

**ROBIN
RED
BREAST**

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

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THE ROBIN.

Away, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive would please me the best,
 And feed you with worms and with bread:
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
 And your breast is all cover'd with red.



But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know,
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,
 Fly home to your young ones again;
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty song,

And chirrup and twitter there all the day long,
Secure from the wind and the rain.

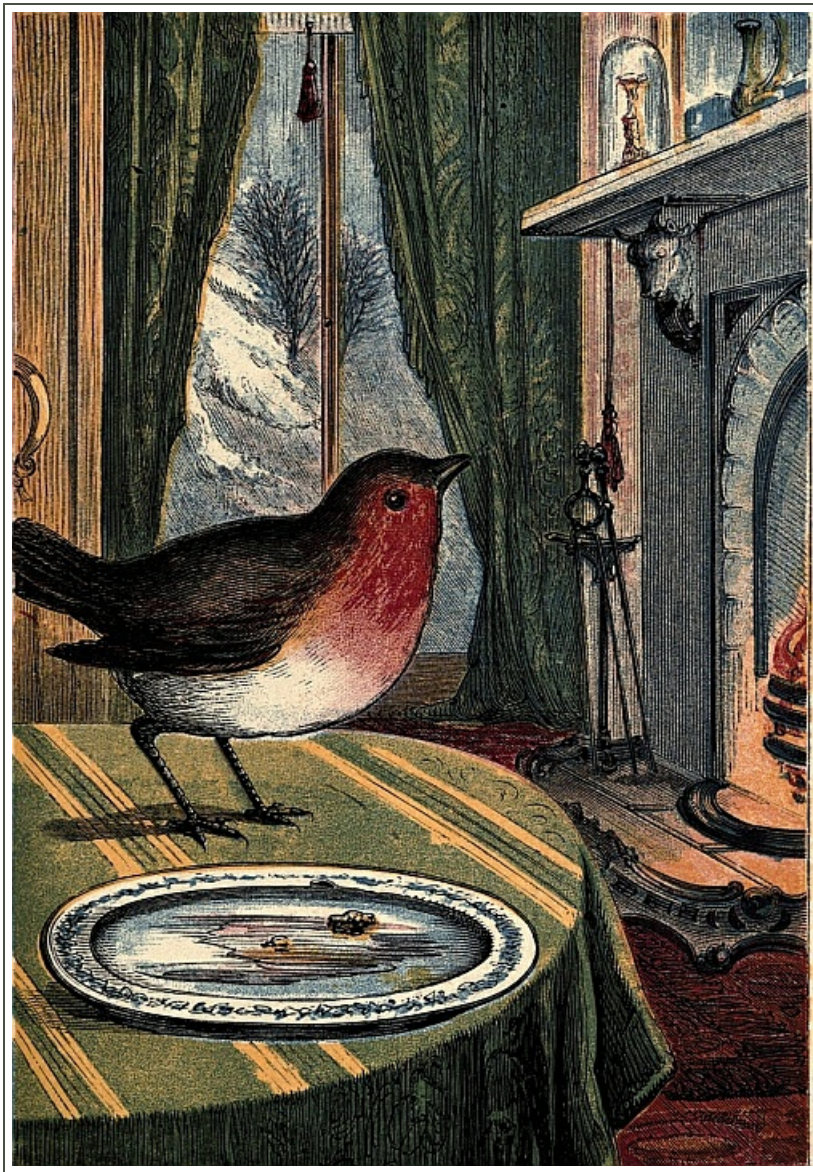




But when the leaves fall, and the winter-winds blow,
And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow,
 And the clouds in white feathers descend;
When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
And the long shining icicles drop from the trees,
 Then, Robin, remember your friend.



With cold and with hunger half-famish'd and weak
Then tap at my window again with your beak,
 Nor shall your petition be vain;
You shall fly to my bosom and perch on my thumbs,
Or hop round the table and pick up the crumbs,
 And need not be hungry again.



**ROUTLEDGE'S
THREE PENNY TOY-BOOKS,
WITH SIX COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,
PRINTED BY KRONHEIM & CO.**

MY FIRST ALPHABET
THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE
LITTLE BO-PEEP
MOTHER GOOSE
THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS
THE BABES IN THE WOOD
JOHN GILPIN
NURSERY RHYMES

THE FARM-YARD ALPHABET
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK
THE THREE BEARS
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
MY MOTHER
MORE NURSERY RHYMES
THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY
THE CATS' TEA PARTY
A, APPLE PIE

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Transcriber's Note: Obvious printer's errors have been silently corrected. All other inconsistencies have been left as in the original.

[The end of *Robin Red Breast* by Anonymous]