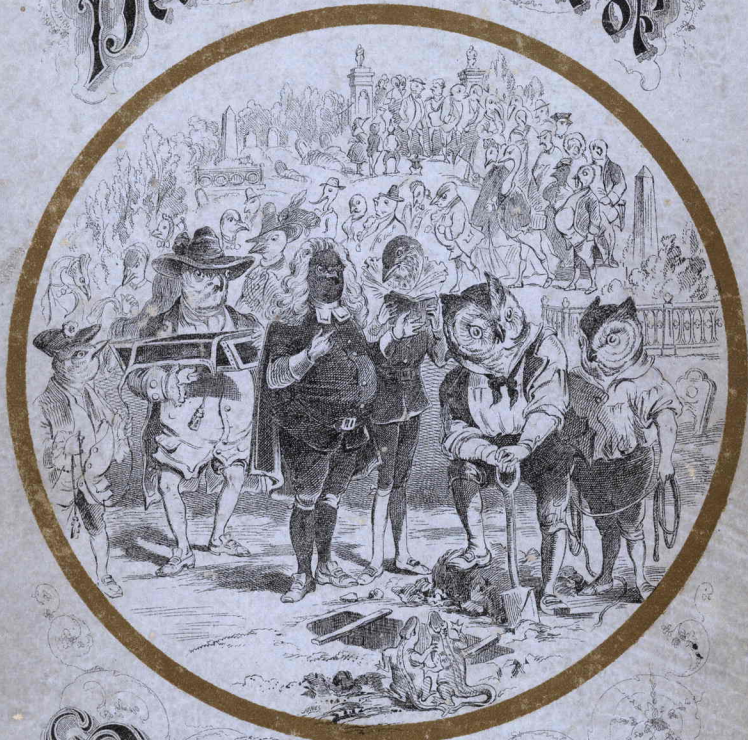


Death and Burial of



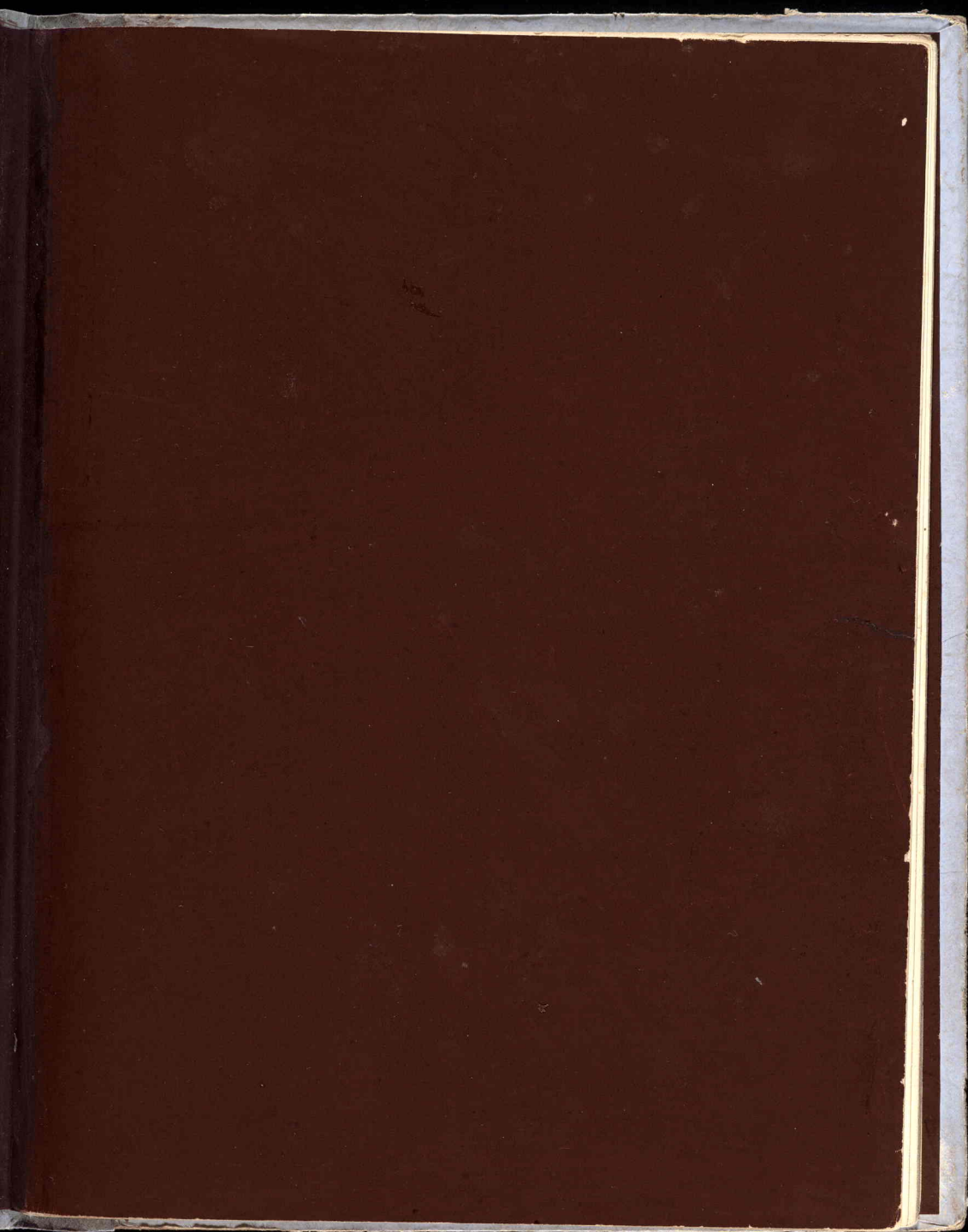
Poor Cock Robin

From Original Designs by
H. L. STEPHENS.

NEW-YORK.
Published by Hurd & Houghton.
401 Broadway cor. Walker-St.
1845.



RARE BOOK COLLECTION



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\$275
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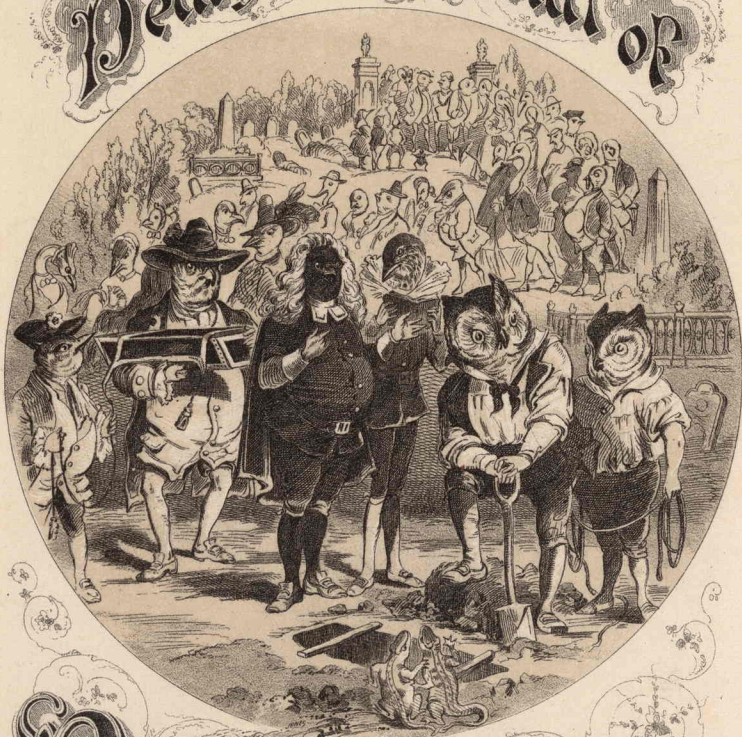
front 1



January 1. 1866 -

Donna Teacher to
Harry to Miller.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by H. Stern in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Lithographed & Printed
BY

JULIUS BIEN.

24 Vesey St. New York.



Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,
I kill'd Cock Robin.



Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,

With my little eye,
I saw him die.



Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,
I caught his blood.



Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle.
I'll make his shroud.



Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,

With my spade and trowel,
I'll dig his grave.



Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,
We'll bear the pall.



Who'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,

With my little book,
I'll be the Parson.



