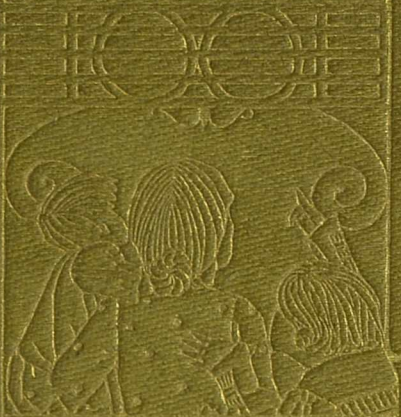
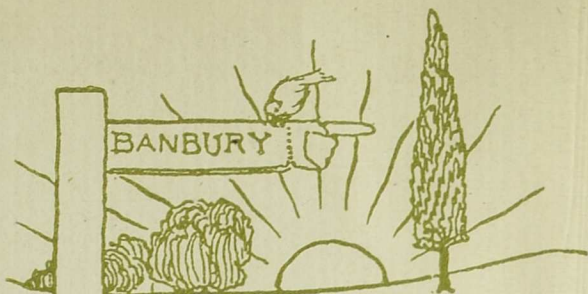
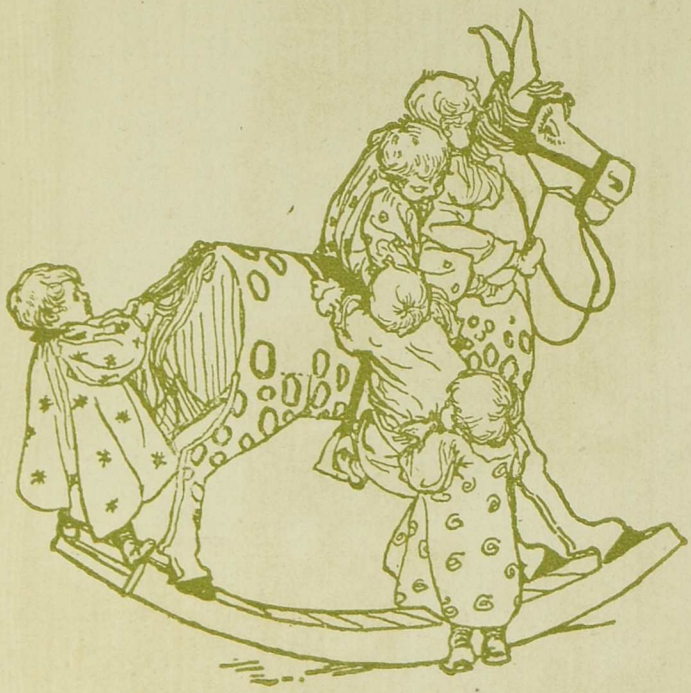


