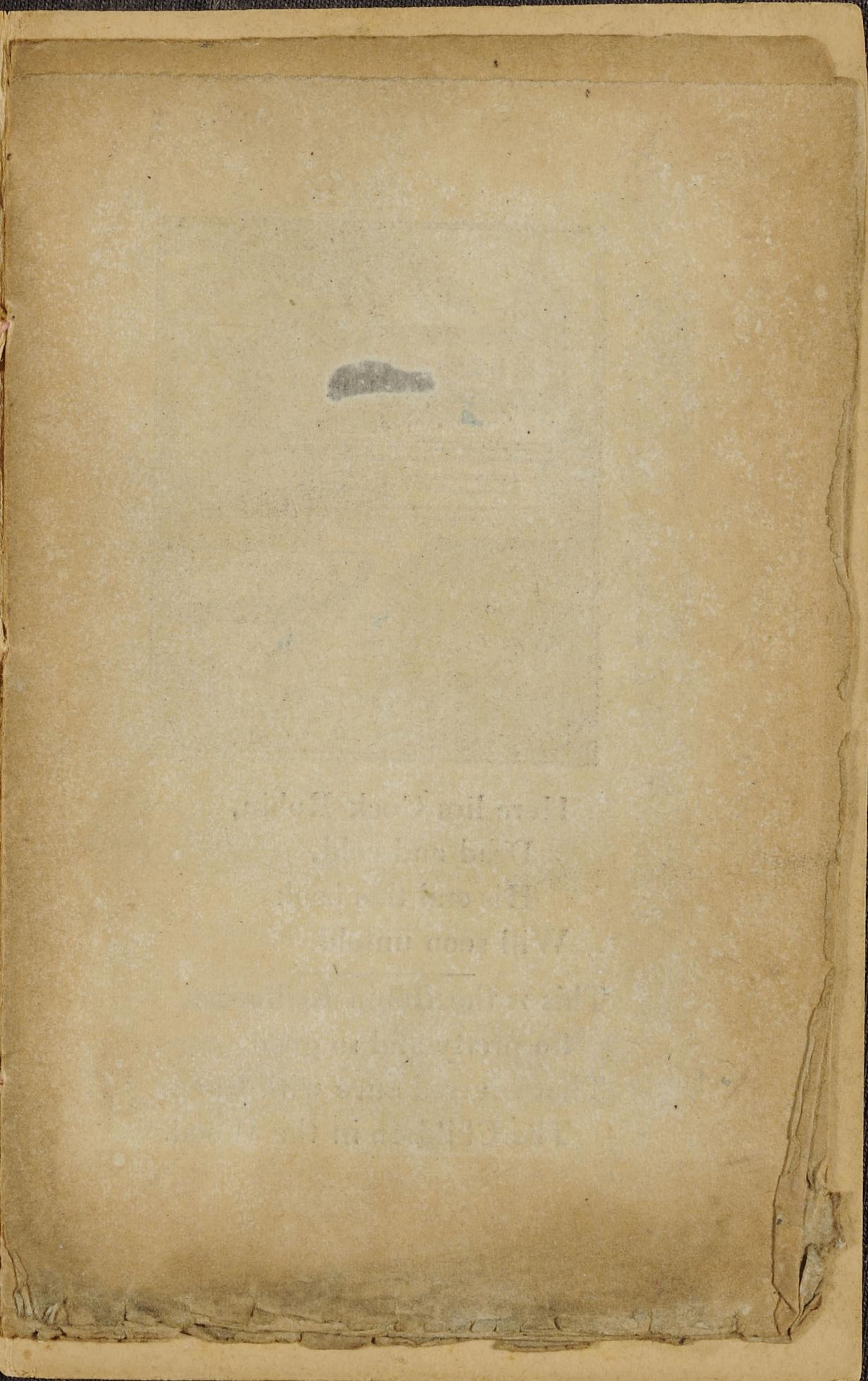


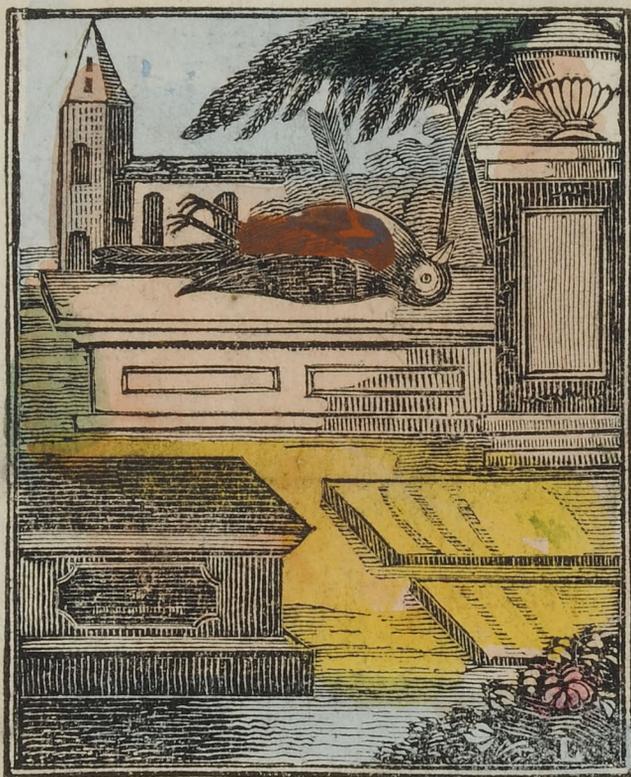
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The
Death and Burial
of
Cock Robin