Who'll sing a Psalm?
I, said the Thrush,

As he sat in the bush,
I'll sing a Psalm?



Who'll be the Clerk?
I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the Clerk.



Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,

Because I mourned for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll carry the link?
I, said the Linnet.

I'll fetch it in a minute.
I'll carry the link.



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.



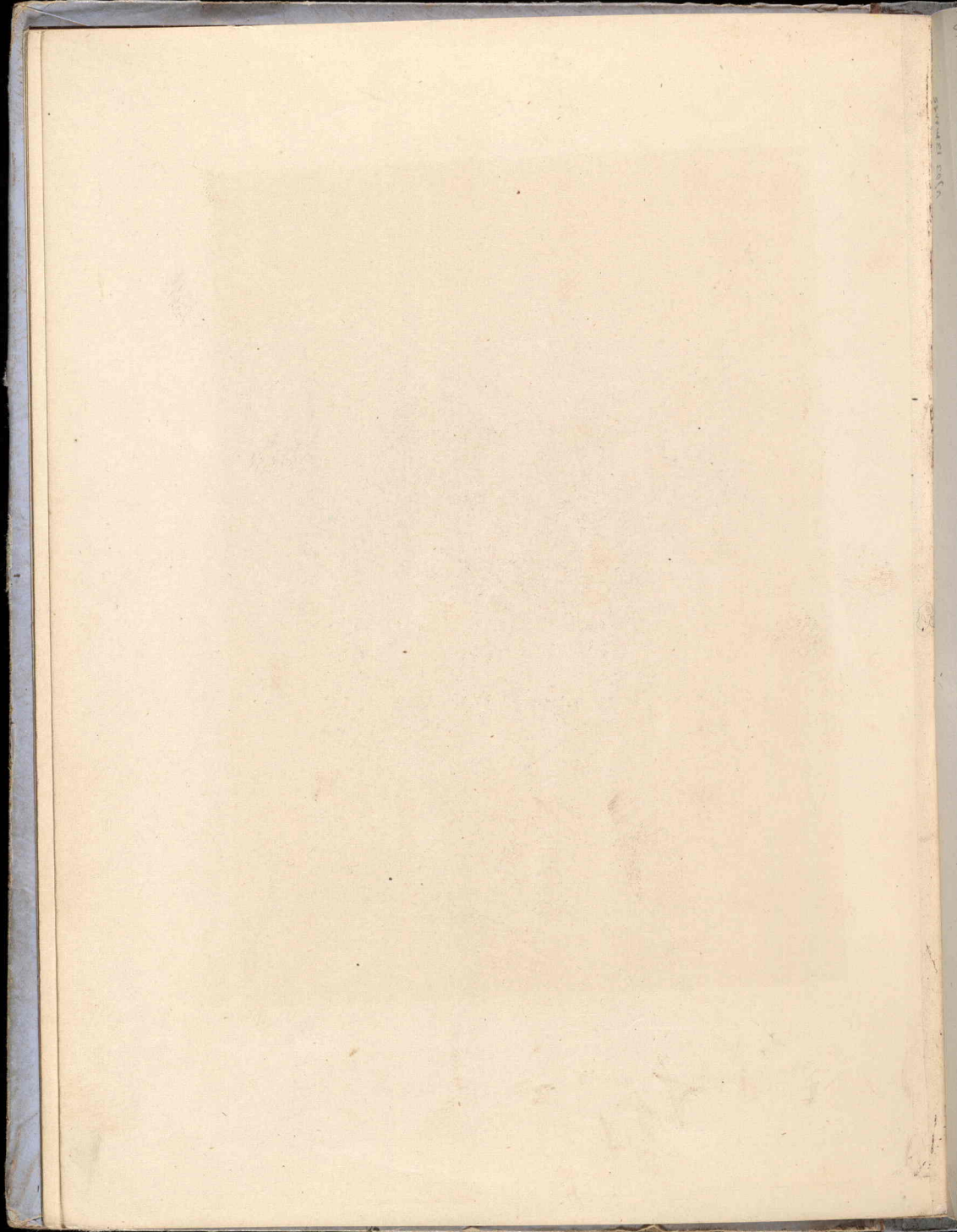
All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing

When they heard the bell
For poor Cock Robin.