THE HOUSE THAT
JACK BUILT AND
OTHER NURSERY
RHYMES



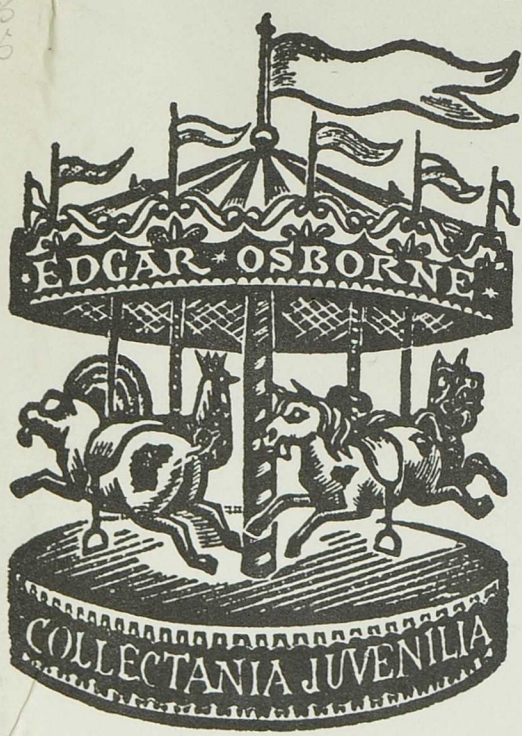


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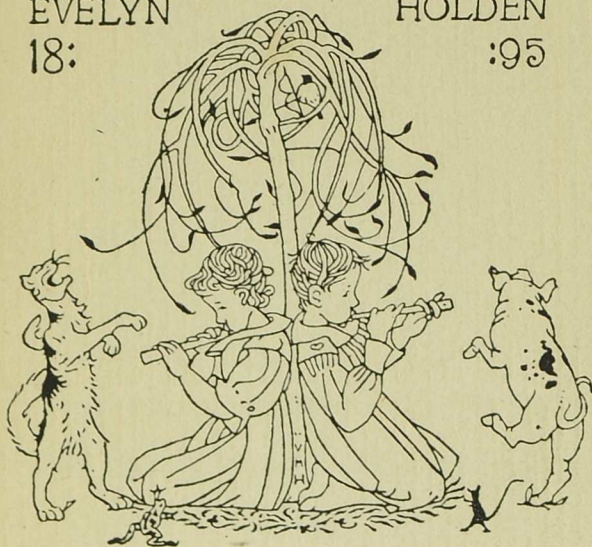
THE
BANBURY CROSS
SERIES

PREPARED FOR CHILDREN BY GRACE RHYS

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
AND
OTHER NURSERY RHYMES.

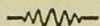


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
& OTHER NURSERY RHYMES
ILLUSTRATED BY VIOLET M. &
EVELYN HOLDEN
18: :95



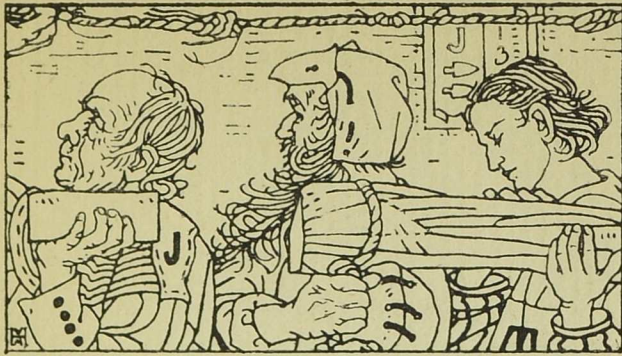
PUBLISHED BY J.M. DENT & CO.
AT ALDINE HOUSE IN GREAT
EASTERN STREET: LONDON.

To Dick.

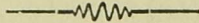


Here is the House that once was Jack's :
He did not care for giants, but sacks ;
Perhaps that's why, for all his sport
In Cats and Rats, his tale's so short.
But when you come to the end, why then,
You may read it through all over again !

G. R.



The House that Jack built.



THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

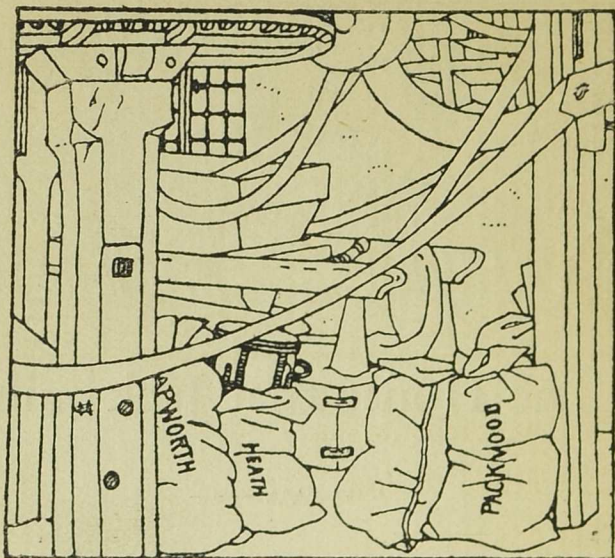
This is the rat

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,

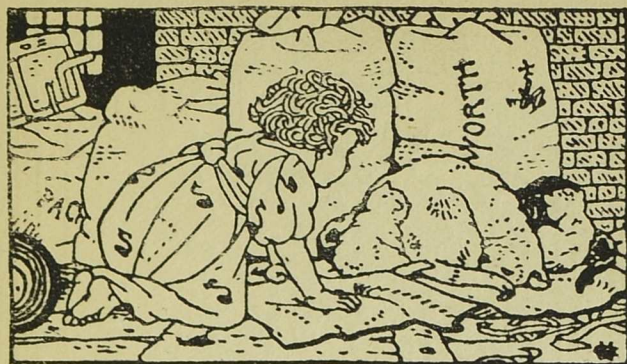
That killed the rat,



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.

