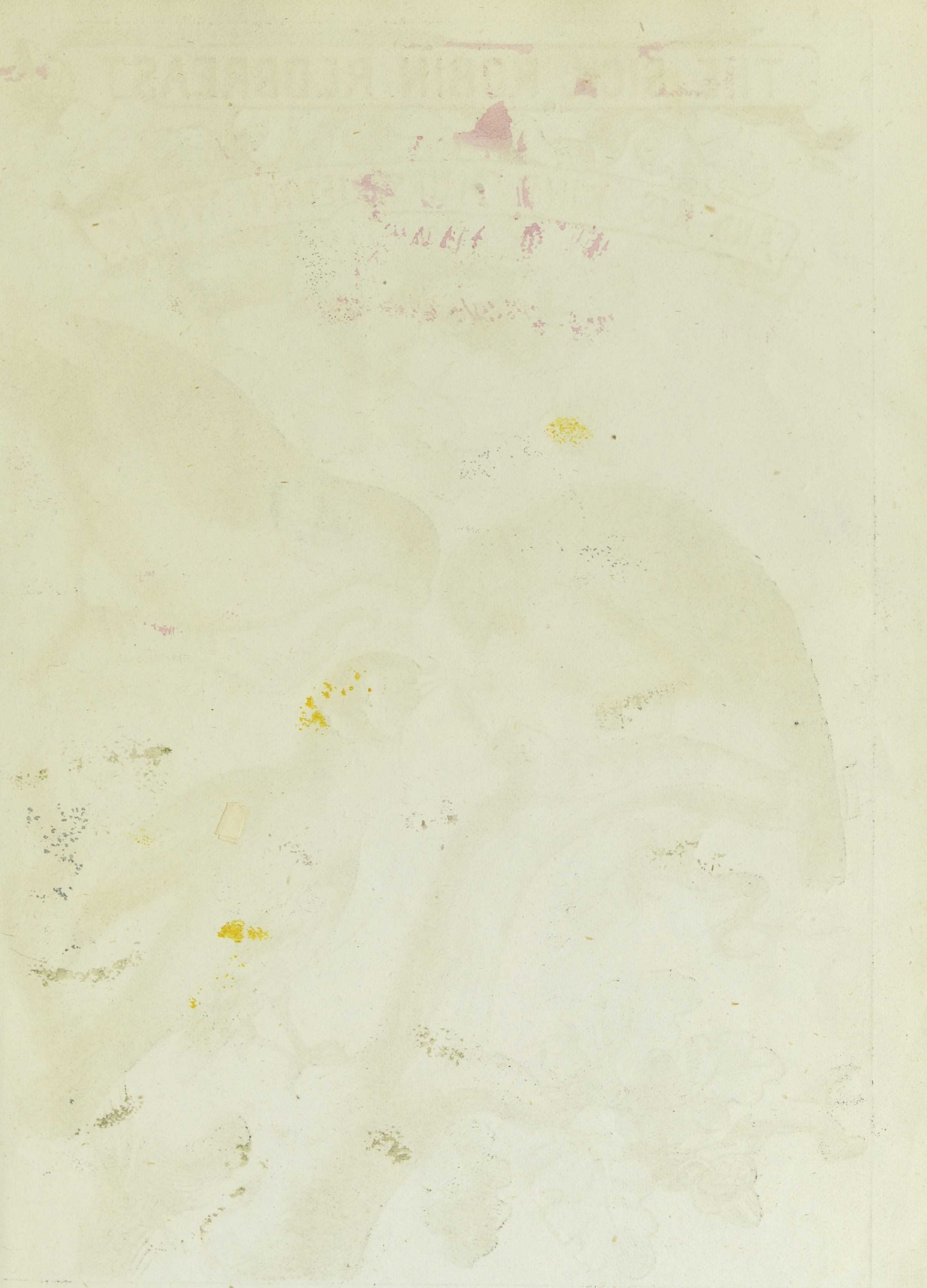
III

THE
Complete and Wonderful
History of
Cock Robin and Jenny Wren,

Collected together in One Volume, for the Young.

CONTAINING

The Love-sick Robin and his Kind Nurse Jenny Wren,
His Courtship and Marriage,
His Doleful Death and Burial,
The Trial of the Sparrow for Shooting Him,
And his Wonderful Recovery.



△ LITTLE ROBIN once was sick, but none could tell the way;
He lay upon his couch all day, and nothing did he eat;
He lay upon his couch all day, and nothing did he eat;

THE SICK ROBIN REDBREAST

AND HIS KIND NURSE JENNY WREN.



LITTLE ROBIN once was sick, but none could tell for why ;
He lay upon his couch all day, and nothing did but sigh :



He would not eat, he would not
drink,
His pretty eyes grew dim ;
His friends, in tears, stood round
his couch,
They were so fond of him.

Two famous doctors, Rook and
Owl,
Were fetched, without delay ;

They felt his pulse,—they shook their heads,—“ He will not live the day.”

They like his voice - they speak their needs - He will not be deceived
I am latched, without his key
The famous doctor, Hood and
Owl
They were so fond of him
The candle, in their wood, would
The spirit was his guide
The world was not his world
The world was not his world





They ordered him to take a pill,
And, afterwards, some gruel ;
But Dicky could not take such
stuff,

And thought them very cruel.

The fever now raged very high,
And muttering, did he lie,

“ Ah, me ! indeed I'm very ill, I certainly shall die.”





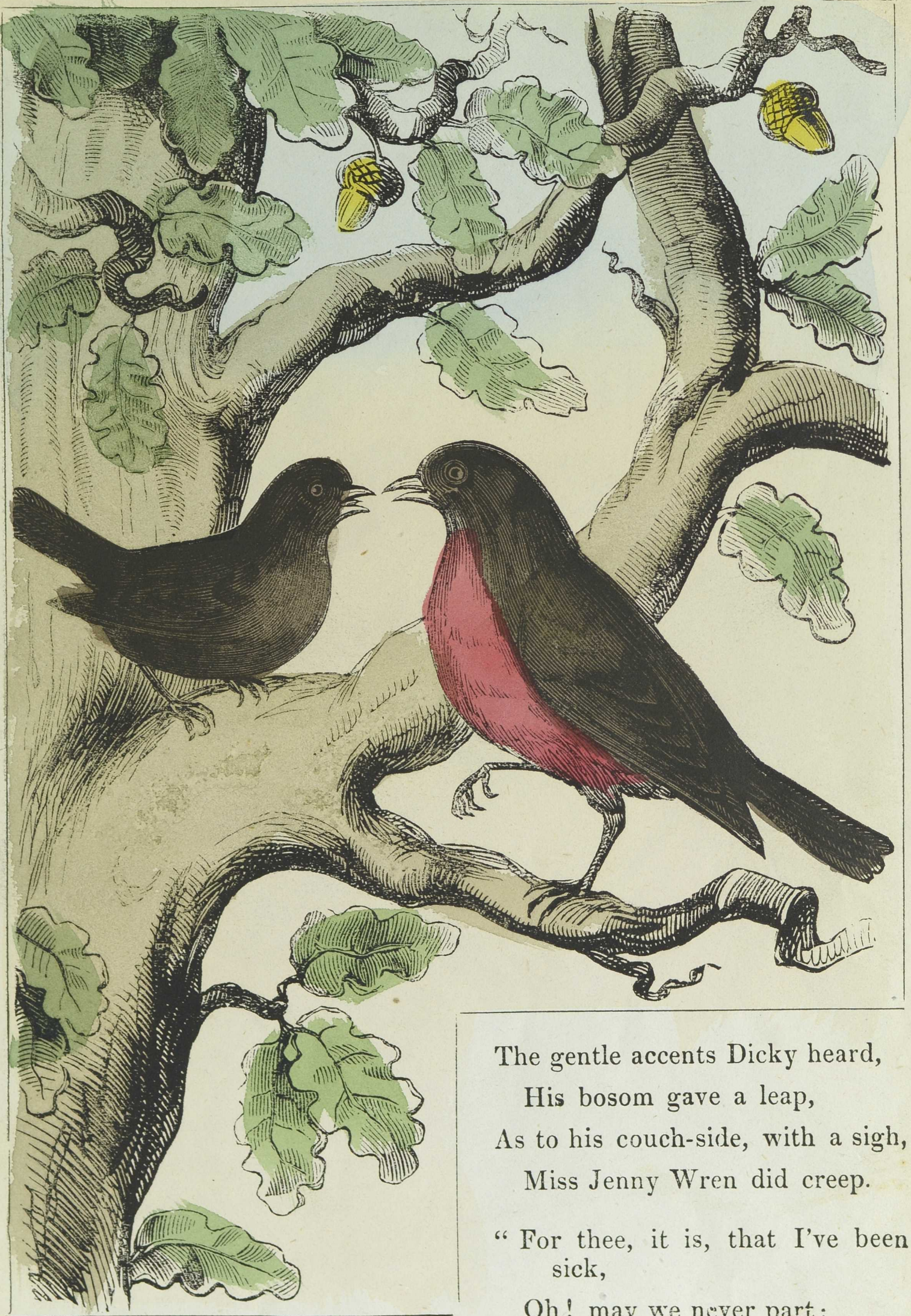
A nurse was sent for, none would
do,

He seemed not to recover;
The night drew on—with length-
ened face,

Each said that all was over.

But soon a gentle tap was heard,
It came to Dicky's door;

“Ah, me!” it cried, “pray let me in, my heart is very sore.”

