

R. Caldecott's ~ ~ ~
PICTURE BOOK

No. 4

COME LASSES AND LADS
THE FOX JUMPS OVER THE PARSON'S GATE
MRS MARY BLAIZE & THE GREAT
PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

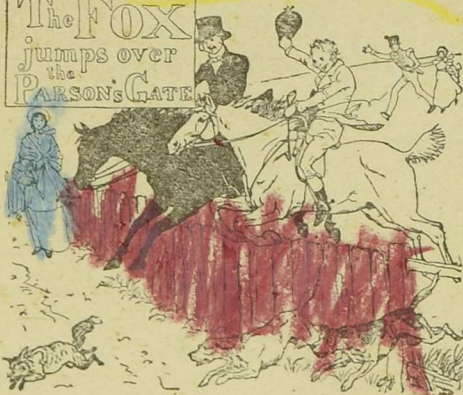


FREDERICK WARNE & Co
~ London & New York ~



R. CALDECOTT
PICTURE BOOKS

The FOX
jumps over
the
PARSON'S GATE



R. CALDECOTT
PICTURE BOOKS

THREE OTHER PICTURE BOOKS
BY R. CALDECOTT —
ARE ISSUED UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME
KNOWN AS N^os 1:2 & 3



OYEZ ! OYEZ !! OYEZ !!!

R. CALDECOTT'S
PICTURE BOOK
No 4



With Mrs. Kerr's Love

R. CALDECOTT'S P I C T U R E B O O K

CONTAINING

COME LASSES AND LADS

THE FOX JUMPS OVER THE PARSON'S GATE

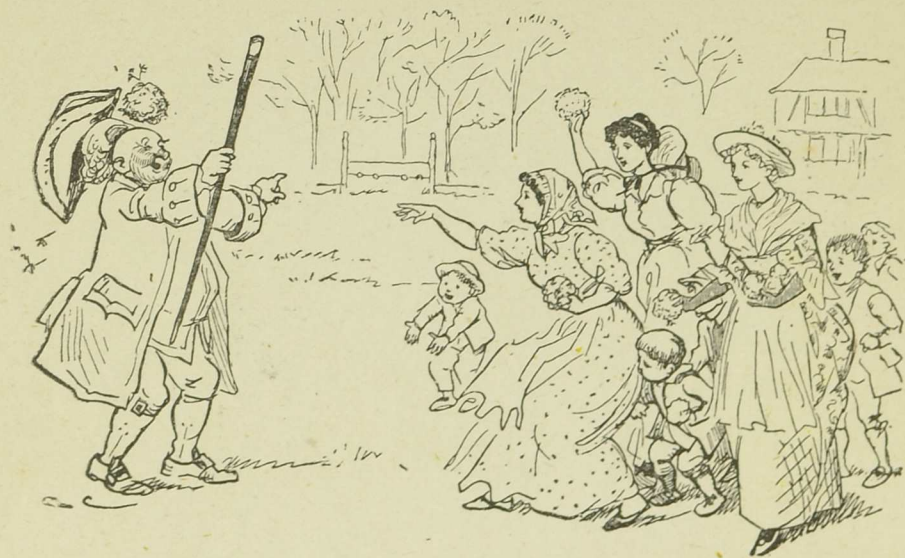
AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF

ALL ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR AND BLACK AND WHITE



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LONDON & NEW YORK
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LASSES

AND

LADS.

Come Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,



RC

And away to the May-pole hey:





For every he
Has got him a she,
With a Minstrel standing by.

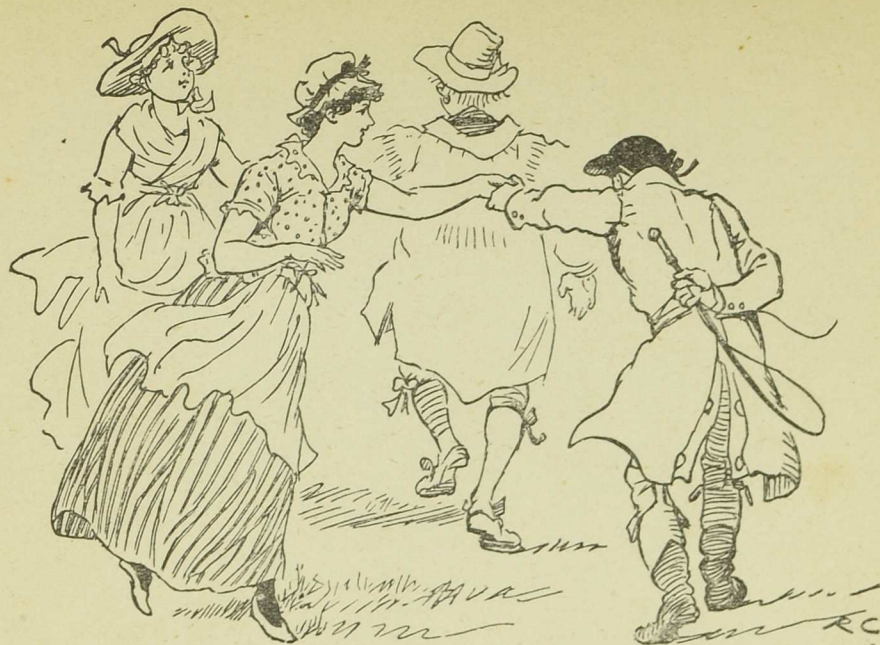


For WILLY has gotten his JILL,
And JOHNNY has got his JONE,
To jigg it, jigg it, jigg it, jigg it,
Jigg it up and down.





“Strike up,” says WATT; “Agreed,” says KATE,
“And I prithee, Fiddler, play;”
“Content,” says HODGE, and so says MADGE,
For this is a Holiday!
Then every man did put his hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curchy, curchy, curchy on the grass.



“Begin,” says HALL; “Ay, ay,” says MALL,
“We’ll lead up Packington’s pound:”
“No, no,” says NOLL, and so says DOLL,
“We’ll first have Sellenger’s round.”

Then every man began
to foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it,
Jet it, jet it in and out.



"You're out," says DICK ; "Not I," says NICK,
"The Fiddler played it false ;"
"Tis true," says HUGH, and so says SUE,
And so says nimble ALICE.



The Fiddler then began to play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it,
Trip it, trip it to the men.



Then after an hour, they went to a bower,
And played for ale and cakes,
And kisses too—until they were due
the lasses held the stakes.



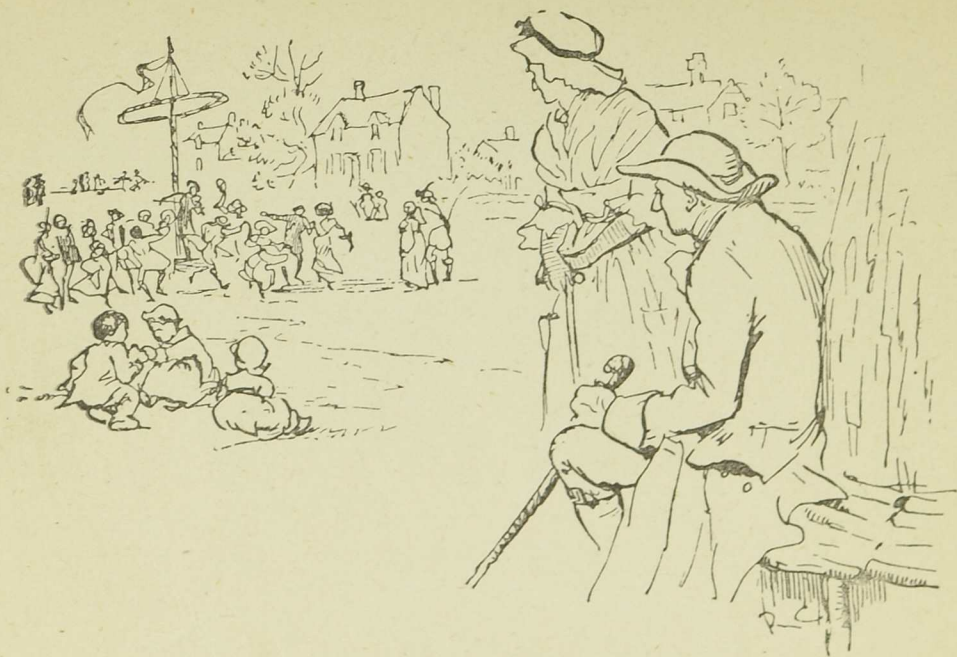


The girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back,
 and give them their own again,
And bid them take their kisses back,
 and give them their own again.



