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The Robin's Christmas Song

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Once upon a time there was an old gray Cat and she was down by the waterside when the trees and ground were white with snow. And there she saw a wee, wee Robin Redbreast hopping upon a branch, so Cat said to him:

"Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Cat, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the gray Cat replied, "Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I will let you see the bonny white necklace I wear around my neck."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Cat. You may show the bonny white necklace that you wear around your neck to the little mice, but not to me."

"Where are you going, Robin Redbreast?"

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a wall of turf and there he saw a greedy Hawk sitting and watching to see what small birds passed by. And the greedy Hawk called to him and said, "Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Hawk, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the greedy Hawk replied, "Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I'll let you see a bonny green feather that I wear in my wing."

But the wee, wee Robin said, "No, no, greedy Hawk. You have pecked all the tiny birds but you'll not peck me."



Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a hollow in the hillside and there he saw a sly Fox sitting. The sly Fox saw Robin and called to him, "Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?"

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the Fox, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning."

And the sly Fox replied, “Go not yet. Come here, Robin Redbreast, and I will show you a bonny spot on the tip of my tail.”

But the wee, wee Robin said, “No, no, sly Fox. You may show the bonny spot on the tip of your tail to the lambs but not to me.”

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to a little shepherd Lad sitting beside his cot. The little shepherd Lad saw Robin and called to him, “Where are you going, Robin Redbreast, this frosty Yuletide weather?”

Then the wee, wee Robin said to the shepherd Lad, “I am going to the King to sing him a song this good Yule morning.”

And the shepherd Lad replied, “Go not yet. Come here and I will give you some crumbs from my pouch.”

But the wee, wee Robin said, “No, no, little shepherd Lad. You caught the goldfinch but you’ll not catch me.”

Then off flew the wee, wee Robin until he came to the King, and he sat down upon a plowshare just outside of the King’s window, and he sang him a pretty song because it was such a good Yule morning. The King was very much pleased indeed and he said to the Queen, “What shall we give the wee, wee Robin Redbreast for singing us such a pretty song?”

The Queen thought and thought and at last she decided. “I think we will give the wee, wee Robin Redbreast a wee Wren to be his wife,” the Queen said to the King.

So the wee, wee Robin Redbreast and the wee Wren were married and the King, and the Queen, and all the court, and the whole countryside danced at their wedding. And after the wedding the two flew home to the Robin’s own waterside.



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