

MERRIMENT SERIES, AND SISTER LADY-BIRD'S SERIES.

13 sorts]

See List at back of Cover.

[6d. each.

R. H. Harrocks

from his gr. grandchild

March 3^d 1864



LONDON: DEAN AND SON, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THOROUGHLY REPAIRED AND BEAUTIFIED,



UST on the brow of Cowslip Hill, some years ago, there stood a mill,

The only son the miller had, was Jack, a careful, prudent lad,

Who by his industry and care, and laying by what he could spare,
Though small his savings, soon he found, his pence had risen to a pound.
And pence and pounds increased so fast, he found himself so rich at last,
He bought a little piece of Land, on which he meant a House to stand;
And then he purchased bricks, and lime, and other things, from time to time.

When all materials were collected, he then a pretty House erected.
This House now Jack did make his home, and looked for comforts yet
to come ;

He would not live a single life, and therefore took a careful wife.
His wife could churn, and bake, he knew ; to save the penny, he could
brew ;

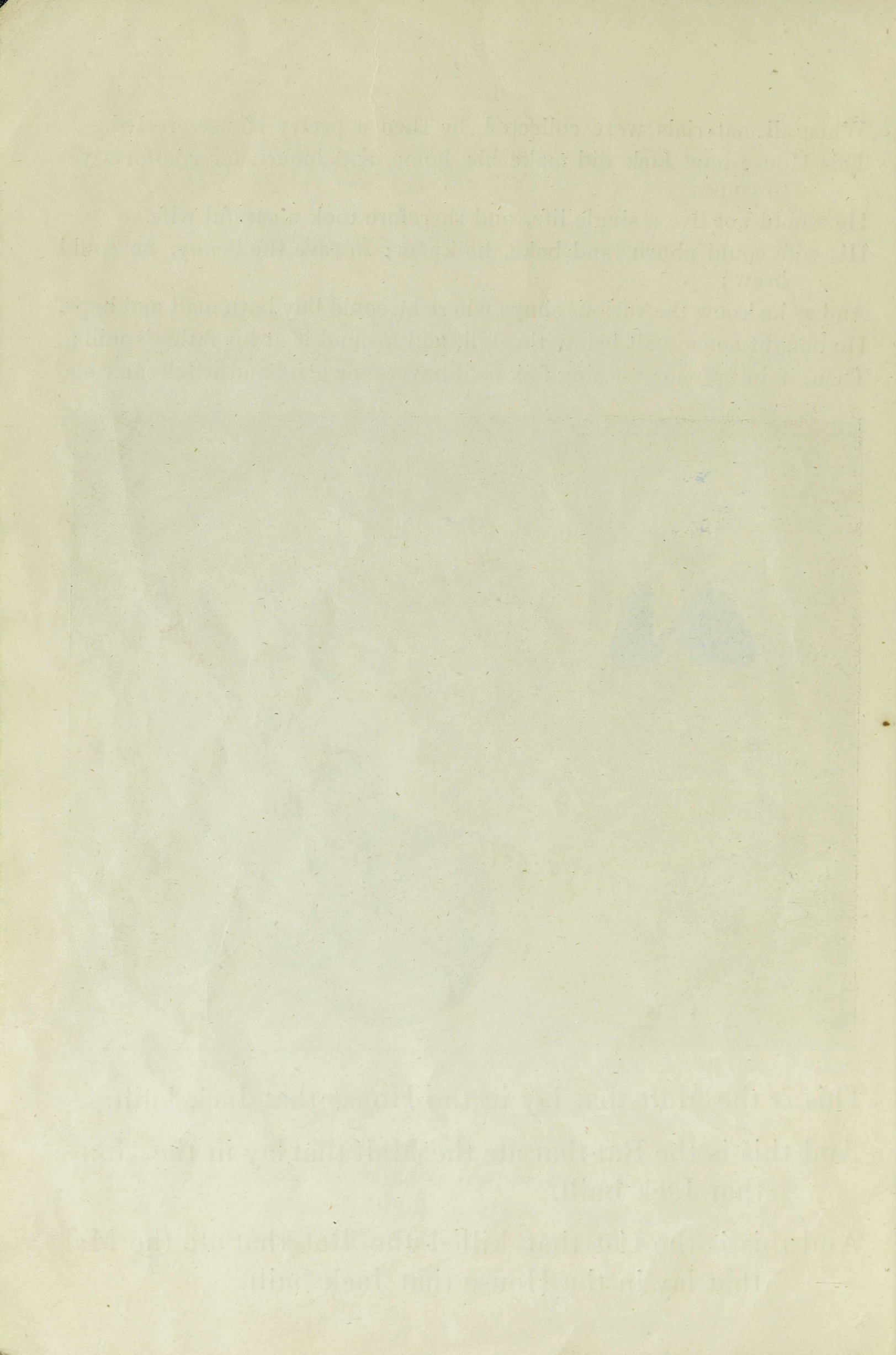
And as he knew the various shops where he could buy both malt and hops,
He bought some malt below the hill, and ground it at his father's mill ;
Then, if in brewing nothing fail, he'll have some good and wholesome ale.

