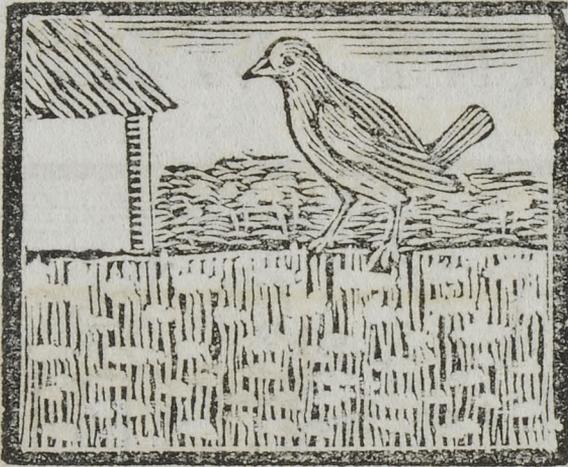


THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
JENNY WREN.



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

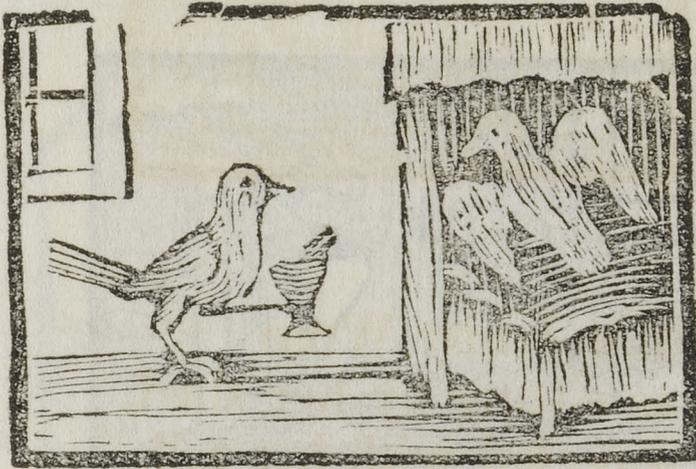
YORK:
Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.



As little Jenny Wren
Was sitting by her 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 sitting by her shed.

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 sops, 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.

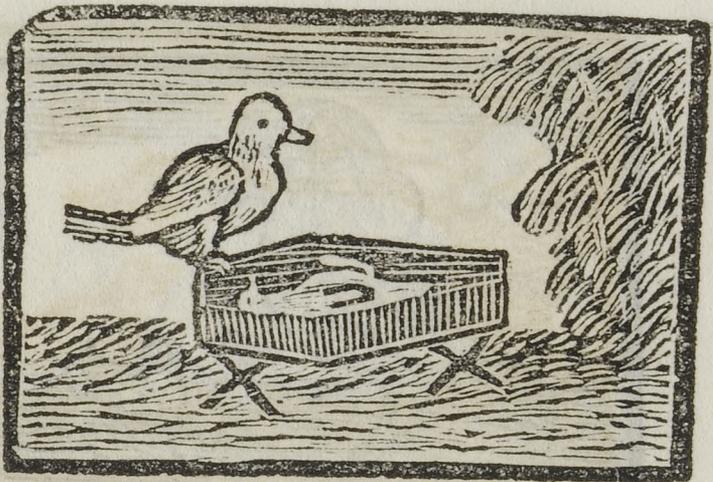
Robin being angry,
Hopped on a twig
Saying, out upon you,
Fie upon you, bold-faced jig.



So Jenny got well,
And made Robin sad,
Tho' her health was now good,
Her behaviour was bad.

THE DEATH OF
LITTLE JENNY WREN.

And what the doctors
All said then,



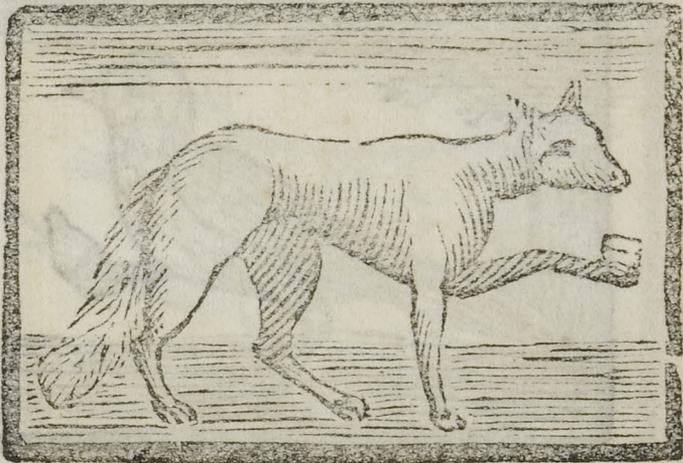
Jenny Wren was sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die,
Tho' doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

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



Doc' or Hawk's a clever fellow,
He 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.



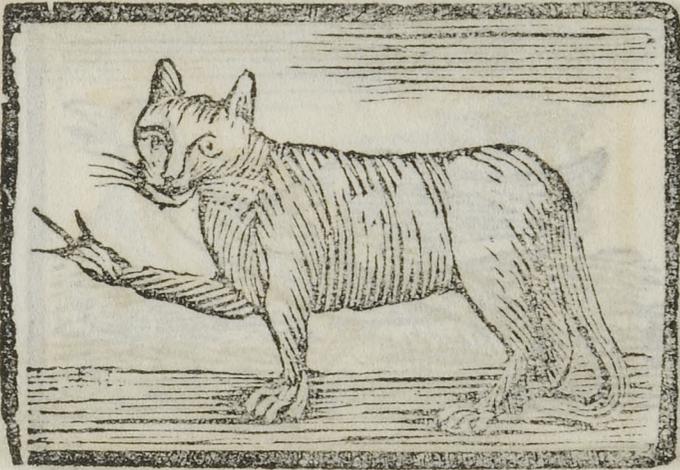
Ah ! Doctor Fox,
You are very cunning,
For, if she's dead,
You will not get one in.

With hartshorn in hand,
Came doctor Tom-Tit,
Saying, really, good sirs,
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 bled.



You need not a lancet,
Miss Pussy, 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 Ass then said,
See this balsam. I make it,
She yet may survive,
If you get her to take it.



What you say, Doctor Ass,
Perhaps may be true ;
I ne'er saw the dead drink tho'
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,
The 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 where 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.

J. Kendrew, Printer, York.