

THE
LIFE OF
JACK SPRAT.



DEVONPORT;
PRINTED BY AND FOR
Samuel and John Keys.

JACK SPRAT.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And, so between them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.
Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat ;
The bone they picked clean,
Then gave it to the cat.



When Jack Sprat was young
He dressed very smart ;
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart.
In his fine leather doublet
And old greasy hat,
O ! what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat.



Joan Cole had a hole
In her petticoat :
Jack Sprat, to get a patch,
Gave her a groat.
The groat bought a patch,
Which stopped Joan's hole :
"I thank you, Jack Sprat,"
Said little Joan Cole.

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,—
Joan Cole was the bride ;
Jack said, from the church
His Joan home should ride ;
But no coach could take her,
The lane was so narrow :
Said Jack, “ Then I’ll take her
Home in a wheel-barrow.”

Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch,—
The barrow turn’d over,
And in she did pitch.
Said Jack—“ She’ll be drown’d !”
But Joan did reply,

“ I don’t think I shall,
For I’ve no wish to die.”

Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat,
That had but one ear,
Said Joan, “ I’m come home,
Puss,
Pray how do you do ?”
The cat wagg’d her tail,
And said nothing but “ Mew.”

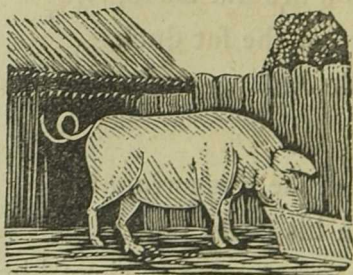
Jack Sprat took his gun,
And went to the brook,—
He shot at the drake,
But he killed the duck ;

He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roast the fat duck
While Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail;
Jack Sprat came to shoot him,
But happen'd to fail:
He let off his gun,
But missing his mark,
The drake flew away,
Crying, "Quack, quack, quack!"

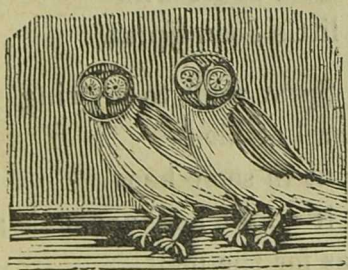
Jack Sprat, to live pretty,
Now bought him a pig,—

It was not very little,
Nor yet very big ;



It was not very lean,
It was not very fat ;
It will serve for a grunter
For little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market,
To buy her some fowls,—
She bought a jackdaw,
And a couple of owls ;



The owls they were white,
The jackdaw was black :
“ They will never agree,”
Said little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow,
His dear Joan to please,
For Joan she could make
Both butter and cheese,
Or pancakes, or pudding,
Without any fat ;

A notable house-wife
Was little Joan Sprat.

Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale—
She put in some hops
That it might not turn stale ;
But as for the malt,
She forgot to put that :
“ This is brave sober liquor,”
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market,
And bought him a mare,—
She was lame of three legs,
And blind I declare ;
Her ribs they were bare,
For the mare had no fat ;
“ She looks like a racer,”
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad,
Puss took care of the house,
She caught a large rat,
And a very small mouse ;
She caught a small mouse,
And a very large rat,—
“ You’re an excellent hunter,”
Said little Jack Sprat.

Now I have told you the story
Of little Jack Sprat,
Of little Joan Cole,
And the poor one-ear’d cat.
Now Jack has got rich,
And has plenty of pelf ;
If you’d know any more,
You must tell it yourself.

When Jack Sprat was
young,
He was not very big ;
But now he is old,
And as fat as a pig.



If Jack Sprat were lean,
He would not be fat,—
I suppose, little reader,
You'll not dispute that.