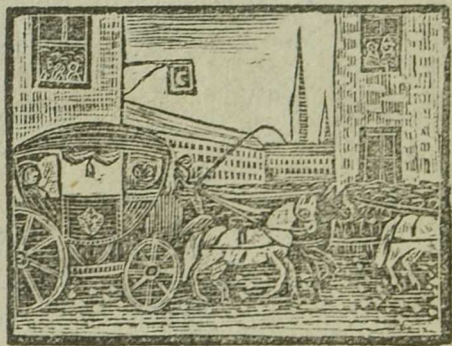




Learning to go alone.

Come, my darling, come away,
Take a pretty walk to-day ;
Run along and never fear,
I'll take care of baby dear :
Up and down with little feet,
That's the way to walk, my sweet.

FRONTISPIECE.



This book set forth at large for the
benefit of those
Who from being quite destitute, friend-
less and poor,
Would have a fine House, and a Coach
at the door.

THE
HOUSE
THAT
JACK BUILT;

To which is added,

Some Account of JACK JINGLE,

Showing by what Means he acquired
his Learning and in consequence
thereof got rich, and built himself
HOUSE.

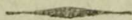
ADORNED WITH CUTS.

YORK:

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

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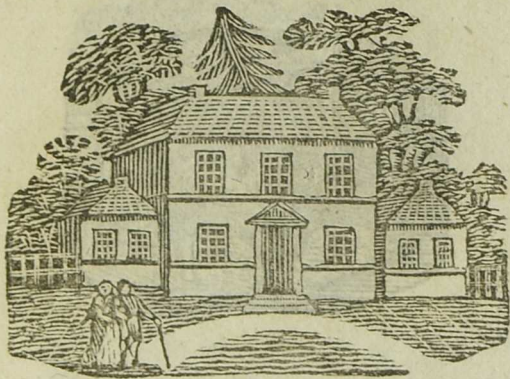
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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0



This is the HOUSE that Jack
built.



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



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



This is the CAT that killed
the Rat, that eat the Malt,
that lay in the House that
Jack built



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



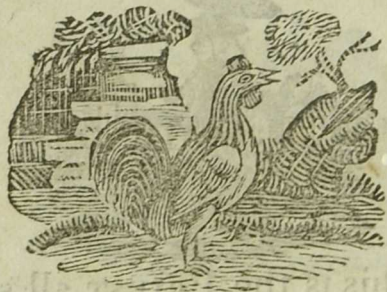
This is the MAIDEN all for-
 lorn, that milked the Cow
 with the crumpled Horn, that
 tossed the Dog, that worried
 the Cat, that killed the Rat,
 that eat the Malt that lay in
 the House that Jack built.



This is the MAN all tattered
 and torn, that kissed the
 Maiden all forlorn, that milk-
 ed the Cow with the crump-
 led Horn, that tossed the Dog,
 that worried the Cat, that
 killed the Rat, that eat 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, to 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 eat 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 eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

THE
HISTORY
OF

JACK JINGLE.

Showing by what means he acquired his Learning, and in consequence thereof got Money enough to build him a fine House, which is to this day called by the Country People. "The House that Jack built."

WHO don't know old Gaffer Jingle? Or, what is yet more, who has not heard of his son Jack? Well, I never saw such a good boy as he was; all the neighbours say it gave them pleasure to see him he was so industrious at work, so fond of his book, so dutiful to his parents, and so desirous of

making every body happy, that there could not be a better example for any children either rich or poor. His father used to work for Sir Luke Lovel; he was very poor, and would have been still poorer, had it not been for Sir, Luke, and a very good gentleman he was too; so benevolent and charitable to the poor, that the whole village rung with his praise. This was being a gentleman: had but your gentry, at this time, more compassion for the poor, we should not see so many shocking spectacles as we do in all parts of this great kingdom: but to return to my story.

Well, as I told you just now, Gaffer Jingle worked with Sir Luke Lovel; very good, he did so. See, there again now you have put me out. However,

as I was telling you Gaffer Jingle worked for Sir Luke, and as the Knight was continually helping him, so Jack's father used to make such little acknowledgments as came within the limits of his income. It was on this occasion Jack was called by his father to carry a fine fish Gaffer Jingle had caught as a testimony of his gratitude to Sir Luke: for you must not think because Jack's father was poor, that he could not catch fish, at least it is the way for you, as the proverb says. To catch no fish if you think so. Well, as I told you before, Jack was to carry this fish to Sir Luke; accordingly he received his order and having put his fish in a basket, set out for Sir Luke's. When he came to the house, he went in and delivered his

present, the servant who received it gave him three-halfpence, and what was still better a nice plumb cake, (for you must know he loved Jack, because he was a good boy, and learned his book.) Jack returned thanks to the servant, and having secured his cake, went out of the court-yard, and was just got to the gate, when who should be there but Sir Luke himself, taking a walk under a row of trees that grew on one side of his house, much unlike our great folks now a days, who lie in bed till one third of the day is over. It used to be a saying of Sir Luke's, (and a very good one too, let me tell you) that "We should rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb." Well, says Sir Luke, how is your father? Jack replied, Very well

and thank your worship, (for you must observe he was a Justice of Peace;) he then repeated his message to Sir Luke, who desired he would thank his father, and giving him a shilling went to his breakfast.

Jack, who had never seen so much money before in his life was quiet overjoyed at the sight, and ran away crying, as loud as he could, A shilling! a penny! a halfpenny! a plumb cake! huzza! And in this manner he continued to run and repeat the words before-mentioned, till he came to his father's cottage. The neighbours came out to see what was the matter, and the children after them. Jack sat himself down on the settle at the door, and calling all the children about him

divided the cake among them, for he would part with any thing.

The next morning, as soon as Jack got up, he began to think what he should do with his money; he thought of a hundred things, but none seemed so practicable as the following. If (says he) I buy a hen she to be sure will lay eggs, and those eggs, with care, will bring forth chickens; well then. I shall carry those chickens to market and with my money buy something else. So said so done; away runs Jack to consult his father, who not only agreed to his proposal, but went with him to Mr. Giles's to purchase a hen that very day, and a pretty one she was I will assure you; and what is better, she was as good as she

was handsome, for she very soon brought little Jack no less than eight chickens, and I think as pretty a little brood as any boy or girl ever saw, and see here they are.



And it is with pleasure I can acquaint my readers, he so well improved his little stock, that in a short time he sold his fowls and bought a lamb, which he called Liddy, and a pretty creature she was, and grew so fond of Jack, that it was as common to see them together, as to see Gaffer Gubbins go to water his horse. Now you

must know, one day Jack was sent to Sir Luke's on an errand, I suppose I need not tell you, that Liddy the lamb went with him.

The Knight asked how he came by it, and he told him, which made Sir Luke laugh heartily, as he little thought to have seen his shilling so



well improved, and, therefore, gave him a Jack Daw, which he taught to ride upon Liddy's back, as you see in the page before.

From this time Sir Luke grew so very fond of Jack, that he was now almost every day at the Knight's, who seeing him a good boy, sent him to school, where he behaved so well that he gained both the love of his master and school-fellows. Sir Luke also gave him a good estate, on which he built a House, which to this day is called "The House that Jack built."

F I N I S.



A pretty Thing.

Who am I that shines so bright,
With my pretty yellow light.
Peeping through your curtains grey?
Tell me, little, girl, I pray.