

The  
BABES

In the  
WOOD

R. Caldecott's  
**PICTURE  
BOOK**

The  
House  
that  
JACK  
built

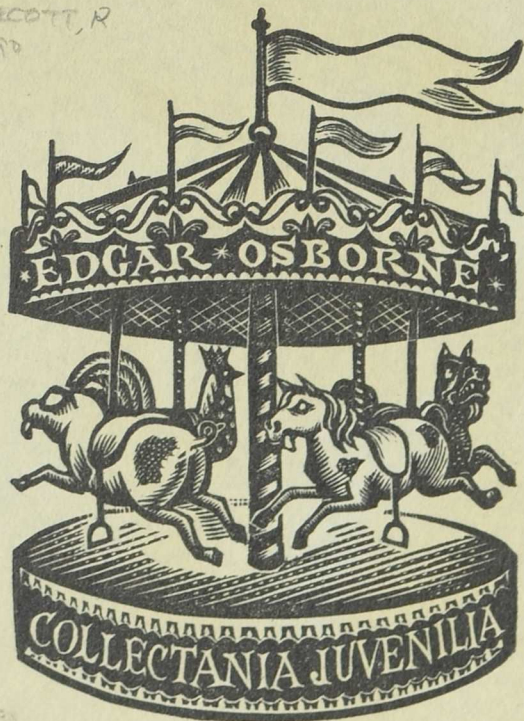
The  
MAD  
DOG

John GILPIN

George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.



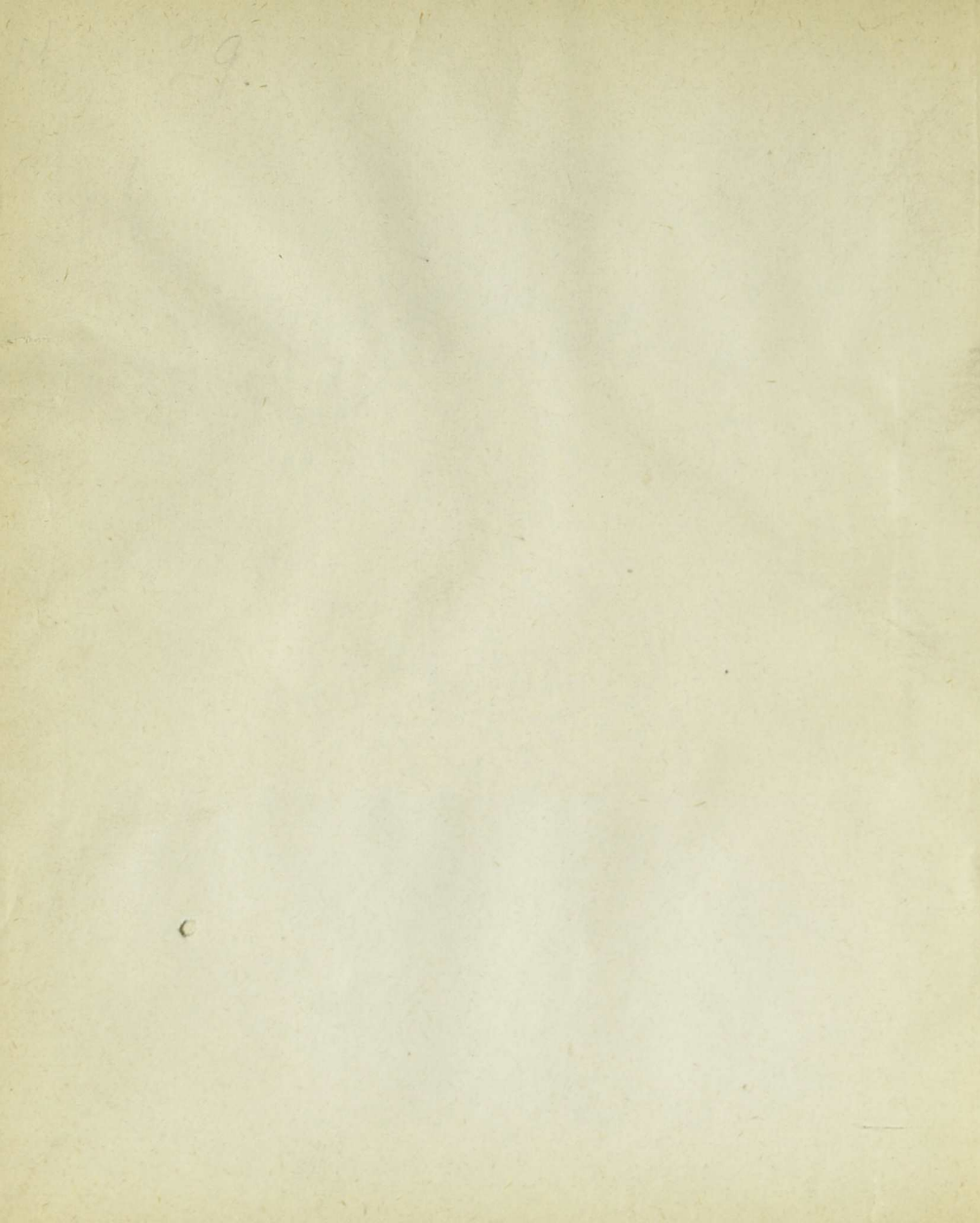
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R. CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOK.





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

containing

*The Diverting History of John Gilpin*

*The House that Jack Built*

*The Babes in the Wood*

*and An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*

All exhibited in beautiful Engravings, many of which are  
Printed in Colours

DRAWN BY R.C. ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY E. EVANS

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London

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED

Broadway, Ludgate Hill

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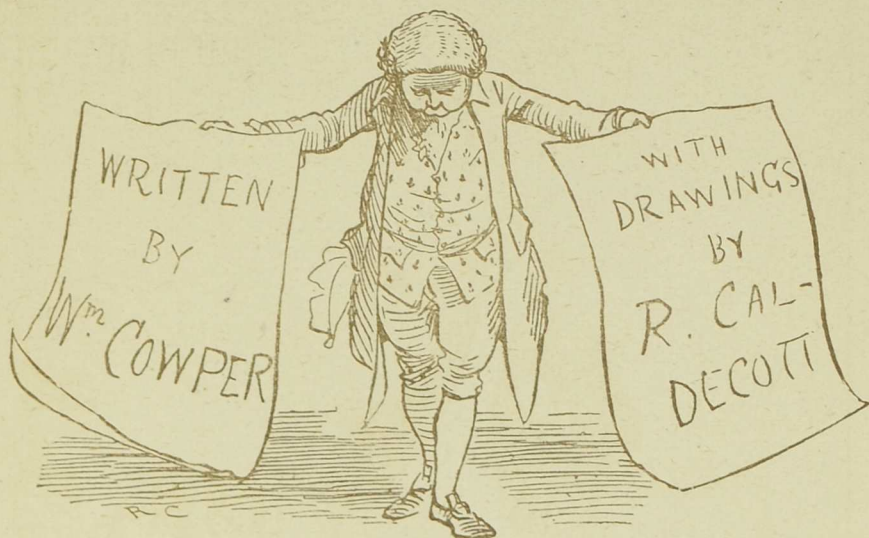
THE DIVERTING HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN GILPIN.





THE DIVERTING HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN GILPIN:

*Showing how he went farther than he intended, and  
came safe home again.*



JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he,  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."



The Linendraper bold

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."



Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well  
And for that wine is dear, [said;  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was  
She had a frugal mind. [bent,





The morning came, the chaise was  
But yet was not allowed [brought,  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

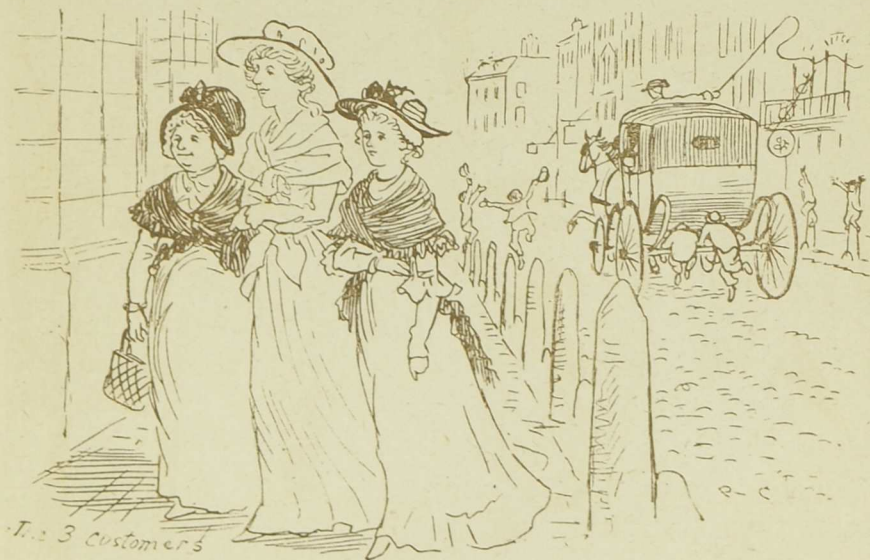
So three doors off the chaise was  
Where they did all get in; [stayed,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the  
Were never folks so glad! [wheels,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again;

For saddletrees scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he  
Three customers come in. [saw

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.







'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down—  
“The wine is left behind!” [stairs,

“Good lack!” quoth he, “yet bring  
My leathern belt likewise, [it me,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she loved.  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and  
He manfully did throw. [neat,

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.



But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.



“So, fair and softly!” John he cried,  
 But John he cried in vain;  
 That trot became a gallop soon,  
 In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
 Who cannot sit upright,  
 He grasped the mane with both his  
 Andekewith all his might. [hands,

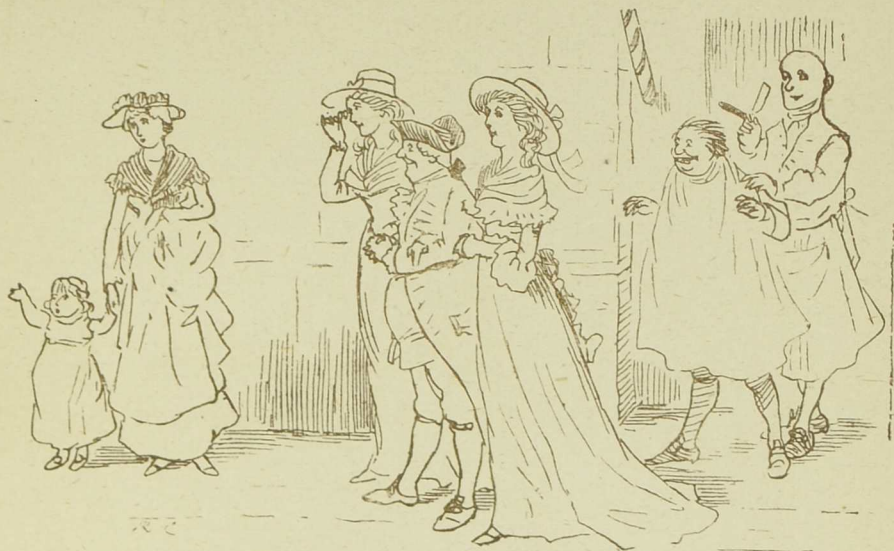
His horse, who never in that sort  
 Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got,  
 Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
 Away went hat and wig;  
 He little dreamt, when he set out,  
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly  
 Like streamer long and gay,  
 Till, loop and button failing both,  
 At last it flew away.





Then might all people well discern  
 The bottles he had slung ;  
 A bottle swinging at each side,  
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
 Up flew the windows all ;  
 And every soul cried out, "Well done !"   
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
 His fame soon spread around ;  
 "He carries weight ! he rides a race !  
 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
 'Twas wonderful to view  
 How in a trice the turnpike-men  
 Their gates wide open threw.









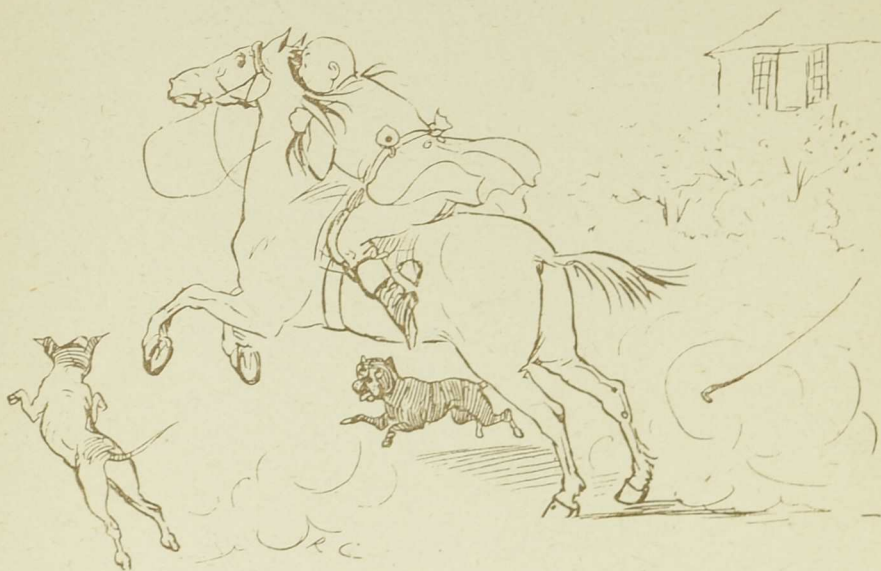
And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made the horse's flanks to  
As they had basted been. [smoke,





But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.



Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

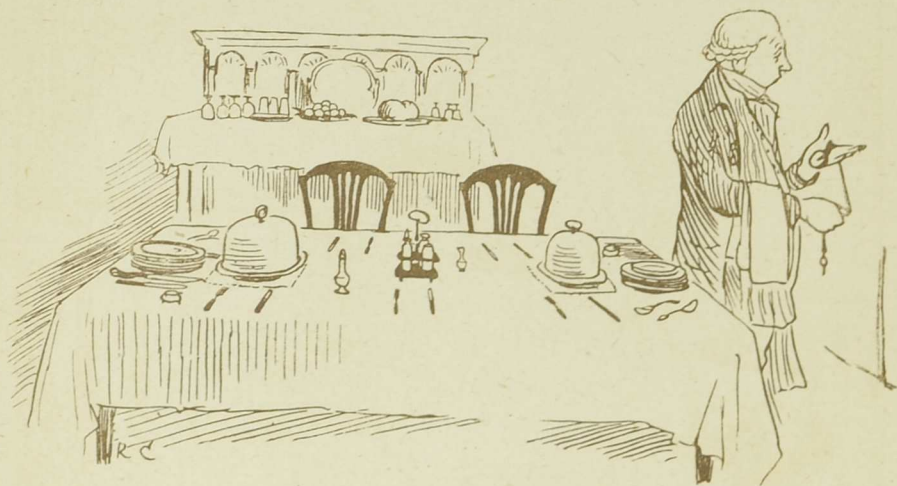
And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.





