

UNLUCKY JOHN

AND

HIS LUMP OF SILVER.



BELPER ;

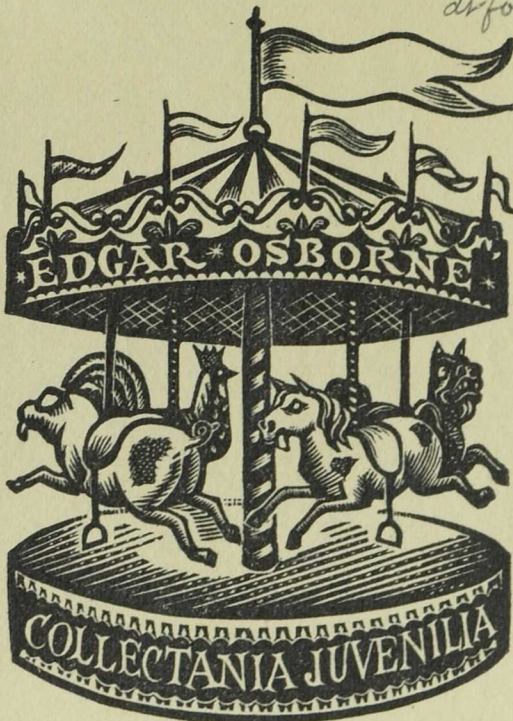
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MABEL OSBORNE

UNLUCKY JOHN

AND

HIS LUMP OF SILVER.

—○○○○○○—

Embellished with Numerous Engravings.



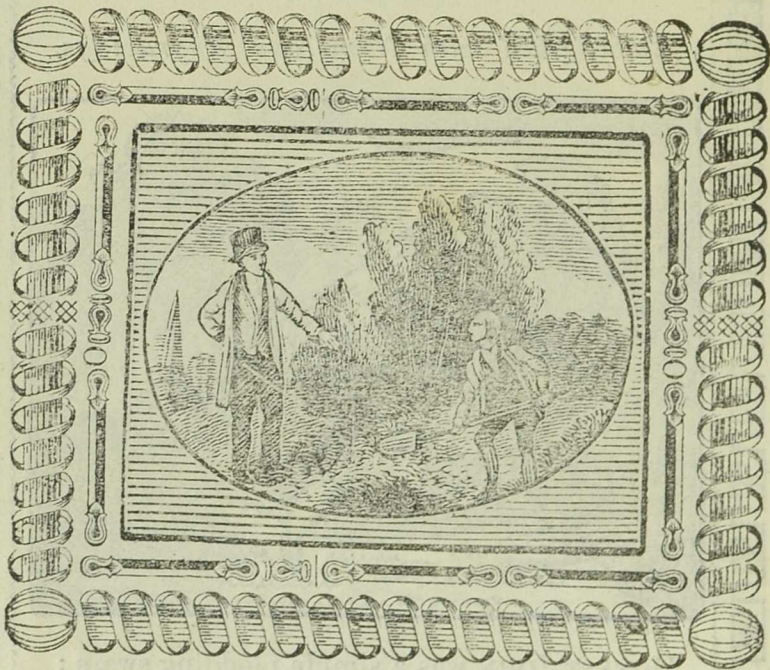
HONEST JOHN was a simple plodding swain ;
In all the country round,
For ploughing the field, or sowing the grain,
His like could not be found.

—
BELPER :

Printed and Published by J. Rosewarne.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

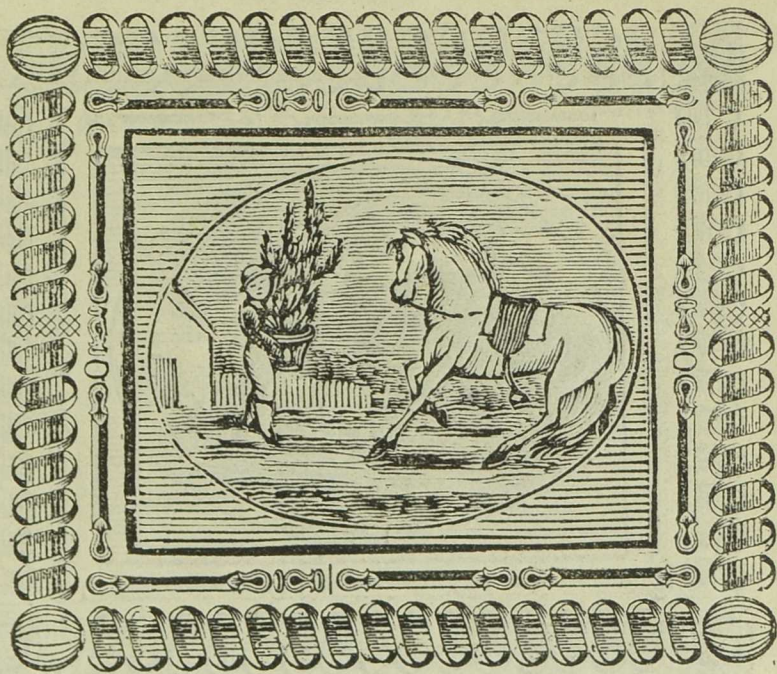
Honest John was a simple plodding swain;
In all the country round.
For ploughing the field, or sowing the grain
His like could not be found.
Seven long years a servant true,
Had John to his master been:
Nor e'er received his wages due,
Nor gold nor silver seen.