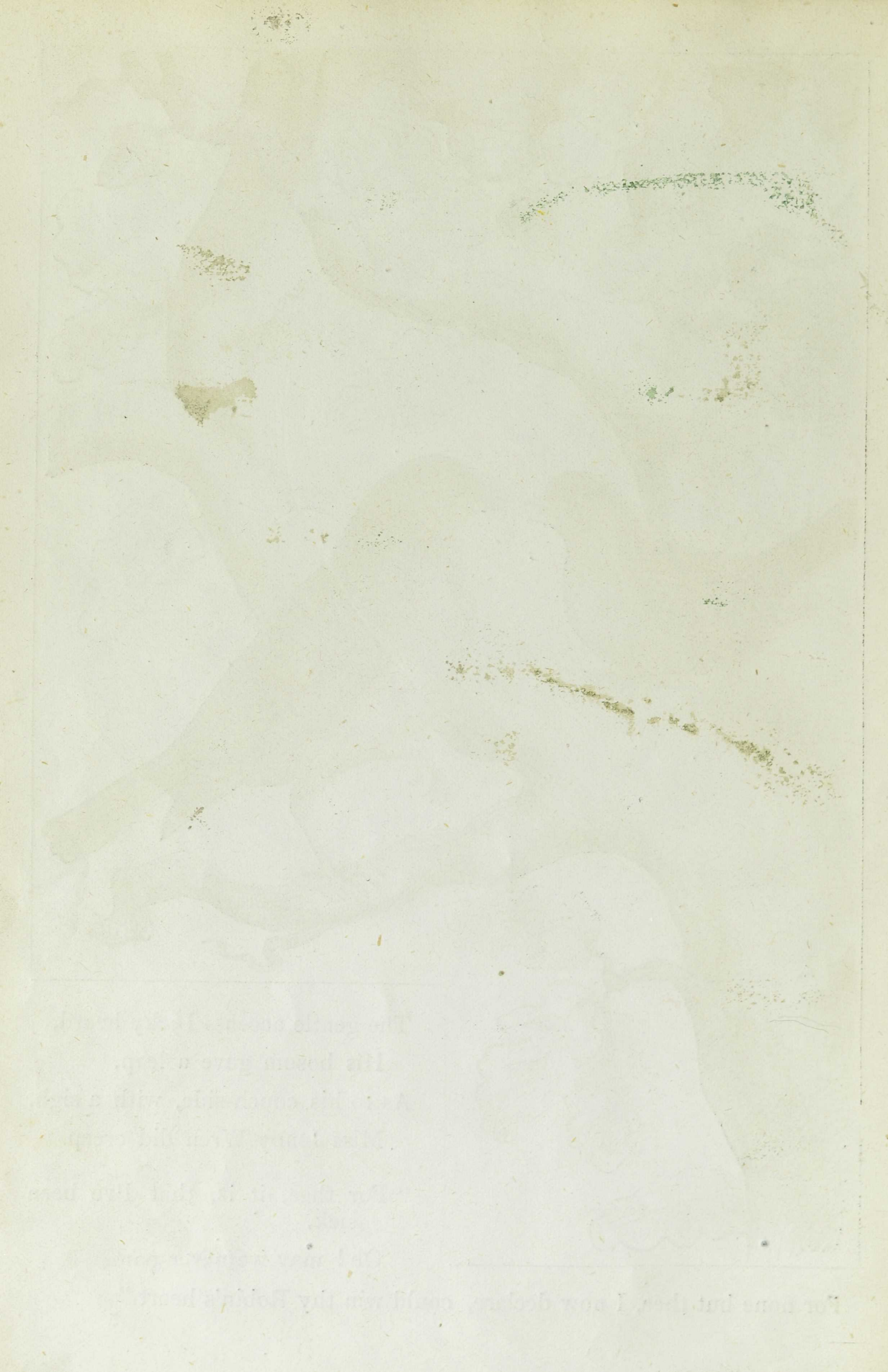


The gentle accents Dicky heard,
His bosom gave a leap,
As to his couch-side, with a sigh,
Miss Jenny Wren did creep.

“For thee, it is, that I’ve been
sick,

Oh! may we never part;

For none but thee, I now declare, could win thy Robin’s heart.”



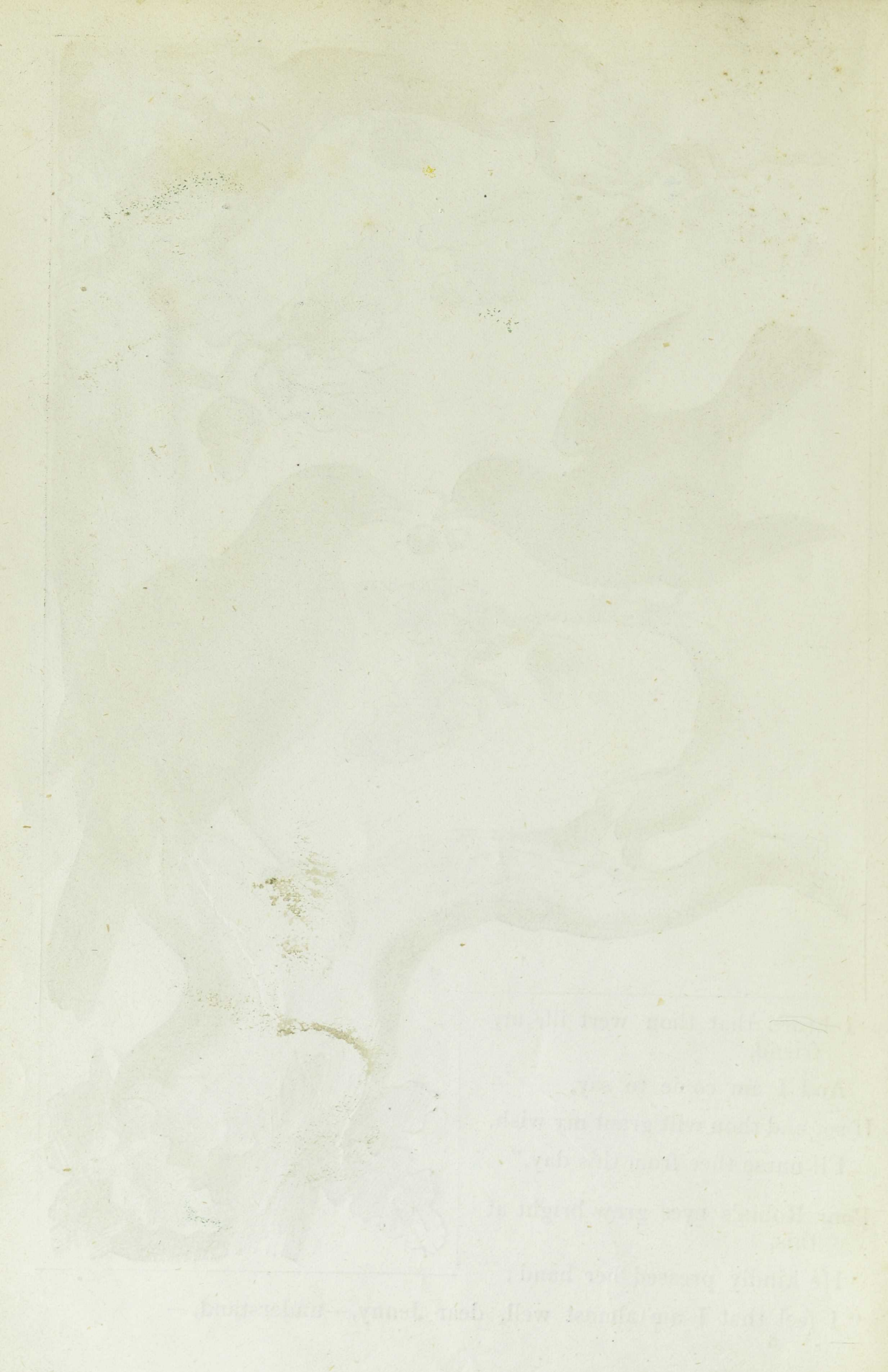


· I heard that thou wert ill, my friend,
And I am come to say,
If so, and thou wilt grant my wish,
I'll nurse thee from this day."

Poor Robin's eyes grew bright at this,

He kindly pressed her hand ;

" I feel that I am almost well, dear Jenny,—understand,—



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL. U.S.A.

1960

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, LTD.

BUNGAY, SUFFOLK ENGLAND

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Miss Jenny blushed — she flew
about,

The wine and cake prepared,
To comfort Robin, was her wish;
For no one else she cared.

Dear Robin daily did improve;
Jenny, gentle as a dove,

Did nurse him with such tender care, which he repaid with love.



They soon were wed, and Jenny
Wren
Became a happy wife ;
They sang their songs in constant
bliss,
Which lasted through his life



COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF
COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

IT WAS ON A MERRY TIME,
When Jenny Wren was young,
When prettily she danced,
And sweetly, too, she sung,—
Cock Robin lost his heart :
He was a gallant bird ;
He bowed to pretty Jenny,
And then these words she heard :



“ My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will now be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine.”

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
“ Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind.”



“ Cherry pie is very good, “ But I will wear my russet gown,
And so is currant wine ; “ And never dress too fine.”

My dearest Jenny
You will now be mine
You shall dine on cherry pie
And drink nice currant wine
Jenny blushed behind her fan
And thus declared her mind
Then let it be to-morrow
I take your offer kind



Cherry pie is very good
But I will wear my trust gown
And so is currant wine
And never dress too fine

So Robin rose up early,
 And he bade the Cock declare,
 That this would be his wedding day
 With Jenny Wren the fair.

The Cock then blew his horn
 To let the neighbours know
 That this was Robin's wedding-day,
 And all might see the show.