At Edmonton his loving wife  
 From the balcony spied  
 Her tender husband, wondering  
 To see how he did ride. [much

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—“Here’s the  
 They all at once did cry; [house!”  
 “The dinner waits, and we are tired;”  
 Said Gilpin—“So am I!”



But yet his horse was not a whit  
 Inclined to tarry there;  
 For why?—his owner had a house  
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
 Shot by an archer strong;  
 So did he fly—which brings me to  
 The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,<  
And thus accosted him :



“What news? what news? your tidings  
Tell me you must and shall— [tell;  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke ;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :



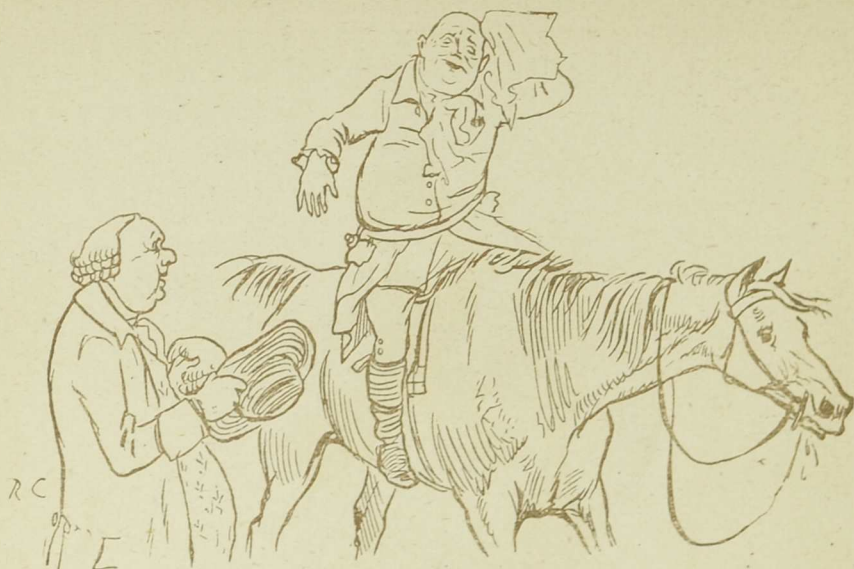
“I came because your horse would  
And, if I well forebode, [come:  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;



Whence straight he came with hat and  
A wig that flowed behind, [wig,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit :  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.”



“ But let me scrape the dirt away,  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
“ I am in haste to dine ;

’Twas for your pleasure you came  
You shall go back for mine.” [here,

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless  
For which he paid full dear ; [boast !  
For while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear ; ,

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.





Away went Gilpin, and away  
 Went postboy at his heels,  
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
 The lumbering of the wheels.



Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
 Her husband posting down  
 Into the country far away,  
 She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
 That drove them to the " Bell,"  
 " This shall be yours when you bring  
 My husband safe and well." [back



The youth did ride, and soon did  
John coming back amain; [meet  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.



Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry.



“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.









And now the tunpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up,  
He did again get down.



Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see.



LONDON  
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BY  
EDMUND EVANS

THE  
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.





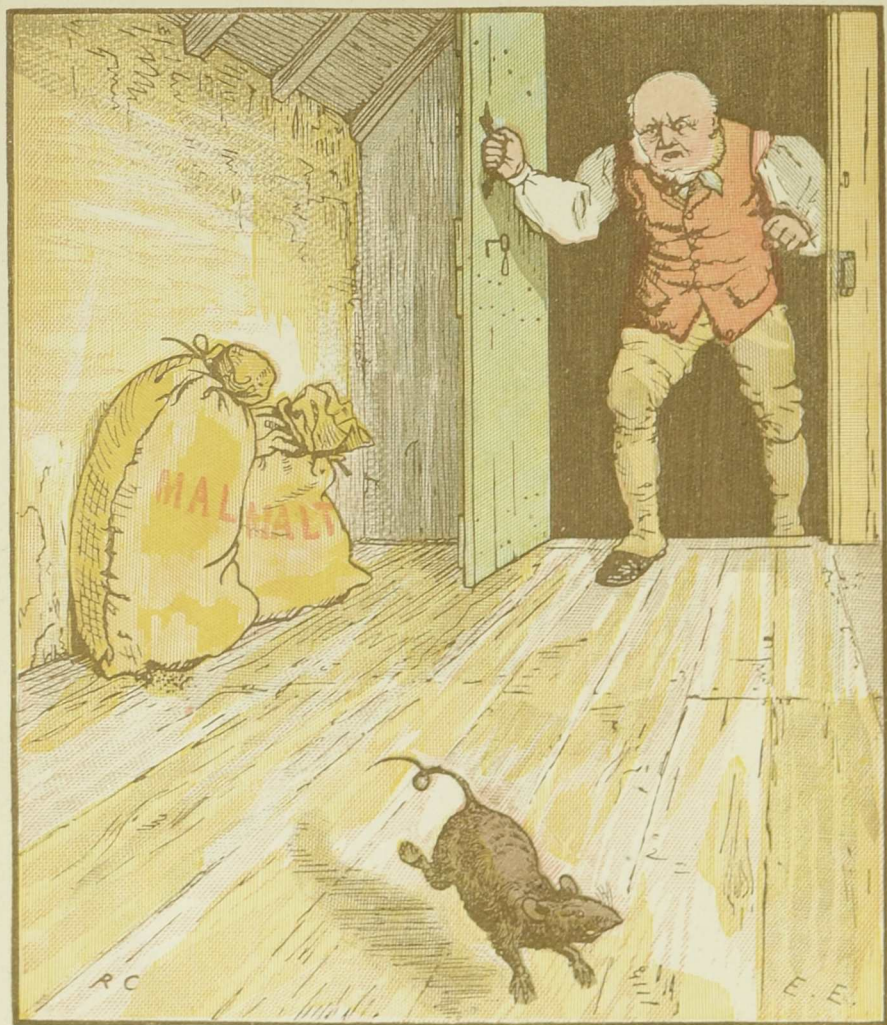
THIS is the House that  
Jack built.











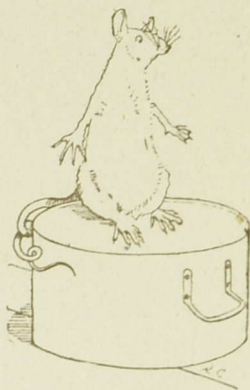
This is the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.

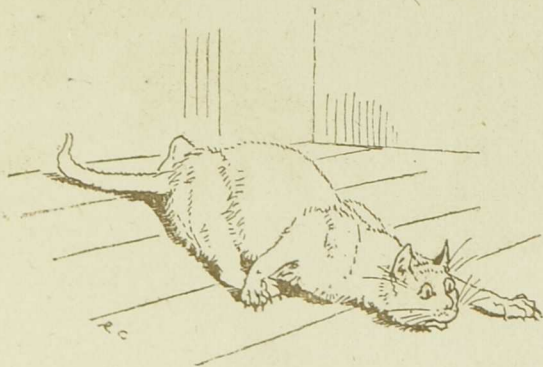


This is the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House  
that Jack built.





