

HISTORY OF JACK HORNER.

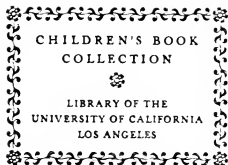


Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a Corner,
Eating a Christmas Pye,
He put in his Thumb,
And pull'd out a Plumb,
And said what a good Boy am I.

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T H E

Pleasant HISTORY

O F

JACK HORNER.

C O N T A I N I N G

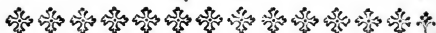
The witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks he
play'd from his Youth to his riper Years ;
pleasant and delightful both for Winter and
Summer Recreation.



LONDON, Printed: And sold by J. DREWRY,
Bookfeller in DERBY.

The Pleasant HISTORY of

Jack Horner.



C H A P I.

Of his Birth and Education.

JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
 Near London he did dwell,
 His Father's heart he made full glad,
 His Mother lov'd him well.
 She often set him on her lap,
 To turn him dry beneath,
 And fed him with sweet sugar pap,
 Because he had no teeth.
 While little Jack was sweet and young,
 If he by chance did cry,
 His mother pretty sonnets sung,
 With lulla baby-by,
 With such a dainty curious tone,
 As Jack sat on her knee,
 So that e'er he cou'd go alone,
 He'd sing as well as she.
 A pretty boy, a curious wit,
 All people spoke his praise,
 And in the corner would he fit,
 In Christmas hollidays.

When

When friends they did together meet,
 To pass away the time,
 While little Jack before would eat;
 His Christmas Pye in rhyme,
 And said, Jack Horner, in the Corner
 Eats good christmas pye,
 And with his thumbs pulls out the Plumbs,
 And said, good boy am I.
 These pretty verses which he made
 Upon his christmas cheer,
 Did gain him love, as it is said
 Of all both far and near.
 The lasses lov'd his Company,
 Each day above all other,
 They knew right well that he would be
 A man before his mother,
 He grew, I say at any rate,
 Both proper, strait, and trim,
 So that young Nancy, Moll and Kate
 Were all in love with him.
 Happy was she that could enjoy
 From him one kind embrace,
 Though once he was a little boy,
 Yet now he grows apace.
 Thus few like him far or nigh,
 When he to age was come,
 As being thirteen inches high,
 A giant to Tom Thumb.
 Whene'er he took a sword in hand,
 He made his foes to bleed,
 As you at large may understand
 Who shall this Story read.

CHAP.

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C H A P. II.

*How he frighted the poor Taylor, cabbaging
Cloth out of his Livery Coat.*



JACK being twenty Years of age,
Liv'd with a worthy knight,
In manner of a pretty page
To yield him much delight.
The knight right generous and free,
Did for a Taylor send,
To make poor Jack a livery,
so much he was his Friend.
Of half a yard of good broad cloth,
His coat was to be made:
But yet the taylor was to blame,
A cunning crafty wag,
He pinch'd as much out of the same
As made a marble-bag,
The coat was spoil'd then being made,
It came not to his knee,
Jack in a wrath and pashion said,
I'll be reveng'd on thee.

This

This Taylor was a single man,
 And lived in the Town,
 Quoth Jack, I am resolv'd upon,
 For to affright this clown.
 The knight he having kill'd a goat,
 Whose skin was full as black,
 I do declare as any toad,
 This project pleased Jack,
 He wrap'd it round him like a Gown,
 At Twelve o'Clock at Night,
 And then he rambled down the town,
 This Taylor to affright ;
 He through a window did advance,
 Near to the Taylor's bed,
 And round the room did skip and dance
 With horns upon his head.
 He growl'd and grumbl'd like a bear.
 He did the Antic play,
 The frighted Taylor then did stare,
 And trembled as he lay.
 He saw the horns hang o'er his brow,
 His body short and thick,
 The Taylor said, speak, who art thou ?
 Quoth Jack, thy friend Old Nick.
 Thou hast observ'd my orders well
 I find in each degree
 And therefore in my gloomy cell
 I have a place for thee :
 For you have been a thief indeed
 I such a Taylor lack,
 Therefore come away with speed,
 I'll bear thee on my back.