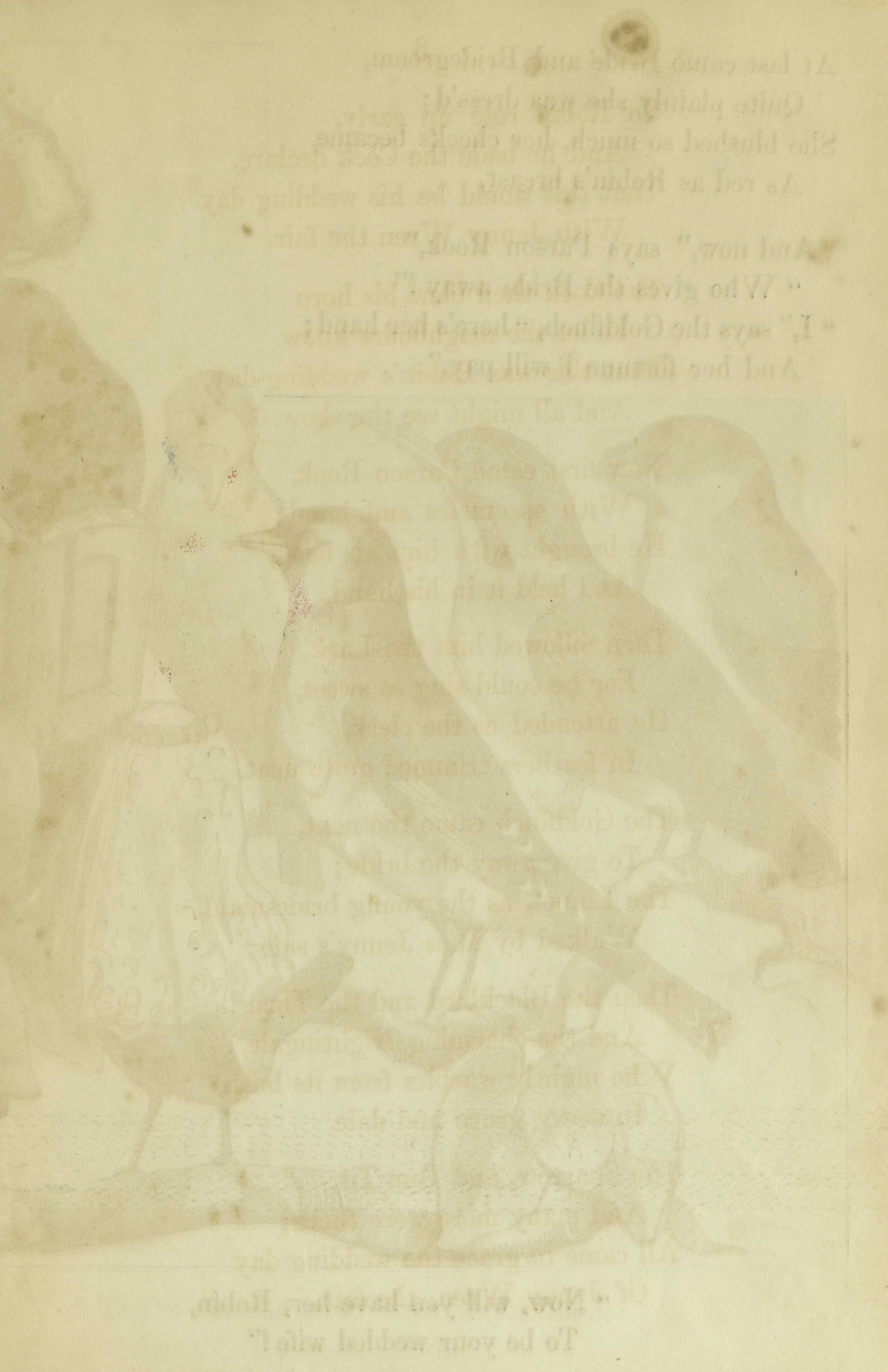
Now first came Parson Rook,
 With spectacles and band;
 He brought with him his book,
 And held it in his hand,

Then followed him the Lark,
 For he could sing so sweet,
 He attended as the clerk,
 In feathers trimmed quite neat.

The Goldfinch came the next,
 To give away the bride;
 The Linnet, as the young bridesmaid,
 Walked by Miss Jenny's side;

Then the Blackbird and the Thrush,
 And the charming Nightingale,
 Who nightly warbles from its bush,
 In every grove and dale.

The Sparrow, and Tom Tit,
 And many more were there;
 All came to grace the wedding day
 Of Jenny Wren, the fair.



At last came Bride and Bridegroom,
Quite plainly she was dress'd;
She blushed so much, her cheeks became
As red as Robin's breast,

“And now,” says Parson Rook,
“Who gives the Bride away?”
“I,” says the Goldfinch, “here's her hand;
And her fortune I will pay.”



“Now, will you have her, Robin,
To be your wedded wife?”

“I will,” says Robin, “and I vow
To love her all my life.”

“And will you have him, Jenny,
Your husband now to be?”

“I will,” said Jenny, “and vow, too,
To love him heartily.”

Then on her finger fair,
Cock Robin put the ring;



“You’re married now,” says Parson Rook:
“Amen!” the Lark did sing.

I will, says Hobin, and I you

To love her all my life

And will you have him Jenny

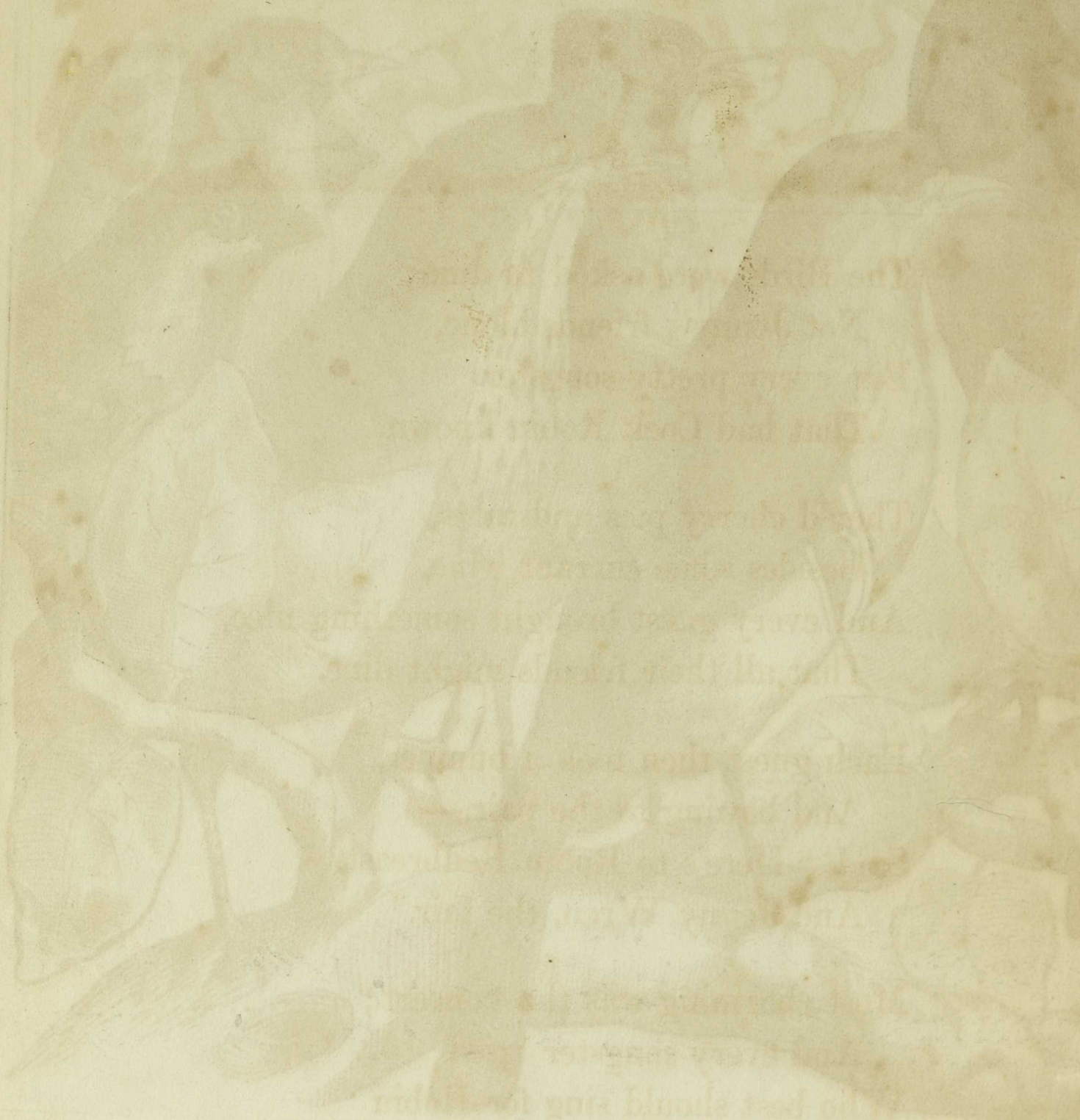
Your husband now to be

I will, said Jenny, and you too

To love him heartily

Then on her finger this

Coek Hobin put the ring



You're married now, says I upon Hook

Amen! the Jack did sing



The Birds were asked to dine ;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They'd cherry pies and tarts,
Besides some currant wine,
And every guest brought something nice,
That all their friends might dine.

Each guest then took a bumper,
And bowing to the pair,—
Said, "Here's to Robin Redbreast,
And Jenny Wren, the fair."

Most charming was the concert ;
And every songster tried
Who best should sing for Robin
And Jenny Wren, the Bride.



The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They'd cherry pie and cake,
Besides some currant wine,
And every guest brought something nice,
That all their friends might dine.