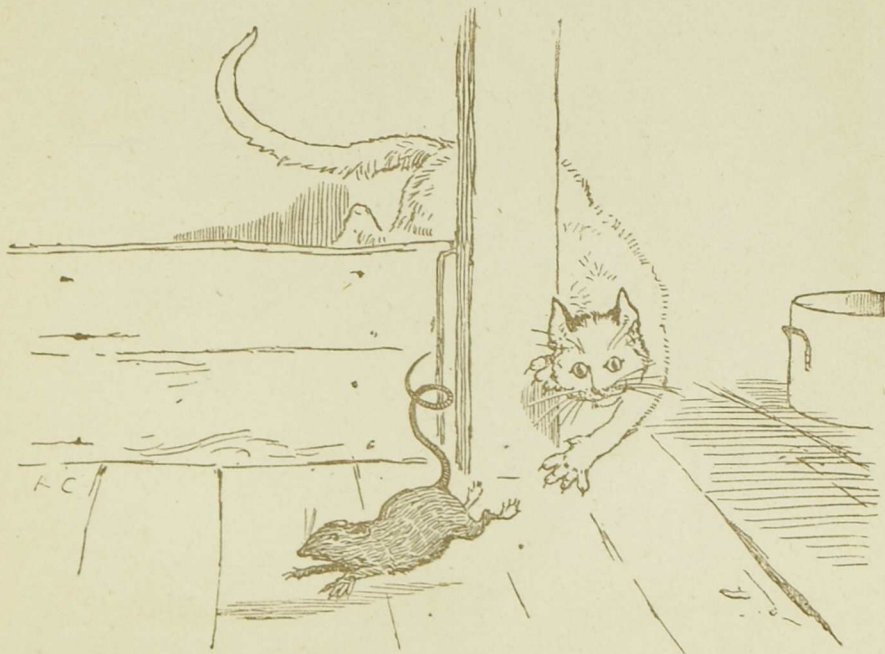




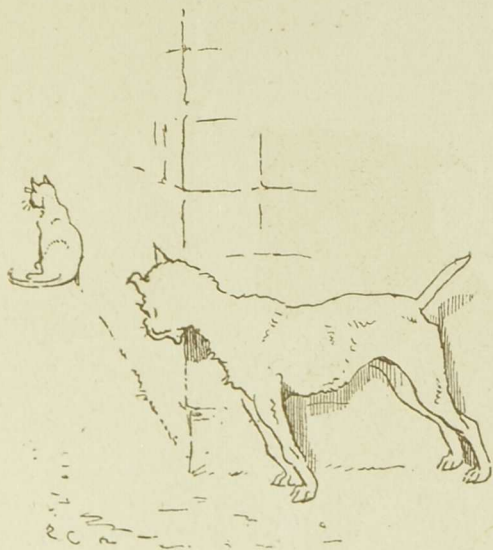




This is the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that Jack built.



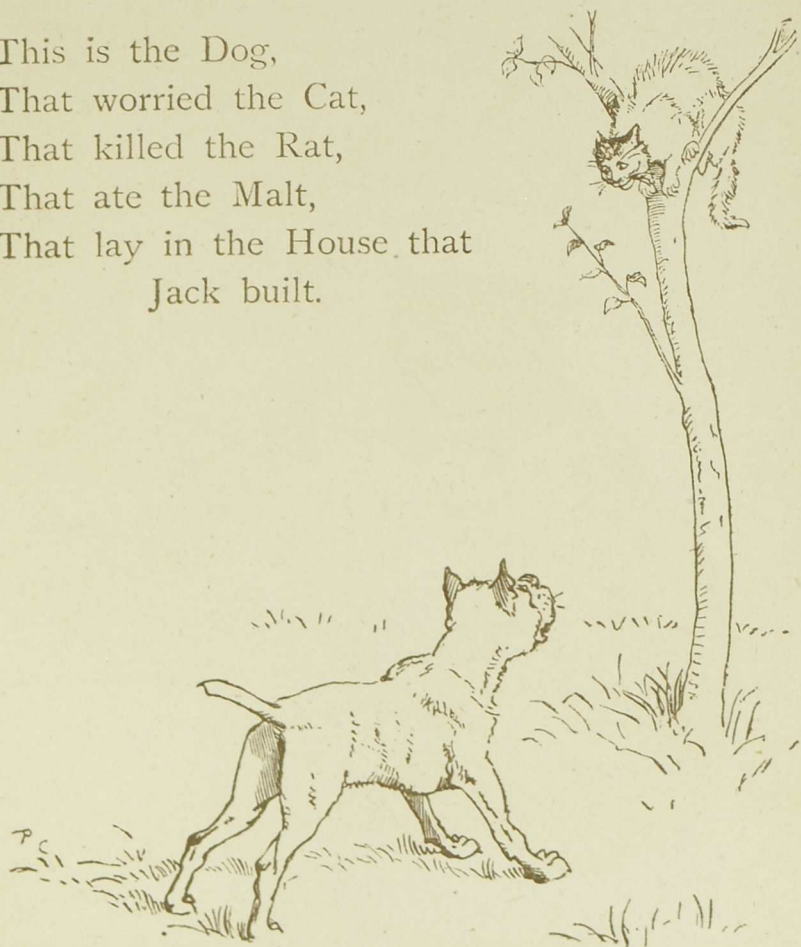


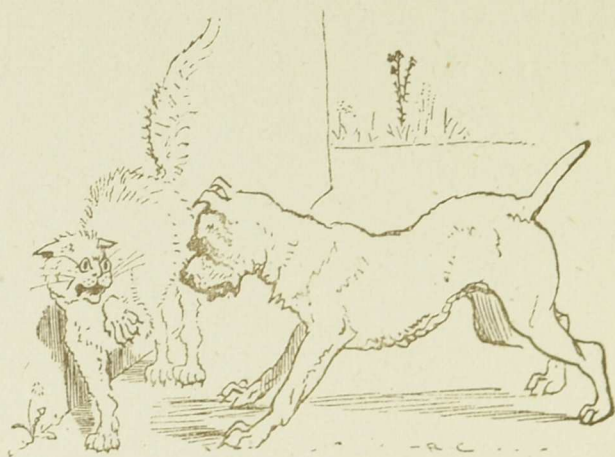






This is the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.

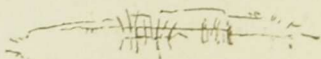
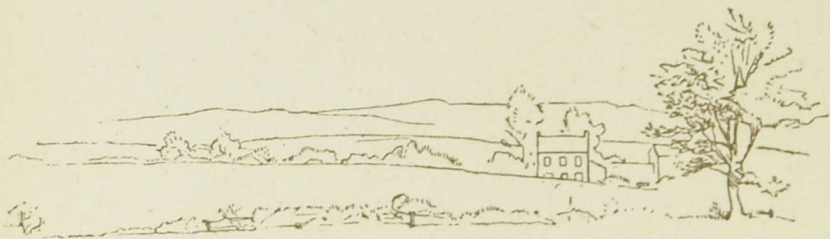