Sweet Mr. Devil, then he cry'd,
 O pardon me I pray,
 I can't nor won't he then reply'd,
 Make haste and come away.
 Poor Cabbage naked to his skin
 His Bed he did refrain,
 And down the town through thick and thin
 He ran with might and main,
 Jack Horner follow'd him awhile
 Yet left him at the last
 And to himself did laugh and smile
 To think of what had pass'd.



C H A P. III.

*How he serv'd his Master's Cook Maid, who
 broke his Head with the Basting-Ladie,
 for making a Sop in the Dripping-Pan.*

A Nother pleasant prank he play'd
 Upon a holy-day,
 Unto his master's servant-maid,
 It was a bloody fray;
 Now she was lusty Joan by name,
 And eke their constant cook,
 And when he in the kitchen came,
 She did him overlook:
 And ostentimes would play her part,
 And call him creeping cur,

This

This vex'd Jack Horner to the hearr,
 He could not bear with her.
 Upon a certain day young Jack
 A slice of bread did take,
 And threw it in the dripping-pan,
 That he a sop might make.
 So soon as she the same did see,
 It put her in a rage,
 And with her baisting-ladle she
 Jack Horner did engage.



She gave him raps upon the crown,
 So hard and eke so fast,
 That he at length did tumble down,
 And gasping lay at last

If though he did at first retreat,
 He soon return'd again,
 For standing stout upon his feet,
 He fought with might and main.
 He was but thirteen inches high,
 And she full five times more,
 Yet by his ingenuity
 He brought her to the floor,
 For underneath her coats he got,
 Where he did straitway seize
 With both his hands her beauty-spot,
 And bit her by the knees.
 His teeth were sharp so that she bled,
 He would not heed her cries ;
 So that she piss'd upon his head,
 And put out both his eyes,
 But still Jack Horner kept his hold,
 And would not let her go
 There did she roar, nay rave and scold,
 But could not strike a blow :
 She call'd to Robin, Ralph, and Ben
 But none did hear the las, s,
 At length she tumbled down, and then
 He bit her by the arse ;
 So cruel hard, which made her roar,
 She cried, let me alone,
 And I will never offend thee more
 Jack, while my name is Joan.
 Why then quoth Jack if it be so,
 That you'll not me offend,
 I will this minute let you go,
 And so the Fray did end.



C H A P. IV.

*How he met with an old Hermit, who for a
Bottle of nappy Ale, gave him an invinci-
ble Coat and a Pair of enchanted Pipes,
with which he shewed many merry Tricks.*

UPON a pleasant holyday,
Jack going to a fair,
And as he passed along the way,
He saw a wonder there.
An aged man sat in a Cave,
Who could not stand nor go,
His head bore blossoms of the grave,
And locks as white as snow,
Strange hollow eyes and wrinkled brow
His nose and chin did meet,
To him Jack Horner made a bow,
With words both soft and sweet
He call'd to John and thus did say,
Come hither lad to me,
And if thou dost my will obey,
Thou shalt rewarded be:
Bring me a fairing from the town,
At thy own proper cost,
A jug of nappy liquor brown,
Thy labour shan't be lost
Jack made the Hermit this reply,
Who then sat in his cell,
What's your request I'll not deny,
And so old dad farewell.

At

At night he being stout and strong,
 This Hermit he'd not fail,
 But at his back he lug'd along,
 A lusty jug of ale :
 Which when the Hermit he beheld,
 It pleas'd him to the heart ;
 Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
 And said, Before we part,
 I have a pipe which I'll bestow
 Upon you never doubt,
 Whoever hears you when you blow,
 Shall dance and trump about :
 They shan't be able to stand still-
 While you the Music play,
 But after you o'er dale and hill,
 They all shall dance the hay.
 I have for thee a coat likewise,
 Invincible I mean,
 The which shall so bedim their eyes,
 That thou shalt not be seen :
 If you with a hundred meet,
 When thus you pass along,
 Though in the very open street,
 Not one of all the throng,
 Shall ever see you in the least,
 Yet hear the music sound,
 And wonder that both man and beast,
 Are forced to dance around.
 Jack took the Coat and Bagpipes too,
 And thankfully did say,
 Old Father I will call on you
 Whene'er I come this way.