Each guest then took a bumper
And bowing to the pair,
Said, "Here's to Robin Robbers!"
And Jenny Wren, the fair.

And charming was the concert,
And every songster tried
Who best should sing for Robin,
And Jenny Wren, the bride.

Now in bound the Cuckoo
And made a great noise
The birds all were
And pulled her about
Cock Robin was angry
And so was the Sparrow
Who fetched in a hurry
His bow and his arrow



His aim then he took
But did not take it right
The ball was not good
Or he shot in a right

Now in bounced the Cuckoo,
And made a great rout;
He rudely seized Jenny,
And pulled her about.

Cock Robin was angry,
And so was the Sparrow;
Who fetched, in a hurry,
His bow and his arrow.



His aim then he took,
But did not take it right;

His skill was not good,
Or he shot in a fright.

For the Cuckoo he missed,
But Cock Robin he killed!—
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was so spilled.

Then four of the party
Soon bore him away;
And so sadly ended
Cock Robin's wedding day.



Also are published, same size and price as this :

Sick Robin and his kind Nurse Jenny Wren.

Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin.

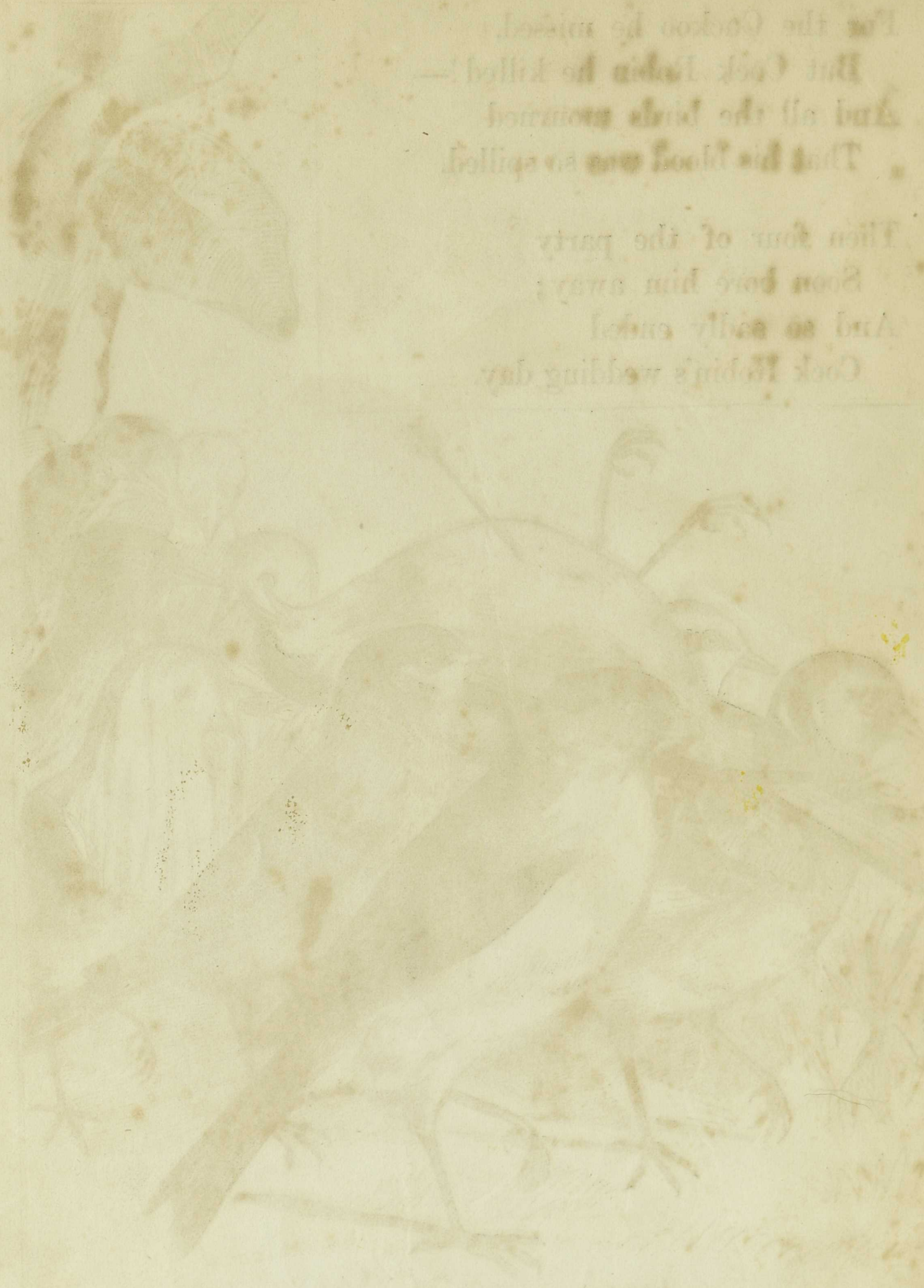
Cock Robin alive and well again.

Trial of the Sparrow for Shooting Cock Robin.

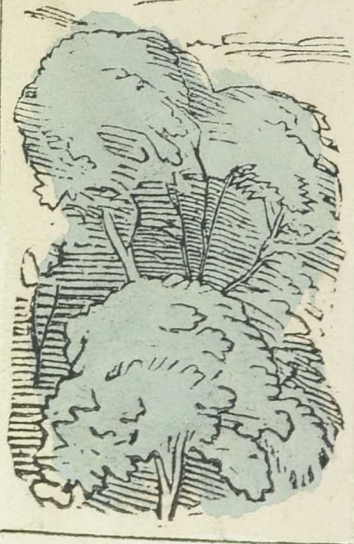
And, The Sad Fate of Cock Robin.

For the Goshawk he missed,
But Cook Robin he killed —
And all the birds mourned
That his blood was spilled.

Then four of the party
Soon bore him away;
And so sadly ended
Cook Robin's wedding day.



And the bird was seen no more,
Till Robin was his kind
Cook Robin alive and well again,
And the bird was seen no more.



Who killed
COCK ROBIN?

I, said the Sparrow ;
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

This is the **SPARROW**, with his bow and arrow.



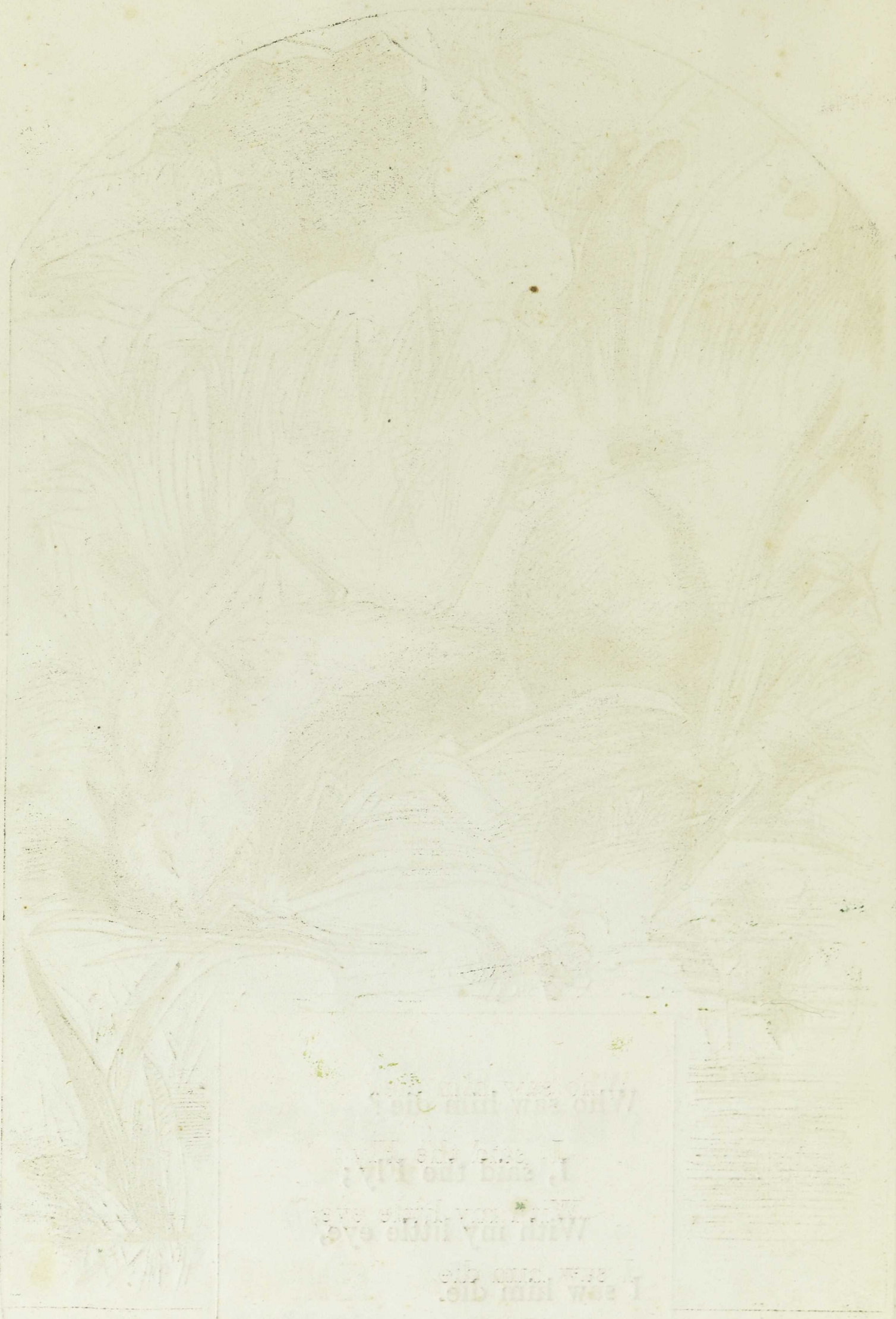
Who saw him die ?

