

Harris 1819

OPIE P

COCK ROBIN.

A PRETTY PAINTED

TOY

FOR EITHER GIRL OR BOY;

SUITED TO

CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

LONDON:

JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1951

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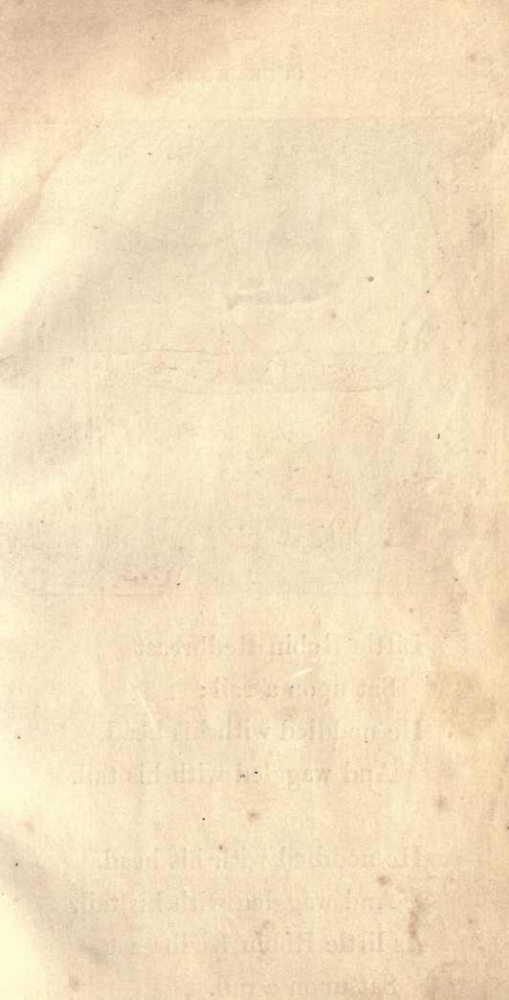
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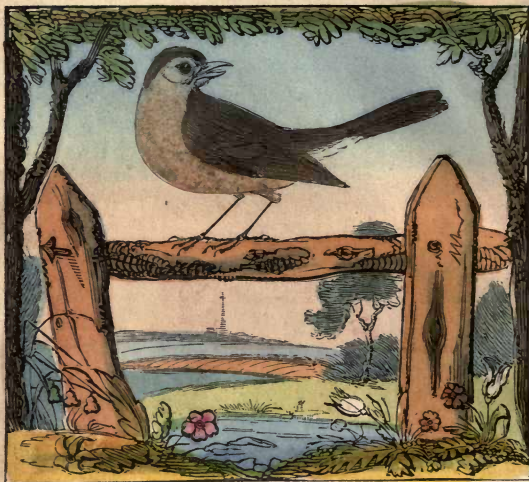
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Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail ;
He noddled with his head,
And waggled with his tail.

He noddled with his head,
And waggled with his tail,
As little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail.



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.



1801
1802
1803
1804

This is the title of the
book and is printed
at the bottom of the
page.

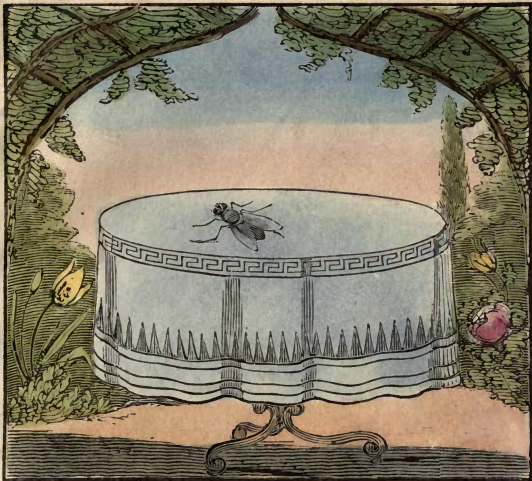
And I'll be Cock Robin
I said the parrot
With my bow and arrow

With my bow and arrow
This is the parrot



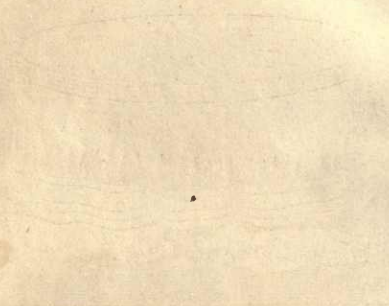
Who kill'd Cock Robin ?
I, said the Sparrow
With my bow and arrow ;
And I kill'd Cock Robin.