C H A P. V.

*How he serv'd six Fidler's, and as many Ped-
lers, whom he caused to dance thro' Hedge
and Ditch after his Pipes, till they broke
all their Glasses and Crowds.*



THIS Pipe and coat he having got,
He homeward trudg'd with speed,
At length it was his happy Lot
to cross a pleasant Mead:
Where he six Fidler's soon espy'd
a coming from a Fair,
Under their Coats, crowds by their sides,
and many others there:
Amongst the rest six jolly blades,
after those crowders came,
Who on their shoulders carried Crades
with Glasses in the same.

Jack presently his Coat put on,
 Which screen'd him from their sight,
 And said I'll do the best I can
 To plague them all this night.
 For Crowders they are Rogues I know
 And Crades-men they are worse,
 They coufin ail where'er they go,
 And pick each Lafs's purse.
 His pipe he then began to play,
 The Crowders they did dance,
 The Crades-men too as fast as they
 Did caper, skip, and prance.
 Still Jack play'd up a merry strain,
 Both pleasant, loud, and shrill,
 So that they danc'd and jump'd amain
 Tho' much against their Will:
 They cried, this is enchanted Ground,
 For why no soul we see,
 And yet a pleasant Music sound,
 Makes us dance vehemently.
 Jack Horner laugh'd, and piping went
 Strait down into a hollow,
 These hair brain'd Dancers, by consent
 Did after him soon follow,
 He led them through Bogs and Sloughs
 Nay, likewise Ponds and Ditches,
 And in the thorny briar boughs
 Poor rogues they tore their Breeches,
 Each Fidler lost, or tore his Cloak,
 But yet they foliowed after,
 Their crowds were crack'd their glasses broke,
 This was a woeful slaughter.

At

At length it being something late,
 Jack did his piping leave,
 They ceased and saw their wretched state,
 Which made them sigh and grieve.
 This is said some, Old Nick I know.
 The author of this evil,
 The others cry'd out, if it be so,
 He is a merry Devil.
 Jack Horner laugh'd and went his way
 And left them in despair,
 So that e'er since that very day,
 The Fiddlers came not there.



C H A P. VI.

Jack's Kindness to his old Friend the Inn-keeper whom he put in a Way to pay his Debts.

AN honest man an inkeeper,
 And friend to honest Jack,
 Who was alas, in debt so far,
 That he was like to crack.
 This man he had a handsome wife,
 Sweet fair and youthful too,
 A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
 And this Jack Horner knew.
 This Quaker was a 'Squire born,
 Who did in wealth abound,

Thought

Thought Jack I'll catch him in the corn,
 Then put him in the pound.
 First to the inn-keeper I'll go,
 And when I do him find,
 He soon shall understand and know,
 I will be truly kind :
 He met me in a narrow lane,
 And said, My Friend, good-morrow,
 The Inn-keeper replied again,
 My heart is full of sorrow,
 Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
 Which I should pay next week,
 It makes me sigh, lament and fret
 Having the coin to seek.
 Quoth Jack if you'll be rul'd by me,
 I'll put you in a way,
 How you yourself from debt may free,
 And all that money pay.
 Nay, this is joyful news, he cry'd
 Thou art a friend indeed,
 Thy wit shall be my rule and guide,
 For never was more need.
 Go tell thy loving wife said he,
 Thy joy and heart's delight,
 That thou must ride miles forty three,
 And shan't come home to night,
 Then mind the council which I give,
 And be no ways afraid,
 For why I tell you as I live,
 Your debts shall soon be paid,
 Mount your bay nag and take your cloak
 With your warm morning-gown,

And lodge within a hollow oak,
 A mile out of the town :
 There may you sleep in sweet content
 All night and take your rest,
 And leave it to my management,
 Then Sir, a pleasant jest.
 Next morning you shall there behold,
 The like ne'er seen before,
 Which shall produce a sum of Gold,
 Nay likewise silver store :
 The Inn-keeper said, Honest John
 Since you this promise make,
 Believe me, as I am a man,
 I will thy council take.
 Unto his Wife in haste he went
 And told her he must go
 A journey, saying be content,
 For why it must be so.
 She seemingly began to weep,
 and with sad sighs reply'd,
 You know alas ! I cannot sleep
 Without you by my side.
 Said he kind Wife, do not repine,
 Why should you sigh and grieve ?
 I go out to a friend of mine,
 Some money to receive.
 This said, with woman's fond deceit,
 She straitway ceas'd to mourn,
 And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
 Wishing his safe return.



