

COCK ROBIN'S COURTSHIP AND

**MARRIAGE.**



SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

1824.

THE MARRIAGE OF



COCK ROBIN AND JENNY WREN.

**COCK ROBIN'S**  
**COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.**



SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

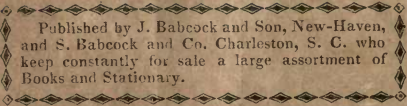
1824.



CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



Published by J. Babcock and Son, New-Haven,  
and S. Babcock and Co. Charleston, S. C. who  
keep constantly for sale a large assortment of  
Books and Stationary.

## **COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.**

It was on a merry time,

When Jenny Wren was young,

So neatly as she danced,

And so sweetly as she sung ;

Cock Robin said "dear Jenny,

If you will be mine,

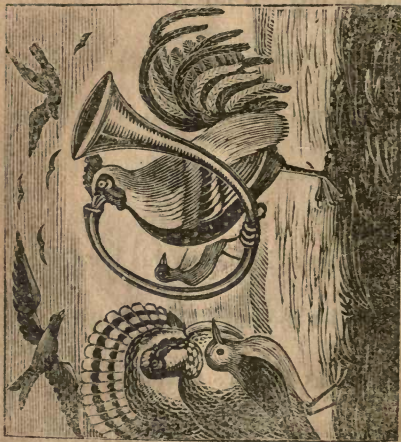
You shall dine on cherry pie,

And drink nice currant wine."



Says Jenny, "I love cherry pie,  
And likewise currant wine ;  
So, though I blush behind my fan,  
To-morrow I'll be thine."

The Cock then blew his horn,  
To let the neighbours know,  
This was Robin's wedding day,  
And they might see the show.





The Rook was the parson,

The Lark was the clerk,

He bid them make haste,

And get done before dark.

Then Robin and Jenny,

With the Goldfinch and Linnet.

Got all of them dress'd.

And set off in a minute.



The Bulfinch and Nightingale,  
Blackbird and Thrush,  
With the Sparrow and Tom Tit,  
Came each from a bush.

“O then,” says parson Rook, .

“Who gives this maid away?”

“I do,” says the Goldfinch,

“And her fortune I will pay.”



Now happy be the bridegroom,

And happy be the bride ;

May neither man, or bird, or beast,

This happy pair deride.

The marriage being over,

They sat down to dine ;

They eat cherry pie,

And drank currant wine.



The Owl brought chesnuts,

The Raven brought some wheat,

The Pigeon brought tares,

There was plenty to eat.

Then each took a Bumper,

And drank to the pair,

Cock Robin, the bridegroom,

And Jenny, the fair.



*The Last Dying Speech and Confession of  
Poor Puss.*

KIND masters and misses, whoever you be,  
Do stop for a moment, and pity poor me ;  
While here, on my death-bed, I try to relate  
My many misfortunes, and miseries great.



My dear mother Tabby I've often heard say,  
 That I *have* been a very fine cat in my day ;  
 But the sorrows in which my whole life has been  
     pass'd,  
 Have spoil'd all my beauty, and kill'd me at last.

Poor thoughtless young thing ! if I recollect right,  
 I was kittened in March, on a clear frosty night :  
 And before I could see, or was half a week old,  
 I nearly had perish'd, the barn was so cold.

But this chilly spring I got pretty well over,  
 And mous'd in the hay-loft, or play'd in the  
     clover :  
 And when this displeas'd me, or mousing was  
     stale,  
 I us'd to turn round and round, after my tail.

But ah ! my poor tail, and my pretty sleek ears !  
 The farmer's boy cut them all off with his shears ;  
 And little I thought, when I lick'd them so clean,  
 I should be such a figure, not fit to be seen.

Some time after this, when my sores were all  
 heal'd,  
 As I laid in the sun, sound asleep in the field,  
 Miss Fanny crept slyly, and griping me fast,  
 Declar'd she had caught the sweet creature at  
 last.