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.

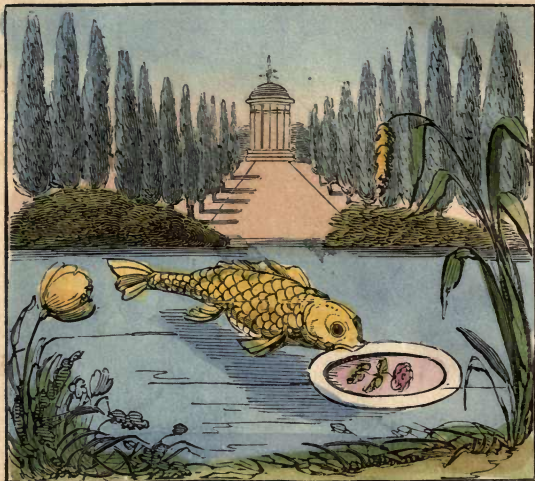
This is the fly
That saw him die.



When you have finished
 I will be glad to
 show you the
 and I am sure
 you will be
 satisfied with
 the result.

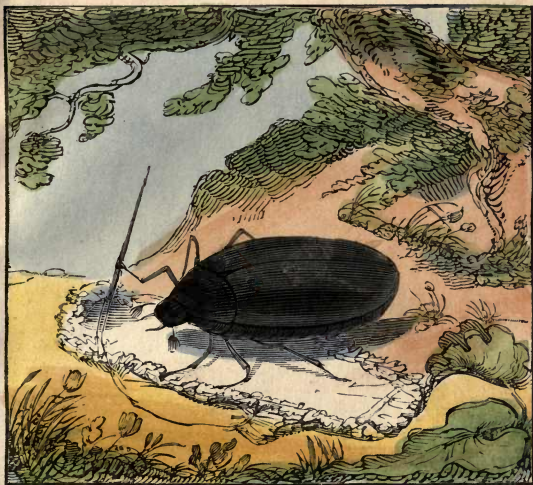
Wm. ...
A ...
With ...
And ...

This is ...
The ...



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 made his shroud ?
I, said the Beetle,
With my little needle ;
And I made his shroud.

This is the Beetle,
With his thread and needle.



Who will be his true
I will be true to you
With my hands and sword;
And I will be true to you
And I will be true to you
And I will be true to you
And I will be true to you
And I will be true to you



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 will be the Parson.

Here's Parson Rook
Reading his book.

Who will be the first on?

I said the first

With my little book

And I will be the first on

It is a little book

And I will be the first on

Who will be the Clerk?

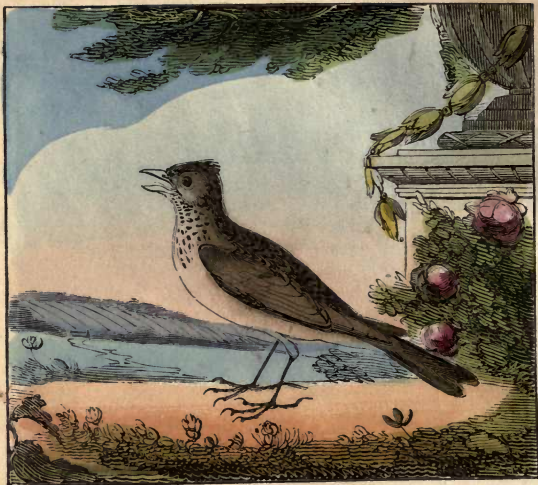
I will be the Clerk,

For I am in the land,

And I will be the Clerk.

