

THE
BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.

A

Frontispiece.



THE
TRAGI-COMIC HISTORY
OF THE
BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN;

WITH
THE LAMENTATION OF JENNY WREN;
THE
SPARROW'S APPREHENSION;
AND THE
CUCKOO'S PUNISHMENT.

BEING
A SEQUEL TO THE COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, AND
PIC-NIC DINNER
OF
ROBIN RED-BREAST AND JENNY WREN.

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THE

Burial of Cock Robin.

I.

WHEN Robin now lay dead,
Before his Jenny's eyes,
She low did droop her head,
And rent with shrieks the skies,
She strain'd her little throat,
Her sorrows to declare;
Her shrill and piercing note
Was heard both far and near.

‘ Dearest Robin Redbreast,

‘ Sweet partner of my heart,

‘ With grief I am opprest,

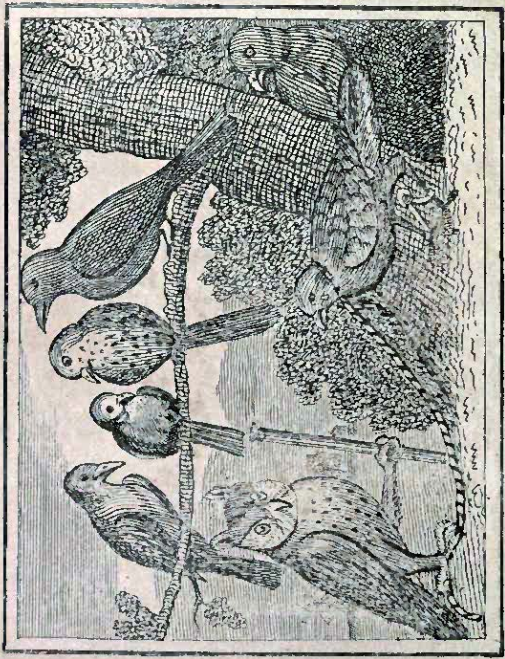
‘ That we are doom’d to part.

‘ Ah ! luckness day of woe !

‘ Why did I see this hour ?

‘ Joy, no more Jane can know,

‘ ’Tis blasted like a flow’r.



IN CUSTODY.

The Finch and Nightingale,
The Blackbird and the Thrush,
With plaints his death did wail,
On every spray and bush.
The Sparrow they lug in,
With cord about his neck,
Declaring, for his sin,
More corn he should not peck.

IV,

He fell upon his knees,
Sweet mercy to entreat,
' Swore he had not felt ease,
' Nor had he tasted meat,
' Since shooting in defence
' Of Jenny Wren, Bob's wife,
' He'd sav'd her innocence,
' But robb'd his friend of life.



- ' Bad shot, he did confess,
' And sorry for't was he;
' He aim'd at Wantonness,
' But hit Fidelity.
' At Cuckoo, wile and sly,
' Who's ever on the catch,
' Into a nest to fly,
' When husband's not on watch?

From Sparrow, wrath is turn'd
To Cuckoo, wicked elf,
Their hearts with fury burn'd,
Each to revenge himself.
When try'd for this assault,
And using Jane amiss,
T' her charms he laid the fault,
Which caus'd him seize a kiss.



This more inflam'd their ire
Against the wonton wight :
They one and all conspire,
To drive him from their sight :
On the culprit then they fell,
With talons, wings, and beaks,
And drubb'd him very well,
With scratches, slaps, and pecks.

VIII.

The Sparrow's pardon seal'd,
The funeral's now their care ;
The Swallow skims o'er field,
And through the realms of air,
T' invite each Bird that flies,
That they would all attend,
T' assist at th' obsequies
Of their dear worthy friend.





The Rook, with rev'rend air,

And coat as black as coal,

Would walk before the Bier,

And see him to the hole;

The Raven, who delves well,

Requests to dig his grave,

Prim Owl to ring his knell,

Sky Lark to sing a stave.

The Starling, and Fieldfare,
The Blackbird and Pewit,
On Shoulders Bob did bear,
And hopp'd towards the pit;
The Jay, Magpie and Dove,
With Pigeon, held the pall,
And onward they did move
To place of burial.



Jane lean'd on Sparrow's wing,
Sad sight to stand and see;
The Lark began to sing
In praise of Constancy;
When Rook, with croaking sound,
Pronounc'd, "E'en Birds must die:"
They place him in the ground,
And all away did fly.

With sorrow did Jane go
To her uncheering home,
Was woo'd by many a Beau,
But gave herself to none.
In scarlet and in gold,
Though Gold-finch, vain and smart,
To her, sweet love-tales told,
He could not gain her heart,