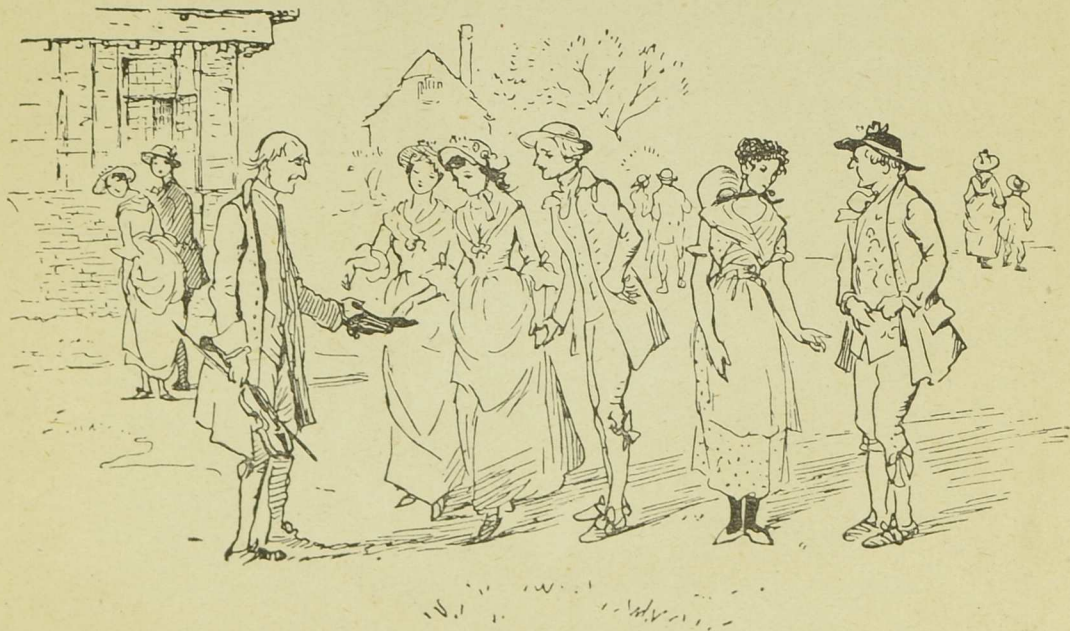


Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the Fiddler quite,
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.



They told the Fiddler then,
they'd pay him for his play,

And each a 2-pence, 2-pence, 2-pence,
gave him and went away.





“Good-night,” says HARRY ; “Good-night,” says MARY ;
“Good-night,” says DOLLY to JOHN ;
“Good-night,” says SUE, to her sweetheart HUGH,
“Good-night,” says everyone.

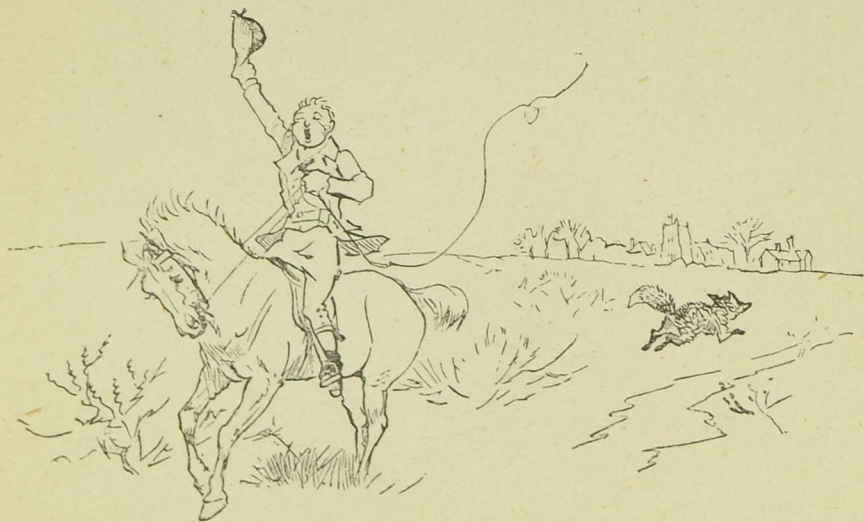


Some walked and some did run, Some loitered on the way,

And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.
And bound themselves, by kisses twelve, To meet the next Holiday.



THE FOX JUMPS OVER

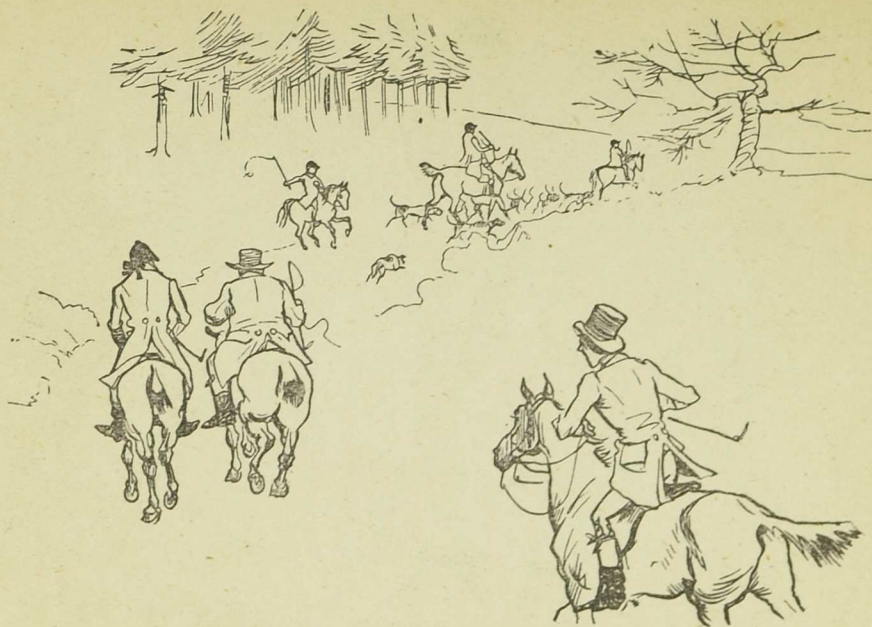


THE PARSON'S GATE.

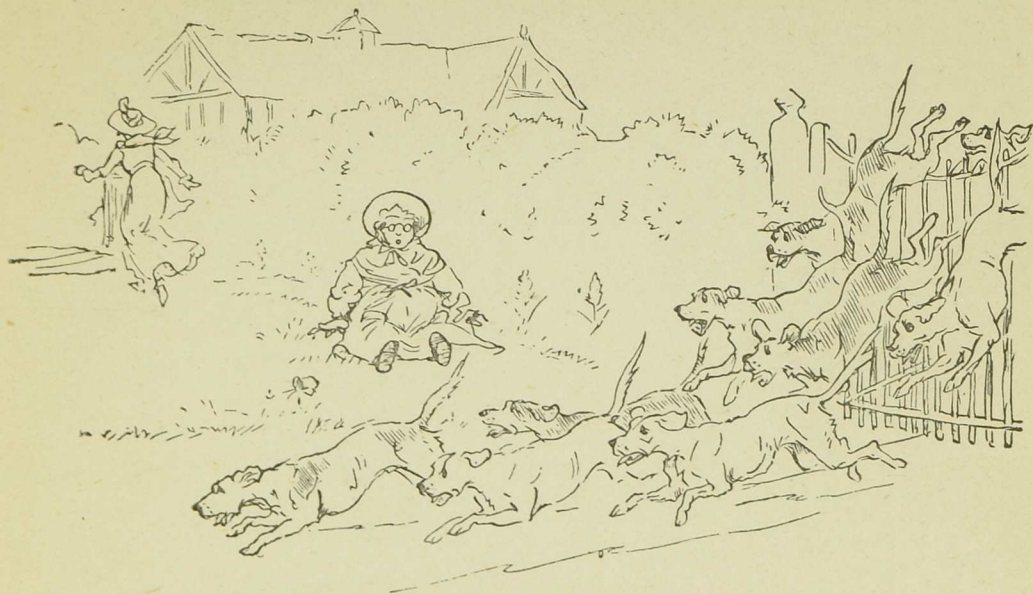
The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh!
The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,
When folks goes hunting, oh!



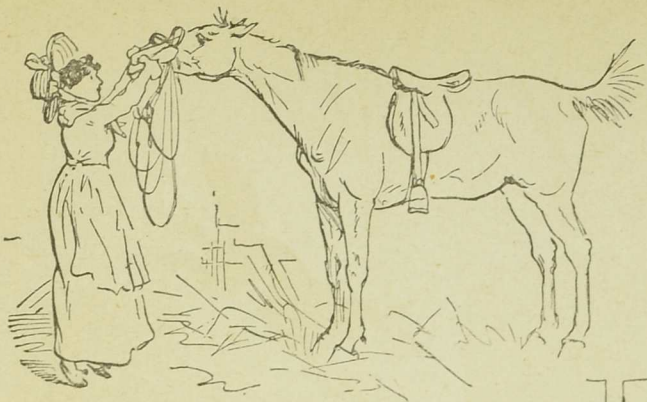




The Fox jumps over the PARSON'S gate,
And the Hounds all after him go.



And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go.



