



COCK ROBIN and JENNY WREN

'Twas on a merry time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
He was a gallant bird,
He doffed his cap to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine;
I'll dress you like a gold-finch,
Or like a peacock gay,
So if you'll have me, Jenny, dear,
Let us appont the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan
And thus declared her mind--
"So let it be to-morrow, Rob,
I'll take your offer kind;
Cherry pie is very good,
And so is currant wine,
But I will wear my plain brown gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin Redbreast got up early,
All at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house
And sang a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.