PARK'S
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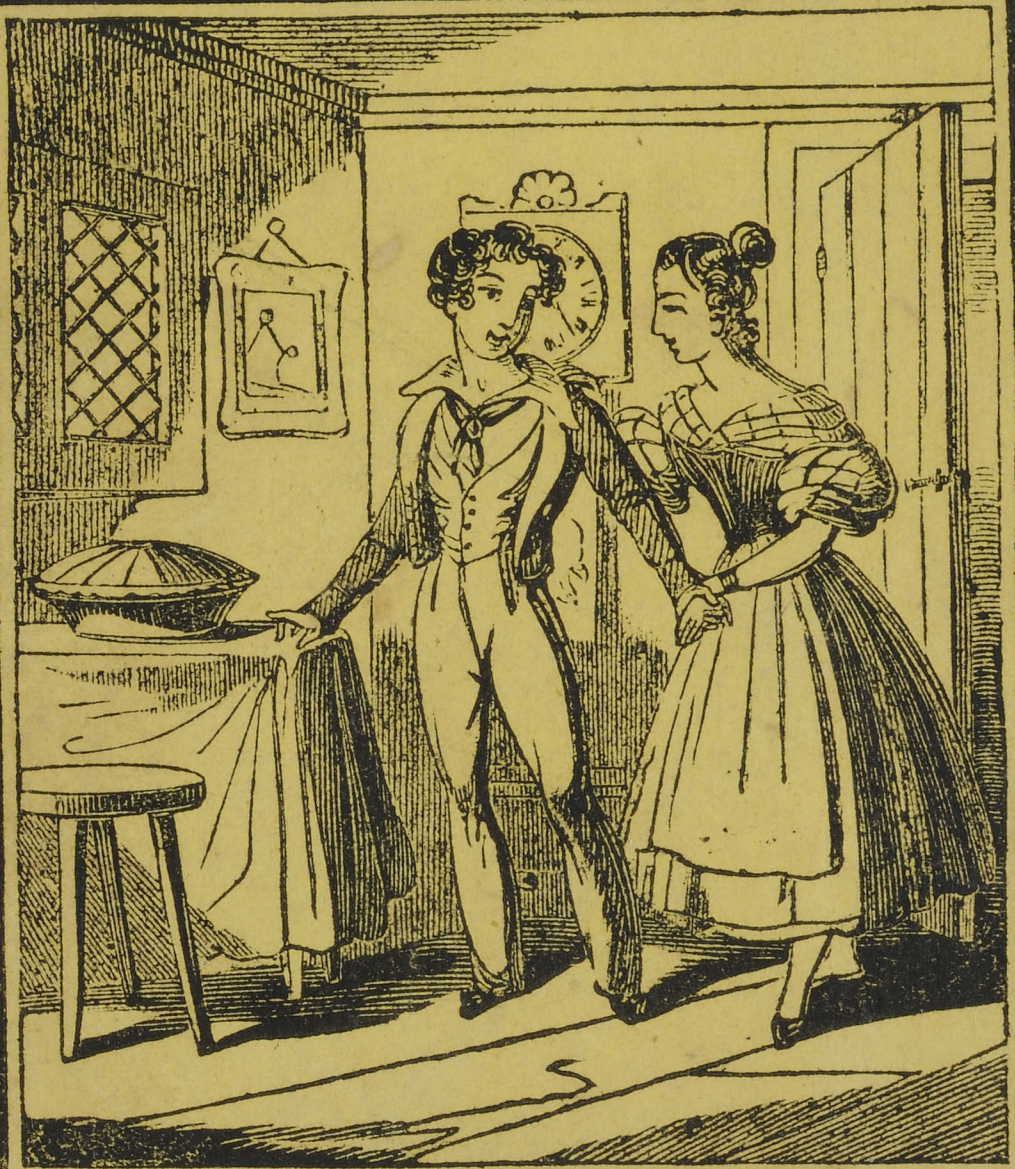
LITTLE
JACK HORNER.