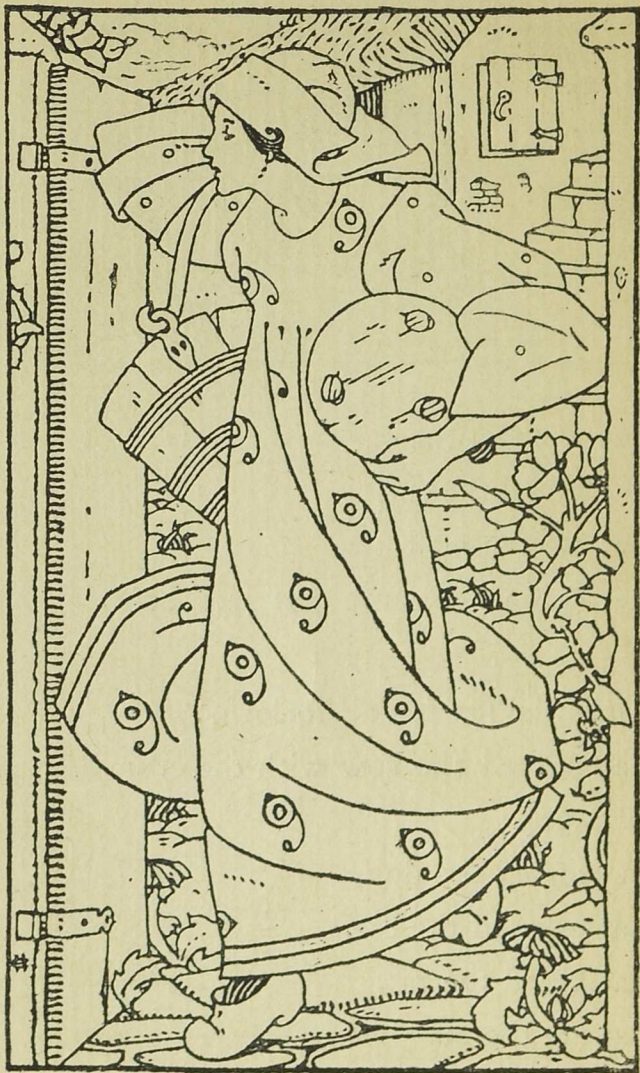
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,



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,

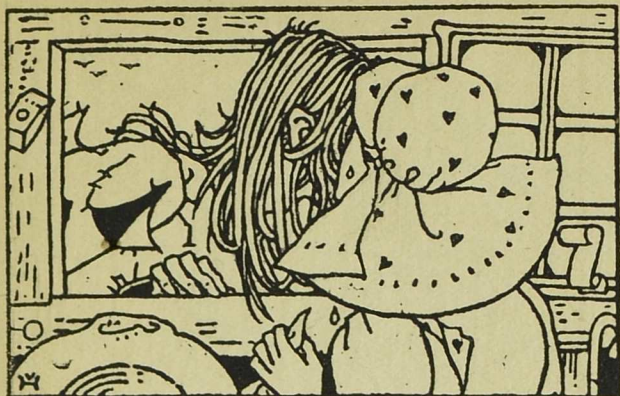
That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.