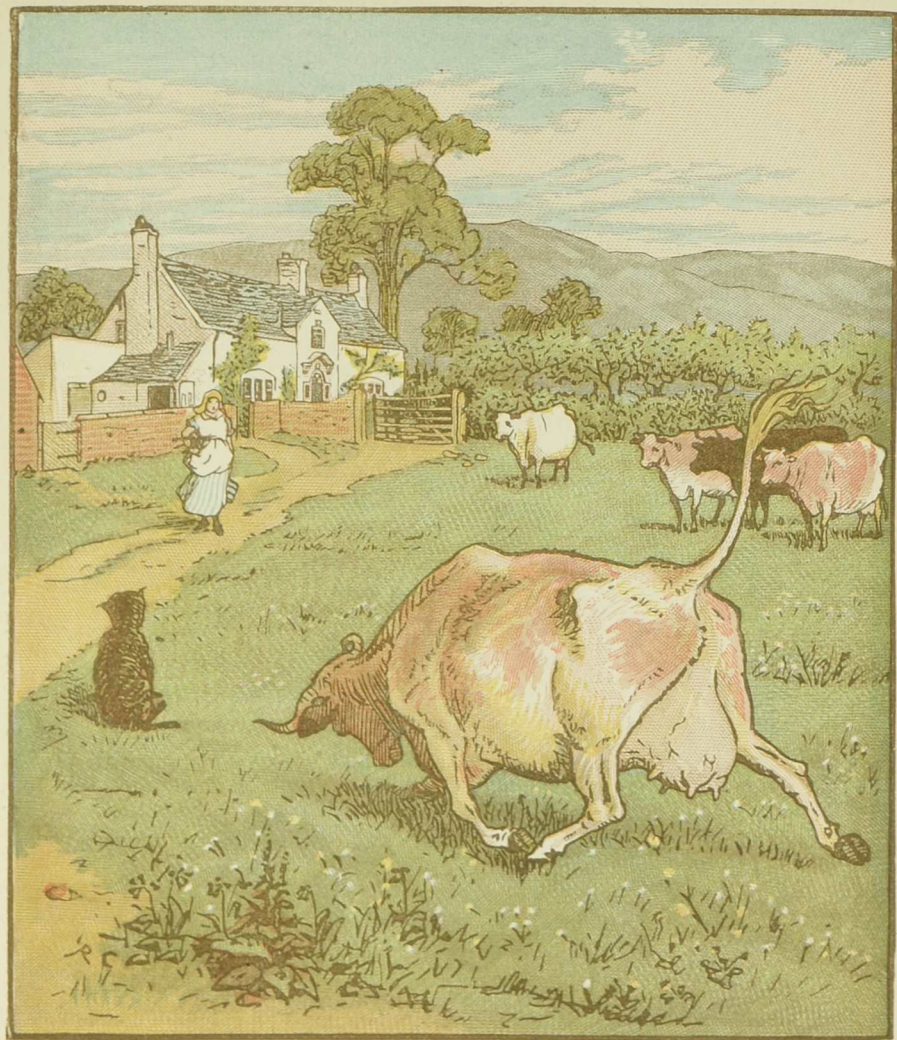






This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.











This is the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House  
that Jack built.



This is the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the Cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House  
that Jack built.













This is the Priest, all shaven and shorn,  
That married the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,

That milked the Cow with  
the crumpled horn,

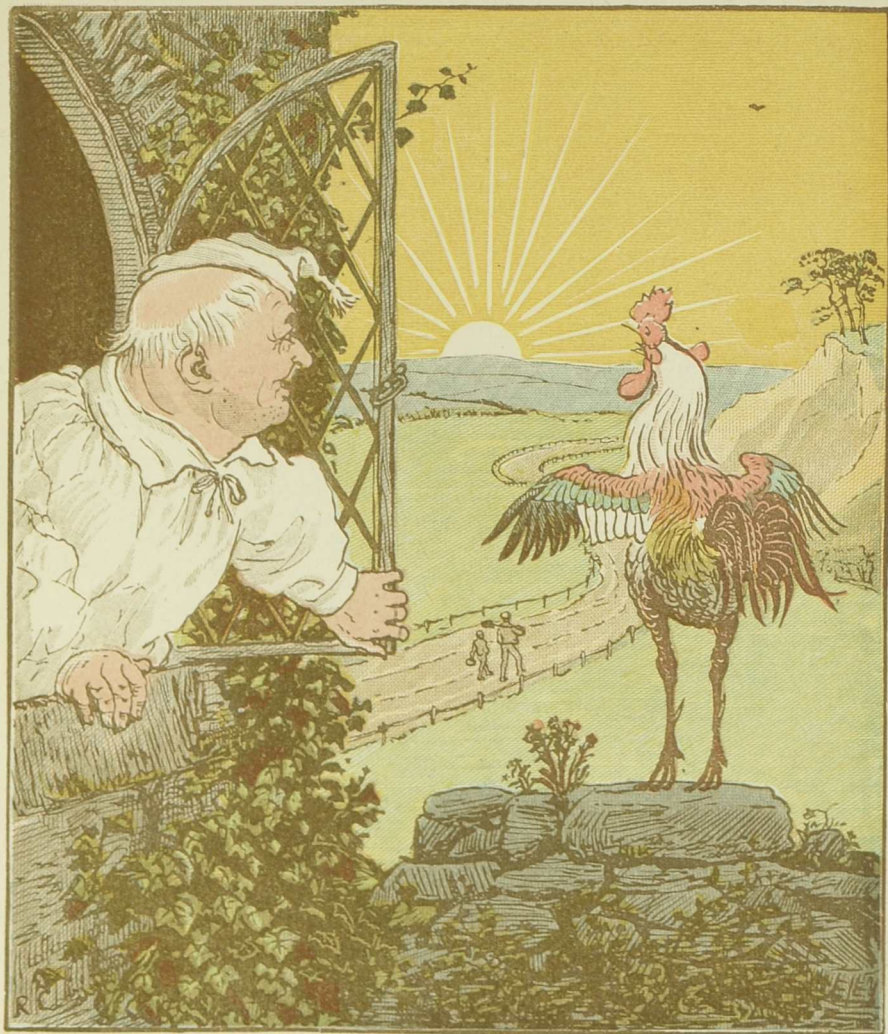
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.



This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,

That milked the Cow with  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.



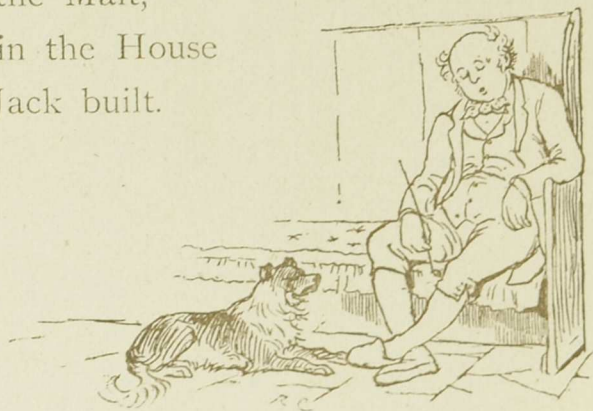








This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,  
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House  
that Jack built.





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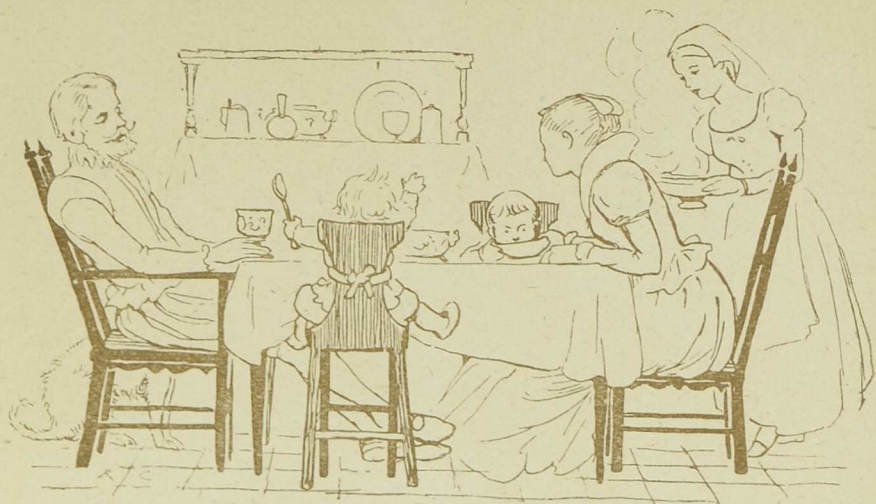


THE  
BABES IN THE WOOD.