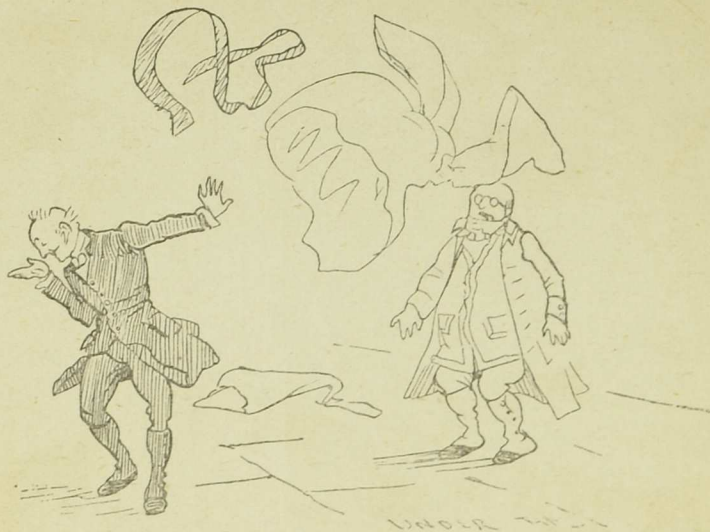
But all my fancy
dwells on NANCY,

So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!



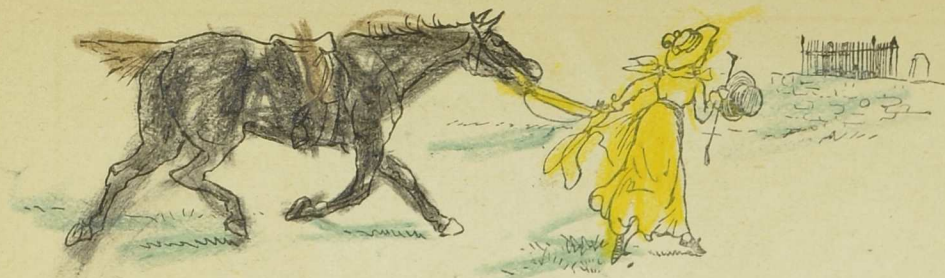


Now the PARSON had a pair to wed
As the Hounds came full in view ;



He tossed his surplice over his head,
And bid them all adieu!





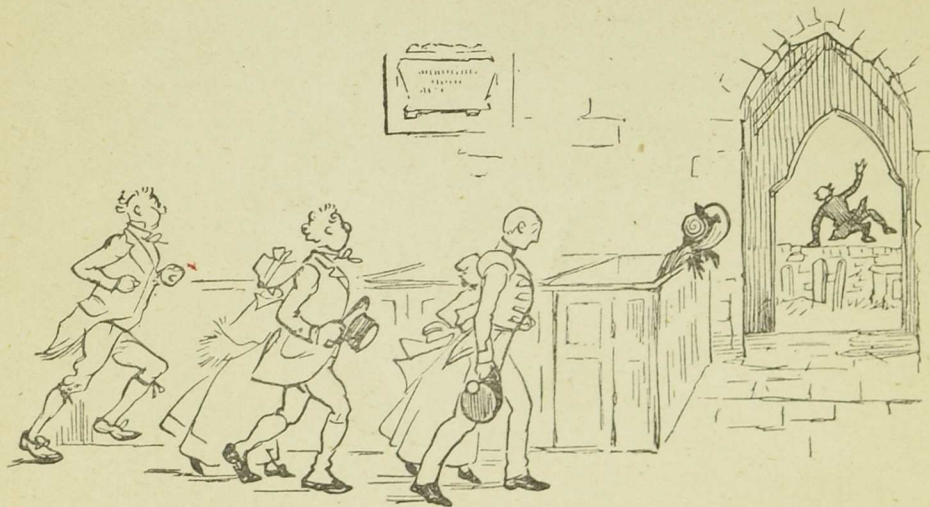
But all my fancy dwelt on NANCY,

So he cried,
TALLY-HO!
So he cried,
TALLY-HO!

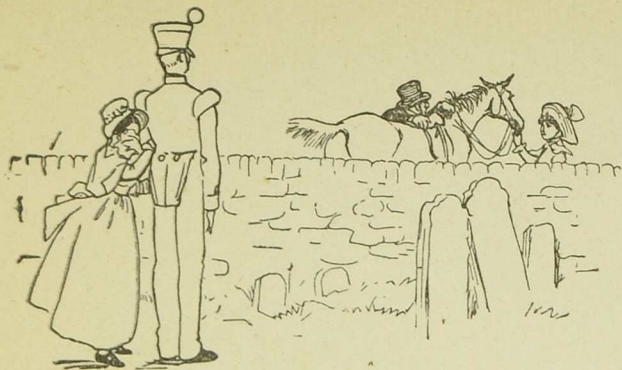




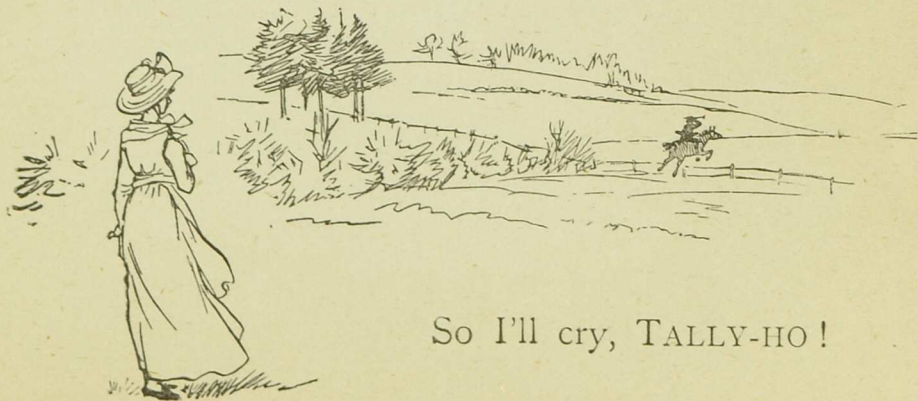
Oh! never despise the soldier-lad
Though his station be but low,



Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low.



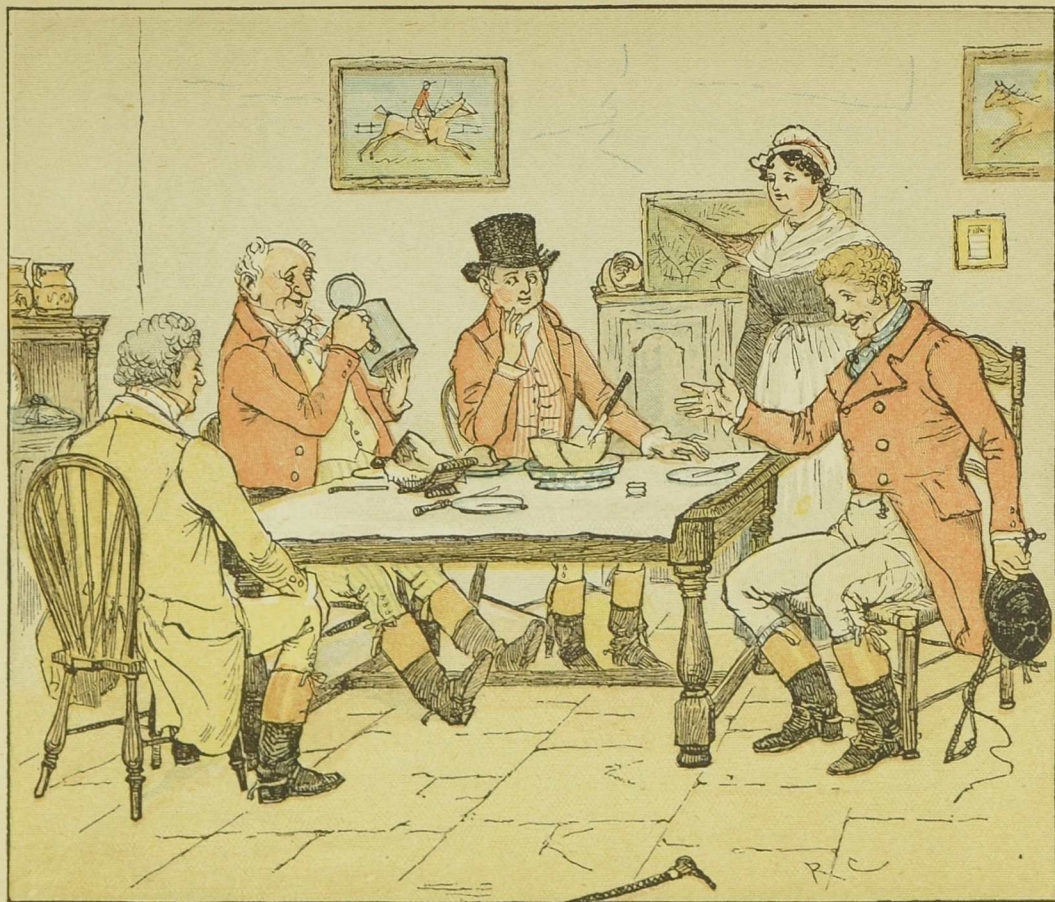
But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,



So I'll cry, TALLY-HO !

