



LONDON :

Printed and Published at W. S. FORTEY'S Whole-
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Court, Bloomsbury. W.C.

THE HISTORY OF

JACK SPRATT



By JOHN BIRCH, Esq.

Printed and Published at W. S. FORTY'S Wholesaler and Bookseller's Book Warehouse, 2 & 3, St. James's Street, W.C.

THE HISTORY OF
JACK SPRATT
AND HIS CAT.



Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both,
They pick'd the platter clean.
For Jack eat all the lean,
And Joan eat all the fat,
The bone they pick'd clean,
And gave it to the cat.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

When Jack Spratt was young,
He dress'd very smart,
He courted Jane Cole,
Till he gain'd her heart.



In his fine leather doublet,
And greasy old hat,
O, what a fine fellow,
Was little Jack Spratt.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Then Joan went to market,
To buy her some fowls,
She bought a Jack Daw,
And a couple of Owls.



The Owls they were white,
And the Jack Daw was black,
They'll make a rare breed,
Says little Joan Spratt.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt bought a Cow,
His Joan for to please,
For Joan, she could make
Both butter and cheese,



Or pancakes and puddings,
Without any fat,
A notable housewife,
Was little Joan Spratt.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt was the bridegroom,
Miss Cole was the bride,
Jack said from the church,
His Joan should ride.



But no coach could take her,
The street was so narrow,
So without much ado,
He took her home in a barrow.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came the cat
That had got but one ear.



Says Joan I've come home,
Pray how do you do?
The cat wagged her tail,
And said nothing but Mew.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt 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,
Says little Jack Spratt.

JACK SPRATT AND HIS CAT.

Jack Spratt went to market,
And bought him a mare,
She was lame and quite blind,
And she could not stare.



Besides she'd the tooth-ache,
He could not cure that,
I wish she was a hunter,
Says little Jack Spratt.

W. S. FORTEY, Printer and Publisher, 2 and 3,
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1859.