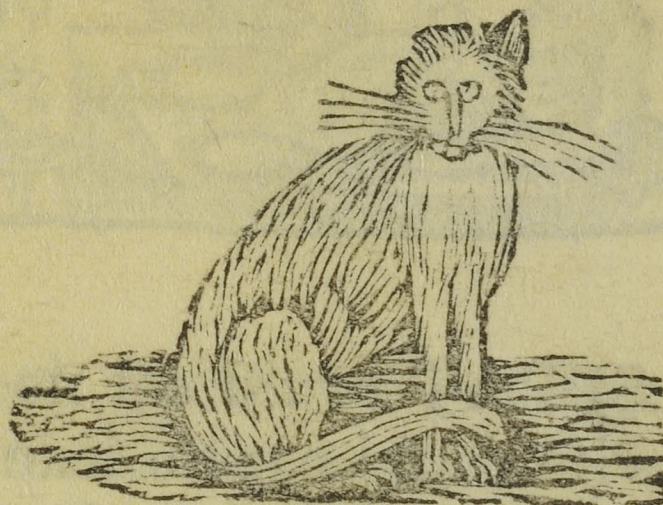


THE  
LIFE OF  
**JACK SPRAT,**  
*HIS WIFE,*  
AND HIS CAT.

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This one ear'd Cat,  
Belongs to Jack Sprat.

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YORK:  
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## JACK SPRAT.

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





When Jack Sprat was young,  
He dressed very smart,  
He courted Joan Cole,  
And he gained her heart ;  
In his fine leather doublet,  
And old greasy hat,  
O what a smart fellow  
Was little Jack Sprat.





Joan Cole had a hole.  
In her petticoat,  
Jack Sprat, to get a patch  
Gave her a goat ;  
The goat bought a patch,  
Which stopp'd Joan's hole,  
I thank you, Jack Sprat,  
Says little Joan Cole.





Jack Sprat was 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 take her  
Home in a wheel-barrow.





Jack Sprat was wheeling  
His wife by a ditch,  
The 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,  
For the ditch is quite dry.





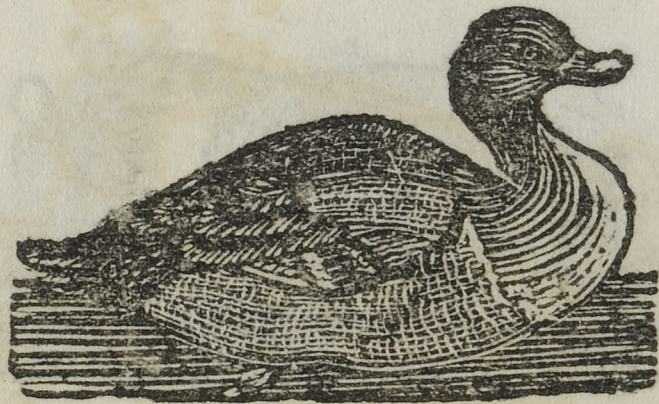
Jack brought home his Joan,  
And she sat on a chair,  
When in came his cat,  
That had got but one ear,  
Says Joan, I'm come home puss,  
Pray how do you do,  
The cat wagg'd her tail,  
And said nothing but mew.





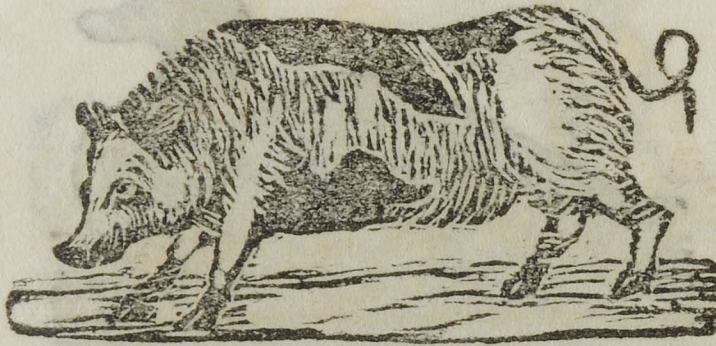
Jack Sprat took his gun,  
And went to the brook,  
He shot at the drake,  
But he kill'd a duck,  
He brought it to Joan,  
Who a fire did make,  
To roast the fat duck,  
While Jack went for the drake.





The drake was a swimming,  
With his curley tail,  
Jack Sprat came 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 Sprat, to live pretty,  
Now bought him a pig,  
It was not very little,  
It was not very big,  
It was not very lean,  
It was not very fat,  
It will serve for a grunter,  
For little Jack Sprat.





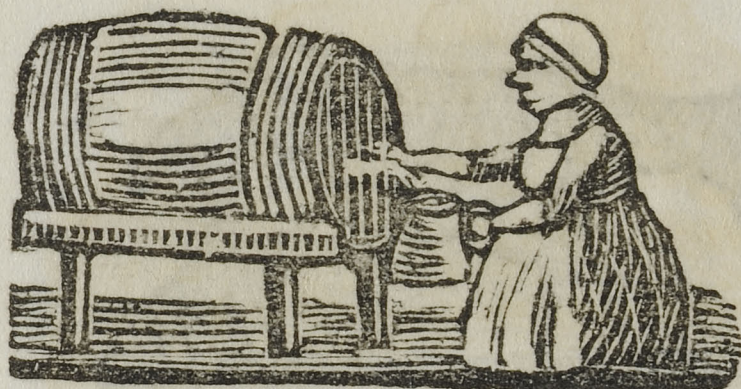
Then Joan went to market,  
To buy her some fowls,  
She bought a jackdaw  
And a couple of owls ;  
The owls they were white,  
The jackdaw was black,  
They'll make a rare breed,  
Says little Joan Sprat.





Jack Sprat bought a cow,  
His Joan for to please,  
For Joan she could make  
Both butter and cheese,  
Or pancakes, or puddings,  
Without any fat,  
A notable housewife  
Was little Joan Sprat.





Joan Sprat 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 sober liquor,  
Says little Jack Sprat.





Jack Sprat went to market,  
And bought him a mare,  
She was lame of three legs,  
And as blind as a bat,  
Her ribs they were bare,  
For the mare had no fat,  
She looks like a racer,  
Says little Jack Sprat.





Jack and Joan went abroad,  
Puss took care of the house,  
She caught a large rat  
And a very small mouse,  
She caught a small mouse  
And a very large rat,  
You are an excellent hunter,  
Says little Jack Sprat.

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Now I have told you the story  
Of little Jack Sprat,  
Of little Joan Cole,  
And the one ear'd cat.  
Now Jack has got rich,  
And has plenty of pelf,  
If you'd know any more,  
You may tell it yourself.

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