

MARKS'S EDITION.

THE
COURTSHIP

AND

OF COCK ROBIN
AND JENNY WREN.



LONDON.

Printed and Published by S. MARKS and SONS,
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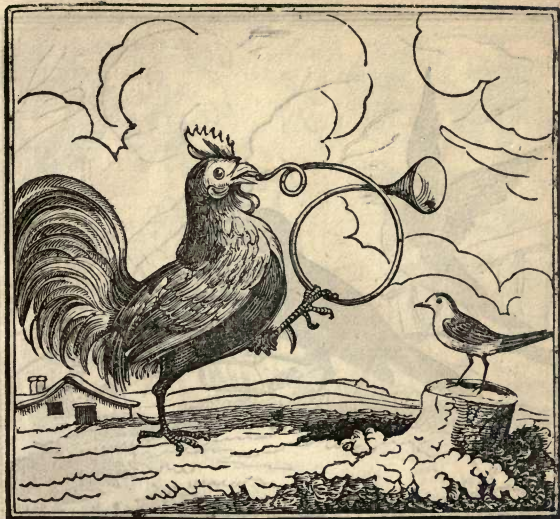


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Cock Robin made great haste to see,
Sweet Jenny Wren upon a tree;
Took off his Hat, his bow he made,
And many compliments he paid,
Her fan then Jenny spread quite wide,
The blush of tenderness to hide,
Cock Robin did so well succeed,
That to be married she agreed.



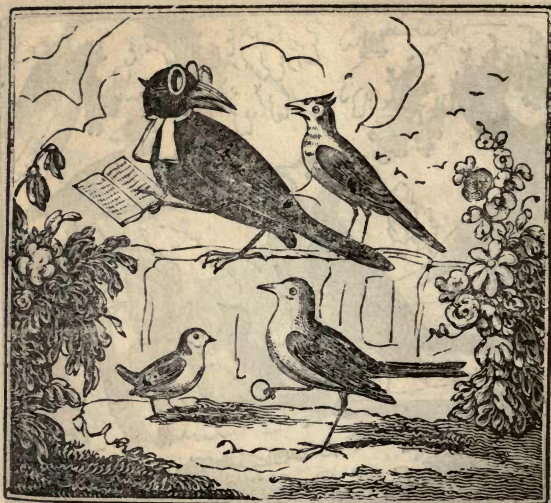
The Cock, the herald of the day,
Now with the tidings posts away;
His clarion loud is heard to sound,
Proclaiming to the birds around,
“Oh yes! oh yes, now be it known,
Cock Robin hither just has flown,
And means to marry Jenny Wren,
To-morrow at the hour of ten.”



Now on the wing see parson Rook,
Who forth hassallied with his book,
Attended by the little Lark,
Who's to officiate as clerk.
They travel onward with delight,
The happy couple to unite,
Who in a meadow fresh and green,
Waiting for parson Rook are seen.



The couple while their joys abound,
Send invitations all around;
Their best respects, without delay,
The Goldfinch and Linnet pay,
And promise gladly to attend,
The wedding of their worthy friend.
The feast and Marriage, as they say,
Was the grand topic of the day.



Soon parson Rook began the rites ;
The Ceremony much delights
Cock Robin, who didn't fail to bring,
For Jenny Wren the marriage ring ;
The little bird was heard to say,
That she would "honour and obey,"
The parson having blest the Wren,
And Robin---cried the Lark, "Amen."



Now at the Pic-Nic Dinner, see,
The guests assembled with great glee,
A banquet rich before them placed,
Each dish well suited to their taste,
The couple's health they drank and then,
Cock Robin smiled at Jenny Wren;
Quite free and easy they appeared,
And peck'd away till all was clear'd.



But even in the midst of joy,
How often sorrow will annoy;
The Sparrow, who, as we may judge,
To poor Cock Robin bore a grudge,
Now bent his bow and fixed his dart,
Then drove it thro' the warbler's heart,
While he was leading to a nest,
His Jenny Wren to seek some rest.



THE CAT.

See, mam-ma, puss has caught a mouse !
puss has caught a mouse ! Oh ! why does she
kill the poor things ?

Mice, my dear, eat up our cheese and
bread, and gnaw holes in the wall ; it would
be wrong to kill them, if they did not do harm
to us : we ought not to kill flies, nor hurt
those things which do us no harm.

May I touch poor puss, mam-ma ?

You may stroke her, my dear, as that will
please her ; but do not kick and knock her
a-bout ; if you do, she will scratch you.

Has she got claws, mam-ma ? I can-not
see them.

Yes, she has long sharp claws, and if she
likes, she can hide them in her feet ; but when
she springs on her prey, she darts them out.

She says, Mew, mew, mam-ma ?

Yes, my dear ; she asks, in the best way
she can, for milk ; and as she has been so good
a cat, you may give her some.

Oh, see, mam-ma, how she laps it up.