Joy - Book

S. Dodge - Stockport



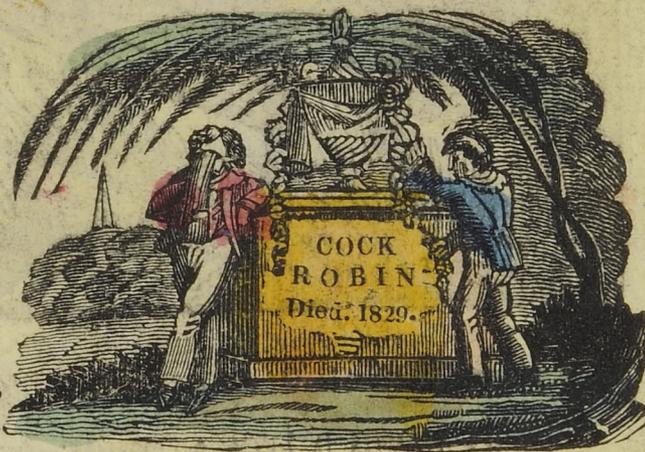


Here lies Cock Robin,
Dead and cold,
His end this book
Will soon unfold.

This is the Robin Redbreast,
So pretty and so good,
That covered once with leaves
The Children in the Wood.

THE
DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN

Embellished with neat Engravings on Wood.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

S. DODGE,

Stockport.





Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree ;
He noddled with his head,
And warbled merrily.
He noddled with his head,
And warbled merrily,
As Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

This is the Sparrow,
With his bow and arrow.



Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye;
And I saw him die.

This is the little Fly
That saw Cock Robin die.



Who caught his blood?
 I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 And I caught his blood.

This is the Fish
 That held the dish.



Who will make his shroud ?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle,
And I'll make his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle



Who will dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave.

This is the Owl so brave,
That dug Cock Robin's grave.



Who will be the parson?
 I, said the Rook,
 With my little book,
 And I'll be the parson.

Here's parson Rook
 Reading his book.



Who will be the clerk?
 I, said the Lark,
 If 'tis not in the dark,
 And I will be the clerk.

Behold how the Lark
 Says Amen, like a 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.

Behold the Kite,
 How he takes his flight.



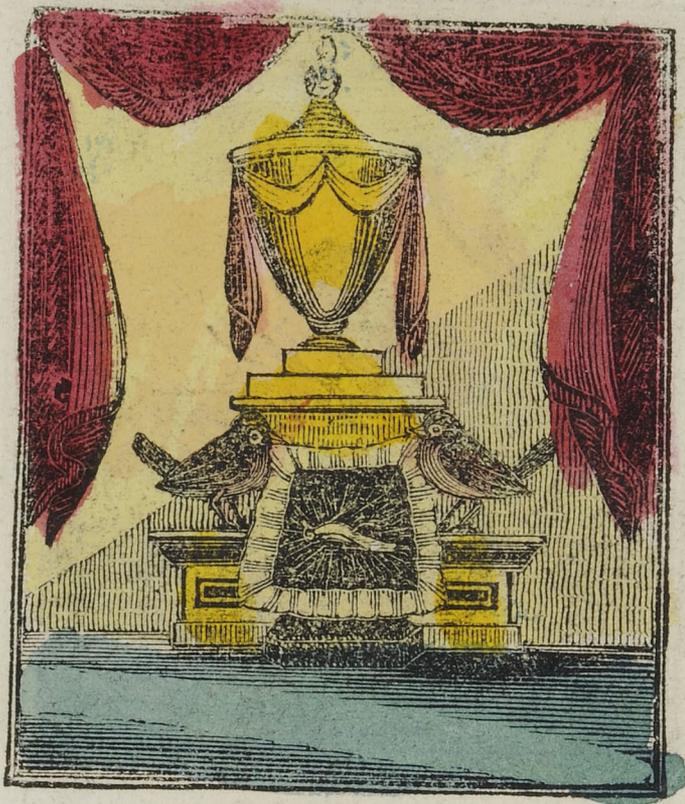
Who will carry the link ?
 I, said the Linnet,
 Will fetch it in a minute ;
 And I'll carry the link.

Here's the linnet with a light,
 Although it is not night.



Who will be chief mourner ?
 I, said the Dove ;
 For I mourn for my love ;
 And I'll be chief mourner.

Here's a pretty Dove,
 That mourns for her love.



Who will bear the pall?
 We, said the Wren,
 Both the cock and the hen;
 And we will bear the pall.

Here's the Wren so small,
 That held Cock Robin's pall.



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

Here's a fine Thrush,
Singing psalms in a bush.



Who'll toll the bell?
 I, says the Bull,
 Because I can pull;
 And I'll toll the bell,

So the bell was toll'd
 For poor Cock Robin;
 And the birds of the air
 Fell a-sighing and sobbing.

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$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \\ \times 64 \\ \hline 52 \\ 78 \\ \hline 832 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \\ \times 43 \\ \hline 39 \\ 52 \\ \hline 559 \end{array}$$