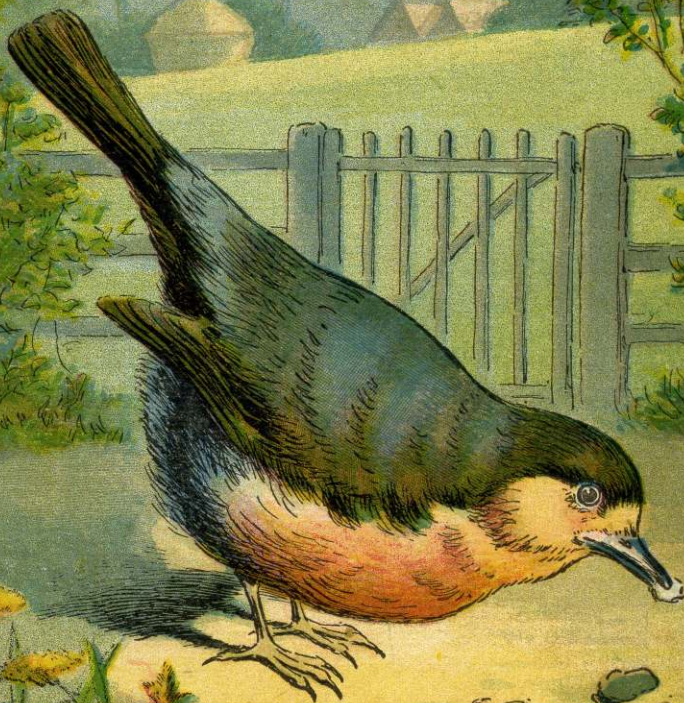


# The Sad Fate of Poor Robin.



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NEW-YORK.

