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in paint boards

front 7
The Death and Burial of Poor Cock Robin

From Original Designs by H.L. Stephens.

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461 Broadway, cor. Walker St. 1863.
Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow.

With my bow and arrow,
I kill'd Cock Robin.
Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,

With my little eye,
I saw him die.
Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,
I caught his blood.
Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,

With my thread and needle.
I'll make his shroud.
Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and trowel,
I'll dig his grave.
Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,
We'll bear the pall.
Who'll carry him to the grave?  
I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night,  
I'll carry him to the grave.
Who'll be the Parson?
I, said the Rook,

With my little book,
I'll be the Parson.
Who'll sing a Psalm?
I, said the Thrush,

As he sat in the bush,
I'll sing a Psalm?
Who'll be the Clerk?  
I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,  
I'll be the Clerk.
Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
Because I mourned for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.
Who'll carry the link?
I said the Linnet.
I'll fetch it in a minute.
I'll carry the link.
Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell.
All the birds in the air
Fell to sighing and sobbing
When they heard the bell
For poor Cock Robin.
While the cruel Cock Sparrow,
   Was hung on a gibbet
The cause of their grief,
   Next day, like a thief.