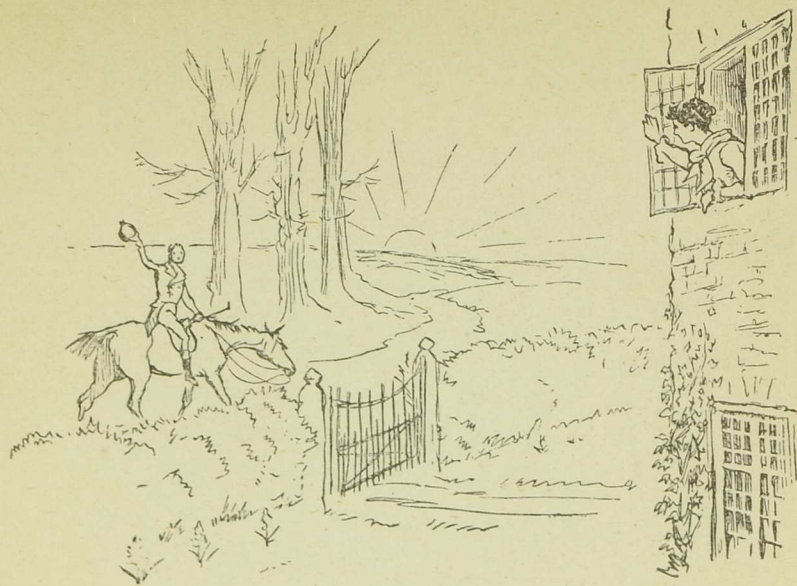


Then pass around the can, my boys ;
For we must homewards go,
For we must homewards go,
For we must homewards go.





And if you ask me of this song
The reason for to shew,

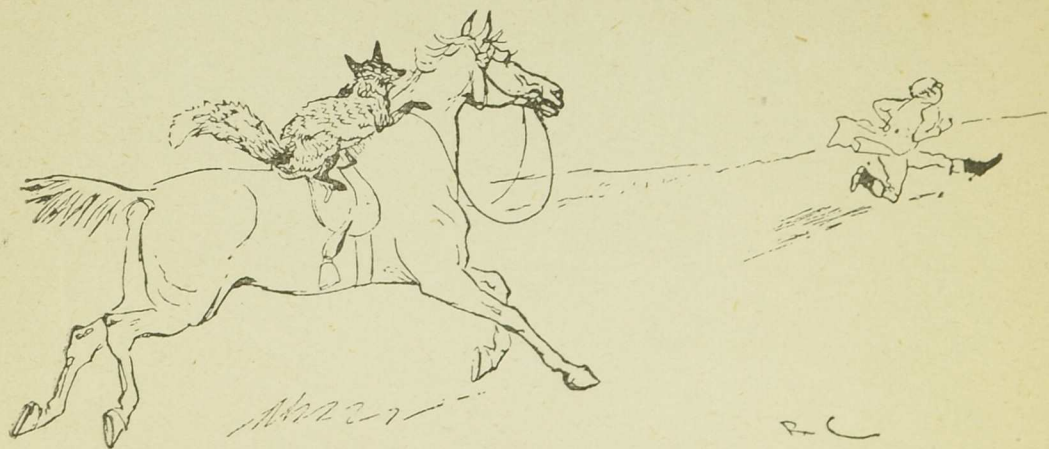


I don't exactly know—ow—ow,
I don't exactly know.



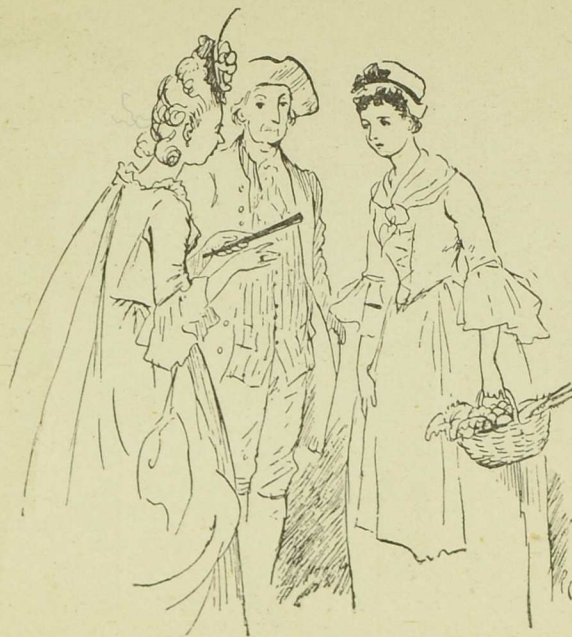


But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!
So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!



But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll sing TALLY-HO!

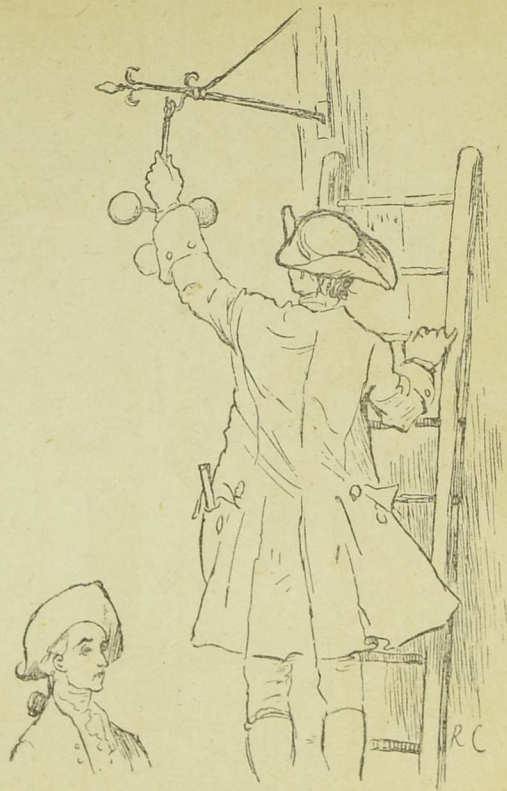
AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX



MRS. MARY BLAIZE.



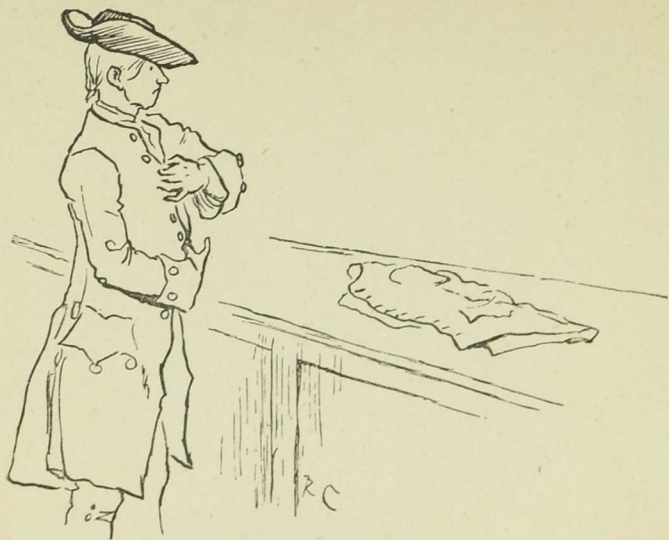
Good people all,
with one accord,
Lament for
Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted
a good word—







From those who spoke her praise.