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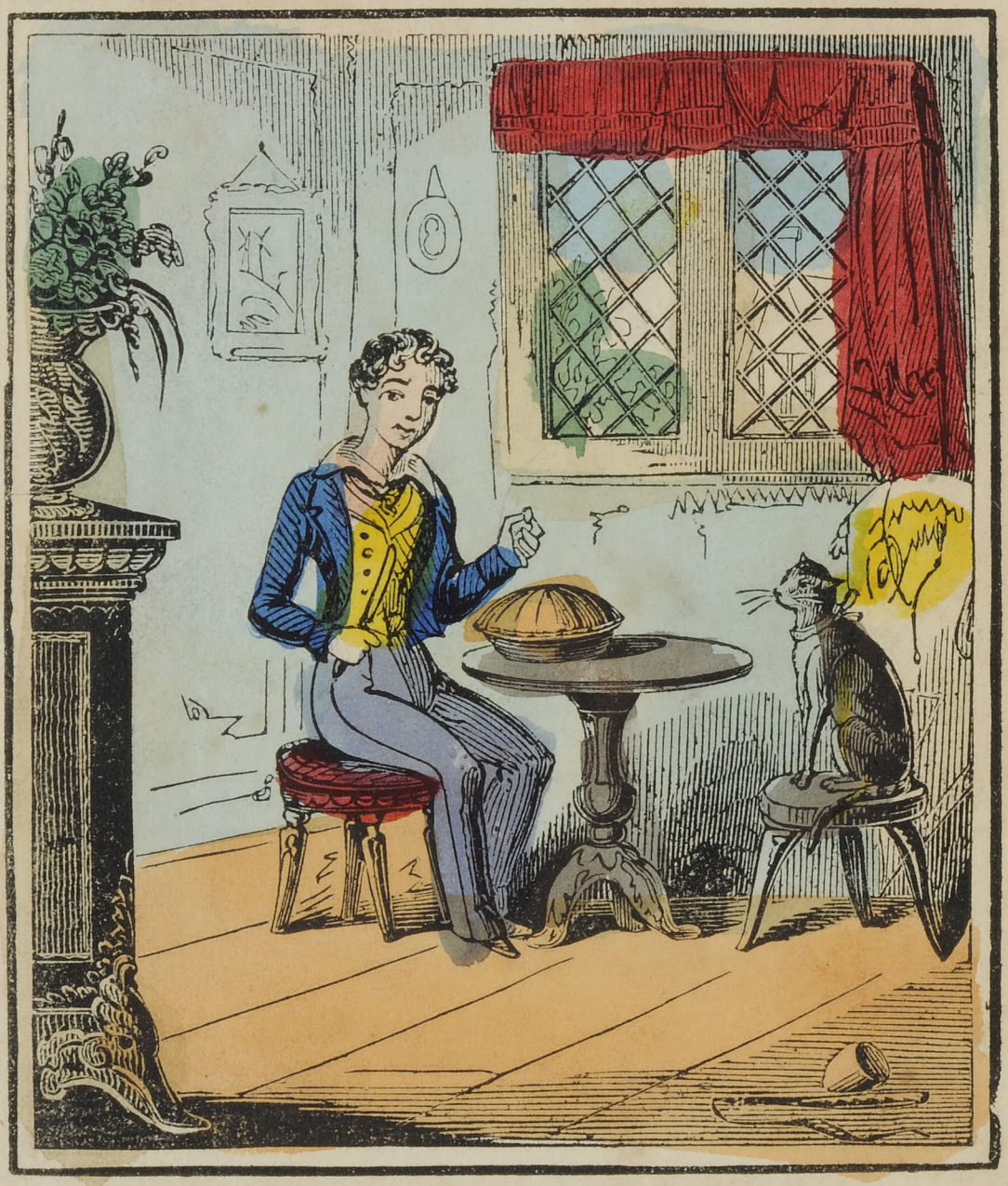

ittle Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum,
And said—" what a good boy am I!"