And I will be the Clerk,

For I am in the land,



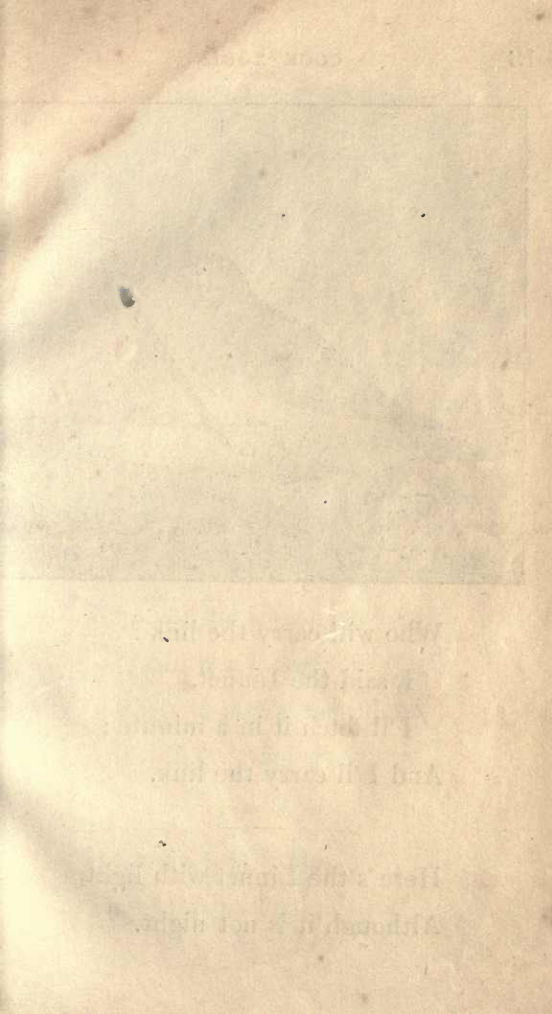
Who will be the Clerk ?
I, said the Lark,
If 'tis not in the dark ;
And I will be the Clerk.

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,

I'll fetch it in a minute ;

And I'll carry the link.

Here's the Linnet with 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.

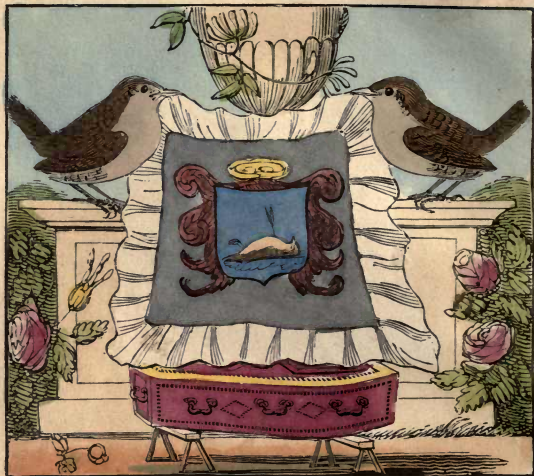
Here's a pretty Dove,
That mourns for her love.

And I'll be glad to answer
I or I mourn for my love,
I said the above,
I'll be glad to answer

There is a party down
That means for her love

When I hear the call
 We said the way
 Then the cook and the boy
 And we will hear the call

 There's the way so well
 That hold Cook Robin's call



Who will bear the pall ?

We, said the Wren,

Both the cock and the hen ;

And we will bear the pall.