SORE SICKE THEY WERE  
AND LIKE TO DYE

The  
BABES IN THE WOOD.



NOW ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes which I shall write ;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save ;  
His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
And both possest one grave.



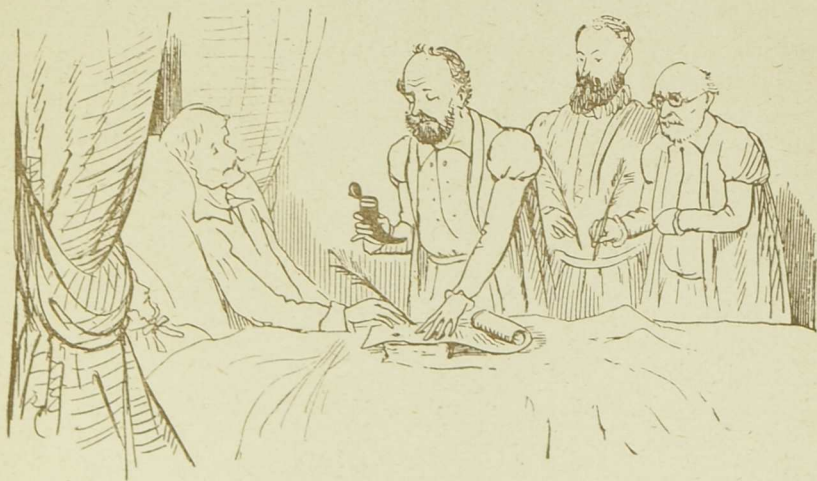
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde ;  
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,  
And left two babes behinde :

The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde ;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And fram'd in beautye's molde.



The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appeare,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred poundes in gold,  
To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controll'd :



But if the children chanced to dye,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possesse their wealth ;  
For so the wille did run.



NOW, BROTHER, said the dying man, LOOK TO MY CHILDREN DEARE.

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
“Look to my children deare ;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friendes else have they here :

“To God and you I do commend  
My children deare this daye ;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to staye.

“You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one ;  
God knowes what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.”



With that bespake their mother deare :  
“ O brother kinde,” quoth shee,  
“ You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or miserie :







“And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward ;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deedes regard.”



WITH LIPS AS COLD AS ANY STONE, THEY KISS THE CHILDREN

With lippes as cold as any stone,  
They kist the children small :  
“God bless you both, my children deare ;”  
With that the teares did fall.

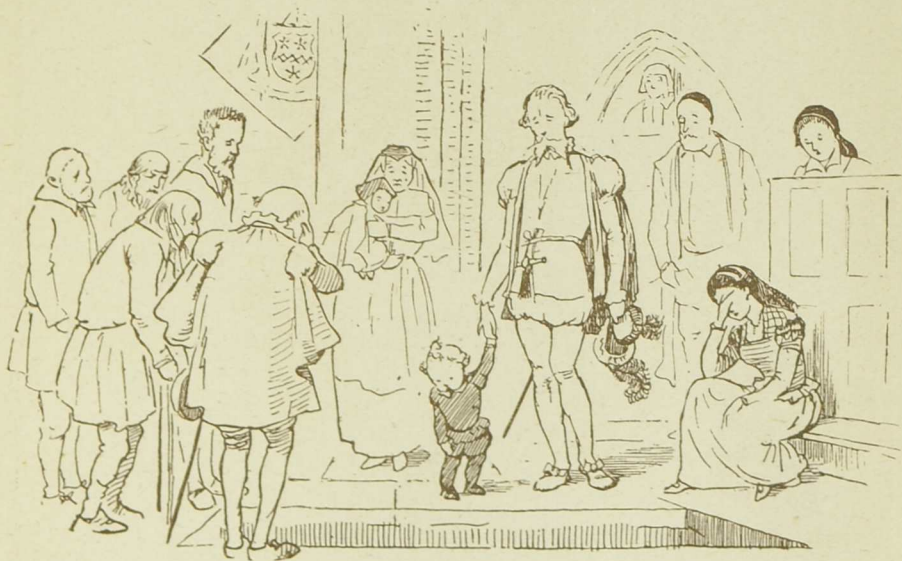




These speeches then their brother spake  
To this sicke couple there :  
“The keeping of your little ones,  
Sweet sister, do not feare :



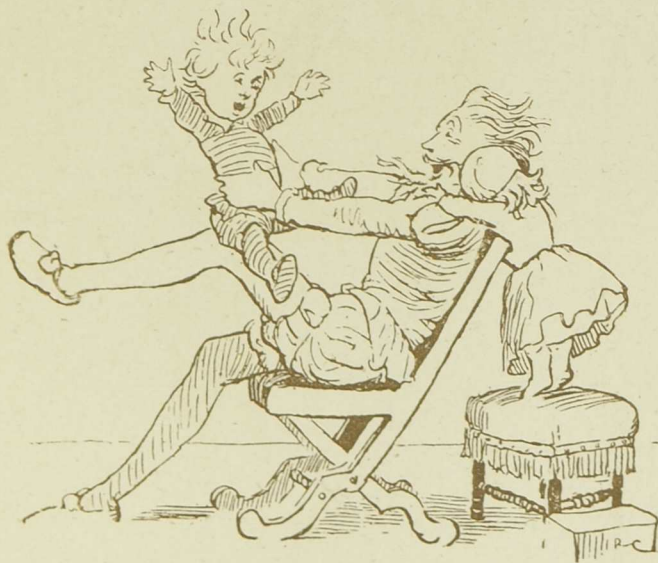
“God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children deare,  
When you are layd in grave.”





TAKES  
THEIR PARENTS BEING DEAD & GONE THE CHILDREN HOME HE

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them strait unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.







He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a daye,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both awaye.



He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take the children young,  
And slaye them in a wood.



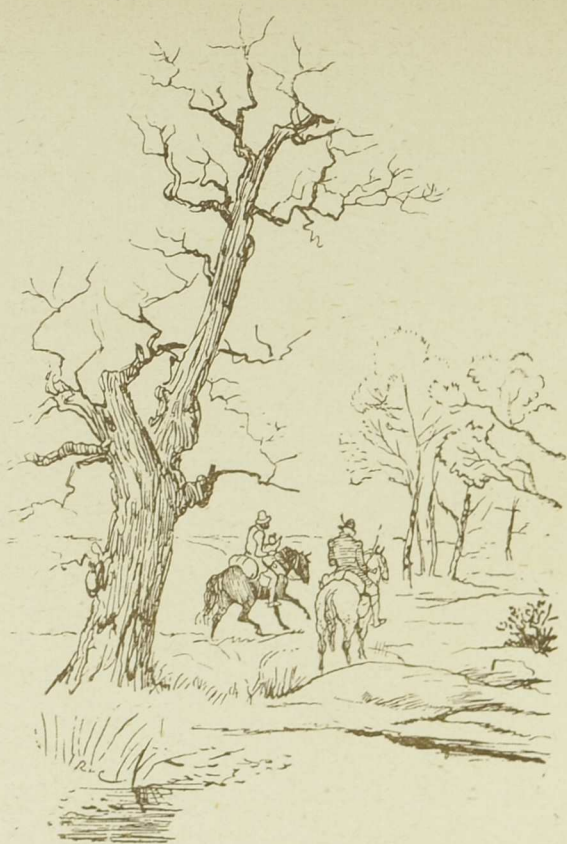
He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in faire London,  
With one that was his friend.