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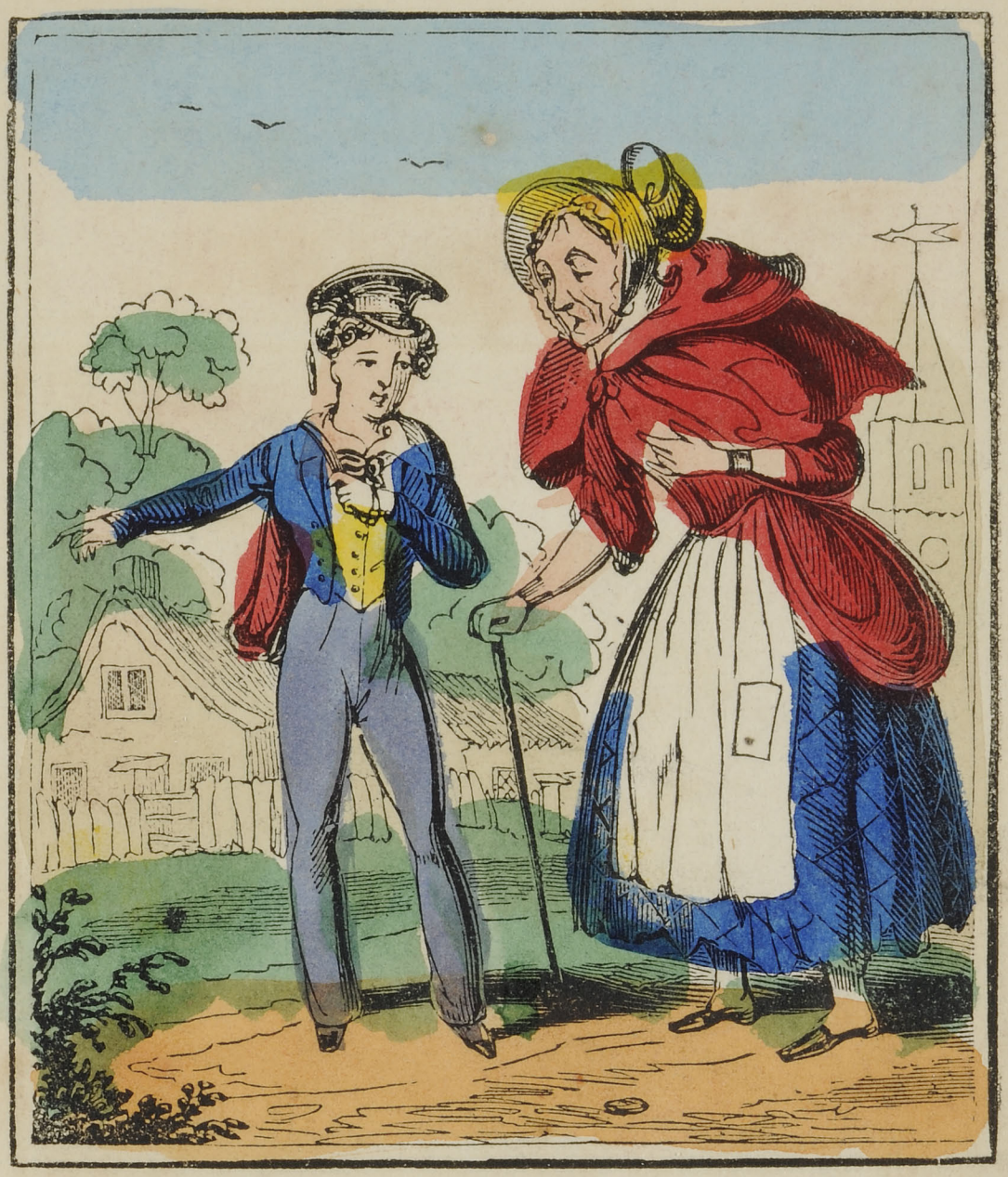
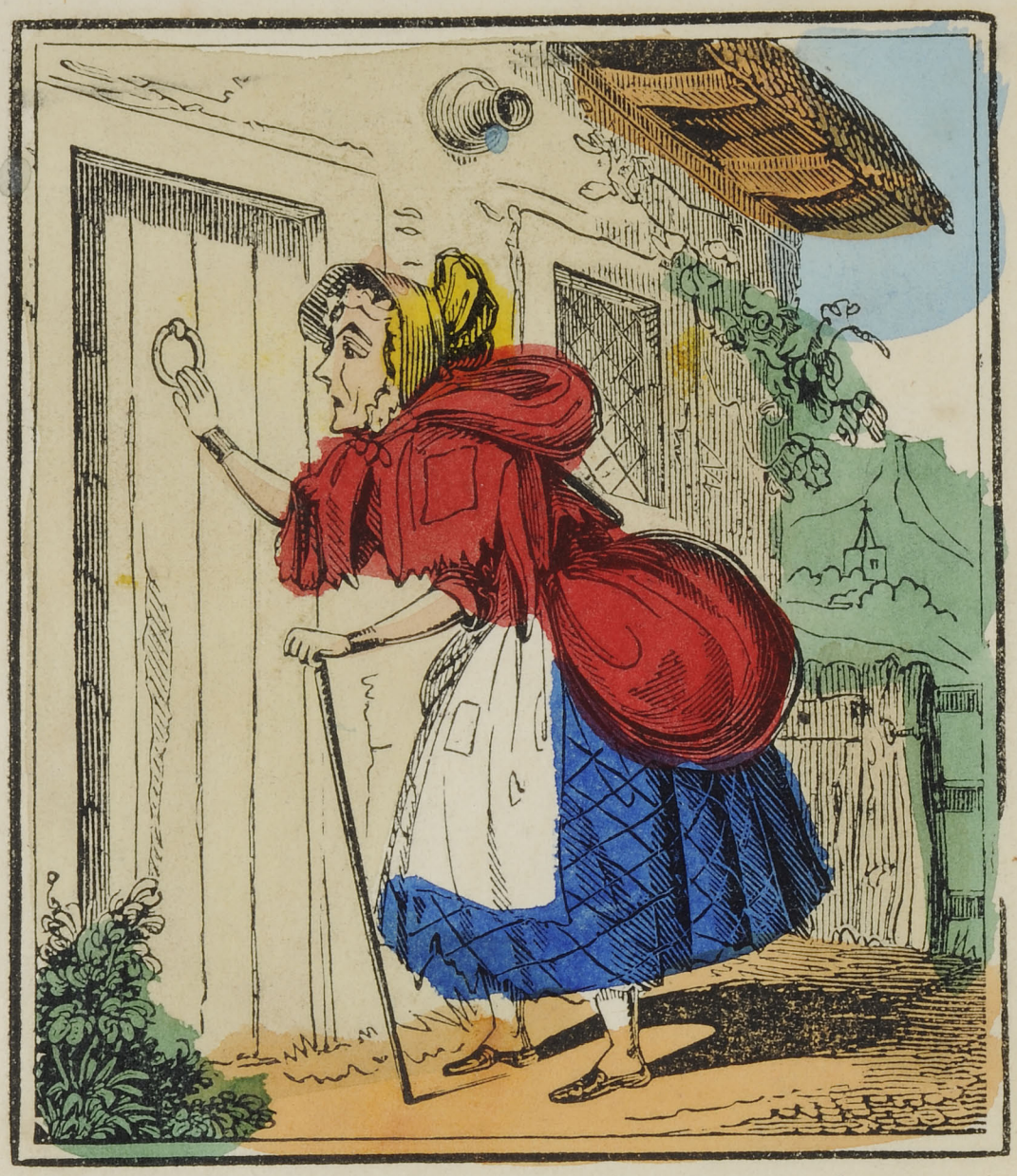