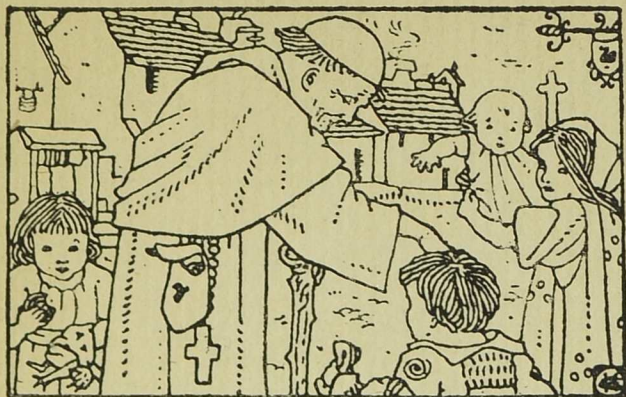


This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



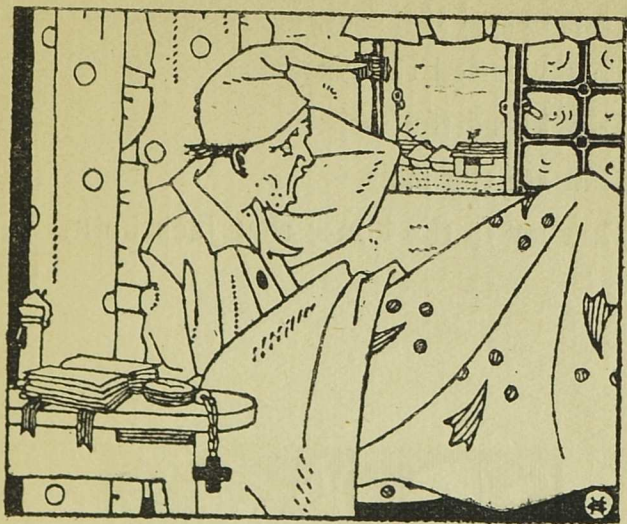
This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and
 torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.





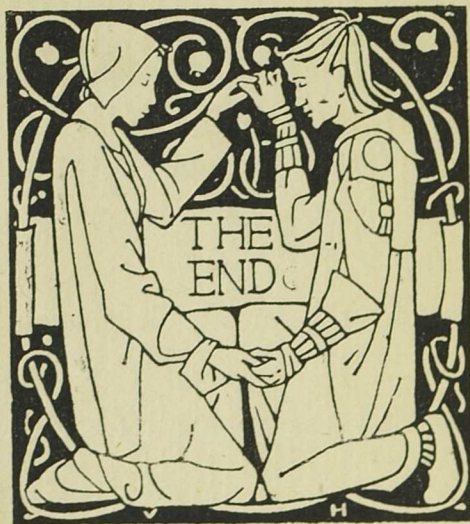
This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and
 shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and
 torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt
 That lay in the house that Jack built.





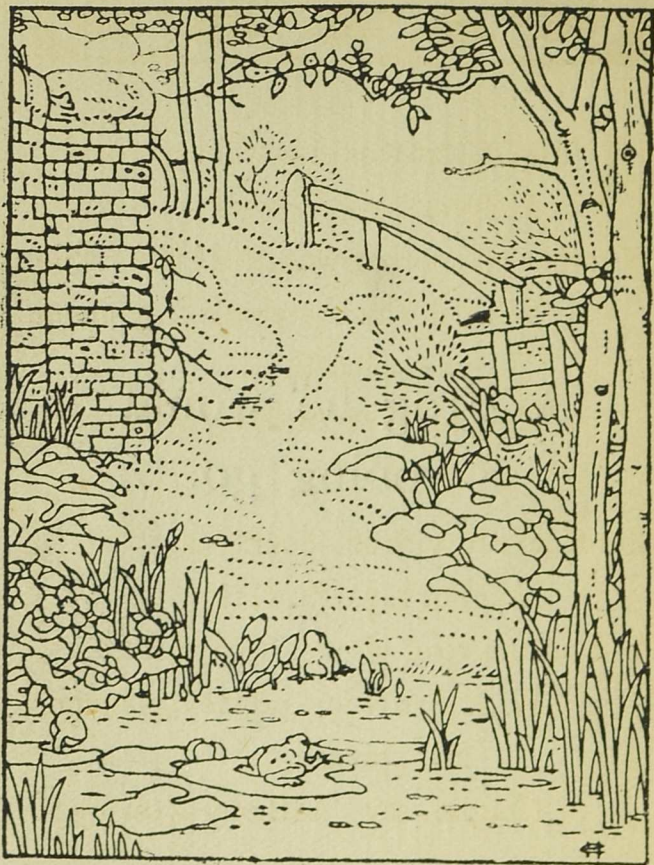
This is the farmer sowing his corn,
 That kept the cock that crowed in the
 morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and
 shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and
 torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled
 horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



A Frog he would
a-wooing go.