I, said the Fly ;

With my little eye,

I saw him die.

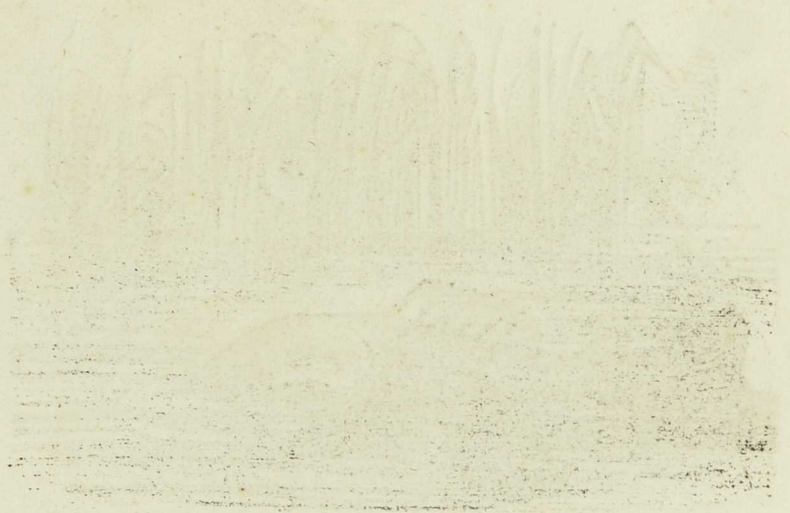
This is the **FLY**, with his little eye.



Who saw him die?
I saw him die.
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

There is the best, with the best,
There is the best, with the best.

Who caught the fish?
I and the fish;
With my little net
I caught the fish.



This is the FISH, with his little dish.

Who'll make the thread?
I said the Beetle;
With my thread and
needle
I'll make the thread.

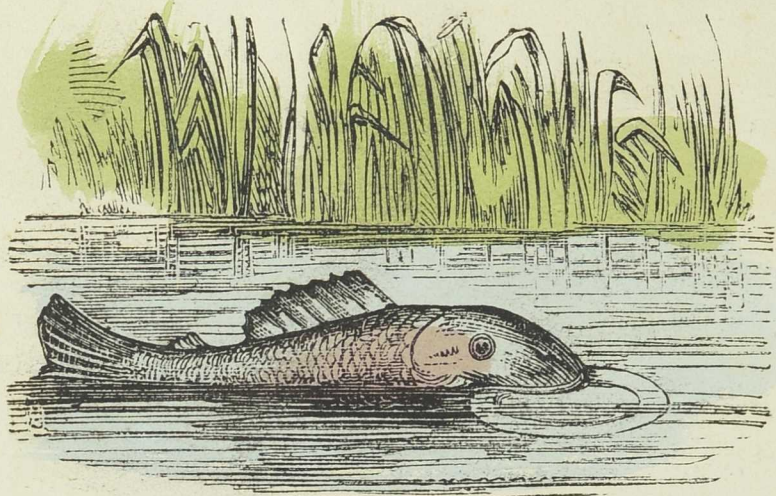


This is the BEETLE, with his thread and needle.

Who'll carry the link?
I said the Linnet;
In a minute
I'll carry the link.



This is the LINNET, that fetched the link in
a minute.



Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish;

With my little dish,

I caught his blood.

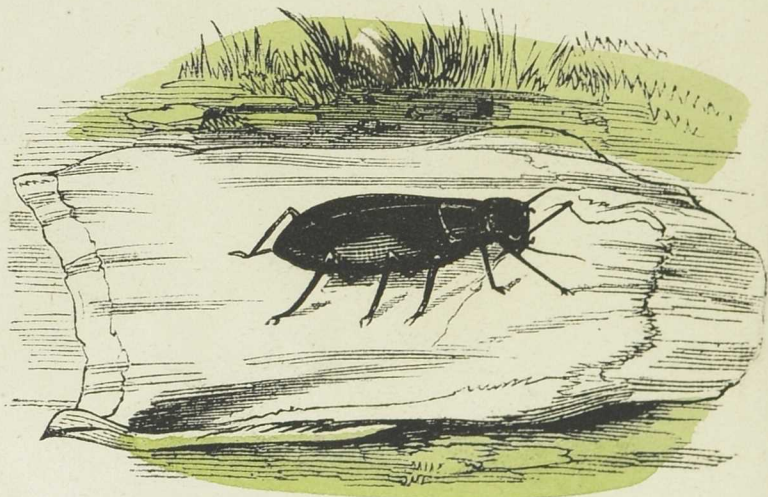
This is the **FISH**, with his little dish.

Who'll make the shroud?

I, said the Beetle;

With my thread and
needle,

I'll make the shroud.



This is the **BEETLE**, with his thread and needle.



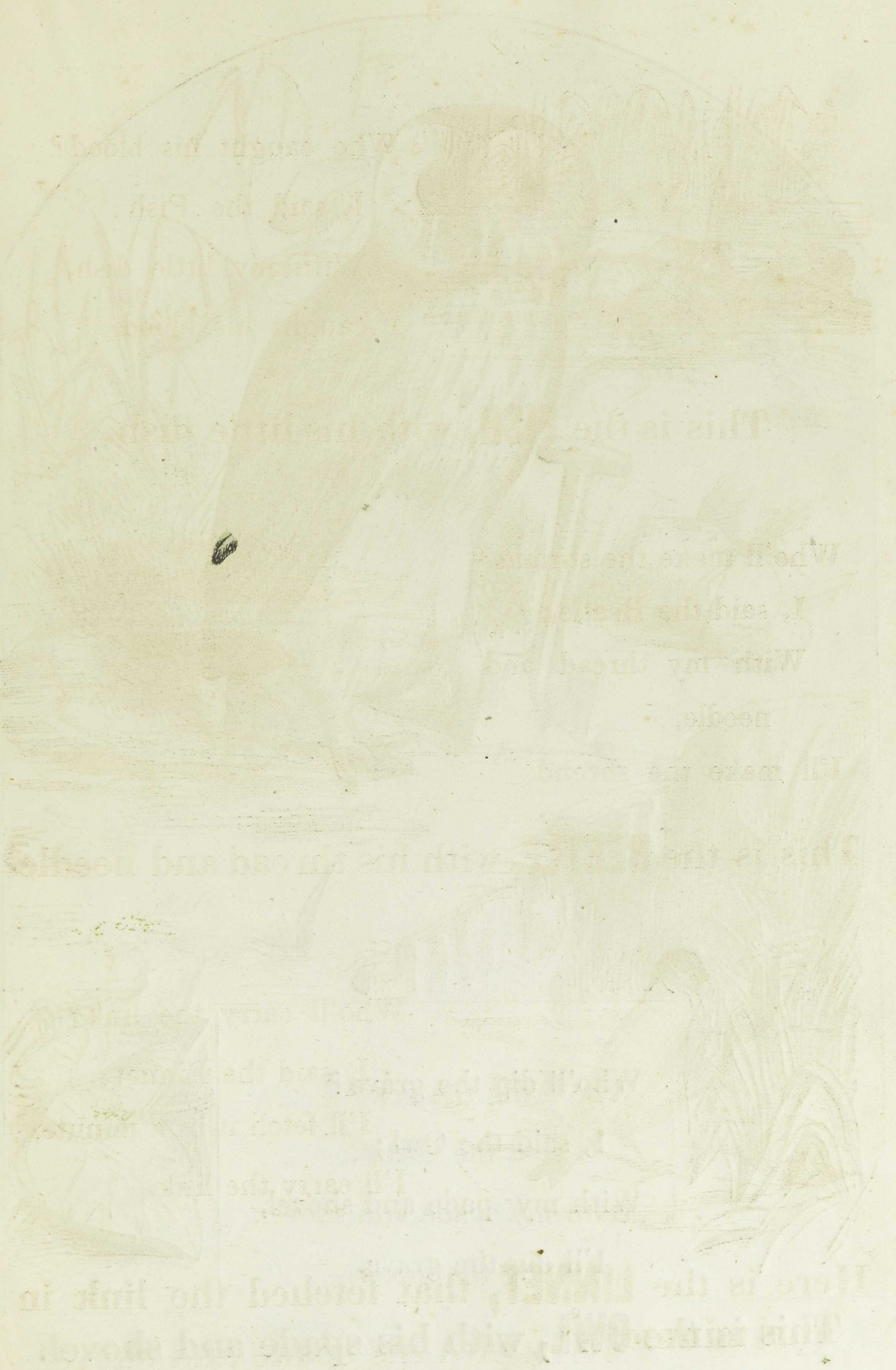
Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet;

I'll fetch it in a minute,

I'll carry the link.

Here is the **LINNET**, that fetched the link in
a minute.



Who caught the blood?

I said the Fish

Who caught the blood?

I said the Fish

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Who caught the blood?

I said the Fish

Who caught the blood?

I said the Fish

Who'll dig the grave?

I said the Fish

Who'll dig the grave?

I said the Fish

Who'll dig the grave?

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Who'll dig the grave?