John's master said to him one night,
"Seven years you've worked full hard
Therefore, this lump of silver bright,
Becomes your just reward."
John smiled and gave a simple grin,
That spoke nor thanks nor pride;
As fast the glittering lump within
His handkerchief he tied.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

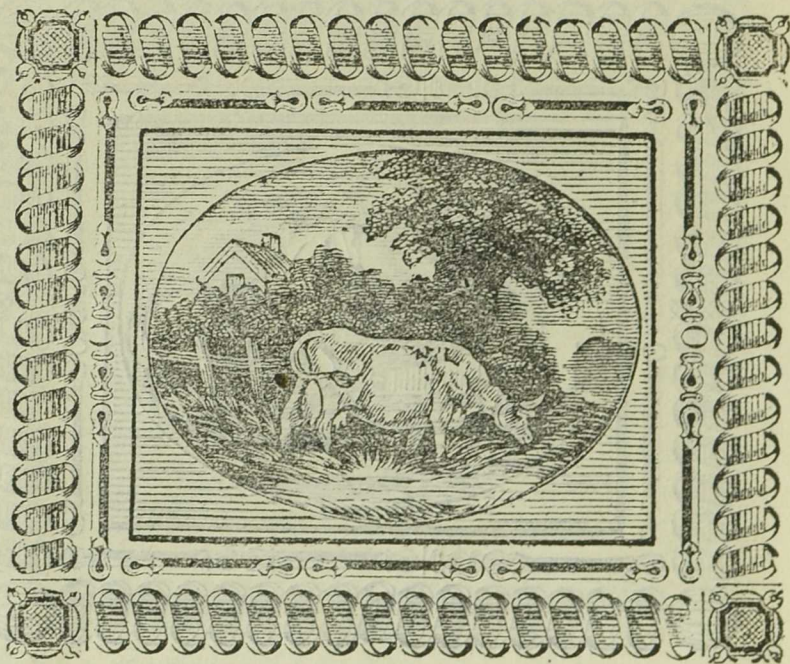
Oh ! now thought John will I go seek
My kind old granny's door ;
We'll sing and talk from week to week,
And I'll to work no more.
At early dawn John left his bed,
And homewards bent his way ;
Till soon he met a man that led
A horse of spirit gay.



The horse was going to be sold at a fair ;
Said John to himself, said he,
"This silver of mine is heavy to bear,
A horse would carry me."
Hot was the day, and John was fain
A morning's ride to have :
With that, the prancing nag to gain,
His lump of silver gave.

UNLUCKY JOHN

The bargain was bad—the horse ran away,
Till John's poor bones were sore;
In vain he strove the nag to stay,
He kicked and capered more.
Soon in the mud poor John was laid,
At which in dudgeon low,
His horse he changed, and took instead,
A peasant's aged cow.



John chuckled at the change he'd got;
Thought he 'twill Granny please,
To sit within her homely cot,
And eat the curds and cheese.
With riding I am thirsty grown;
A draught of milk, how sweet!
John smacked his lips, and kneeling down,
Resolved upon a treat.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