Herbert A. Phillips Dec 18 1893

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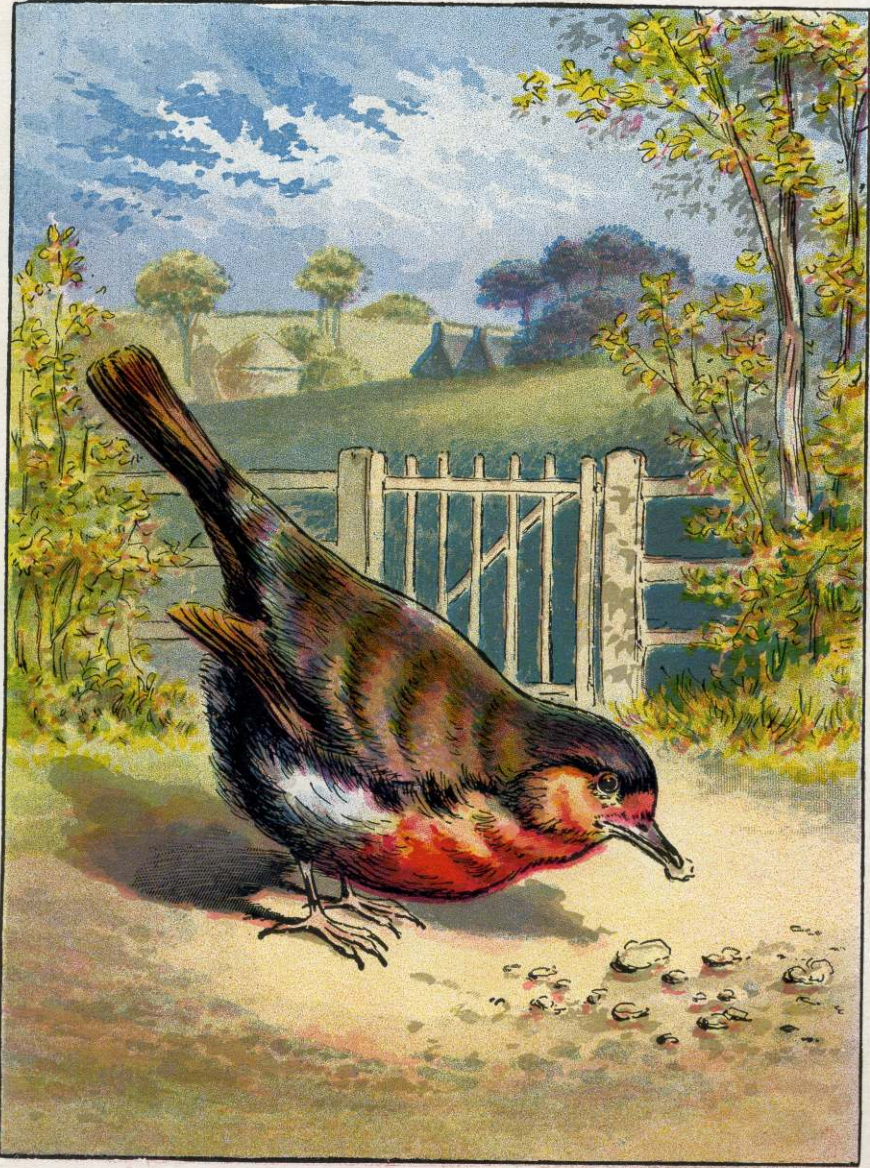
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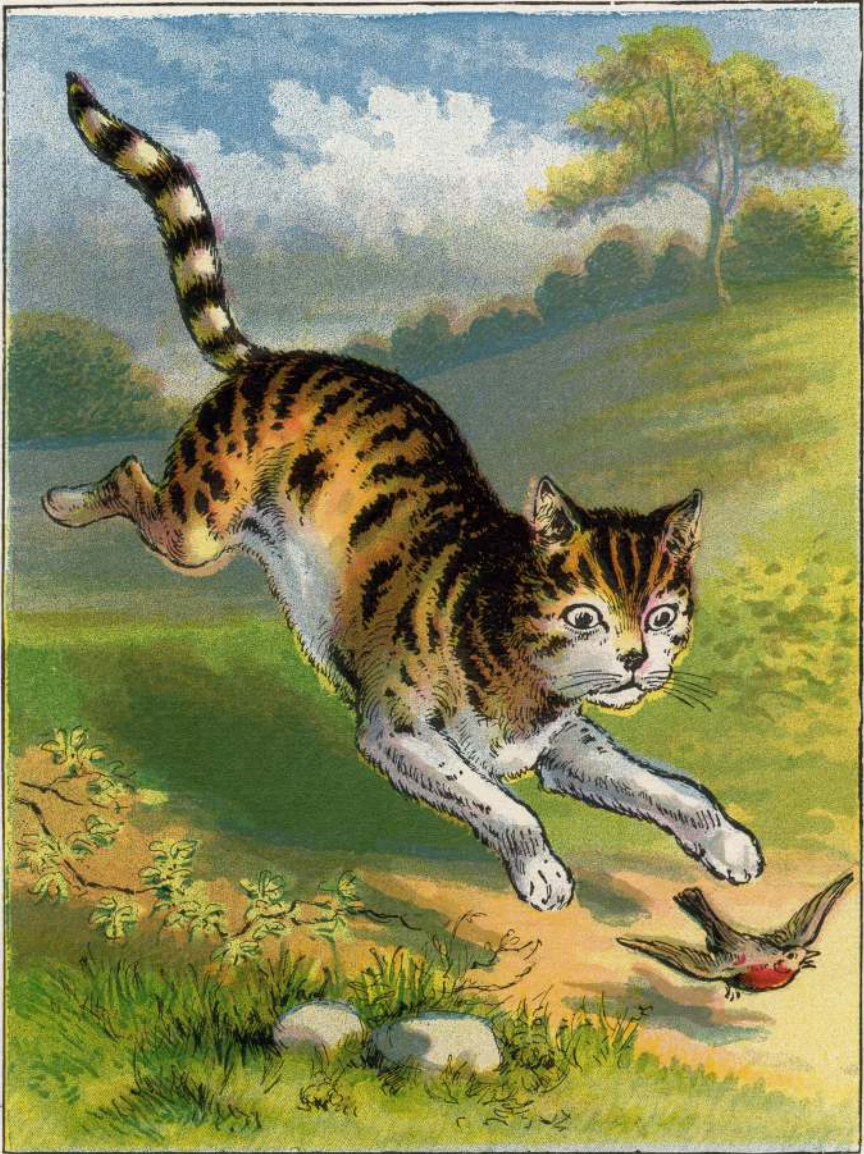
35 x 5

# SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.



THIS is the ROBIN,  
With breast so red,  
That used to come hopping  
For morsels of bread.

