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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
JENNY WREN.

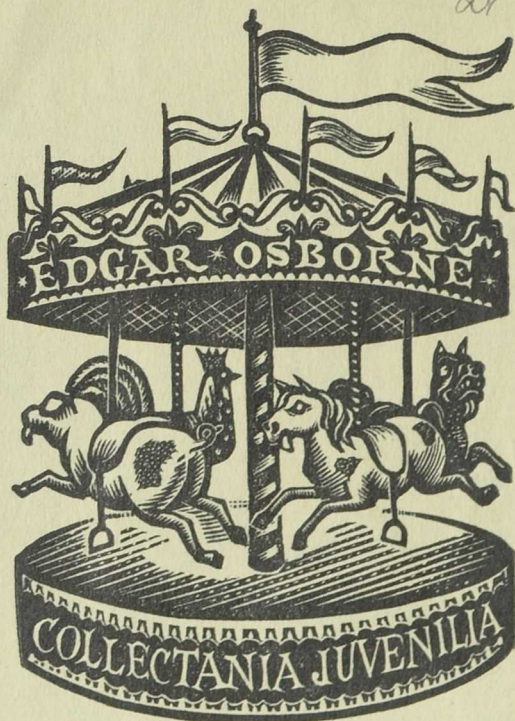


Jenny Wren fell sick, upon a merry time
In came Robin Redbreast, and brought,
her sops and wine.

*James Paul and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth
Court, Seven Dials.*

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f



Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine.

Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Then Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,

And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.



Robin being angry,
 Hopp'd upon a twig,
 Saying, out upon you, fie upon you!
 Bold-faced jig.
 Jenny Wren fell sick again,
 And Jenny Wren did die;
 The doctors vow'd to cure her,
 Or know the reason why.

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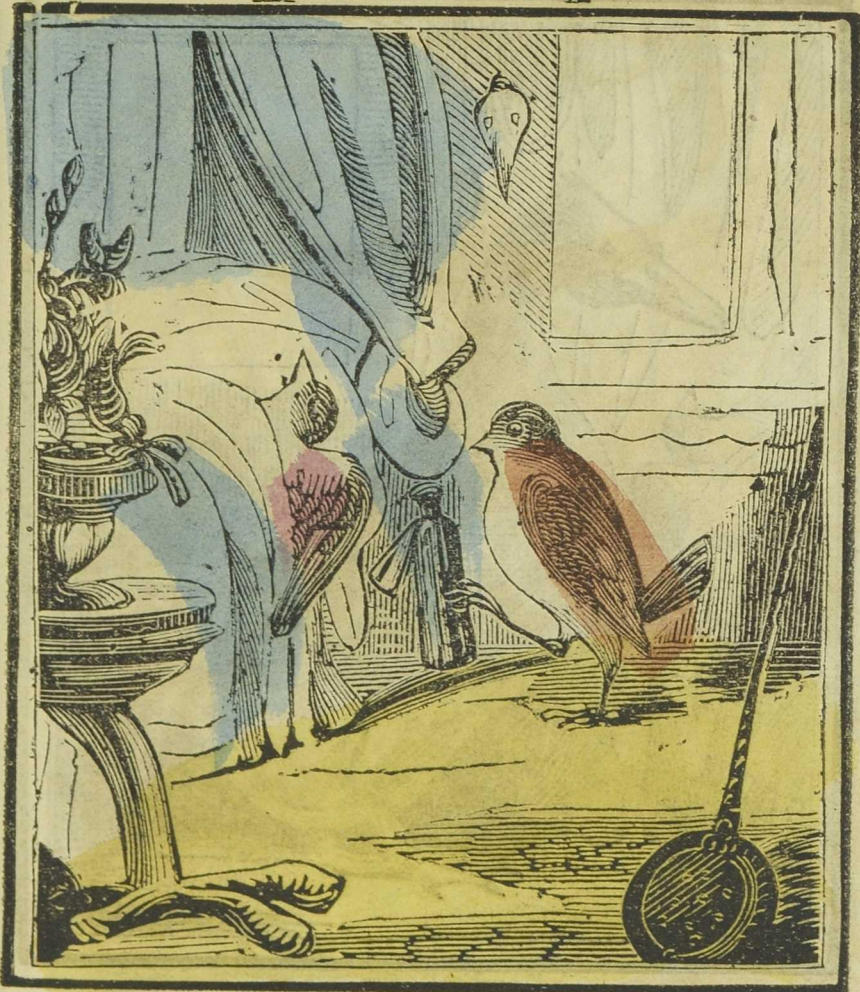
Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Said, I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead.
She'll do very well, then,
Said Doctor Fox,
If she takes but one pill
From out of this box.

O

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R



With hartshorn in hand,
Came Doctor Tom Tit,
Saying, Really, good sirs,
'Tis only a fit.
You're right, Doctor Tit,
You need make no doubt of't,
But death is a fit:
Folks seldom get out of't.



Doctor Cat says, Indeed
I don't think she's dead!
I believe, if I try,
She yet might be bled.
I think, Puss, you're foolish,
Then said Doctor Goose;
For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use.

W

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Y

Z



Doctor Owl then declared
That the cause of her death,
He really believed,
Was the want of more breath.
Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right;
You might as well have said
That day is not night.

Says Robin, Get out !

You're a parcel of quacks !
Or I'll lay this good stick
On each of your backs.

Then Robin began

To bang them about :
They staid for no fees,
But were glad to get out.



Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves ;
At last he covered her with leaves ;
Yet near the place, a mournful lay
For Jenny Wren, sings every day.