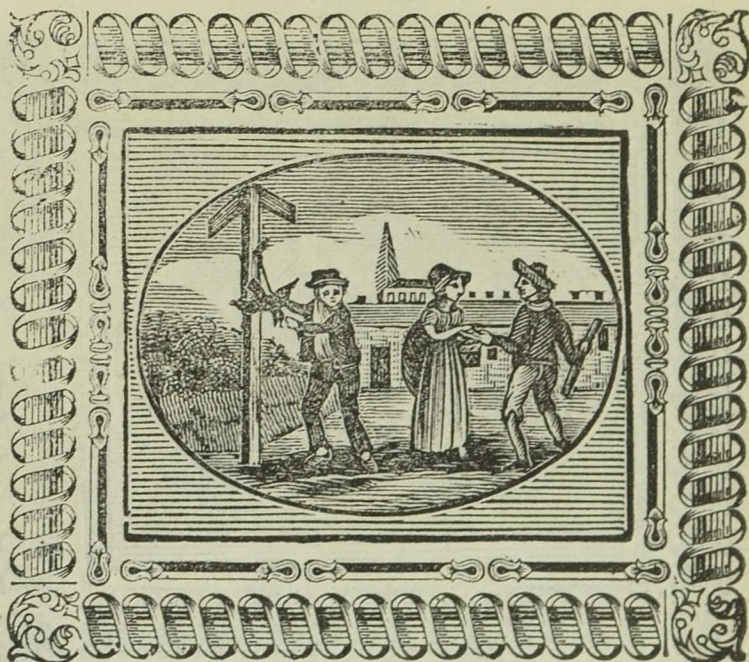
But when to slake his thirst he tried,
Ah, what was John's despair!
In vain the udder's force be plied,
No milk, alas! was there.
John felt with tears, 'twas vain to strive.—
“This poor old cow,” sobbed he,
“To eat up all, and nothing give,
. Will never do for me.”



A butcher with a pig came past,
John took it for his cow:
“A better bargain than the last.”
Said John “THIS is I know.”
“With such a change right pleased I am,
My pig I'll fat with care:
O! what a lovely thumping ham,
Will be our Christmas fare.”

UNLUCKY JOHN.

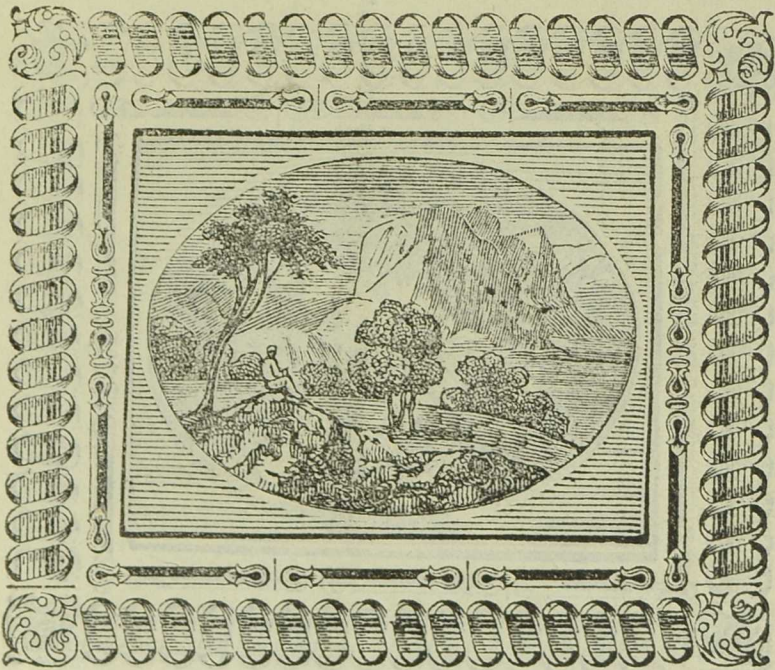
“For granny has a noble sty,
And this will her delight.”
John ’gan to flog, the pig to cry,
And presently to bite.
Said John, “My stick is knotty stuff,
But blows have no avail;
This pig has got a skin more tough
Than granny’s kitchen pail.”



A fellow with a goose John met,
“You’re welcome!” John exclaimed;
“Take pig for goose, for never yet
Was man thus mauled and lamed.
Besides a goose I can convey
In safety ’neath my arm,
And trudge, at leisure, on my way,
Nor further fear of harm.”

UNLUCKY JOHN.

'Twas soon agreed! John coaxed the bird
Thought he at granny's gate,
What flocks of goslings will be heard!
What hissing ganders wait!
At Michaelmas, 'tis all the rage,
Roast goose to have so nice;
And granny onions grows, and sage.
To stuff one in a trice.



With thoughts like these John onward sped,
His goose was all his pride;
And oft he gently stroked her head,
And oft her plumage eyed.
But ah! as near a river deep,
To rest himself, he lay;
Unluckily, John fell asleep,
And goosey swam away.

UNLUCKY JOHN.

The unconscious bumpkin's dreams were good
As though on bed of down,
Nor teemed with loss, by land or flood,
Nor cares that load a crown,
John woke to weep, but Granny's voice
Soon stanch'd his streaming eyes,
And bade his drooping heart rejoice,
He'd still himself to prize.



She praised his wisdom, taught him too,
Oft wisdom's wise in vain;
John smiled, and in a day or two,
Returned to work again.

MORAL.

Good stock of money at command
May oft a joy impart;
Yet, squandered by a thoughtless hand,
As oft afflicts the heart.