A FR°G HE W°ULDA W°OING G°WHE.



THER HIS M°THER W°ULD LET HIM °RN°.



A FROG he would a-woeing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

“Pray, Mr Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,

Kind Mrs Mousey for to see?"

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

When they came to the door of Mousey's
hall,

Heigho, says Rowley,

They gave a loud knock and they gave
a loud call.

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

"Pray, Mrs Mouse, are you within?"

Heigho, says Rowley,

"Oh, yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

“ Pray, Mrs Mouse, will you give us
some beer ?

Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.”

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !

“ Pray, Mr Frog, will you give us a song ?

Heigho, says Rowley,

But let it be something that's not very
long.”

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !

“ Indeed, Mrs Mouse,” replied the frog,

Heigho, says Rowley,

“ A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog.”

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !

“ Since you have caught cold, Mr Frog,”

Mousey said,

Heigho, says Rowley,

“ I’ll sing you a song that I have just
made.”

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !

But while they were all a merry-making,

Heigho, says Rowley,

A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !

The cat she seized the rat by the crown ;

Heigho, says Rowley,

The kittens they pulled the little mouse
down.



With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

This put Mr Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and he wished them
good-night.

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him
up.

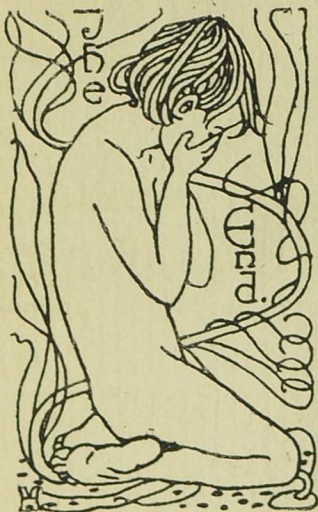
With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,

The Rat, the Mouse, and the little
Frog-gee!

With a rowley powley, gammon
and spinach,

Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



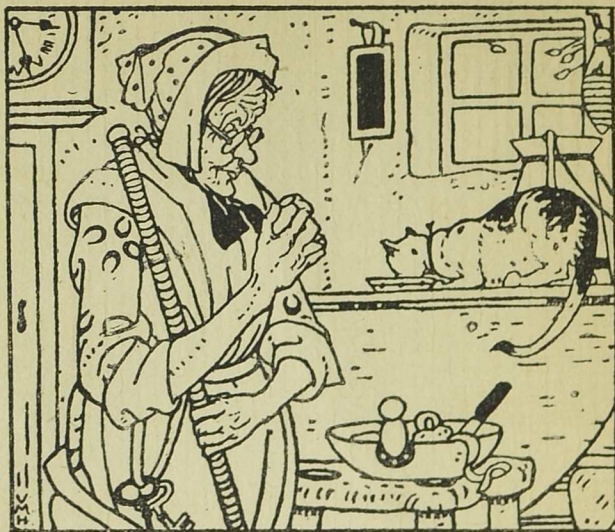


Fire ! Fire ! burn Stick !



AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. “What,” said she, “shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig.” As she was coming home she came to a stile: the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, “Dog! bite pig; piggy won’t go over the stile,



and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick! stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! fire! burn



stick ; stick won't beat dog ; dog won't bite pig ; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! water! quench fire ; fire won't burn stick ; stick won't beat dog ; dog won't bite pig ; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the water would not.

