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Carlotte Committee

THE

AMUSING HISTORY

OF LITTLE

JACK HORNER.

SECOND EDITION.



Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb
And pull'd out a plumb,
And said, "what a good boy am I."

LONDON:

Printed and Published by D. CARVALHO, 74, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square.



Jack loved Christmas pies,
But he loved to be wise,
And wisdom comes not of itself;
"So pray mother," cried Jack,
"Till from school I come back,
"Put the rest of the pie on the shelf."

Not far from the door,
All ragged and poor,
A woman he met by the way;
Who cried "I have had,
"My good little lad,
"Not a mouthful of victuals to day."

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Then said little Jack,
"I dare not go back,
But our cottage your wants will supply,
If my mother you see
Pray ask her from me,
For the rest of my nice Christmas pie."

The beggar thus sent
Most willingly went,
In hopes that the dame would not scorn her;
To the door having run,
Cried "I'm sent by your son
For the rest of the pie, Mrs. Horner."



The good-natured dame,
Immediately came,
And opened the cottage door quickly,
Then called to her daughter
For hartshorn and water,
For poor soul she looked very sickly.

Quite pleased and content
The poor beggar went,
And wished her benevolent son
A blessing might prove
Of duty and love,
To reward the kind act she had done



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The dame in a trice
Then took currants and spice,
So pleased with the conduct of Jack,
Determined to try
And make him a pie,
And bake it before he came back.

"Come Patty," she said,
"My good little maid,
"Come let me have all things in order;
"Move quickly we must,
"So you make the crust,
"And mind crimp nicely the border."

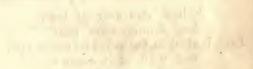


Patty Horner obeyed,
And pleased lent her aid,
Delighted the dame to assist;
She did all she was bid,
And never was chid,
But often deserved to be kissed.

With wonderful haste
She completed the paste,
And shred the nice mince-meat quite fine,
She put one on the shelf,
And made one for herself,
On which with her daughter to dine.

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School was over at last,
And dinner time past,
Jack looked to see what he could spy,
And thought it most kind
Though surprising to find,
On the shelf a large Christmas pie.

Said his mother, "my dear,
"A poor woman came here,
"To whom you your pie had resigned,
"So I thought it but right
"Such a deed to requite,
"And am glad if it proves to your mind.



She kissed her dear child,
And said while she smiled,
"May your goodness of heart ever last."
He then went to his sister
And tenderly kissed her,
And then to his charming repast.

Now let every good boy,
With a sweetmeat or toy,
Not slily sneak into a corner,
But to playmates repair,
And give them a share;
In short, imitate little Jack Horner.

HERTHING BEACH TO TAKE