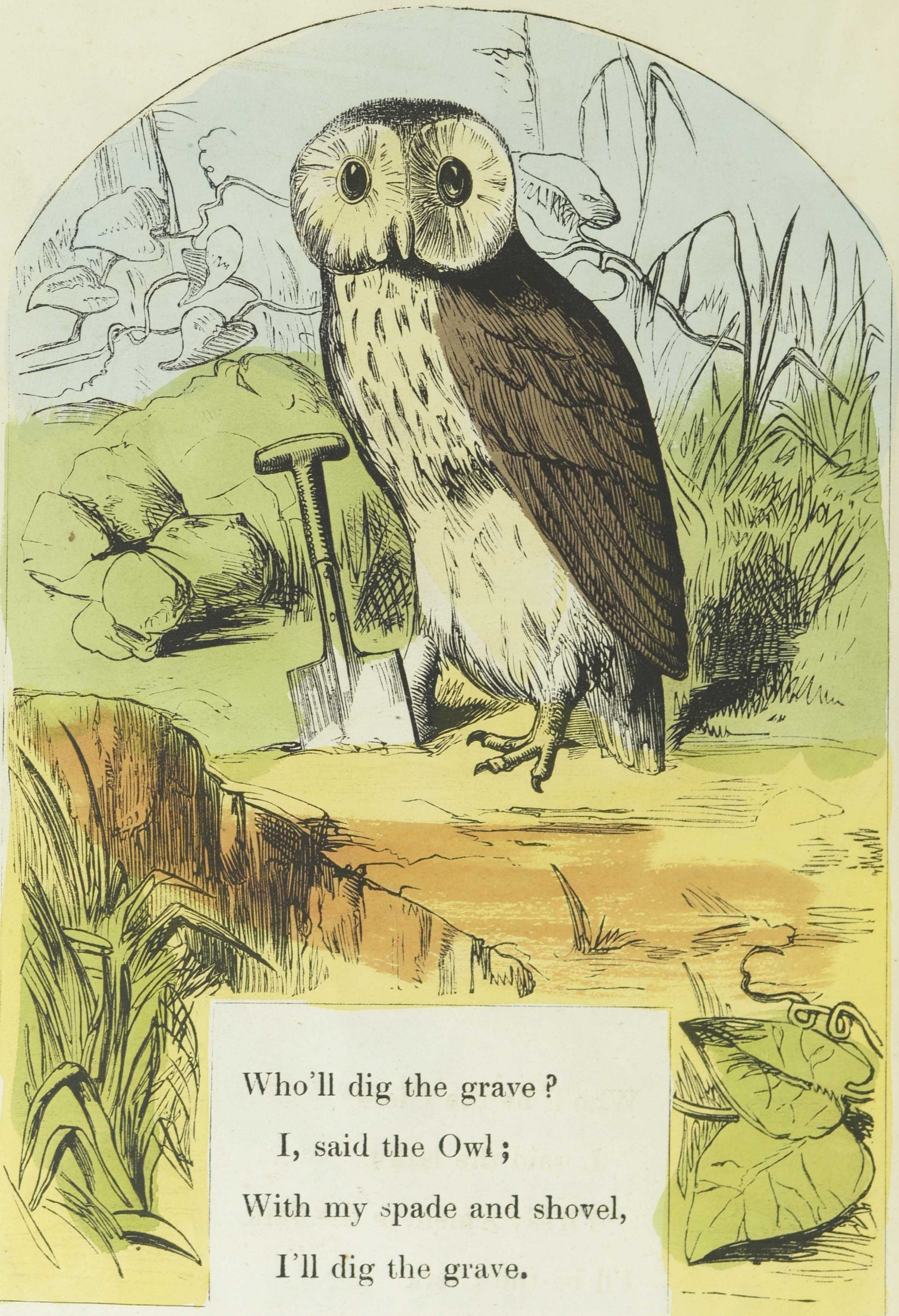
I said the Fish

Who'll dig the grave?

I said the Fish

Who'll dig the grave?

Here is the fish, that touched the line in
this rainbow, with his spine and bone.



Who'll dig the grave ?

I, said the Owl ;

With my spade and shovel,

I'll dig the grave.

This is the **OWL**, with his spade and shovel,



Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said the lark;

I'll say Amen, in the dark.

I'll be the Clerk.

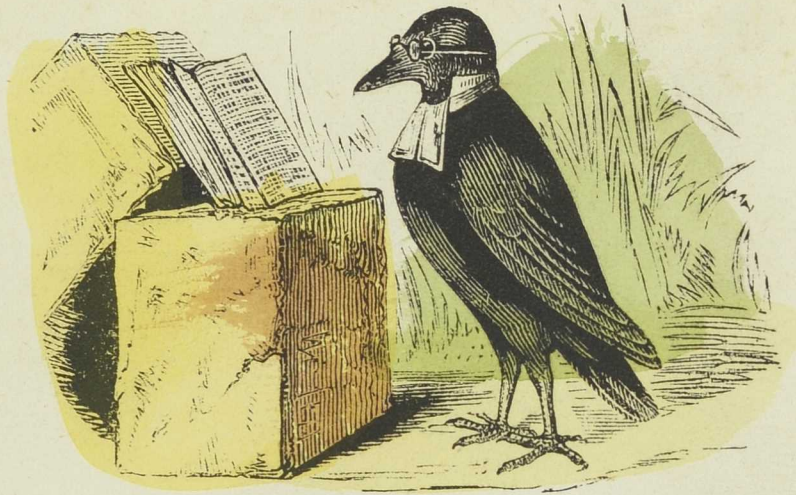
This is the **LARK**, who said Amen, like a clerk.

Who'll be the Parson?

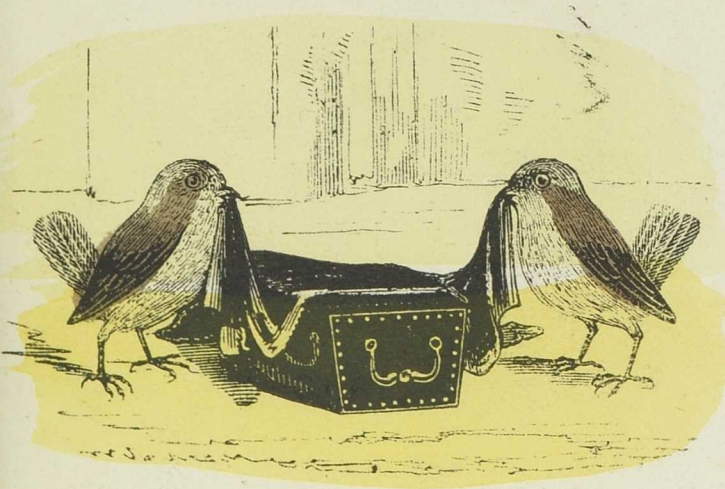
I, said the Rook;

With my little book,

I'll be the Parson.



This is **PARSON ROOK**, with his little book.



Who'll bear the pall?

We, said the Wren,

Both the cock and the hen,

We'll bear the pall.

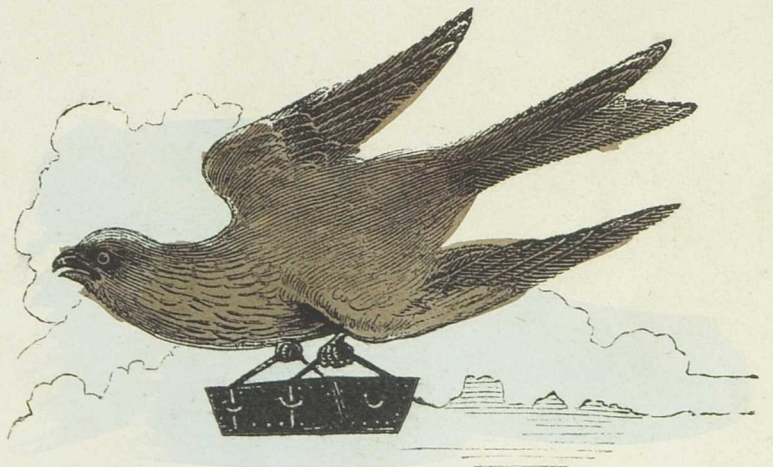
Here is the **WREN**, both cock and hen.

Who'll carry him to the
grave?

I, said the Kite;

If it be in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.



This is the **KITE**, carrying the coffin by night.



Which be chief ornaments?
I said the love
I mean for my love
I be chief ornaments

