THE

COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE,

AND

PIC NIC DINNER

OF

COCK ROBIN

AND

JENNY WREN.

YORK:

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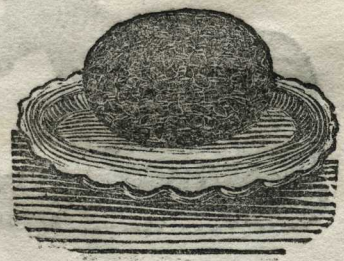
It was on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung.

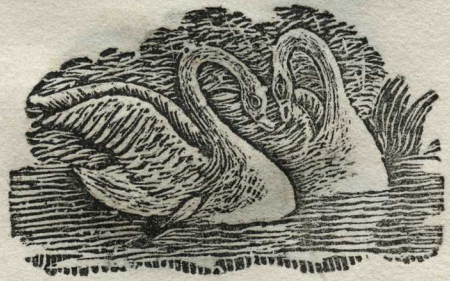
Cock Robin said, dear Jenny,
If you will be mine,
You shall dine on cherry-pie,
And drink nice currant wine.



Says Jenny, I love cherry-pie,
And likewise currant wine,
So tho' 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 dressed,
And set off in a minute.

The Bullfinch and Nightingale,
Blackbird and Thrush,
With the Sparrow and Tom Tit,
Came from each 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;
And may not man, nor bird, nor beast
This happy pair deride.

The marriage being over,
They sat down to dine,
They eat cherry pie.
And drank currant wine.

The Raven brought chesnuts,
The owl brought some wheat,
The pigeons 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.

Then in came the cuckoo
And made a great rout,
And caught hold of Jenny,
And pulled her about.

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The Sparrow took up
His arrow and bow,
I believe he was frighten'd,
I'm sure I don't know.

For the Cuckoo he miss'd
And Cock Robin he kill'd;
And all the birds mourn'd
That his blood was so spill'd.

THE END.

J. KENDREW, Printer, York.