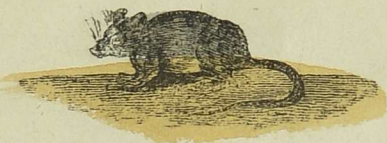


This is the Malt that lay in the House that Jack built.

And this is the Rat that ate the Malt that lay in the House
that Jack built.

And this is the Cat that killed the Rat that ate the Malt
that lay in the House that Jack built.



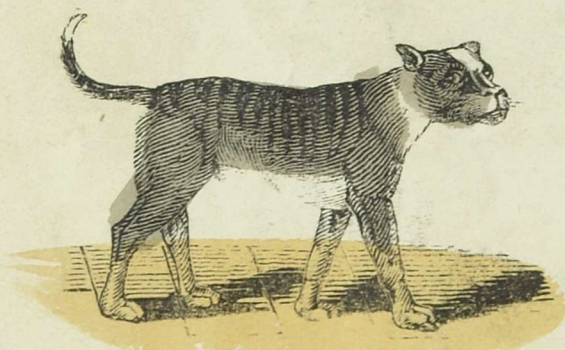


It seems, a cunning little Mouse,
By some means got into the House,
And got to nibbling at the sack ;
Just then, there entered at his back,
A brother thief,—it was a Rat,
Who seeing what the Mouse was at,
He drove the little Mouse away,
And ate the malt, himself, they say.
And forced the Mouse, against her will,
To wait 'till he had had his fill.

'Tis thus when rogues and cheats unite
To prey on other people's right,
Big rogues will take what share they choose :
None dare such unjust share refuse.
That rogues should wrangle, is no wonder,
While they survey and share the plunder ;
Some of unequal share complains,
While they divide their ill-got gains ;
They seem to be devoid of fear,
Until they're stopped in their career.



Now so it happened, that a Cat
Who never feared to face a rat,
Was prowling round in search of prey,
And hearing in the House a fray,
She softly crept into the House,
And caught and ate the little Mouse,
Then seized the Rat, and stopped his breath,
And that, we know, will cause his death.



A Dog put Puss in such a fright,
And fearing that the brute would bite,
She nimbly leaped up to a shelf,
And left the snarler to himself ;
And when he found he could not bite her,
Used all the means he could to fright her.

This is the Cow with Crumpled horn, that gives us milk both noon and morn ;

Though she's a tame and harmless creature, she's furnished well with horns, by nature,

By which she can protect her young from every foe, however strong.

The door was open of the shed : 'twas left so when the cows were fed,
By which the Cow now went astray, the Dog then barked to stop her way ;

The Cow this conduct could not bear, so tossed him up into the air ;