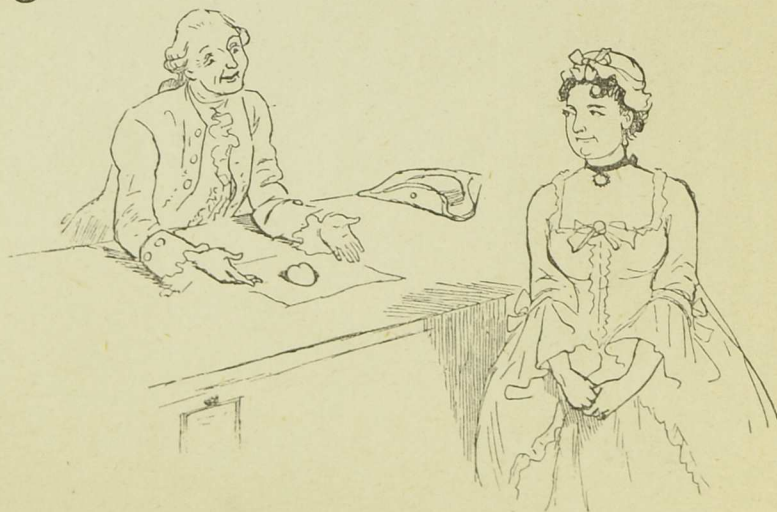


The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—

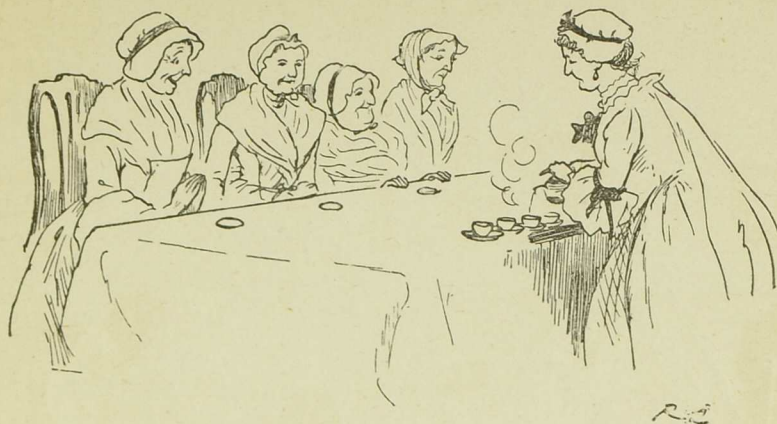


Who left

*a pledge
behind.*

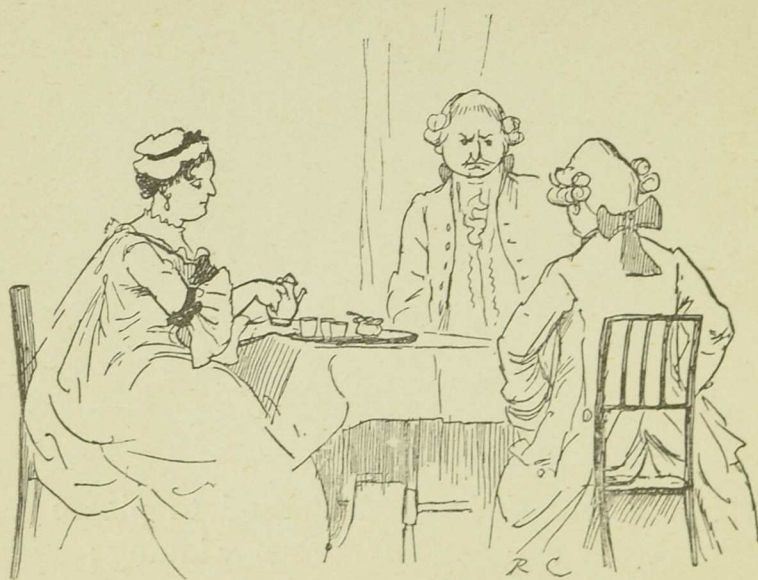


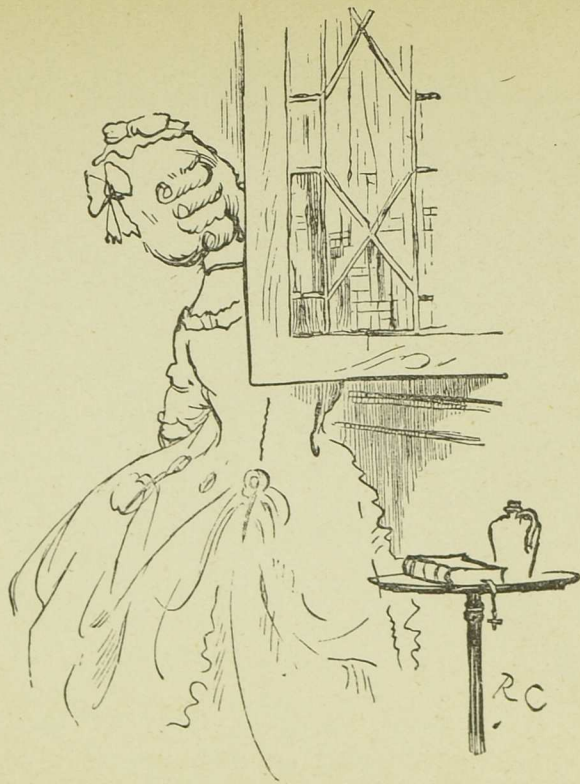




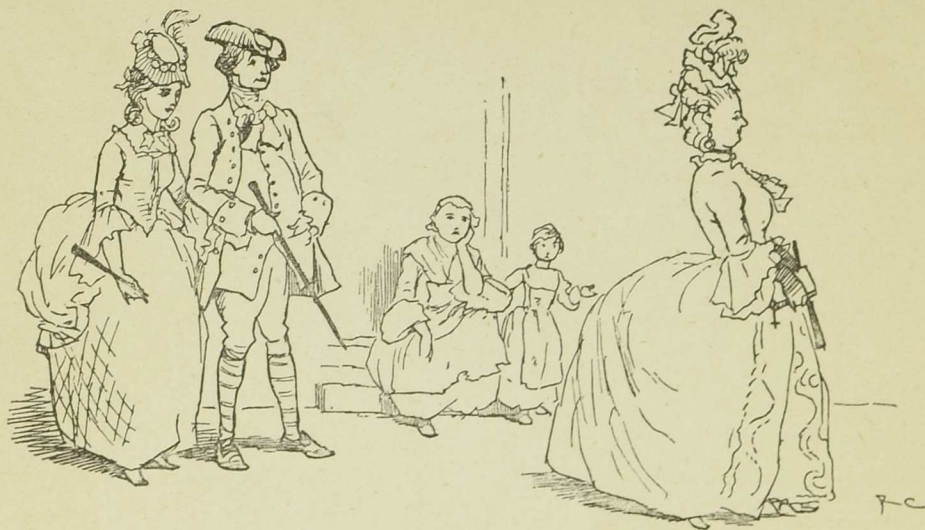
She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;

And never follow'd wicked ways—



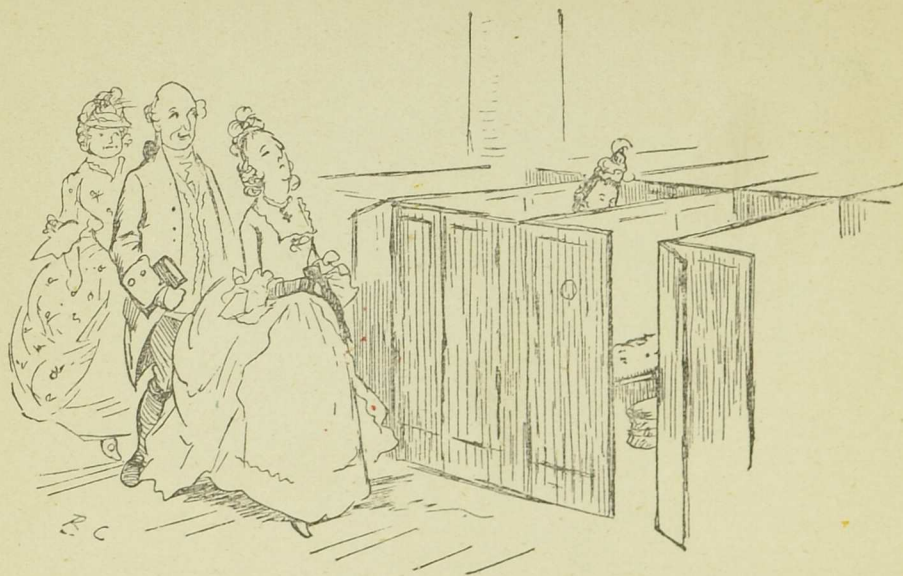


Unless when she was sinning.



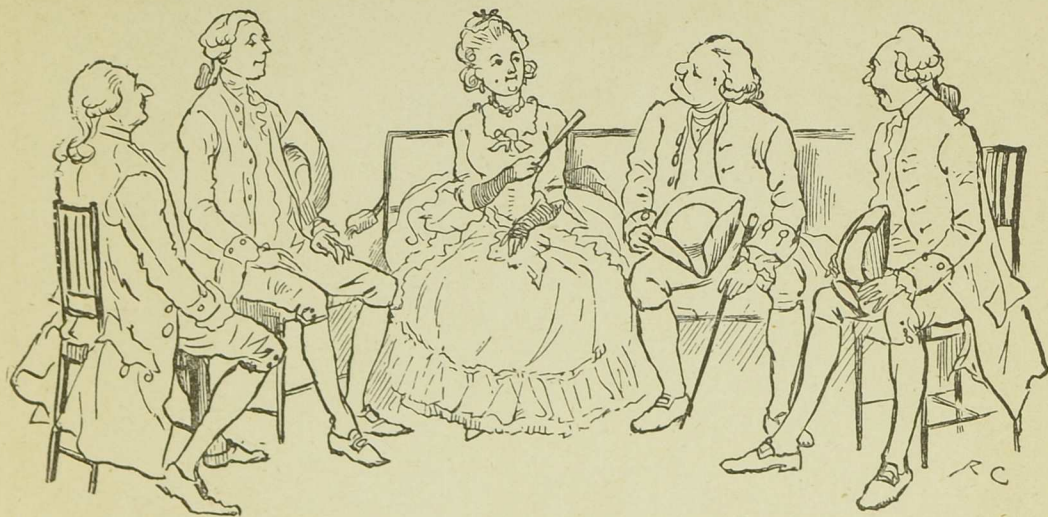
At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.