Away then went those pretty babes  
Rejoycing at that tide,  
Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
They should on cock-horse ride.

AWAY THEN WENT THE PRETTY BABES  
REJOYING AT THAT TIDE





They prate and prattle pleasantly  
As they rode on the waye,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decaye :



So that the pretty speeche they had,  
Made murderers' heart relent ;  
And they that undertooke the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch, that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.



The other would not agree thereto,  
So here they fell to strife ;  
With one another they did fight,  
About the children's life :



And he that was of mildest mood  
Did slaye the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood,  
Where babes did quake for feare !



AND HE  
THAT WAS OF  
MILDEST  
MOOD  
DID SLAYE THE OTHER





He took the children by the hand,  
While teares stood in their eye,  
And bade them come and go with him,  
And look they did not cry :



And two long miles he ledd them on,  
While they for food complaine :  
“ Stay here,” quoth he, “ I’ll bring ye bread,  
When I come back againe.”



These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe ;



But never more they sawe the man  
Approaching from the town.







Their pretty lippes with blackberries  
Were all besmear'd and dyed ;

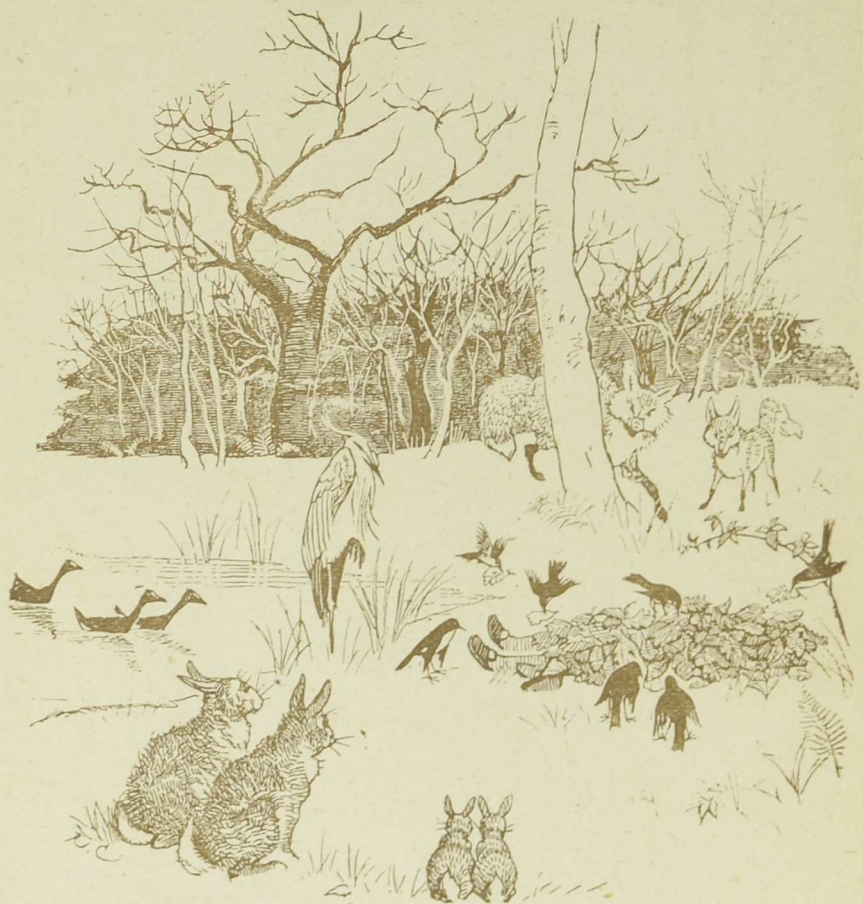


And when they sawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed.



Thus wandered these two pretty babes,  
Till death did end their grief ;  
In one another's armes they dyed,  
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes  
Of any man receives,



Till Robin-red'breast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.



ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS THEY DYED.



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BY  
EDMUND EVANS



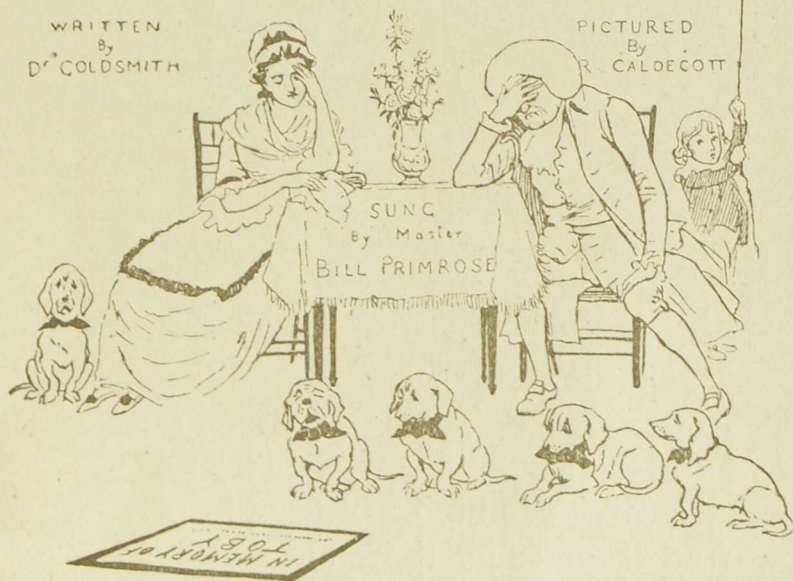
AN ELEGY  
ON THE  
DEATH OF A MAD DOG.



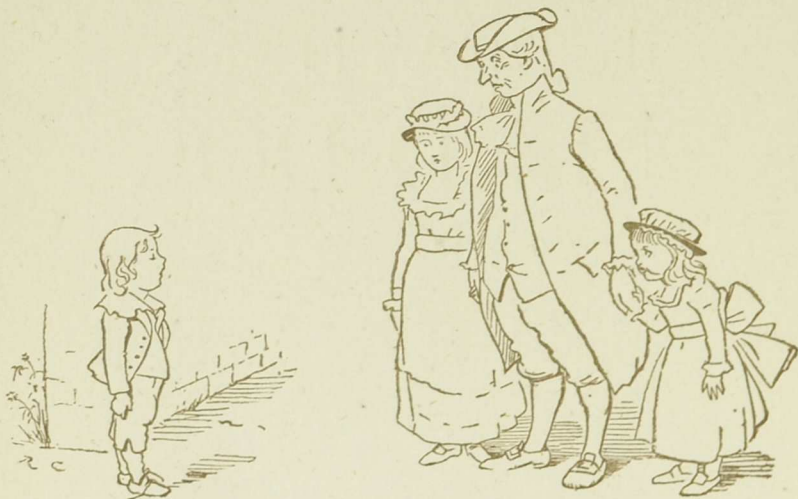
# An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.

WRITTEN  
By  
D<sup>r</sup> GOLDSMITH

PICTURED  
By  
R. CALDECOTT



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS  
LONDON, GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK



GOOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;  
And if you find it wondrous short,





It cannot hold you long.





In Islington there lived a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,



Whene'er he went





to pray.





A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes ;  
The naked every day he clad,



When he put on





his clothes.