Ah me! how I struggled my freedom to gain,  
 But alas! all my kicking and scratching were  
 vain,  
 For she held me so fast, in her pin-a-fore tied,  
 'That before I got home, I had like to have died.

From this dreadful morning my sorrows arose;  
 Wherever I went I was followed with blows:  
 Some kick'd me for nothing, while quietly sleep-  
 ing,  
 Or flogg'd me for daring the pantry to peep in:

And then the great dog!—I shall never forget  
 him;  
 How many's the time Master Jackey would set  
 him.

And while I stood terrify'd all of a quake,  
 Cried "hey cat ; and seize her boy, give her a  
 shake."

Sometimes, when so hungry I could not forbear  
 Just taking a scrap, that I thought they could  
 spare,  
 Oh ! what have I suffered from beating and bang-  
 ing,  
 Or starv'd for a fortnight, or threaten'd with  
 hanging.

But kicking, and beating, and starving, and that,  
 I've borne with a spirit becoming a cat ;  
 There was but one thing which I could not sus-  
 tain,  
 So great was my sorrow, so hopeless my pain.

One morning safe hid in a warm little bed,  
 That down in the stable I'd carefully spread,  
 Three sweet little kittens as ever you saw,  
 I conceal'd, as I thought, in some trusses of  
 straw.

I was never so happy, I think, nor so proud,  
 I mew'd to my kittens, and purr'd out aloud ;  
 And thought with delight of the merry carousing,  
 We'd have, when I first took them with me a  
 mousing.

But how shall I tell you the sorrowful ditty,  
 I'm sure it would melt even Growler to pity,  
 For the very next morning my darlings I found,  
 Lying dead by the horse-pond, all mangled and  
 drown'd !

Poor darlings ! I dragg'd them along to the stable,  
 And did all to warm them a mother was able ;  
 But alas ! all my licking and mewing were vain,  
 And I thought I ne'er should have been happy  
 again.

However, time gave me a little relief,  
 And mousing diverted the thoughts of my grief ;  
 And at last I began to be gay and contented,  
 Till one dreadful morning, forever repented.

Miss Fanny was fond of a favourite sparrow,  
 And often I long'd for a taste of its marrow;  
 So, not having eaten a morsel all day,  
 I flew to the bird-cage and tore it away.

Now tell me kind friends, was the like ever heard,  
 That a cat should be kill'd for just catching a  
 bird?

And I'm sure not the slightest suspicion I had,  
 But the catching a mouse was exactly as bad.

Indeed I can say with my paw on my heart,  
 I would not have acted a mischievous part;  
 But as dear mother Tabby was often repeating,  
 I thought birds and mice were on purpose for  
 eating.

Be this as it may, with the noise of its squeaking,  
 Miss Fanny came in, while my whiskers were  
 reeking,  
 And on my poor back with the hot poker flying,  
 She gave me these bruises of which I am dying.

But I feel that my breathing grows shorter apace,  
 And cold clammy sweats trickle down from my  
 face ;

I forgive little Fanny this bruise on my side——  
 She stopp'd, gave a sigh, and a struggle, and  
 died !



### **THE MOUSE AND WEASEL.**

Of a mouse I have read,  
 Who so poorly was fed,  
 That her person quite dwindled away,  
 Until being so thin,  
 Through a crack she squeezed in,  
 To some corn, where she feasted all day.

When no more she could eat,  
 She essay'd a retreat,  
 But how was she shock'd to discern,  
 That her bulk had increas'd,  
 By the means of her feast,  
 To a size that forbade her return.

So she scrambled about—  
 But she could not get out ;  
 Said a Weasel, “ your hurry I blame ;  
 This advice I would tender—  
 First starve yourself slender,  
 And then you may go as you came.”

---

This Mouse, it is frankly confessed might be  
 needy,  
 But that's no excuse for her being so greedy :  
 If less she had eaten, no doubt thro' the crack  
 Which she enter'd so freely, she might have got  
 back.

P.B.  
 7.11.11