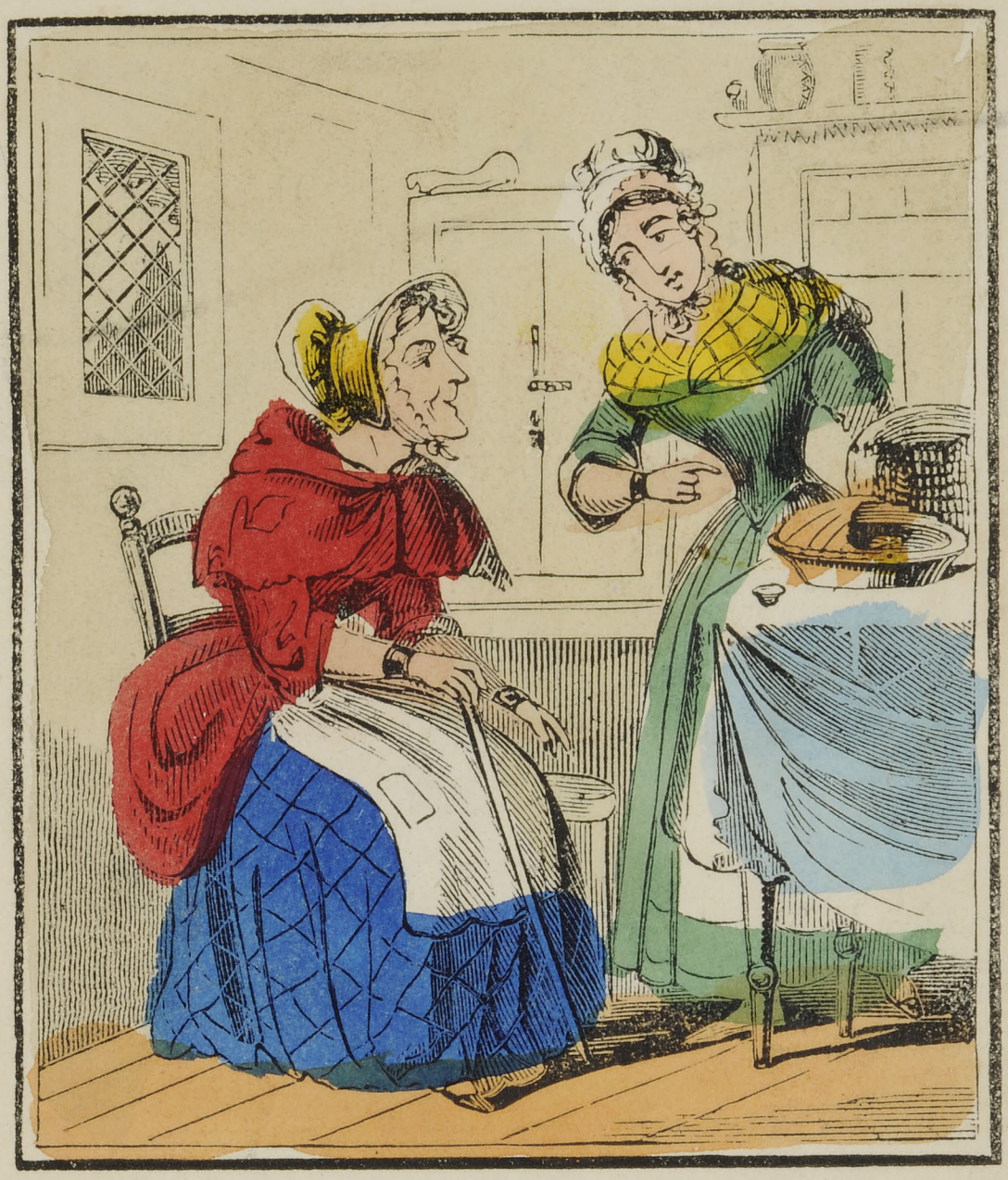
Jack loved Christmas pies, yet wish'd to be wise—
And wisdom comes not of itself—
"So, mother," said he, "till from school I am free,
Put the rest of the pie on the shelf."

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."