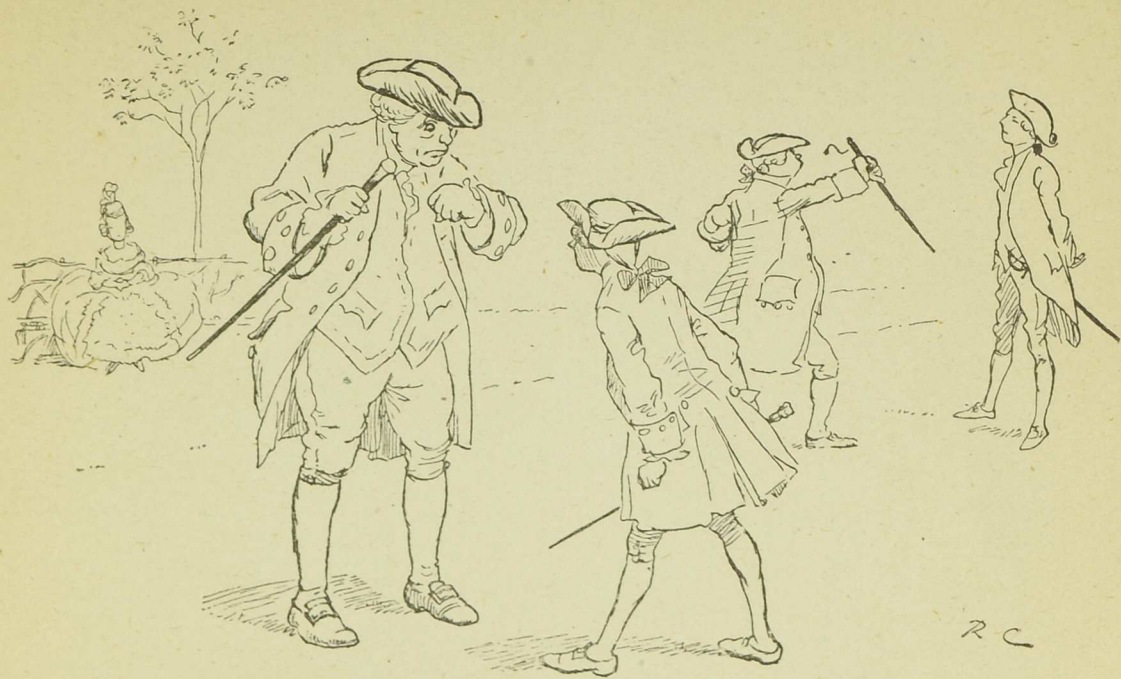




Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The King himself has follow'd her—



When she has walk'd before.



But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all:
The Doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.



Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,



That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—

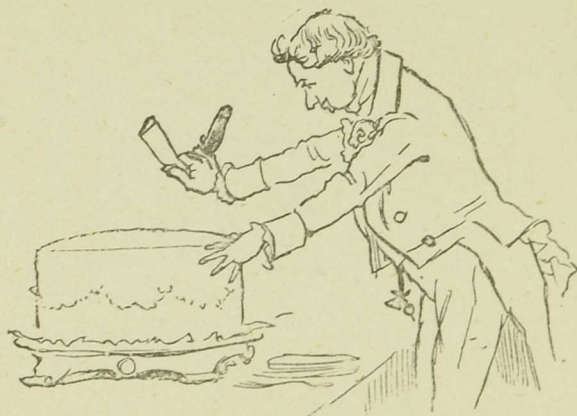


She had not died to-day.

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM



HIMSELF.





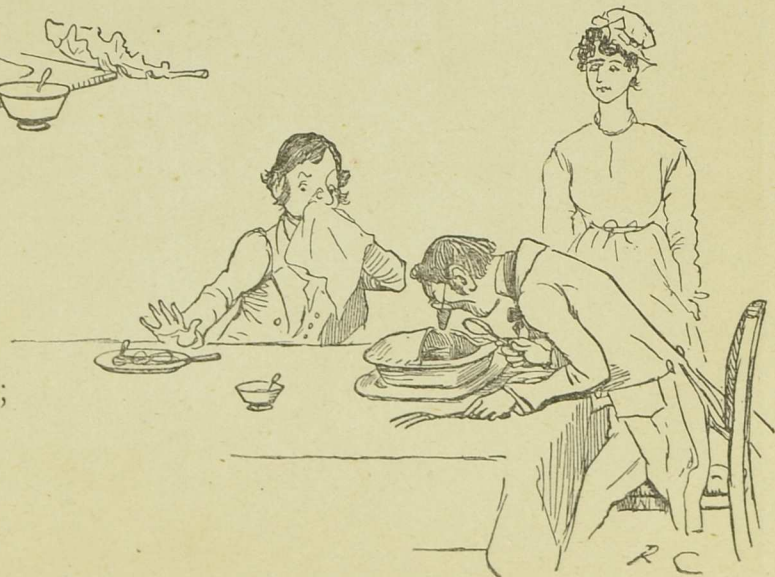
So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf



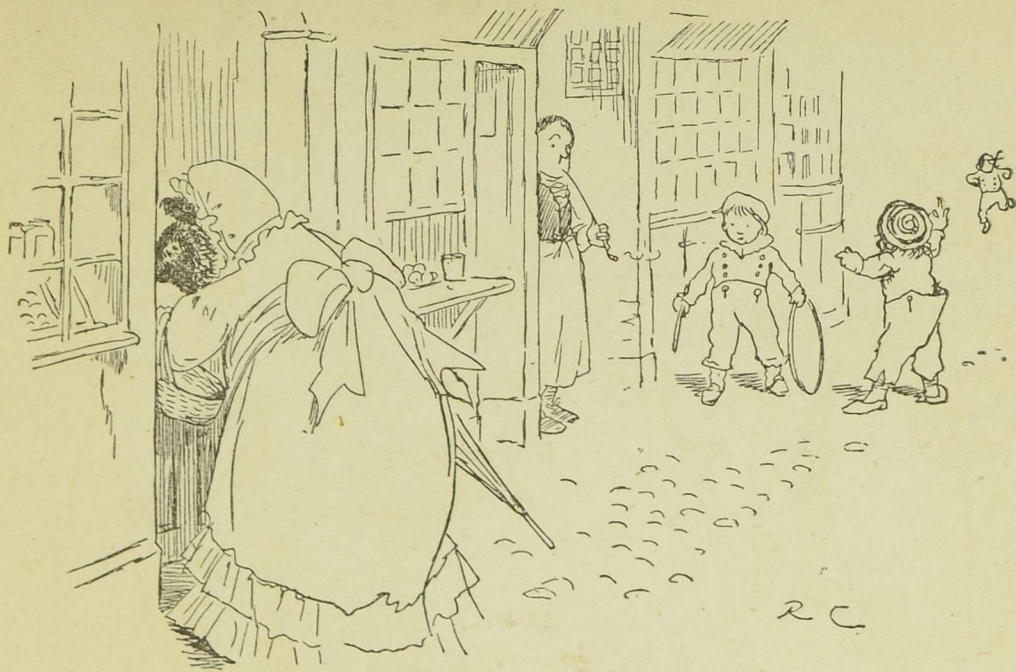
To make



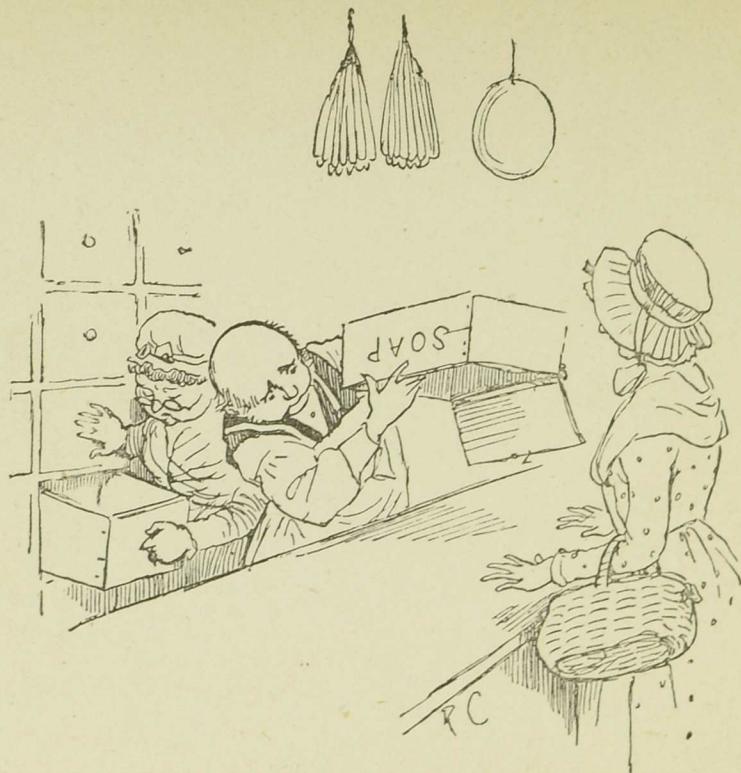
an apple-pie ;



