

# JENNY WREN.



Price One Halfpenny.



As little Jenny Wren,  
Was fitting by the shed,  
She waggled with her tail,  
And nodded with her head.  
She waggled with her tail,  
And nodded with her head.  
As little Jenny Wren,  
Was fitting by the shed.

No. 24<sup>TH</sup> THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF  
JENNY WREN,

For the use of  
Young Ladies and Gentlemen;  
*Being*

A very small book,  
At a very small charge,  
To learn them to read,  
Before they grow large.



EDINBURGH:  
Printed and Sold by G. & J. Ross,  
No. 5, Horse Wynd.  
[Price One Halfpenny.]

THE LIFE OF  
Little JENNY WREN,

*How she was sick,  
And got well again.*

JENNY WREN fell sick,  
Upon a merry time :  
In came Robin Red-breast,  
And brought her sops and wine.  
Eat well of the sop, Jenny,  
Drink well of the wine ;  
Thank you, Robin kindly,  
You shall be mine.



Here's Jenny on the glass,  
Eating the sops very fast.

Jenny she got well,  
 And stood upon her feet,  
 And told Robin plainly,  
 She lov'd him not a bit.  
 Jenny's very naughty tho',  
 To use her husband Robin so.



Robin being angry,  
 Hopped on a twig,  
 Saying, out upon you,  
 Fie upon you, bold-fac'd jig.  
 So Jenny got well,  
 And made Robin mad;  
 Tho' her health was now good,  
 Her behaviour was bad.

THE DEATH OF  
Little JENNY WREN,

*And what the doctors  
All said then.*



JENNY WREN was sick again,  
And Jenny Wren did die,  
Tho' doctors vow'd they'd  
cure her,  
Or know the reason why.

Doctor hawk felt her pulse,  
And shaking his head,  
Says, I fear I can't save her,  
Because she's quite dead.



Doctor Hawk's clever fel-  
low,  
Pinched her wrist enough  
to kill her.

She'll do very well yet,  
Then said Doctor Fox,  
If she takes but one pill  
From out of this box.



Ah ! Doctor Fox,  
You are very cunning,  
For, if she's dead,  
You will not get one in.



With hartshorn in hand,  
Came Doctor Tom-Tit,  
Saying, really good firs,  
It's only a fit.



You're right, Doctor Tit,  
You need make no doubt  
on  
But death is a fit  
Folks seldom get out on.

Doctor Cat says, indeed,  
I don't think she's dead,  
I believe if I try,  
She yet might be bleed.



You need not a lancet,  
Miss Pussey, indeed,  
Your claws is enough  
A poor Wren to bleed.

I think Puss you're foolish,  
Then says Doctor Goose,  
For to bleed a dead Wren,  
Can be of no use.



Why, doctor Goose,  
You're very wise,  
Your wisdom profound,  
Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Afs then said,  
See this balsam, I make  
it,  
She yet may survive,  
If you get her to take it.



What you say, Doctor Afs,  
Perhaps may be true ;  
I ne'er saw the dead drink  
though,  
Pray, Doctor did you ?

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 as well might have said,  
That day was not night.

Says Robin, get out,  
 You're a parcel of quacks,  
 Or I'll lay this good whip,  
 On each of your backs.



Then Robin begun,  
 For to bang them about,  
 They staid for no fees,  
 But were glad to get out.

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



Now if you'd more of Robin  
 know,  
 Where you bought this I'd have  
 you go,  
 And then for what for this you  
 gave,  
 You there Cock Robin's life may  
 have.



Black your Shoes, your Ho-  
nour!