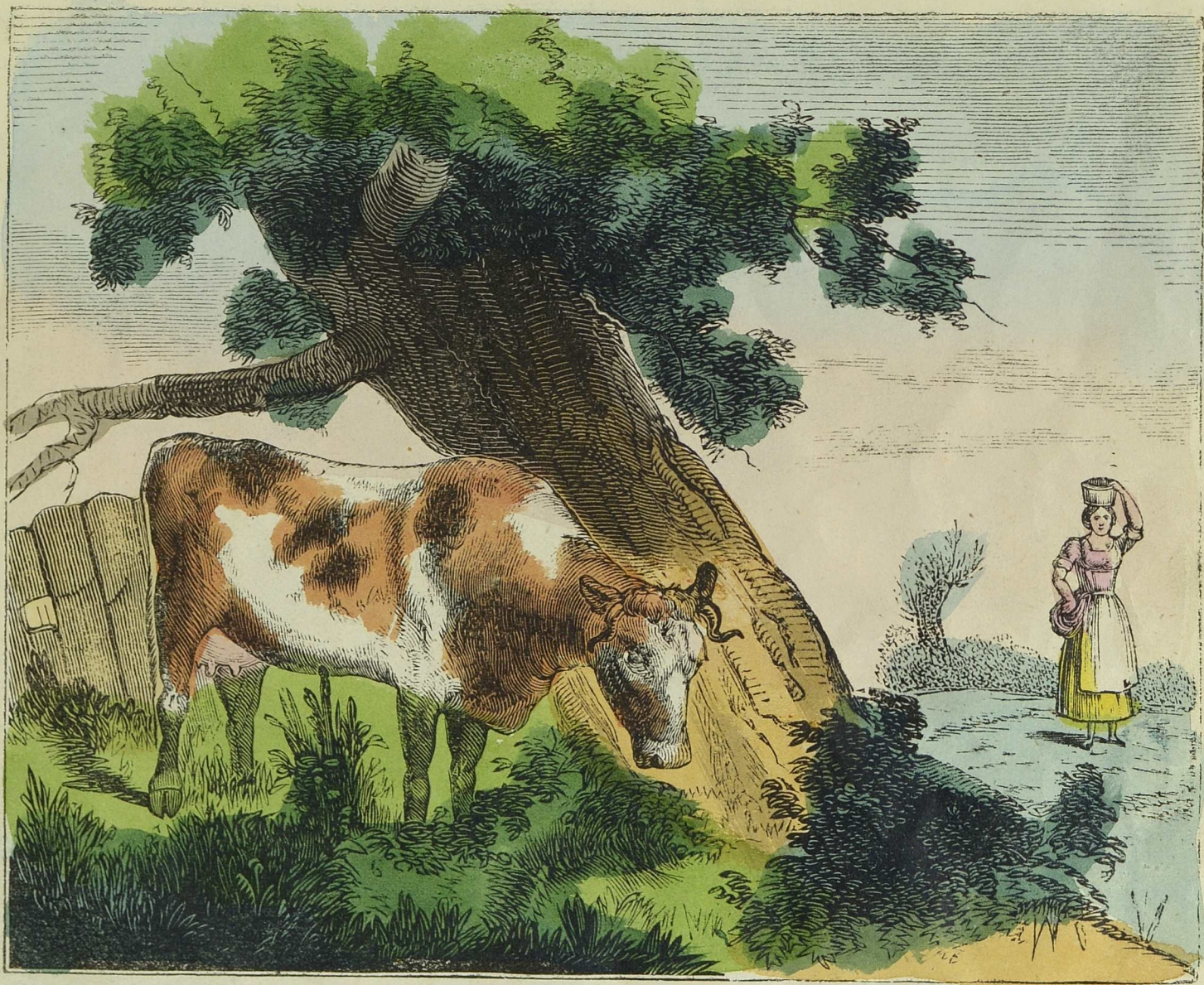
When down he came upon the stones, enough to break the creature's bones.

Now this should caution witty folks, on whom they play untimely jokes,
And careful who they aggravate, or they may meet the Snarler's fate.



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

This is the Maid that's all forlorn, her mother died when she was born ;
 And now, since all her friends are dead, she's left alone to earn her bread.
 She walked the country miles around, before employment could be found ;
 At last, up to a farm she strayed, and there was hired as dairy-maid ;
 So now, poor girl, she's forced to go to milk her cows through frost and
 snow,
 Then travel round the town, to see who may be wanting milk for tea.



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 worried the Cat that killed
 the Rat that ate the Malt that lay in the House
 that Jack built.

When Robin saw the milk-maid pass, at once resolved to court the lass;
 He therefore told the maid his mind, and she to have him seem'd inclined,
 This Robin they nick-named Tatter-and-torn, though always up at early
 morn;

He always dressed more neat than they, and kept his work from day to
 day;

He plough'd the fields, and sow'd the corn, and loved the Maid that was
 forlorn.

As now they know each other's mind, and both to wedlock were inclined,
 So every day their love increased,—all that was wanting was the Priest;