There is the love that is the chief ornament for my love



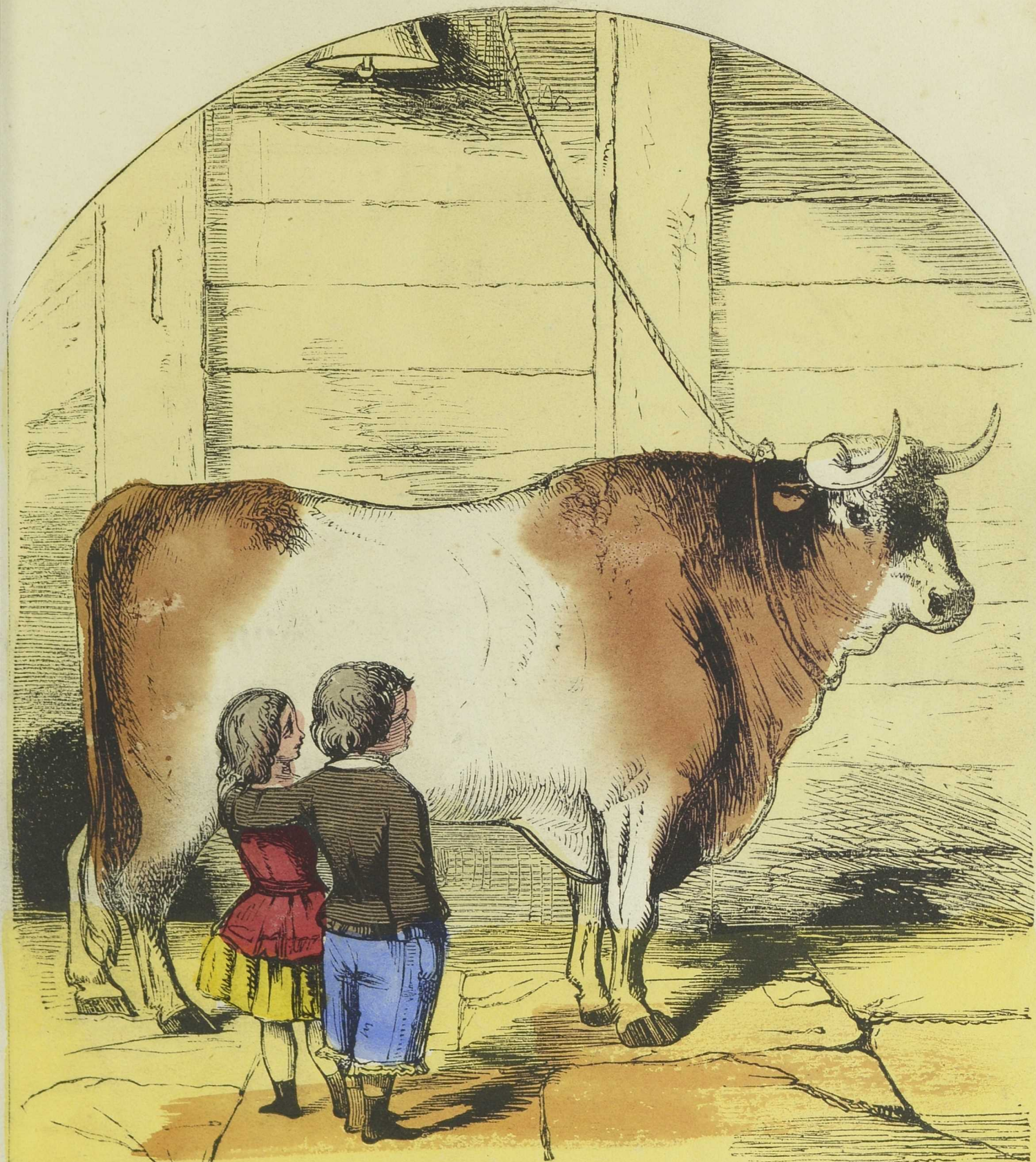
Who'll be chief mourner?

I, said the Dove;

I mourn for my love.

I'll be chief mourner.

This is the **DOVE**, that mourned for her love.



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull;
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.

Here is the **BULL**, tolling the bell.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE TRIAL OF THE SPARROW, FOR SHOOTING COCK ROBIN.



THE SPARROW, with his new-made bow,
Cut from a stately yew,
Was practising, one summer's day,
When poor Cock Robin flew that way.
The arrow from the bow he shot,—
It pierced poor Robin,—hapless lot.

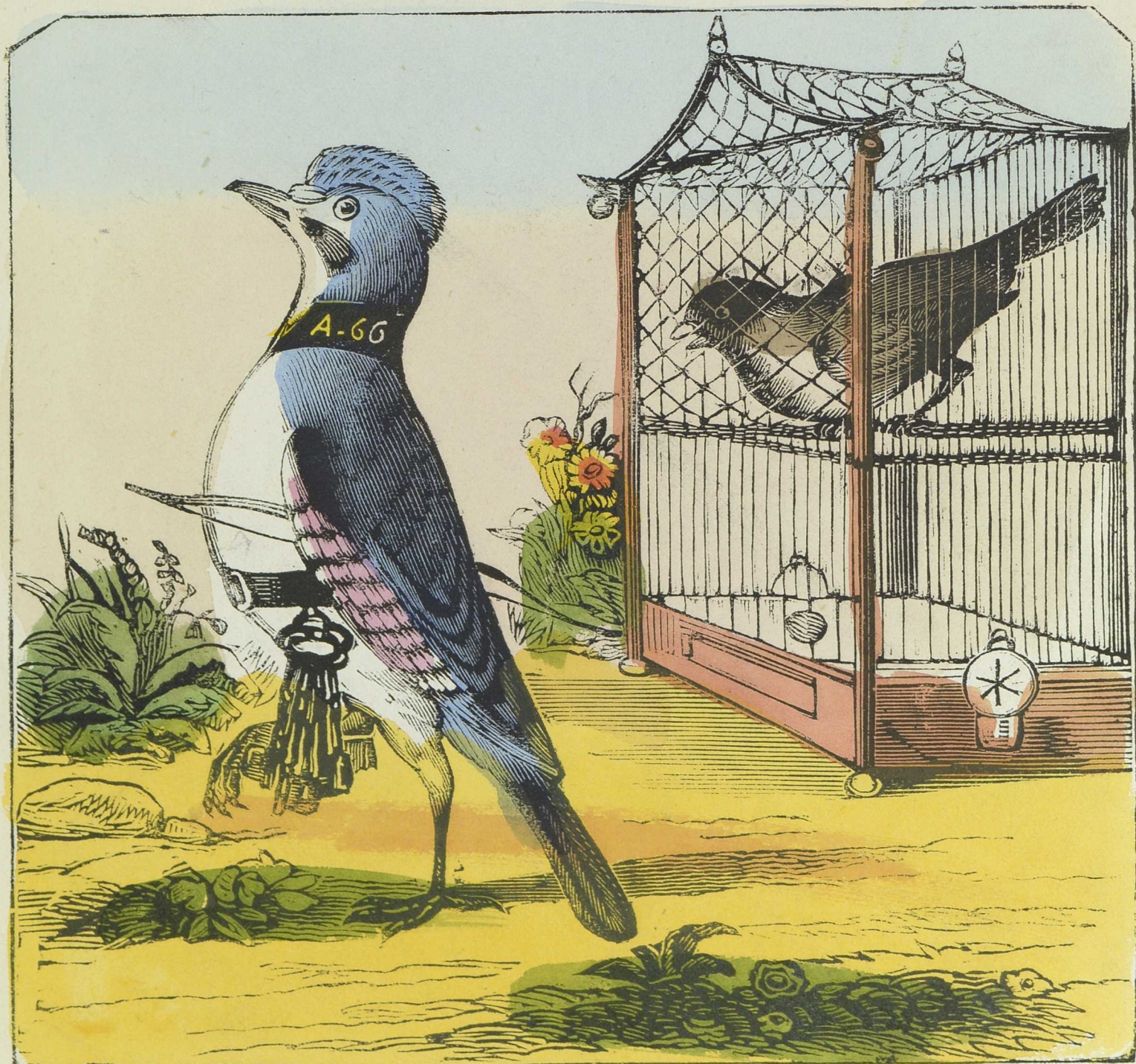
He fell, he fluttered,—as he lay, a Sparrow-hawk flew by that way,
And pounced on Robin,—but a Crow
Scared him away,—he beat him so.

The Magpie saw the
fatal deed,
And bore the news away
with speed.



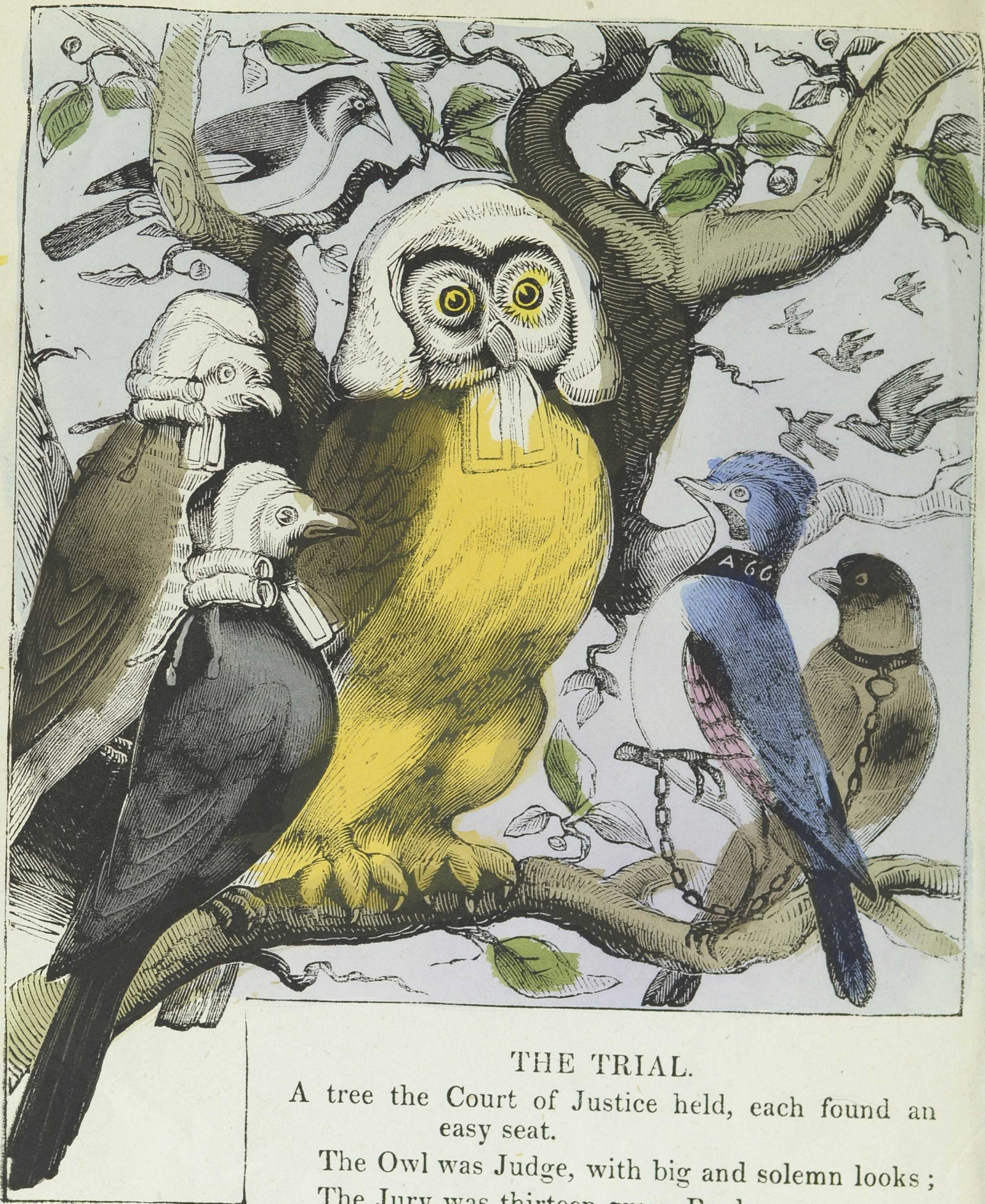
The news being brought, the sage Jackdaw
Told all how stood the case at law:—
Cock Robin had been shot, 'twas plain,—
'Twas sworn the sparrow had him slain;
The Sparrow, then, must soon be tried,
And by the verdict must abide.

