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# The Robin's Petition

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# The Robin's Petition

Printed & Sold by J. Smith, Printer & Toy Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials.

**W**HEN the leaves had forsaken the trees,  
And the forest were chilly and bare,  
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,  
And the snow waver'd fast through the air,

A robin had fled from the wood,  
To the snug habitation of man,  
On the threshold the wanderer stood,  
And thus his petition began,

" The snow coming down very fast,  
" No shelter is found on the trees,  
" When you hear this unpitying blast,  
" Pray you take pity on me.

My legs and the haws are all gone,  
I can find neither berry nor sloe,  
The ground is as hard as a stone,  
And I'm almost buried in snow.

" My little dear nest once so neat,  
" Is now empty ragged and torn,  
" On some tree should I now take my seat,  
" I should be frozen quite fast before morn.

Then throw me a morsel of bread,  
Take me in by the side of your fire,  
And when I am warmed and fed,  
I'll whistle with all other hire,

Till the sun be again shining bright,  
And the snow is all gone let me stay,  
O see what a terrible night  
I shall die if you drive me away

" And when you come forth in the morn  
" And are talking and wa'king around  
" O how will your bosom be torn  
" When you see me lie dead on the ground

Then pity a poor little thing,  
And throw me off part your store.  
I'll fly off in the first of the spring  
And never will trouble you more