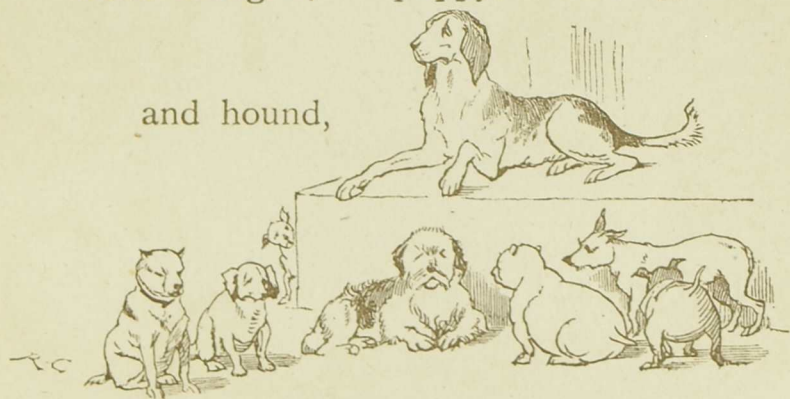


And in that town a dog was found :  
As many dogs there be —



Both mongrel, puppy, whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends ;





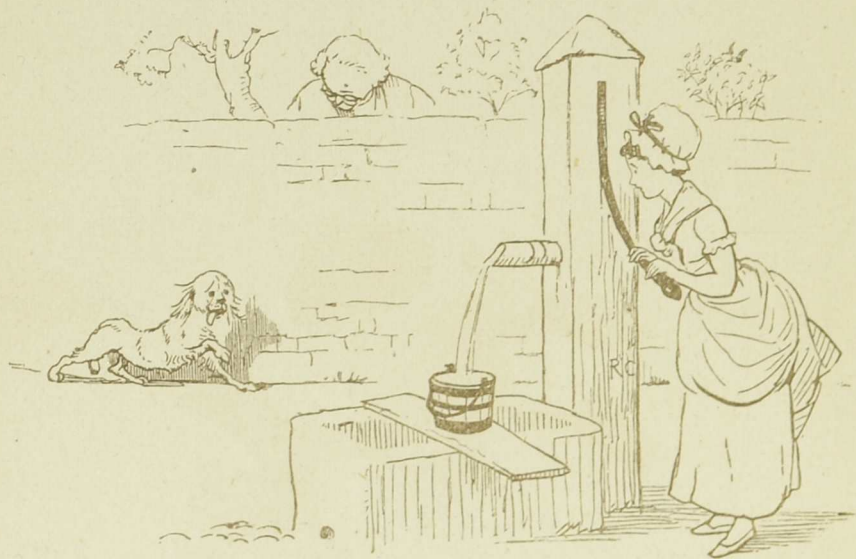
But, when a pique began,

The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.





Around from all





the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran ;





And swore the dog had lost his wits,





To bite so good a man.



The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To every christian eye ;





And while they swore the dog was mad,





They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That show'd the rogues they lied —



The man recover'd of the bite ;



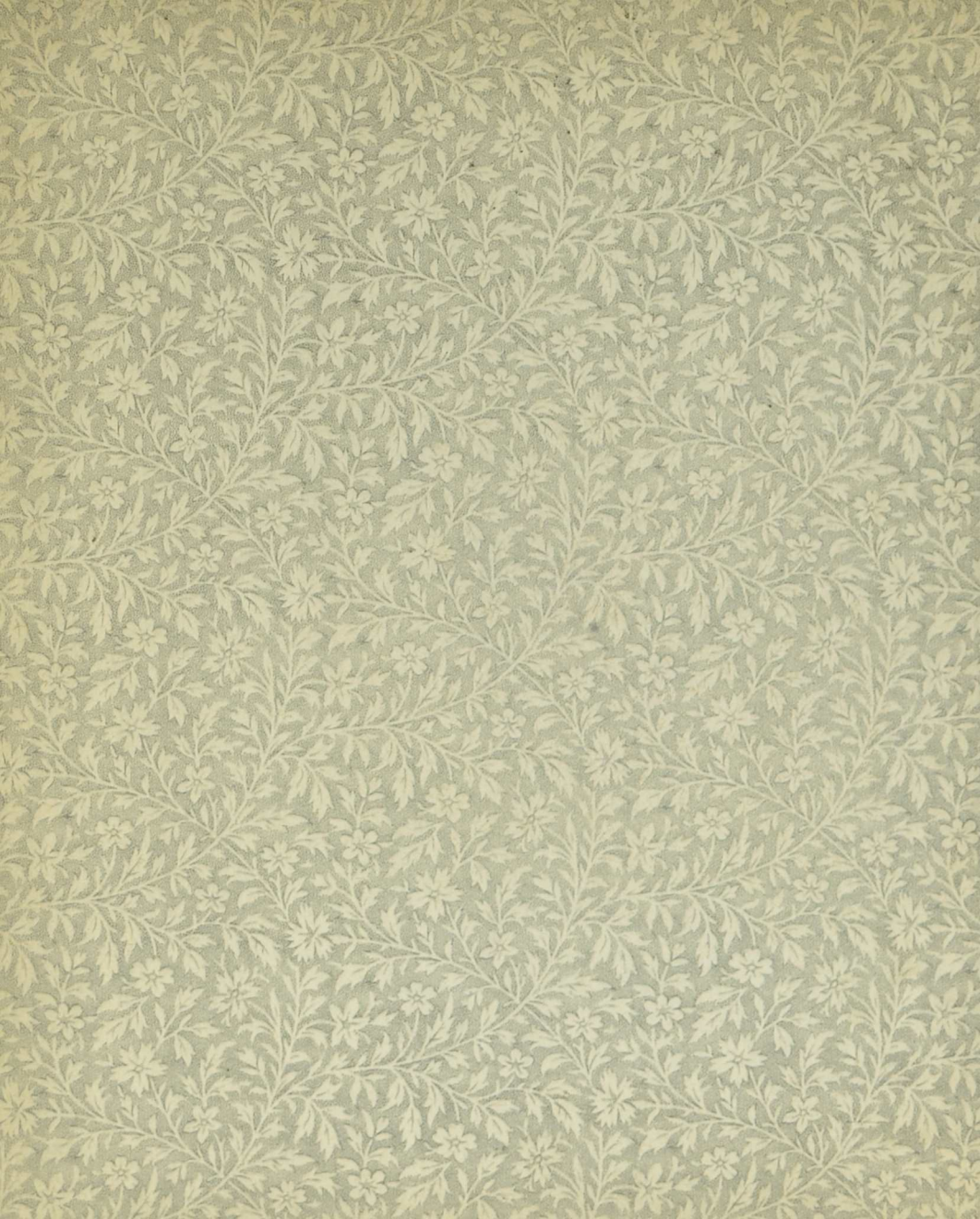
The dog it was that died.



LONDON  
ENGRAVED AND PRINTED  
BY  
EDMUND EVANS











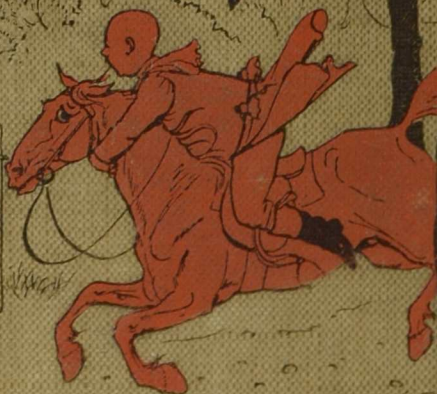
The  
BABES

in the  
WOOD

R. Caldecott's  
**PICTURE  
BOOK**



The  
House  
that  
Jack  
built



The  
MAD  
DOG

John GILPIN

George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.