C H A P. VII.

How Jack put a Trick upon the Inn-keeper's Wife, and a Quaker her beloved Friend, likewise Sue her Servant Maid; by which the Inn keeper got Two Hundred Pounds, which set him clear in the World.

SO soon as he was out of sight,
 She to the Quaker sent,
 And order'd him to come at night,
 That to their heart's content
 They might be merry sport and play,
 Her husband being from home,
 The Quaker said, by Yea and Nay,
 I will not fail to come.
 A sucking pig and capon too,
 For him she did prepare,
 For why alas, full well she knew
 He lov'd such dainty fare.
 Now just about the close of day,
 They both to supper fall;
 Now Jack was there as well as they,
 And walk'd about the hall.
 He did her fond behaviour note,
 She on her friend did lean;
 Jack having his enchanted coat,
 He was not to be seen.

He

He perfectly did hear and see
 How they did toy and play,
 Thought he I will revenged be
 Before the morning day.
 Her servant-maid she sent to bed
 When it grew somewhat late ;
 This done, her Friend she likewise led
 Up to her chamber straight,
 Where he did soon strip off his cloaths,
 Stark-naked to his shirt,
 And into bed with her he goes,
 Concluding this no hurt.
 Jack in the chamber did abide
 'Till it was almost day,
 Where coming to the curtains' side,
 He heard the Quaker say,
 That he had now a need to piss,
 And to the pot must go,
 Thought Jack I do rejoice at this,
 A pleasant joke I'll show,
 The Quaker thinking little harm,
 Unto the pot he came,
 While Jack having a cunning charm,
 He locks him to the same.
 The good wife often to him cries,
 Why sits thou in the cold,
 Quoth he, It sticks between my thighs,
 I cannot loose my hold,
 Quoth she, What is the man a fool,
 And strait to him she got,
 Then laid one hand upon his tool,
 And t'other on the pot.

Then

There did she tug and pull amain,
 In hopes to set him free,
 Yet all their labour prov'd in vain,
 She stuck as fast at he.
 They being both in sad distress,
 Strait for the maid did knock,
 Who never stood herself to dress,
 But came up in her smock :
 The sight she saw was a surprize,
 To see such noble swingers,
 She clapt her hands before her eyes,
 Yet peep'd between her fingers.
 You saucy slut, then said her dame,
 Come help us from the pot,
 The damsel said, I blush for shame
 To see what he has got :
 What has he got you saucy sow,
 Why do you stand to prate ?
 Come hither soon and help us now,
 Or 'faith I'll break your pate.
 Because her mistress should be pleas'd
 She strove to set them free.
 But strait the charm the damsel seiz'd,
 And therie they stuck all three.
 It being now just break of day,
 And they all linked fast,
 Jack on his Pipe began to play,
 And down the stairs he pass'd.
 The Quaker, Mistress, and her Maid,
 When they the Pipe did hear,
 All caper'd to the tune he play'd,
 And eke their course did steer

Into the street, where they advanc'd
 Naked, save smock and shirt,
 Like morris-dancers did they prance
 Up to the knees in dirt :
 They caper'd high, the pifs did fly,
 Over their heads and ears,
 And then did run violently
 Like drops of brinish tears ;
 The Quaker said, by Yea and Nay,
 We are bewitch'd all three,
 I hear a pair of bag-pipes play,
 Yet no one can I see,
 He brought them to the very oak
 Where the Inn-keeper lay,
 Jack for a while he never spoke,
 But on his pipe did play.
 The good Man in the hollow tree,
 Immediately peep'd out,
 His Neighbour, Wife, and Maid he see
 All dance and jump about.
 Who's hear, my kind and loving wife,
 Likewise my maid young Sue,
 My Quaking neighbour too ads'life,
 A jovial whoring crew.
 Jack broke the Charm, and then the pot
 Soon loosen'd from their hands,
 And they were made quite reeking hot
 With skipping o'er the lands.
 The Inn-keeper said, Note it well,
 I'll geld you e'er you go ;
 The Quaker on his knees he feel,
 And cried some pity show.

