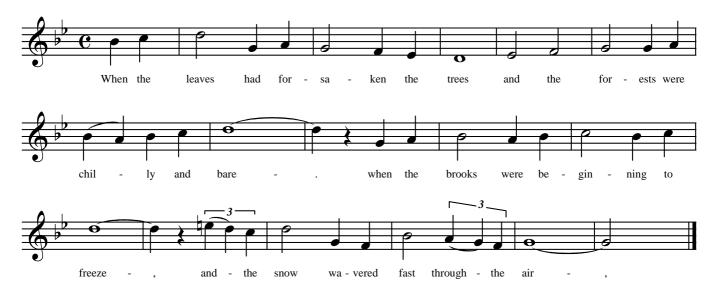
56 Robin's Petition - Mr Leatherday & Mr West



1

When the leaves had forsaken the trees and the forests were chilly and bare, when the brooks were beginning to freeze, and the snow wavered fast through the air,

2

a robin had fled from the wood to the snug habitation of man; on the threshold the wanderer stood, and thus his petition began,

3

'The snow's coming down very fast, no shelter is found in the trees; when you hear this unpitying blast, I pray you take pity on me.

4

The hips 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.

5

My dear little nest, once so neat, is now empty and ragged and torn; on some tree should I now take my seat I'd be frozen fast before morn.

6

O 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 without any hire.

7

'Til the sun be again shining bright and the snow is all gone, let me stay. Oh see what a terrible night! I shall die if you drive me away.

8

And when you come forth in the morn, and are talking and walking around, O how will your bosom be torn when you see me lie dead on the ground.

9

Then pity a poor little thing and throw me a part of your store. I'll fly off in the first of the spring, and never will trouble you no more.'