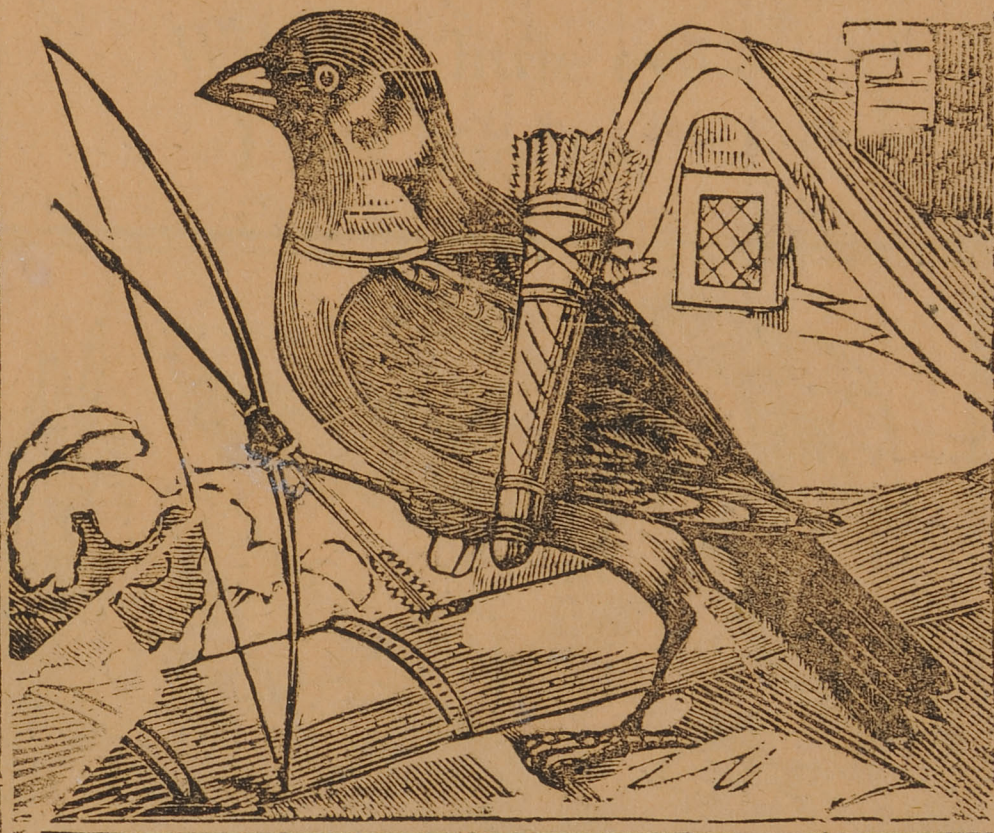


THE DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN



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

LONDON :
Printed and Published at W. S. FORTEY'S Whole-
sale Juvenile Book Warehouse, 2 & 3, Monmouth
Court, Bloomsbury. W.C.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL

COCK ROBIN



I killed Cock Robin,
With my bow and arrow,
I said the sparrow,
Why killed Cock Robin?

LONDON:
Printed and Published by W. A. PORTER, 71, St. Paul's Churchyard, Strand, W.C.
and J. VANNIE, 10, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

COCK ROBIN.

Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye—
I saw him die.



This is the fly,
That saw him die.

THE HISTORY OF

Who caught his blood?
I, said the fish,
With my little dish—
I caught his blood,



This is the fish
That held the dish.

COCK ROBIN.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle—
I made his shroud.



This is the Beetle,
With his little ne

THE HISTORY OF

Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,

With my spade and shovel—

I'll dig his grave.



This is the Owl so brave,
Digging Robin's grave.

COCK ROBIN.

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



Here is Parson Rook,
Reading his book.

THE HISTORY OF

Who will sing a psalm ?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush—
I will sing a psalm.



Here is the Thrush,
Singing psalms in a

COCK ROBIN.

Who'll carry the coffin ?

I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night—

I'll carry the coffin.



Behold the Kite,

How he takes his

THE HISTORY OF COCK ROBIN.

Who will be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love—
I will be chief mourner.



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

Who will toll the bell?
I, said the bull;
Because I can pull.
So Cock Robin, farewell!



All the birds in the air fell to
sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
for poor Cock Robin.

W. S. FORTEY. (late A. Ryle) Monmouth
Court, Bloomsbury.