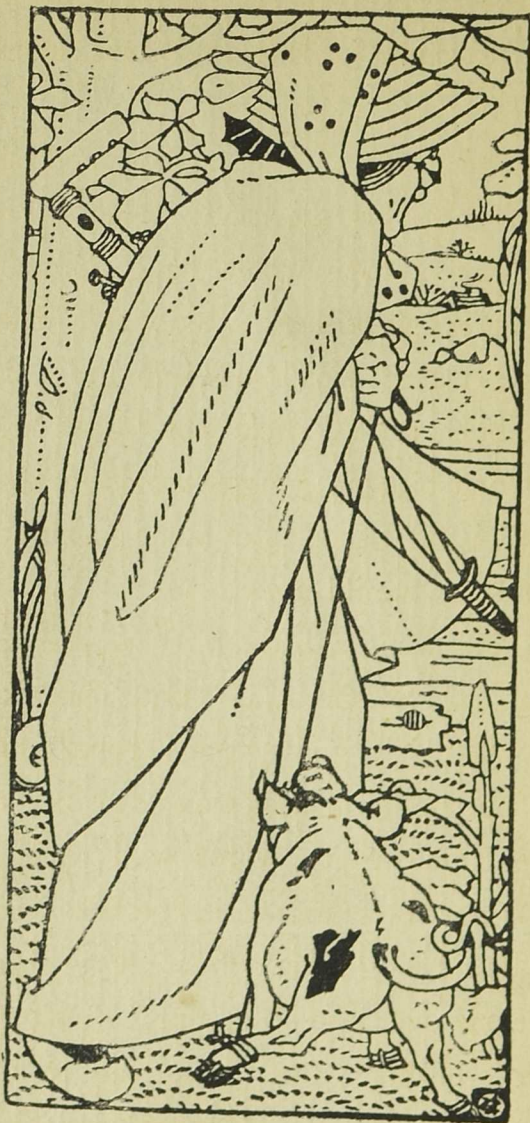
She went a little farther, and she met



an ox. So she said, "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said, Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get



home to-night." But the rope would not.

So she went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the rat would not.

So she went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow and fetch



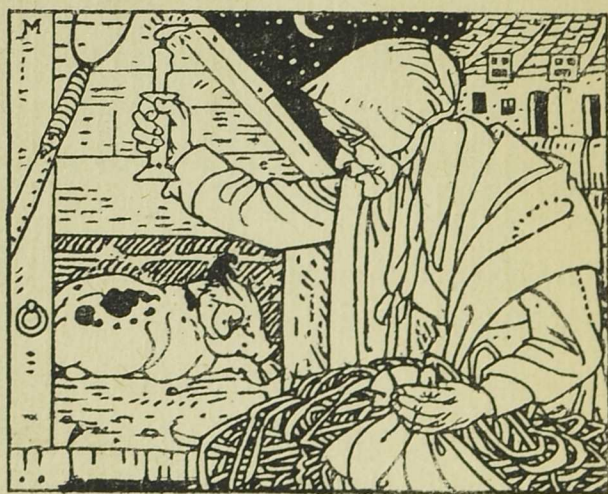
me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haystack and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack ; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay she gave the old woman the milk, and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

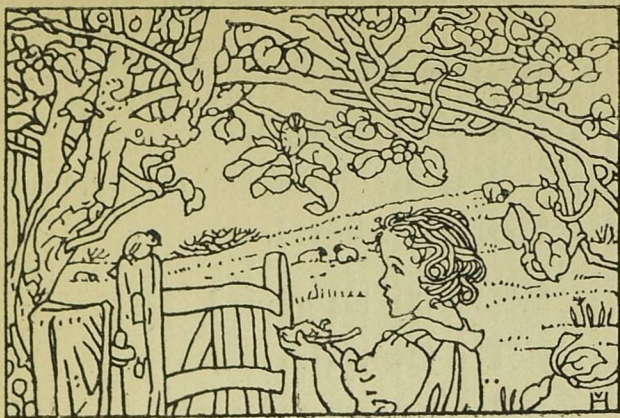
As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ;

the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.



ELEGY
ON THE DEATH
OF POOR COCK
ROBIN





WHO killed Cock Robin ?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

Who saw him die ?
I, said the Magpie,
With my little eye,
I saw him die

Who caught his blood ?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud ?

I, said the Eagle,

With my thread and needle,

I made his shroud.

Who'll dig his grave ?

The Owl, with aid,

But mattock and spade,

Will dig Robin's grave.

Who'll be the parson ?

I, said the Rook,

With my little book,

I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk ?

I, said the Lark,

If not in the dark,

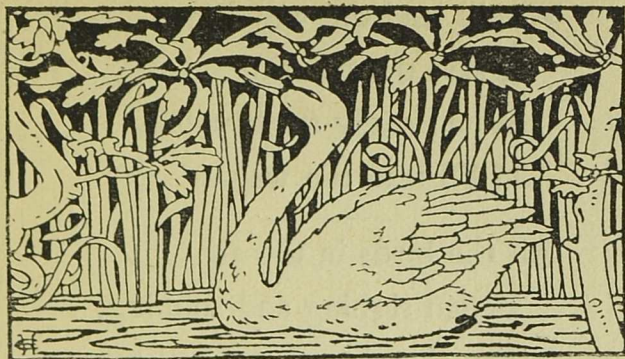
I'll be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

I, said the Kite,

If not in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.



