Death and Burial op

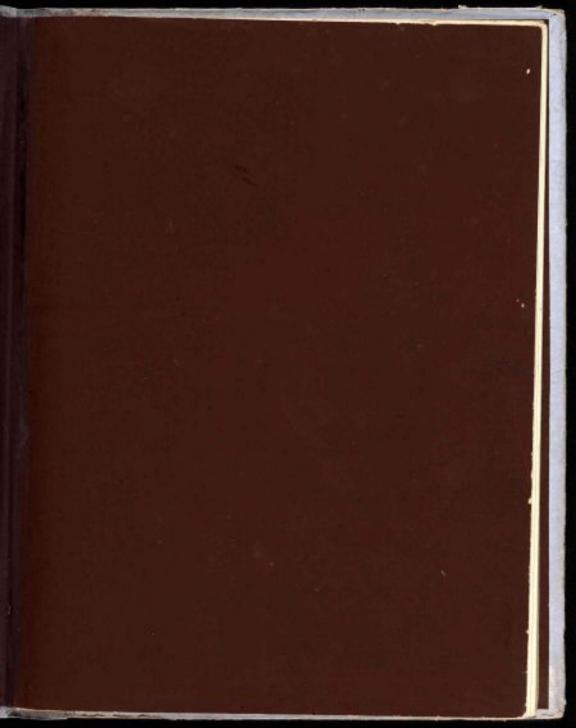


Poor Cock Pobly

NEW-YORK. Published by Burd & Houghton. av Bushey or Februar. 1903.



BARE BOOK COLLECTION



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January 1,1866 -

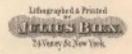
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Death and Burial o



HL. STEPHENS.

Published by Burd & Houghton. 60 Groung or Balanca. 80 Bro. S. Extension amounting to Act of Congress of the year 1814. by H. Stern, of the Congression of the Business Course of the United States for the Sauthamy Matrice of New York.





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



Who saw him die ?

I, said the Fly,

With my little eye, I saw him die.



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.



Who'll dig bis grave? I, said the Owl,

With my spade and trowel, 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.



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 Person ?

1, said the Rook,

With my little book, Til be the Parson.



Who'll sing a Praim? L said the Thrush,

As he sat in the bush, I'll sing a Paalm?



Who'll be the Clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark, I'll be the Clerk.



I, said the Dove,

Who'll be chief mourner? Because I mourned for my love, I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll carry the link? I, said the Linnet.

I'll fetch it in a minute. I'll earry the link.



Who'll toll the bell? I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull, I'll toll the bell.



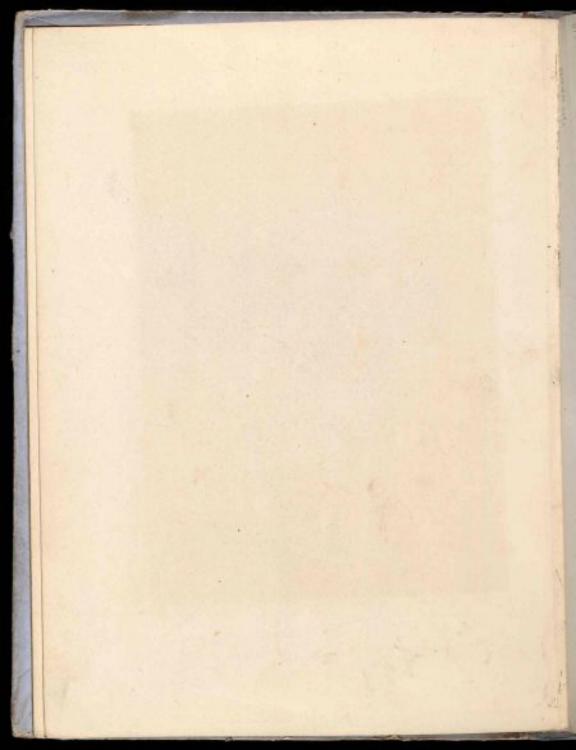
All the birds in the air Fell to sighing and sobbing

When they heard the bell For poor Cock Robin.



While the cruel Cock Sparrow, The cause of their grief,

Was hung on a gibbet Next day, like a thief.



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