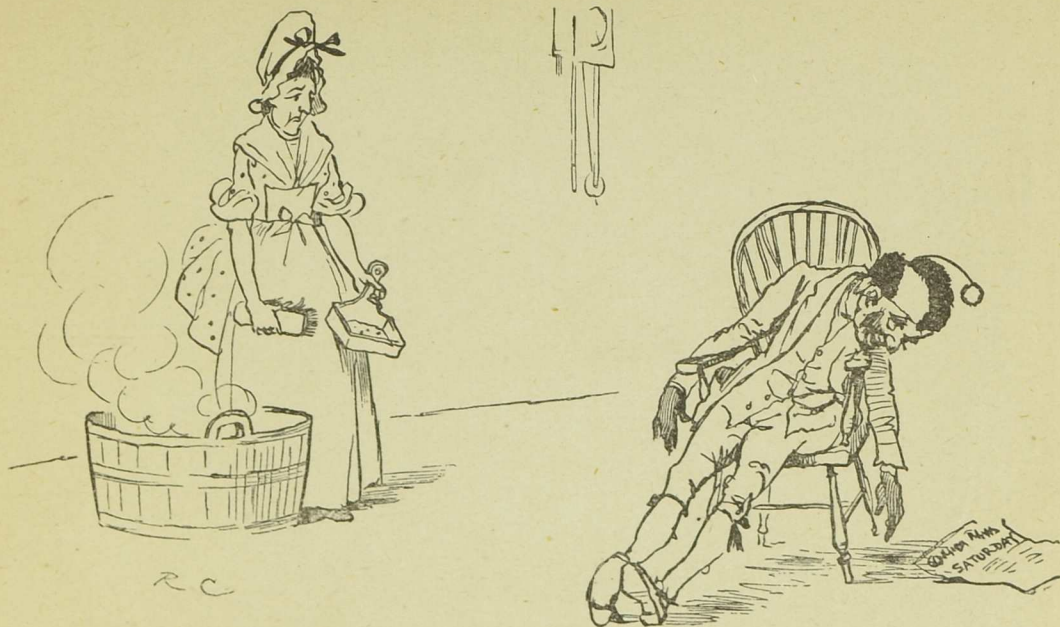




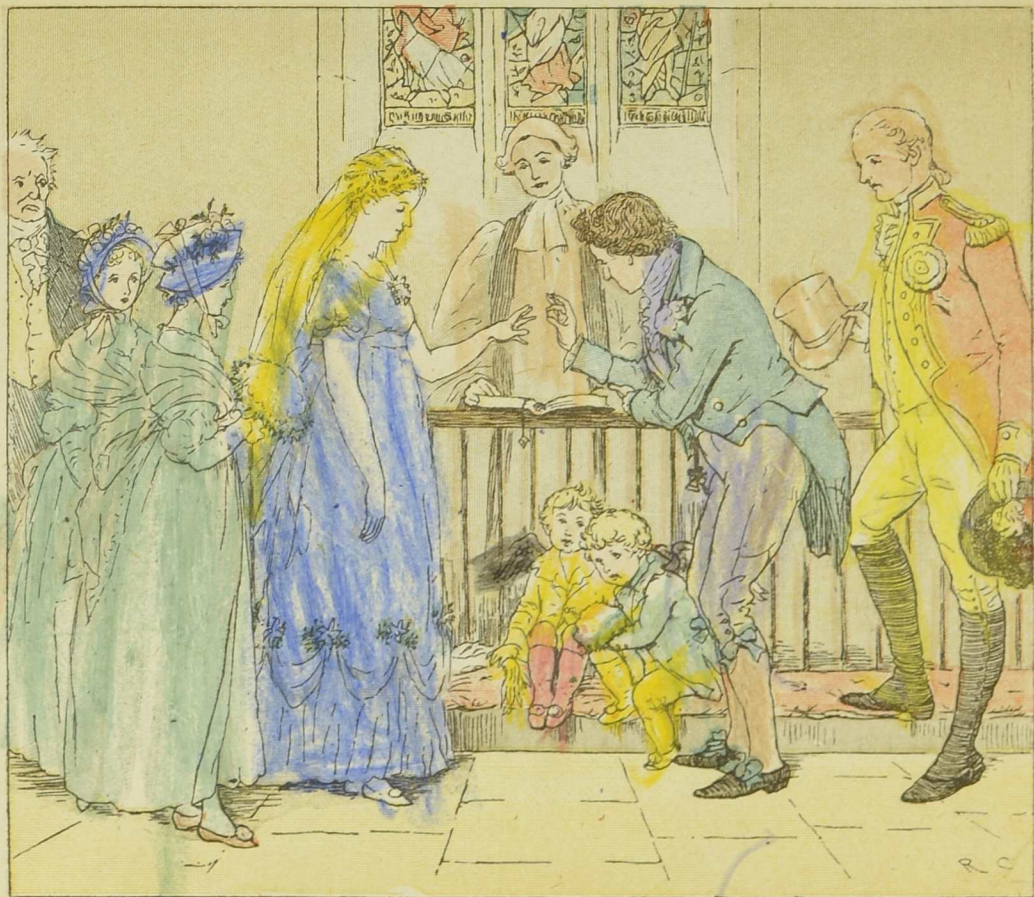
and at the same time a great she-bear, coming down
the street, pops its head into the shop.



What! no soap?