Who'll be chief mourner ?

I, said the Swan,
I'm sorry he's gone,
I'll be chief mourner.

Who'll bear his pall ?

We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll toll the bell ?

I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull,
And I'll pull the bell.

Who'll lead the way ?

I, said the Martin,

When ready for starting,

And I'll lead the way.

All the birds in the air

Began sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

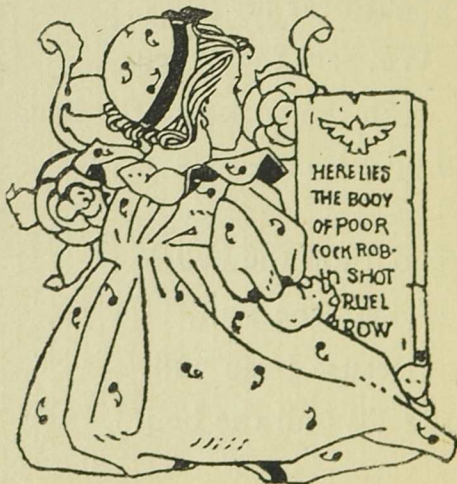
For poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,

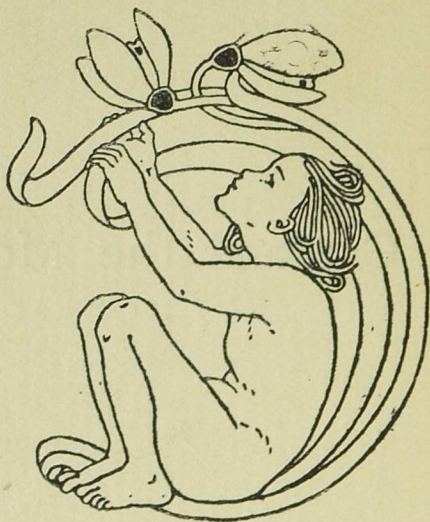
This notice apprises,

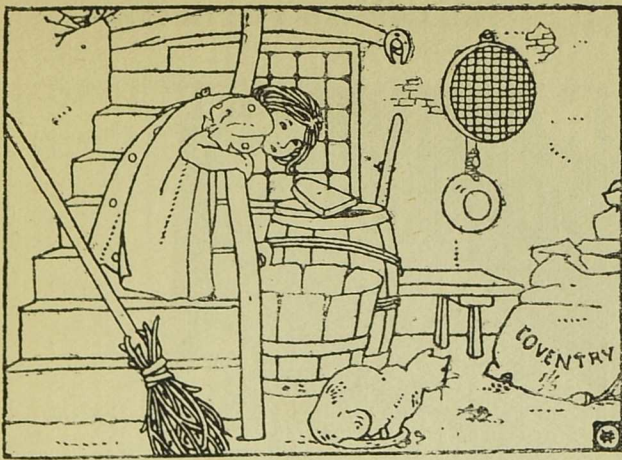
The Sparrow's for trial

At next bird assizes.



The Cat and the Mouse.





THE cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house :

The cat bit the mouse's tail off. "Pray, puss, give me my tail." "No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow, and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and thus
began,—

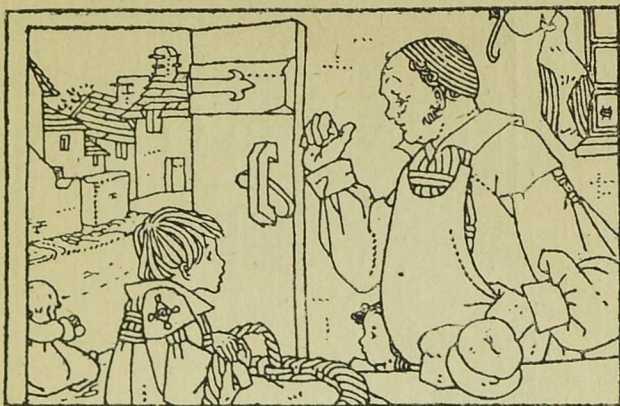
"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may
give cat milk, that cat may give me my



own tail again.” “No,” said the cow,
“I will give you no milk, till you go to
the farmer and get me some hay.”

