



STORY: LITTLE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

A Scottish Folktale Retold by Dianne de Las Casas
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On a cold Christmas morning, Gray Cat walked

Tip toe, tip toe
Through the cold, cold snow.

She saw Little Robin sitting on a branch. Gray Cat asked, "Where are you going on this chilly, frosty morning?"

Little Robin answered,

"A Christmas song I'll sing
As a present to the king."

Gray Cat's stomach growled. She said slyly, "Why don't you hop down here and I'll show you the pretty white ring I have around my neck."

But Little Robin was clever. He knew Gray Cat wanted him for breakfast! He flapped his wings and as he flew away, he said, "You can show your white ring to the little brown mouse but you can't fool me. I won't be your breakfast on this cold Christmas morning."

Robin flew and flew until he came to a fence. There, he decided to rest. Brown Hawk walked nearby.

Tip toe, tip toe
Through the cold, cold snow.

He saw Little Robin sitting on the fence. Brown Hawk asked, "Where are you going on this chilly, frosty morning?"

Little Robin answered,

"A Christmas song I'll sing
As a present to the king."

Brown Hawk's stomach growled. He said slyly, "Why don't you hop over here and I'll show you the pretty green feather I have under my wing."

But Little Robin was clever. He knew Brown Hawk wanted him for breakfast! He flapped his wings and as he flew away, he said, "You can show your green feather to the little gray pigeon but you can't fool me. I won't be your breakfast on this cold Christmas morning."

Robin flew and flew until he came to the hillside. There, he decided to rest. Red Fox walked nearby.

Tip toe, tip toe
Through the cold, cold snow.

He saw Little Robin sitting on the hill. Red Fox asked, “Where are you going on this chilly, frosty morning?”

Little Robin answered,

“A Christmas song I’ll sing
As a present to the king.”

Red Fox’s stomach growled. He said slyly, “Why don’t you hop down here and I’ll show you the pretty black spot at the end of my tail.”

But Little Robin was clever. He knew Red Fox wanted him for breakfast! He flapped his wings and as he flew away, he said, “You can show your black spot to the little white lamb but you can’t fool me. I won’t be your breakfast on this cold Christmas morning.”

Robin flew and flew until he came to the castle. He sat on the king’s windowsill. It was Christmas morning and Little Robin was so full of joy that he sang his heart out. The king and the queen came to the window. They were delighted by Little Robin’s Christmas song.

The king said, “Little Robin’s Christmas song is such a gift to us that we should give him a gift in return.”

The queen said, “I know the perfect gift. We’ll give him pretty Jenny Wren to be his mate.”

So the king called for Jenny Wren and Jenny Wren came flying. Then Little Robin and Jenny Wren sat on the windowsill and sang and sang sweet songs of joy on that merry Christmas morning. Their gift of music was a gift to the world.