The birds agreed, the prisoner Sparrow
Was taken with his bow and arrow,
And safe confined by Jailor Jay,
Until the court should fix a day
To try the Sparrow for the deed
By which he'd made poor Robin bleed.



Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.





THE TRIAL.

A tree the Court of Justice held, each found an easy seat.

The Owl was Judge, with big and solemn looks ;
The Jury was thirteen grave Rooks ;
And many from a distance far, did at this trial meet.

The Sparrow-hawk first started up, to say how it was done.

“ My Lord and Gentlemen,” said he, “ I witnessed the deed :—

’Twas in the month of Valentine,

When birds, in courting, most incline

To take a mate, and build a nest,—a happy year to lead.





“ Robin, as an industrious bird, left Jenny, now
and then,
To look about and do his best
To find materials for his nest;
When thus alone, the Sparrow often teased Jenny
Wren,

“ Because she, in her pretty ways, excelled his vulgar wife;
And, urged by jealousy and spite,
The Sparrow thought he'd claim a right
To find poor Robin by himself, and then to take his life.”



Then said the Fly, "I saw him die;" the Beetle made his shroud;

"And (said the Hawk) I've more to tell:

There stands the Bull, who tolled the Bell."

"Yes," says the Bull, "I toll'd the bell; I toll'd it very loud."

"So," said the Hawk, "pray let me take him,

And soon a skeleton I'll make him;

A warning to each wicked bird who sheds another's blood."

Then up the saucy Jackdaw hopt, as also the Magpie,

And as they're noted chattering birds,

They were not at a loss for words,

As counsel for the prisoner, they both to speak did try.



Quoth Mag., "One story's good 'till another's
heard,—I'm not the foe of any bird ;
Our learned brother's smooth in talk,
But yet we know the Sparrow-hawk,
Sees no objection, if he can, to spill a Sparrow's
blood."

The Jackdaw rose up in his turn, and did so ably plead,
Hawk found he could not gain his ends,
The Sparrow had these sturdy friends,
They were, indeed, his truest friends,—for they were friends in
need



“The Fly,” Jack urged, “was but a grub, when he said Robin died.”

“And then,” said Mag., “how could a fish
Thus walk on dry land with a dish?”

Oh, no! when fishes have a dish, 'tis when
they're boiled or fried.

“But, as the Jury seem to doubt, to prove our case we'll strive;
We'll now expose that wicked elf,—
Cock Robin, come and show thyself!”

When up flew Robin on a twig, saying, “See, I am alive!”



“ It was the Hawk that cruelly did try to stop
my breath ;
Now let him take the Sparrow’s place ;
The false Fly, too, shall have disgrace.”

The Jury shouted “ Caw, caw, caw !” the Judge
said “ Guilty, death !”

“ Indeed !” says Hawk, “ if that’s the case, I’ll try to show some fun.”
Off flew the Fly,—but, quick as thought,
In a great spider’s web was caught.
And the Hawk fell bleeding to the ground, by a shot from a sports-
man’s gun.

Then the Sparrow, with glee, from confinement set free,
And the Linnet, the Goldfinch, the Blackbird, and Thrush,
All tuned up their pipes in a neighbouring bush ;
While the Lark sang a song, and some chanted a glee,
And the Magpie and Jay did some funny pranks play ;
Then they all danced a polka, and then flew away.



COCK ROBIN

ALIVE AND WELL AGAIN.



A FEAST upon the grass is spread,
And birds in plumage gay,
Have met, that they may celebrate
Cock Robin's wedding day.

“And whom,” the reader may demand,
“Has Robin married, then?”
“A little lady, dressed in brown,
Whose name is—Jenny Wren.”



And Robin, putting out his bill,
Gave Jenny Wren a kiss,
And softly whispered in her ear—
“A happy day is this!”

And whom, the reader may remember
"Has Hobbit married, then?
"A little lady, dressed in brown,
Whose name is -



And Hobbit, putting out his bill
Gave Jerry Wren a kiss,
And softly whispered in his ear
"A happy day is this!"

“ My Robin, dear,” said Jenny Wren,
Returning the caress,
“ I hope no evil may ensue
To mar our happiness.”

She scarcely had pronounced the words,
When down upon the green
A Sparrow, uninvited, dropped,
With bow and arrow keen,
This saucy bird, resolved to put
His archery to test,
Shot forth an arrow from his bow,
Which pierced poor Robin's breast.
From Robin and from Jenny Wren,
A sudden shriek is heard ;
And shrieks of horror and regret
Proceed from every bird.

Poor Robin, falling on his side,
Then closed his pretty eyes ;
While all the party rent the air
With piteous screams and cries.

The wedding guests all sobbed and cried,
As though their hearts would break ;
And the Sparrow threw his bow away,
To fly for Doctor Drake.

He found the Doctor in a pond,
With his pretty wife so prim,
And twenty little darling ducks,
Teaching them all to swim.

“ Oh, come with me, good Doctor Drake,
I fear I've killed Cock Robin ;
And I am sure our pretty Jen
Will die of grief and sobbing.”

The Doctor, as he could not fly,
Replied, with fear and doubt,
“I cannot waddle very fast,
Because I am so stout;



“But if to bear me to the spot,
Some other bird you'll bring,
My draught, and pills, and bolusses,
I'll tuck beneath my wing.”

The Sparrow called an Eagle bold,
Who in the air did hover;
And he quickly carried Doctor Drake
To Jenny and her lover.

The Doctor pulled the Arrow out,
And gently raised poor Bob;
And, though he could'nt stand upright,
His heart began to throb.

“Be silent, now” the Doctor cried,
“Such screams I never heard;
Jenny, who suffers most, is here
The only quiet bird.”

“Is Jenny gone?” the patient sighed;
Poor Jenny was so meek,
She did not answer, but he felt
Her breath upon his cheek.

And now they made a bed of wool,
A pillow too, of down;
And took him far from all the noise
And bustle of the town.

And Jenny watched him night and day;
She never left his bed;
She was so very, very glad,
Her Robin was not dead.

And when he opened wide his eyes,
And saw his pretty bride,
He thought it would be sad, indeed,
If he so soon had died.

The Doctor brought him grapes and figs,
As soon as he could eat,
But told him not, for all the world,
To touch a bit of meat.

Good Doctor, I think, poor Robin said,
I'm cured of all my pain;
And he quickly cured Robin's pain,
To call for "Gee-gee" again.
The Doctor pulled the Arrow out,

And gently tried poor Bob;
And, though he could not stand upright,
His heart began to throb;
"Be silent, now," the Doctor said,
"I wish someone I never heard;
I mean, who makes noise is here,
The only quiet one."
"The Jenny comes," the patient said,
"Poor Jenny was so weak,
She did not answer, but she felt
Her breath upon his cheek.
And now they make a bed of wool,
A pillow too of down;
And took him to the room at the house
A mile north of the town.
And Jenny watched him night and day;
She never left his bed;
She was so very, very glad,
Her Robin was not dead.
And when he opened wide his eyes,
And saw his pretty birds,
The thought it would be sad, indeed,

If he so soon had died.
When all the anxious birds had heard
The Doctor brought him grapes and nuts,
That Robin was made well.
As soon as he could eat,
They flew about to all their friends,
And told him not to let the world
The happy news to tell,
To fetch a bit of meat.

“ Good Doctor Drake,” poor Robin said,
“ I’m cured of all my pain :
Indeed, I’ll never be so rude
To call you—Quack—again,”



When all the anxious birds had heard
That Robin was quite well,
They flew about, to all their friends,
The happy news to tell.

The Peacock now proposed a feast,
And sent the cakes and wine;
The oldest birds had never heard
Of any thing so fine.



They gathered all the ripest fruits,
And hung the trees with flowers;
And every singing bird resolved
To charm with all his powers.

The Sparrow came (without his bow,)
And all was bright and gay;
The noble eagle soared aloft,
To keep the Hawks away.

No naughty cuckoo came to tease
Cock Robin's pretty bride;
They thought that they were happier, far,
Than all the world beside.



Among the scented flowers they roved.
Or nestled in the bush,
And listened to the merry song
Of Blackbird and of Thrush.
Towards others of the feathered tribe
No jealousy they felt;
But lived in peace with every bird
That in the garden dwelt.

The Sparrow came (without his bow,
And all was bright and gay;
The noble eagle soared aloft,
To keep the hawks away.
No naughty cuckoo came to tease
Cook Robin's pretty bird;
They thought that they were happier far,
Than all the world beside.



Among the scented flowers they roved,
Or nestled in the bush,
And listened to the merry song
Of Blackbird and of Thrush.
Towards others of the feathered tribe
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