*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



This is the CAT, with lantern jaws,  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her  
claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



This is the DOG, of the mastiff kind,  
Which suddenly creeping up slyly behind,  
Made a pounce on the Cat with lantern jaws.  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



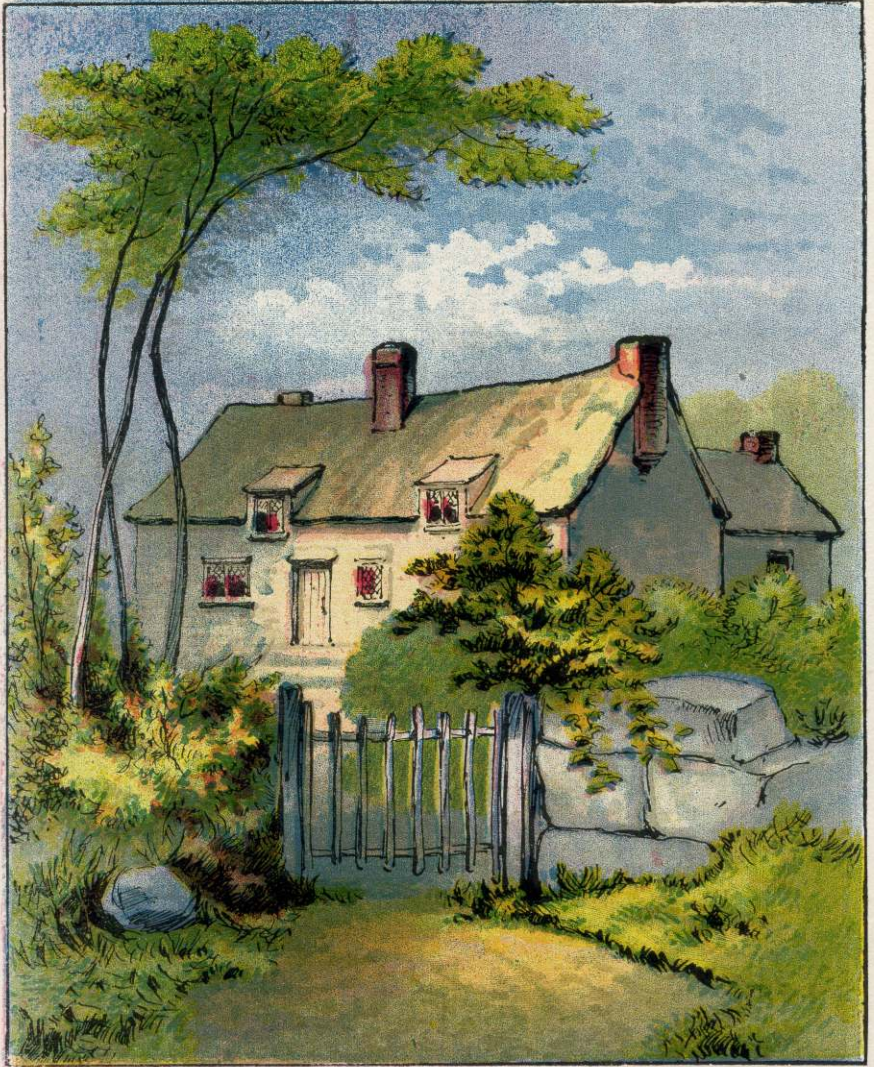
This is the WOODMAN from labor returning,  
With his axe in his hand, and faggots for burning ;  
Who called off the Dog of the mastiff kind,  
Which suddenly creeping up slyly behind,  
Made a pounce on the Cat with lantern jaws,  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



This is the MAIDEN, with beauty and grace,  
Who came tripping along with joy in her face,  
To meet the poor Woodman from labor returning,  
With his axe in his hand, and faggots for burning,  
Who called off the Dog of the mastiff kind,  
Which suddenly creeping up slyly behind,  
Made a pounce on the Cat with lantern jaws,  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

