



CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES



## T H E   R O B I N .



AWAY, pretty Robin, fly home to your  
nest,

To make you my captive would please  
me the best,

And feed you with worms and with  
bread :

Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers  
so soft,

Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,  
And your breast is all cover'd with red.



THE ROBIN.

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But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I  
know,

So stretch out your wings, little Robin,  
and go,

Fly home to your young ones again ;  
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty  
song,

And chirrup and twitter there all the day  
long,

Secure from the wind and the rain.





THE ROBIN.

---

But when the leaves fall, and the winter-  
winds blow,

And the green fields are cover'd all over  
with snow,

And the clouds in white feathers  
descend ;

When the springs are all ice, and the  
rivulets freeze,

And the long shining icicles drop from  
the trees,

Then, Robin, remember your friend.





With cold and with hunger half-famish'd  
and weak

Then tap at my window again with your  
beak,

Nor shall your petition be vain ;

You shall fly to my bosom and perch on  
my thumbs,

Or hop round the table and pick up the  
crumbs;

And need not be hungry again.



**ROUTLEDGE'S**  
**THREEPENNY TOY-BOOKS,**

WITH SIX COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED BY KRONHEIM.

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MY FIRST ALPHABET  
THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE  
LITTLE BO-PEEP  
MOTHER GOOSE  
THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS  
THE BABES IN THE WOOD  
JOHN GILPIN  
NURSERY RHYMES  
THE FARM-YARD ALPHABET  
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD  
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK  
THE THREE BEARS  
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT  
MY MOTHER  
MORE NURSERY RHYMES  
THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY  
THE CATS' TEA PARTY  
A, APPLE PIE

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**GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.**

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