While the cruel Cock Sparrow,
The cause of their grief,

Was hung on a gibbet
Next day, like a thief.



Stephens, H. L. (Henry Louis)

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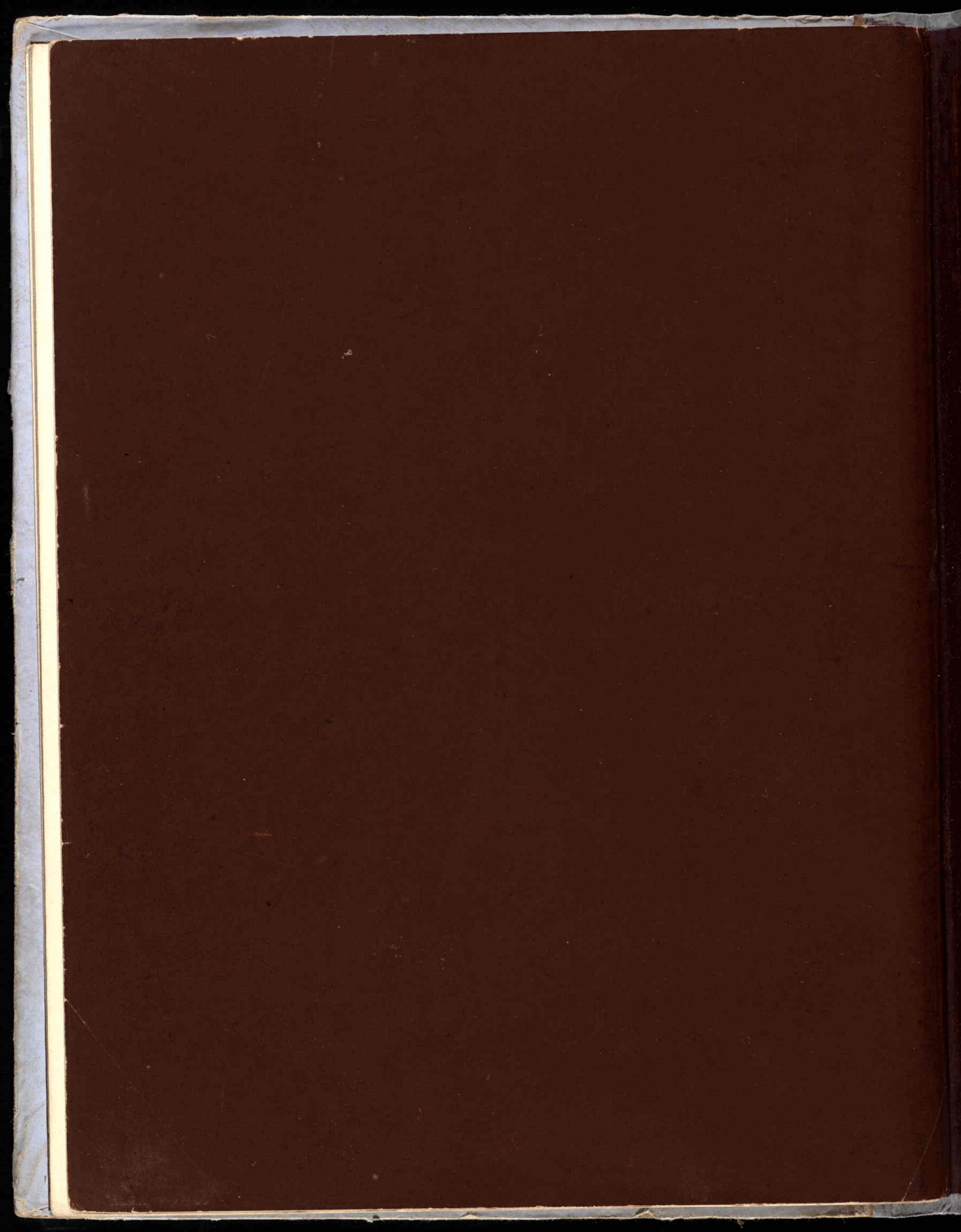
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