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer, and thus
began,—

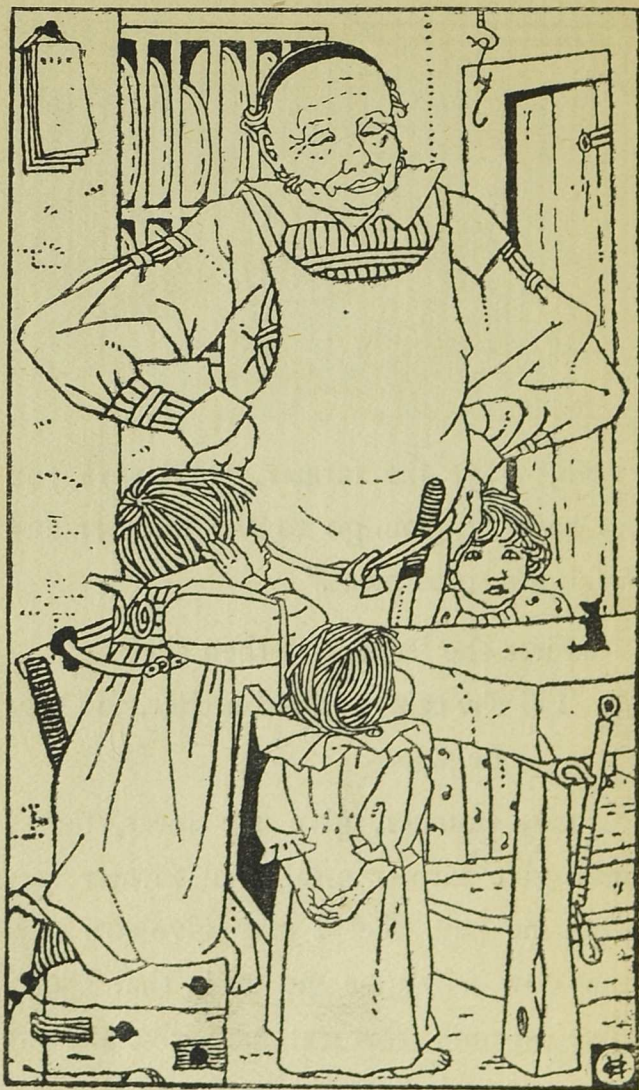
“Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I
may give cow hay, that cow may give
me milk, that I may give cat milk, that
cat may give me my own tail again.”



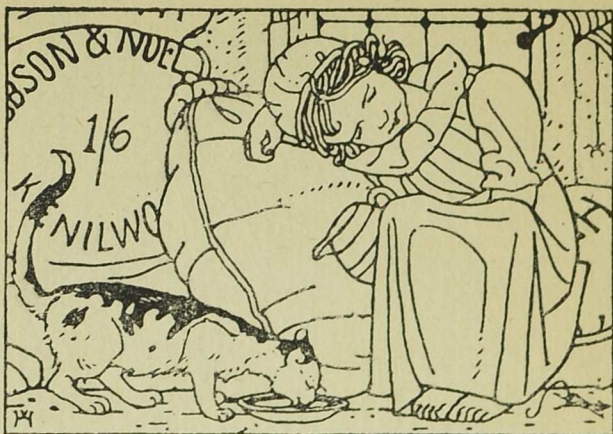
“No,” says the farmer, “I’ll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat.”

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher, and thus
began,—

“Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again.” “No,” says the butcher,







“ I’ll give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread.”

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus
began,—

“ Pray, baker, give me bread, that I
may give butcher bread, that butcher may
give me meat, that I may give farmer
meat, that farmer may give me hay, that
I may give cow hay, that cow may give
me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat
may give me my own tail again.”



“ Yes,” says the baker, “ I’ll give
you some bread,
But if you eat my meal, I’ll cut off
your head.”

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and
mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher
gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer
meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and
mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave
mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk,
and cat gave mouse her own tail again !



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