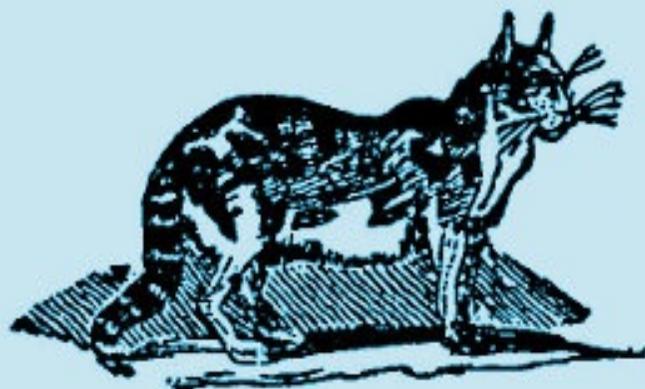


THE LIFE
OF
JACK SPRAT.

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BANBURY
PRINTED BY J. G. RUSHER.

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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.

For Jack eat all the lean,
|| And Joan eat all the fat;
The bone they picked clean,
|| Then gave it to the cat.



When neat Jack Sprat was young,
||He dressed very smart;
He courted Joany Cole,
||And he did gain her heart.

In fine leather doublet,
||And an old greasy hat,
Oh! what a smart fellow
||Was our hero Jack Sprat.



Joan Cole had a hole
||In her petticoat;
Jack Sprat, for a patch,
||Did give her a goat:

The goat bought a patch,
||Which stopped Joan's hole:
"I thank you, Jack Sprat!"
||Says little Joan Cole.



Jack Sprat 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 shake her
||Home in a wheel-barrow."



Jack Sprat was wheeling
|| His wife by the ditch,
Barrow turn'd over,
|| And in she did pitch.

Says Jack--"She'll be drown'd!"
|| But Joan did reply,
"I don't think I shall,--"
|| The ditch is quite dry!"



Jack brought home his Joan,
||She sat in a chair;
When in came his cat,
||That had but one ear.

Says Joan, "I'm come home,
||Puss, how do you do?"
The cat wagg'd her tail,
||Said nothing but "Mew."



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

He brought it to Joan,
|| She a fire did make,
To roast the fat duck;
|| He went for the drake.



The drake was swimming,
||With his curly tail;
Jack tried 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 to live pretty,
||Now bought him a pig;
Not very little,
||Nor yet very big;



Was not very lean,
|| Was not very fat;
Very fine grunter!
|| For little Jack Sprat.

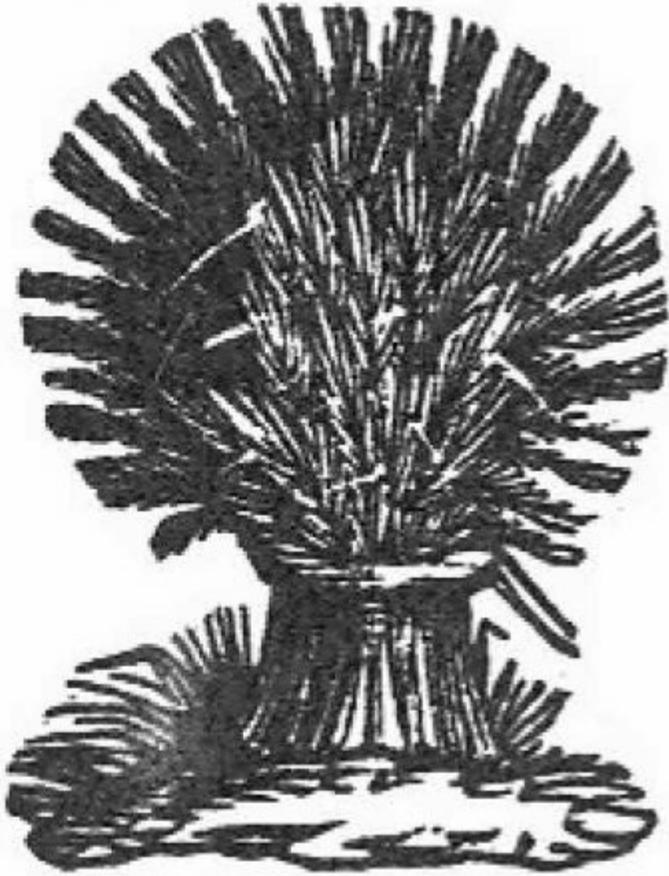
Joan went to market
|| As Jack did propose;
She bought a large frog,
|| And a couple of crows:

The frog was not white,
|| The crows were both black;
"They'll never agree,"
|| Says little Joan Sprat.



Jack Sprat bought a cow,
|| His dear Joan to please,
For Joan she could make
|| Both butter and cheese;

Pancakes, or pudding,
|| Without any fat;
A careful house-wife
|| Was little Joan Sprat.



Joan Sprat was brewing
||A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops,
||It might not turn stale;

But as for the malt,
||Forgot to put that,
"Brave sober liquor!"
||Said little Jack Sprat.



Jack went to market,
|| And bought him a mare,
Was lame of three legs,
|| And blind, I declare;

Her ribs they were bare,
|| The mare had no fat,
"She's a fine racer!"
|| Says little Jack Sprat.



Jack and Joan went abroad,
||Puss took care of the house;
When she caught a large rat,
||And a very small mouse:

So she caught a small mouse,
||And a very large rat;
"An excellent hunter!"
||Says little Jack Sprat.



I've told you the story
||Of the famous Jack Sprat,
And of little Joan Cole,
||And the poor one-ear'd cat:

Now Jack has got riches,
||He has plenty of pelf,
If you'd have any more,
||You must tell it yourself.



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

If Jack Sprat were lean,
||He would not be fat--
I think my reader
||Will not dispute that.

[The end of *The Life of Jack Sprat* by Anonymous]