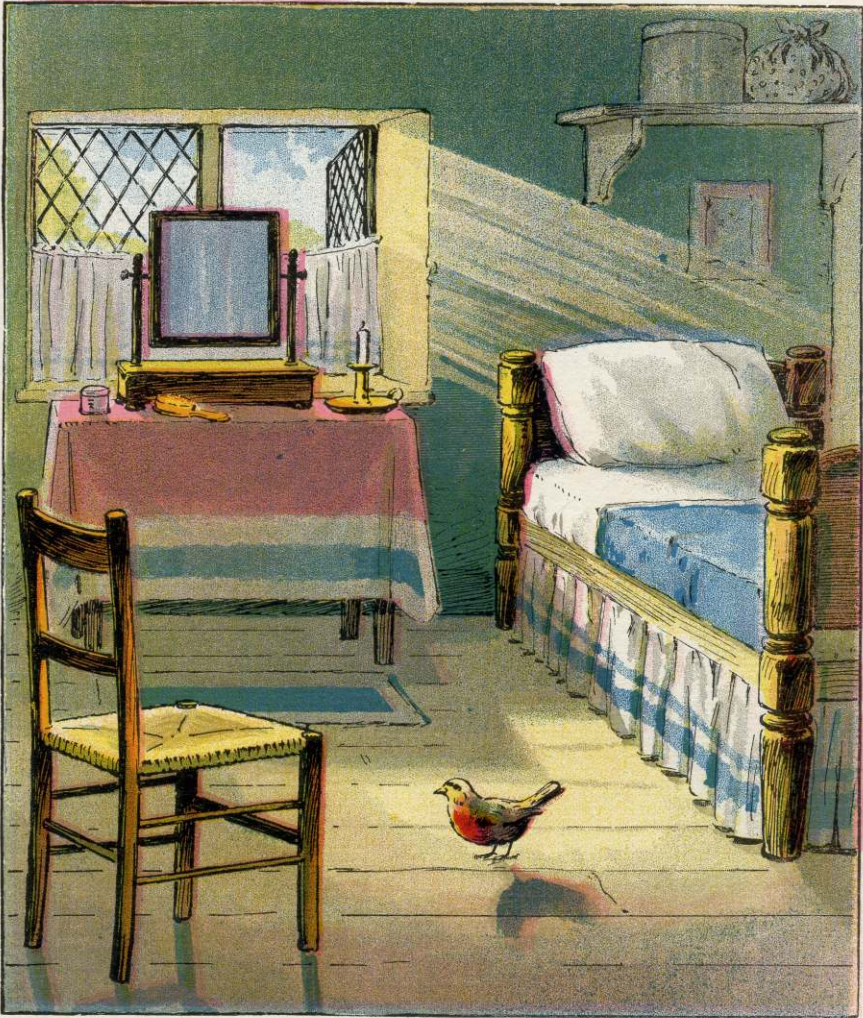
*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



This is the COT, in a shady nook,  
On the side of a hill by a rippling brook,  
The home of the Maiden of beauty and grace,  
Who tripped along gaily, with joy in her face,  
To meet the poor Woodman from labor returning,  
With his axe in his hand, and faggots for burning,  
Who called off the Dog of the mastiff kind,  
Which suddenly creeping up slyly behind,  
Made a pounce on the Cat with lantern jaws,  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.



*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



This is the ROOM where the Maiden slept,  
Through the window of which the poor Robin crept,  
Of the Woodman's cot, in a shady nook,  
On the side of a hill, by a rippling brook,  
The home of the Maiden, with beauty and grace,  
Who tripped along gaily, with joy in her face,  
To meet the poor Woodman from labor returning,  
With his axe in his hand, and faggots for burning,  
Who called off the Dog of the mastiff kind,  
Which suddenly creeping up slyly behind,  
Made a pounce on the Cat with lantern jaws,  
That, making a spring, seized hold with her claws  
Of the poor little Robin, with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

*SAD FATE OF POOR ROBIN.*



My tale is not told till I shall unfold  
The fate of Poor Robin that crept,  
To escape from the jaws, and sharp, cruel claws,  
To the Room where the Maiden slept.

The joy in the face of the Maiden of grace  
Fled away at her chamber door ;  
For a dear little form, bloody and torn,  
Lay lifeless within on the floor—  
'Twas the poor little Robin with its breast so red,  
That used to come hopping for morsels of bread.

a b c d

e f g h

i j k l

m n o p

q r s t

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