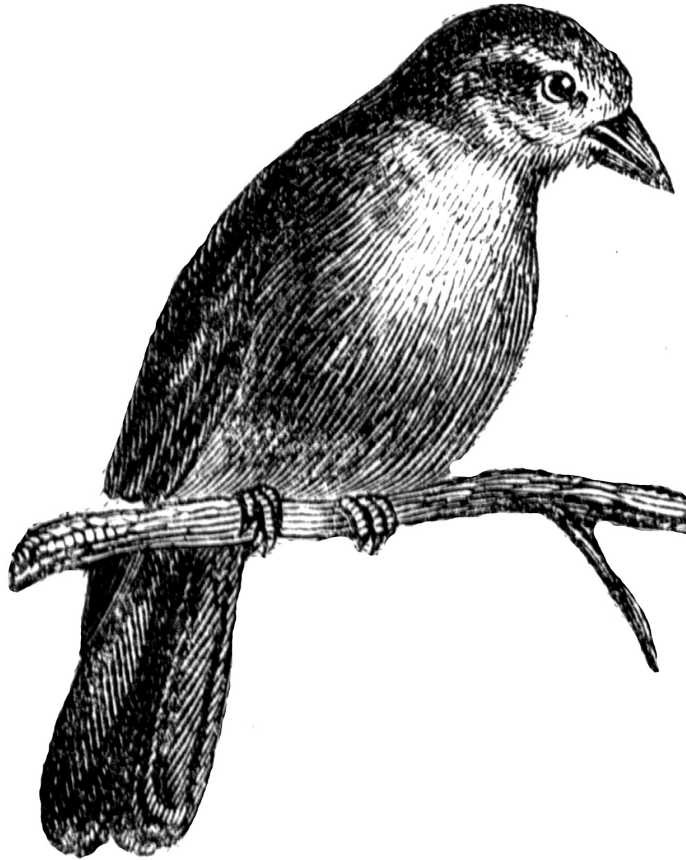


LITTLE COCK-SPARROW



A little cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow,
Says he, I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.
His body will make me a nice stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.
Says the little cock-sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,
So he clapped his wings and then flew away.