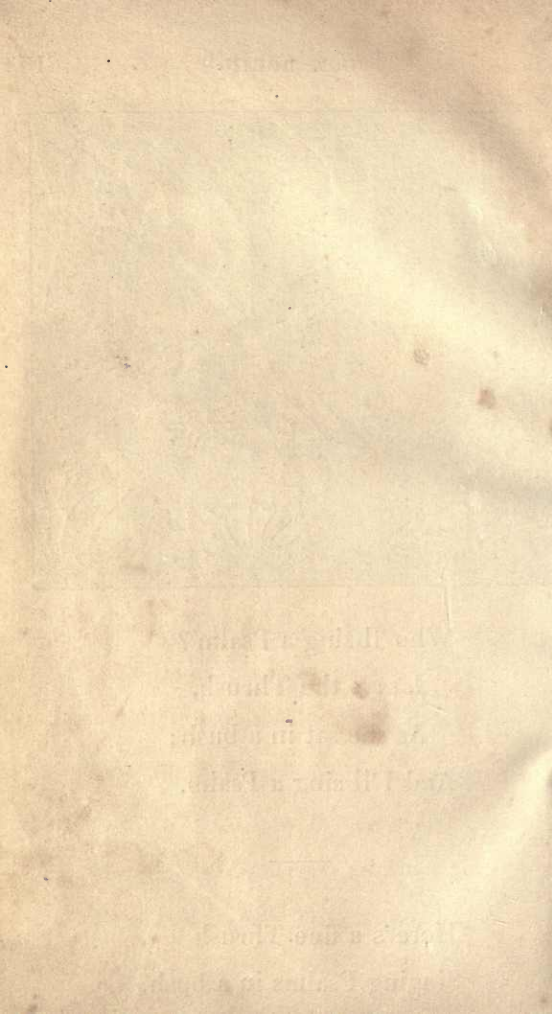
Here's the Wren so small,

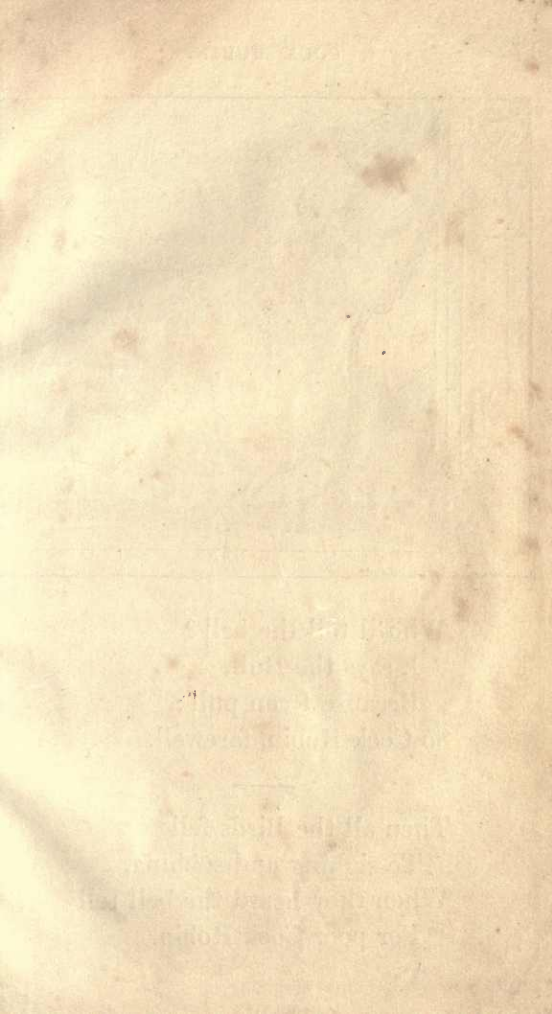
That held Cock Robin's pall.

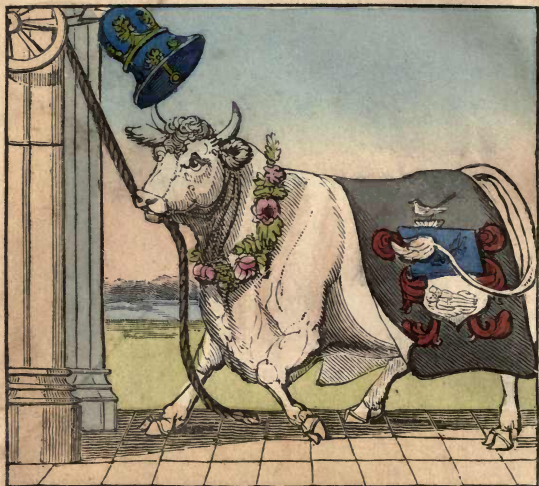


Who 'll sing a Psalm ?
I, says the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush ;
And I 'll sing a Psalm.

Here 's a fine Thrush
Singing Psalms in a bush.







Who'll toll the bell ?
I, says the Bull,
Because I can pull ;
So Cock Robin, farewell.

Then all the Birds fell
To sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

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 DAME TROT and her CAT.
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 FACE, do.