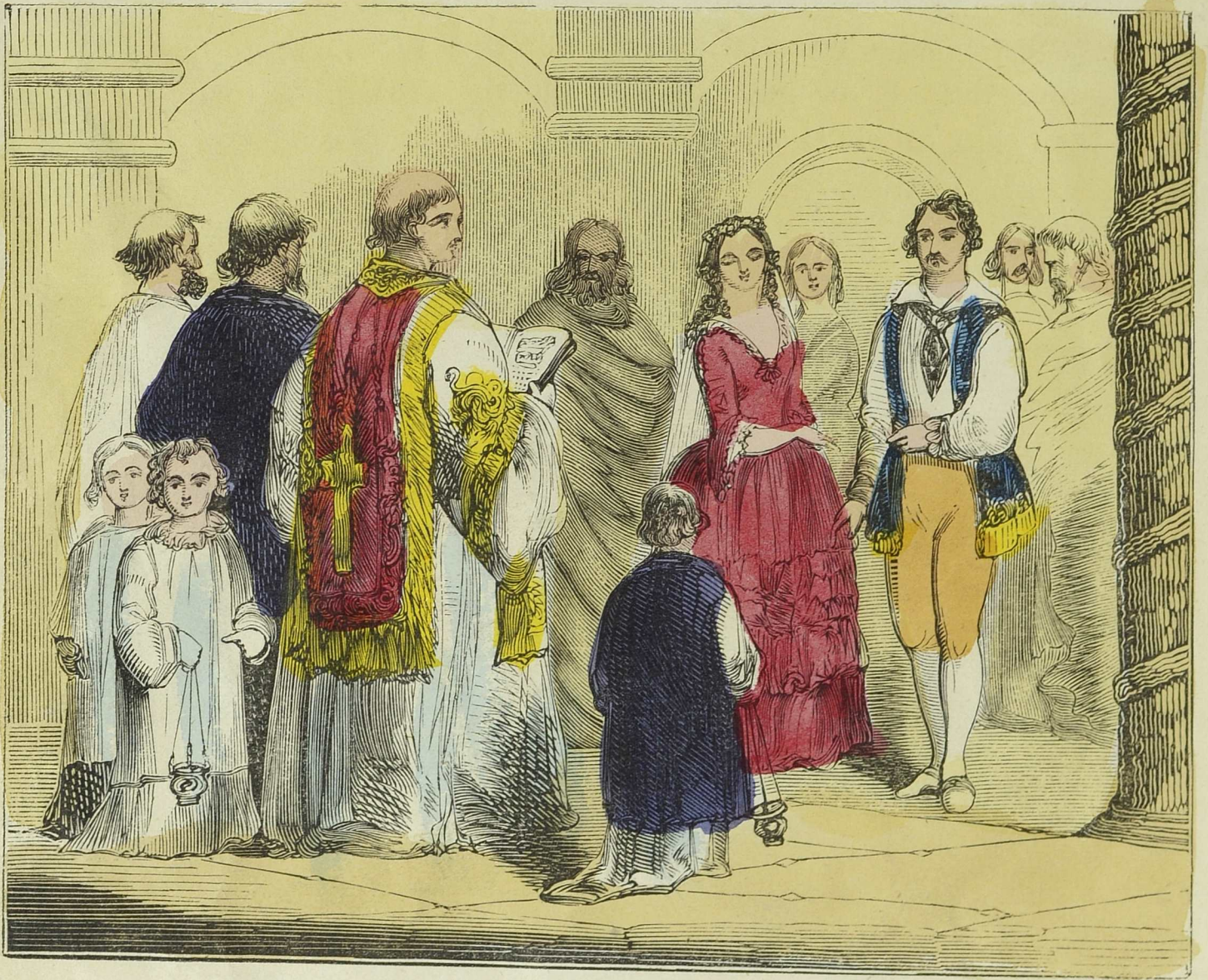
This is the Man all tattered and torn that courted the
 Maid that was forlorn that milked the Cow with
 the Crumpled horn that tossed the Dog that
 worried the Cat that killed the Rat that ate the
 Malt that lay in the House that Jack built.

They both set off that morn to wed, the Priest had not yet left his bed ;
But when their business he had learned, and which their future lives
concerned,

He wished they'd take some more delay, think well, and come another
day. With this advice they went away.

Next morn the Cock as loudly crows, but could not break the Priest's
repose,

But a loud knocking at the door, continued half an hour, or more.



This is the Priest all shaven and shorn that married the
Man all tattered and torn that courted the Maid
that was 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
laid in the House that Jack built.

The Priest jumped out of bed, to know the cause that had disturbed him so ;

He found it was the Man and Maid, again they sought his priestly aid.

He had not very long to look before he found the needful book.

The ceremony then was said, the ring put on, the money paid : and thus he married Man and Maid.

Then here is the Cock that crowed in the morn, and treats all idle folks with scorn ;

He calls the sluggard from his bed, to rise and earn his daily bread ;

He tells us all 'tis time to rise, when little larks ascend the skies.

Our life can never be enjoyed, unless our time is well employed.

To all some duty is assigned, which chiefly calls upon mankind

For nature calls on every man, to act his part as best he can.

Go soon to bed, and EARLY rise, gives health and wealth, so SAY THE WISE.



This is the Cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the Priest all shaven and shorn that married the Man all tattered and torn that courted 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 laid in the House that Jack built.

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