

THE  
DEATH AND BURIAL  
OF  
COCK ROBIN.

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SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

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1824.

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.

**COCK ROBIN'S DEATH.**



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**WHO** killed Cock Robin?  
I, said the sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
And I killed Cock Robin.



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



Who caught his blood?  
I, said the Fish,  
With my little dish,  
And I caught his blood.



Who shall dig his grave?  
I, said the Owl,  
With my spade and shovel,  
And I'll dig his grave.





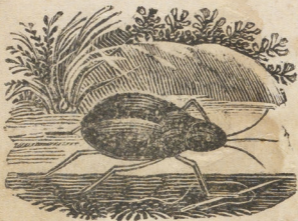
Who'll say Amen?  
I, said the Wren,  
Who came in just then,  
And I'll say Amen.



Who'll carry him to the grave?  
I, said the Kite,  
If 'tis not in the night,  
And I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll bear the pall?  
We, said the Wren,  
Both the cock and the hen,  
And we'll bear the pall.



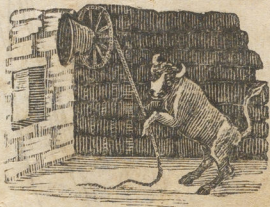
Who'll make the shroud?  
I, said the Beetle,  
With my little needle,  
And I'll make the shroud.



Who'll be the chief mourner?  
I, said the dove,  
Who sighed for his love,  
And I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll sing a psalm?  
I, said the Thrush,  
As he sat in a bush,  
And I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll toll the bell?  
I, said the Bull,  
Because I can pull,  
And so Cock Robin farewell





## ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

Children should never climb on chairs; they were made to sit on, not to stand upon. See, here we have a print of a little girl who did not mind what was said to her; for sometimes she would get upon the window-seat, and be in danger of falling out of the window; at other times she would stand upon the fender before the fire, and try to step upon the brass top, so as to be in danger of setting her back on fire. One day she climbed on the back of the nurse's chair, who, rising up to

follow a little boy that was at play with a dog, the chair fell down upon her, and she hurt her head against the floor. It is not always necessary to climb high to do mischief to ourselves or others, for I once heard of a little girl who was much ruder than she should be, and did not always do as she was bid. For one day at breakfast-time she stood upon the leg of a table, and was trying to reach some toast in great haste, instead of asking for it in a polite manner, as she should have done when the stool slipping from her feet, she caught hold of the table



to save herself from falling, and down  
 fell the urn with the boiling hot wa-  
 ter! she was sadly scalded, her  
 screams were very loud, her pains  
 very great; and all this happened  
 from not minding what was said to  
 her.

*Wm. C. C. C. C. C.*

*Henry Davis*

*March 24. 1827*

