

# POOR COCK ROBIN



LONDON: DARTON & HODGE, HOLBORN HILL.  
SIXPENCE IN OIL COLOURS.

1/- INDESTRUCTIBLE!  
1/6 WASHABLE INDESTRUCTIBLE



POOR COCK



ROBIN.

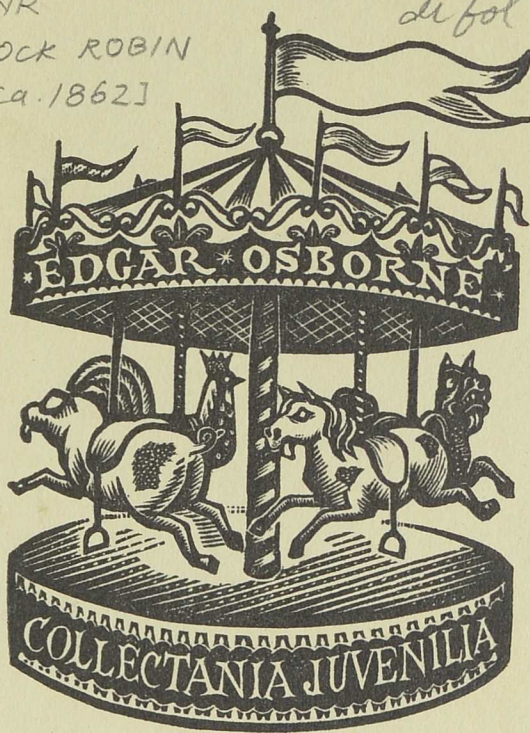
London.

DARTON & HOODGE HOLBORN HILL.



NR  
COCK ROBIN  
[ca. 1862]

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

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

This is the Sparrow, With his bow and arrow.



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.

This is the Fly, With his little eye.  
This is the Fish, With his little dish









Who'll dig his grave?

I, said the Owl,  
With my spade and shovel,  
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.

This is the Owl, With his spade and shovel.



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.

This is the Rook, With his little book.







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,  
For I mourn for my love,  
I'll be Chief Mourner.

This is the Dove, That mourned for her love.



Who'll toll the bell?  
I, said the Bull,  
Because I can pull,  
I'll toll the bell,

And let them all know,  
By its mournful ding dong,  
The tragical end  
Of poor Robin's Song.

DEATH AND BURIAL  
OF  
POOR COCK ROBIN.

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