

Come here, little Robin

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



A nursery rhyme by Anonymous from 'Easy poetry for children' published 1837.

Music by Dany Rosevear.

Come here lit - tle Rob - in, and don't be a - fraid, I would not hurt
e - ven a feath - er; Come here my sweet Rob - in, and
pick up some bread, To feed you this ve - ry cold weath - er.



Come here, little Robin, and don't be afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come here my sweet Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you, dear little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty and drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs and don't mind me.

Cold winter has come, but it will not stay long,
And summer we soon shall be greeting;
Then remember, dear Robin, to sing me a song,
In return for the breakfast you're eating.