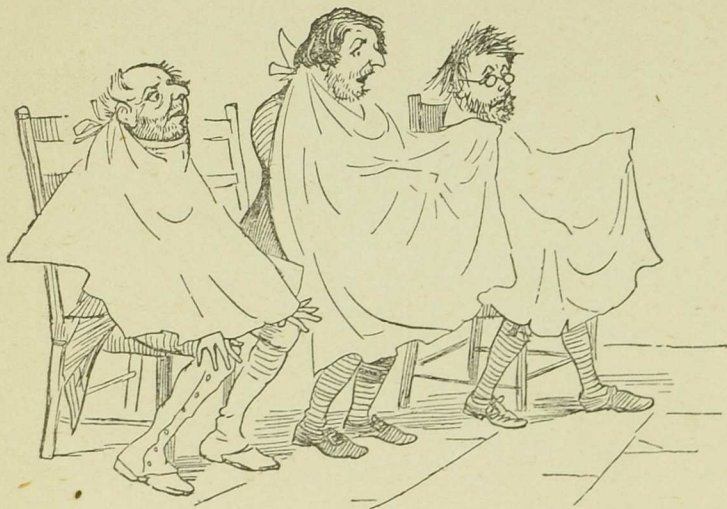


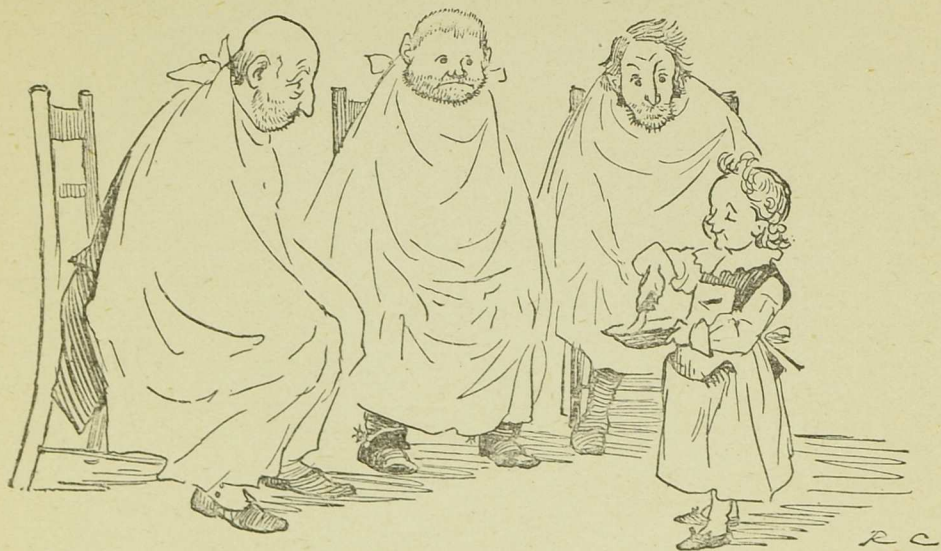
So he died,



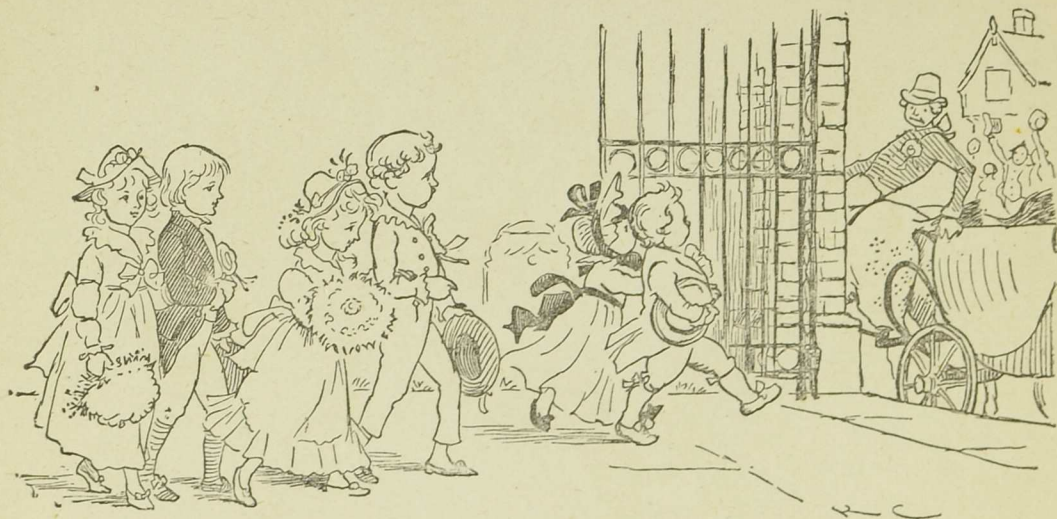
and she very imprudently married the Barber:







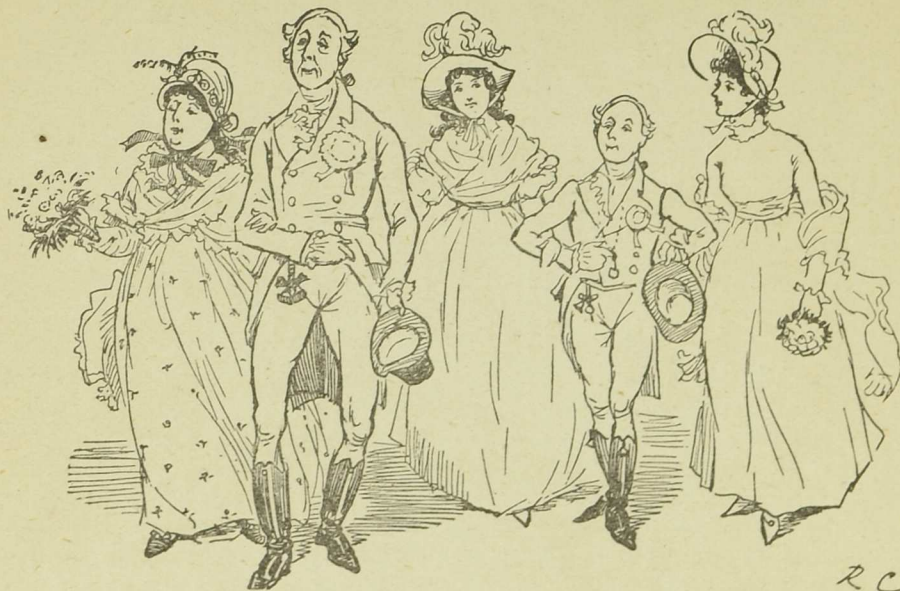
and there were present



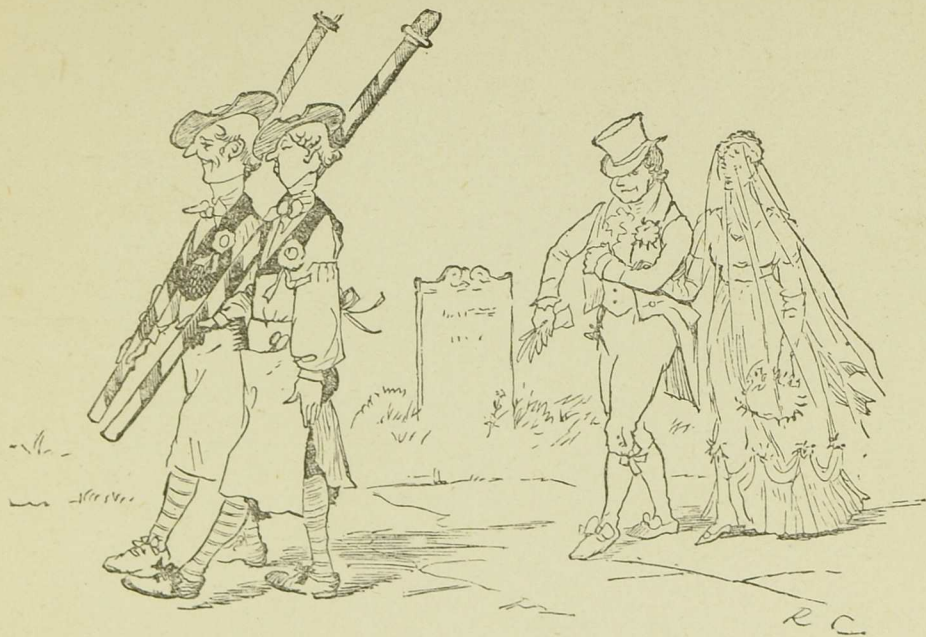
the Picinnies,

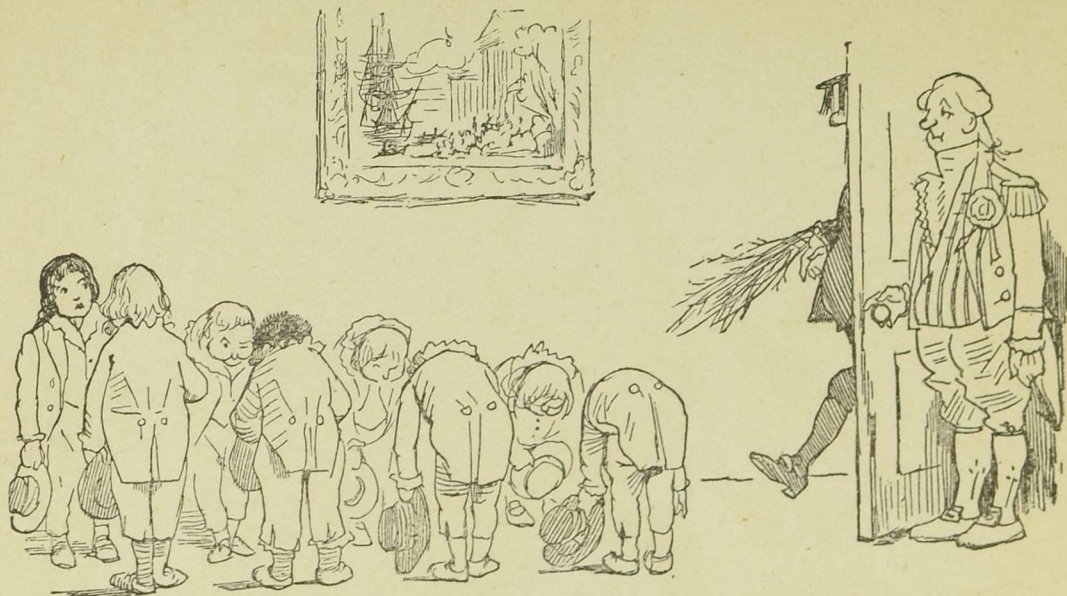
and the Joblillies,





and the Garyulies,





and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round
button at top;



and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch can,



till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.





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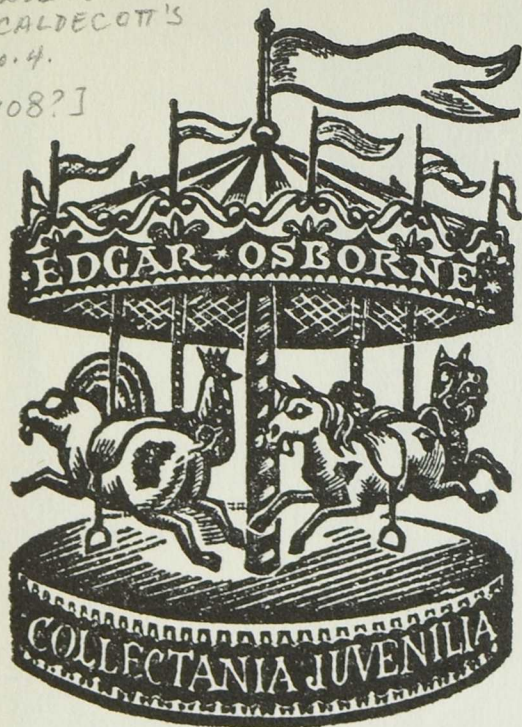
MRS MARY BLAIZE



R. CALDECOTT
PICTURE BOOKS

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No. 4.

1908?]



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EAT PANJANDRUM
HIMSELF



CALDECOTT'S

Picture Books