My precious nutmegs do not wound,
 For fear I should not live,
 I'll pay you down one hundred pounds
 If you will me forgive.
 No no, quoth Jack we will have two,
 In lawful ready gold,
 Or else we will not pardon you,
 We have you fast in hold.
 I'll freely give thee thy demand,
 But yet take care I pray,
 The wicked does not understand,
 That I have walk'd astray.
 No, no, he cry'd, and home they went,
 Where they the gold receive;
 The Inn-keeper is well content,
 He has no cause to grieve.
 Then did he lead a happy life,
 He neither toils nor frets,
 Thanks to Jack Horner and his Wife,
 Their wits have paid his debts.



C H A P. VIII.

*How Jack Horner slew a monstrous Giant, by
which Means he came to marry a Knight's
Daughter.*



JACK Horner he a Giant kill'd,
One Galligantus stout,
As large as ever Man beheld
In all the world throughout :
T'is very Giant could with ease
Step fifteen feet in length,
Up by the roots he pluck'd oak trees,
So mighty was his strength.
His lips they open'd like two gates,
His beard hung down like Wire,
His Eyes were like two pewter plates,
He breathed smoke and fire.

'Tis

'Tis said that he destroy'd as much
 As threescore men could eat,
 So that the people they did grutch,
 For every bit he eat.
 His mess it was continually
 Two bullocks in one dish,
 Then would he drink whole rivers dry
 By which he starv'd the fish.
 He went to drink it seems one day
 by a deep river side,
 Where as a lighter full of straw,
 Did at an anchor ride;
 Besides another full of hay,
 A third with block and billet,
 He suck'd them all into his maw,
 And yet they did not fill it.
 He did annoy the nation then
 By night and eke by day,
 Whoever pass'd by his den,
 Became his fatal prey.
 Hard by there liv'd a noble Knight,
 Who had one daughter dear,
 Of youth and splended beauty bright,
 There's few could her come near.
 He proffer'd her to be the wife,
 Of him who could destroy,
 This brutish cruel Giant's life,
 Which did them so annoy.
 But there was none would undertake
 This task, for all did fear him,
 The thoughts of him did turn them cold,
 When as they did draw near him.

At length Jack Horner being told,
 Whoever could him slay,
 Might have both Silver, Land, and Gold,
 Likewise a Lady gay.
 Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
 I'll fight this swinish boar,
 Though I'm but thirteen Inches high,
 And he ten yards or more :
 A Sword he got five inches long,
 A little cap of Steel,
 A breast-plate too both stout and strong,
 Quoth Jack I'll make him reel.
 Upon a Badger's back got he,
 In order to proceed,
 Thus being mounted Cap-a-pee,
 He rode away full speed,
 With double courage stout and brave,
 He did his valour keep,
 When coming to the Giant's cave,
 He found him fast asleep :
 His mouth it was not open wide,
 But stood it seems half-cock,
 Jack down his throat full speed did ride
 He never stood to knock.
 Jack cut and slash'd his swinish tripes,
 This griev'd the Giant sore,
 Then did he play upon his pipes,
 Which made him dance and roar.
 He cry'd I dance, but am not well,
 There's none regards my moan :
 At length he died and down he fell,
 Then gave a hedious groan.

Jack in his belly rid about,
 Full speed through thick and thin,
 Yet could not find the same way out
 At which he enter'd in.
 He still rid on and did advance,
 Vowing to go through stich,
 So at length by meer good chance,
 He crept out at his breech.
 With that he home full speed did run,
 And did in brief declare,
 What by his valour he had done,
 And gain'd the lady fair.
 He marry'd the fair beauty bright,
 Her charms he did admire,
 And since her father was a Knight,
 Young Jack became a Squire.



F I N I S.



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