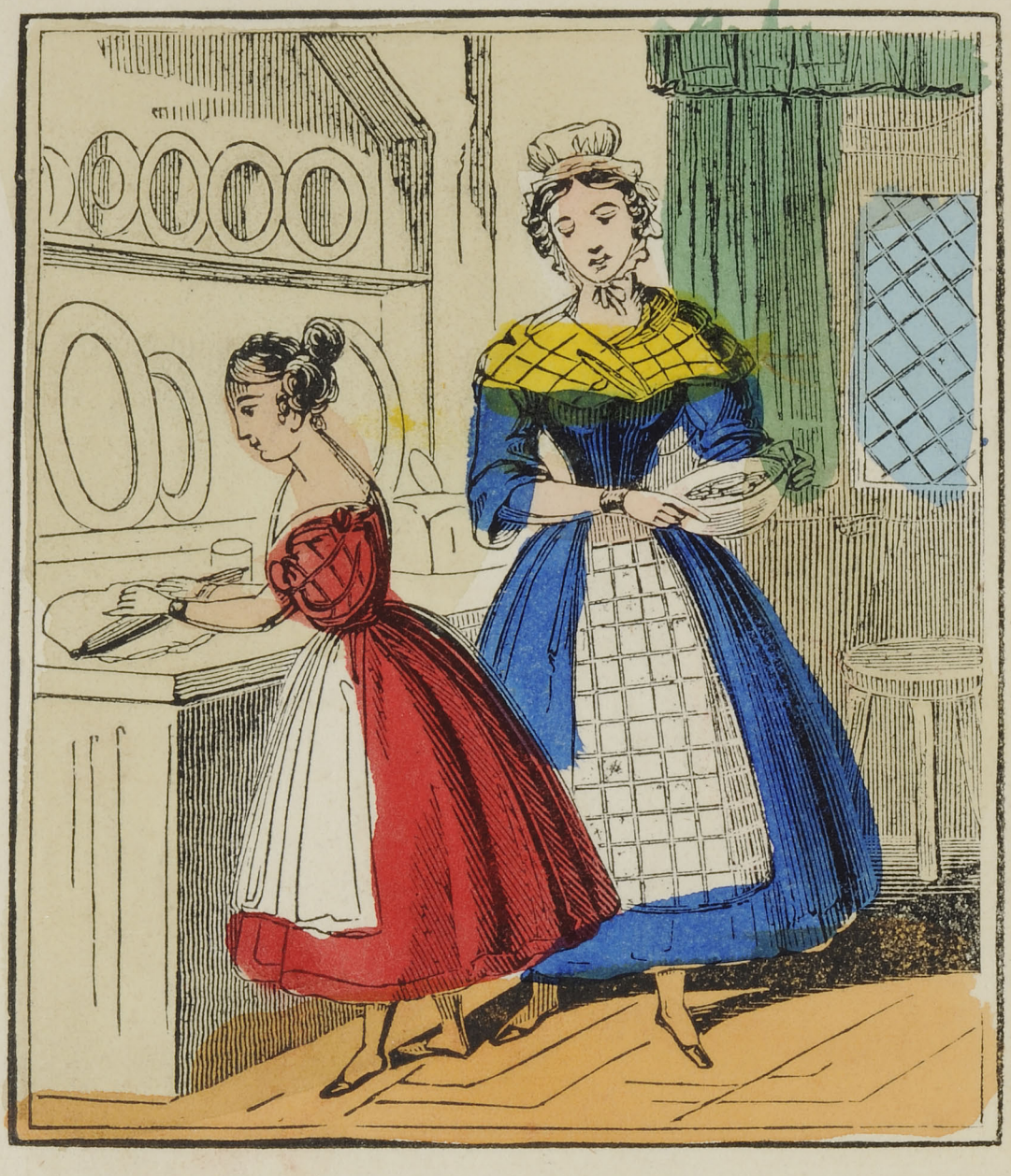
Then said little Jack, "I dare not go back,
But our cottage your wants will supply:
If my mother you see, pray ask her, from me,
For the rest of my nice Christmas pie!"

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



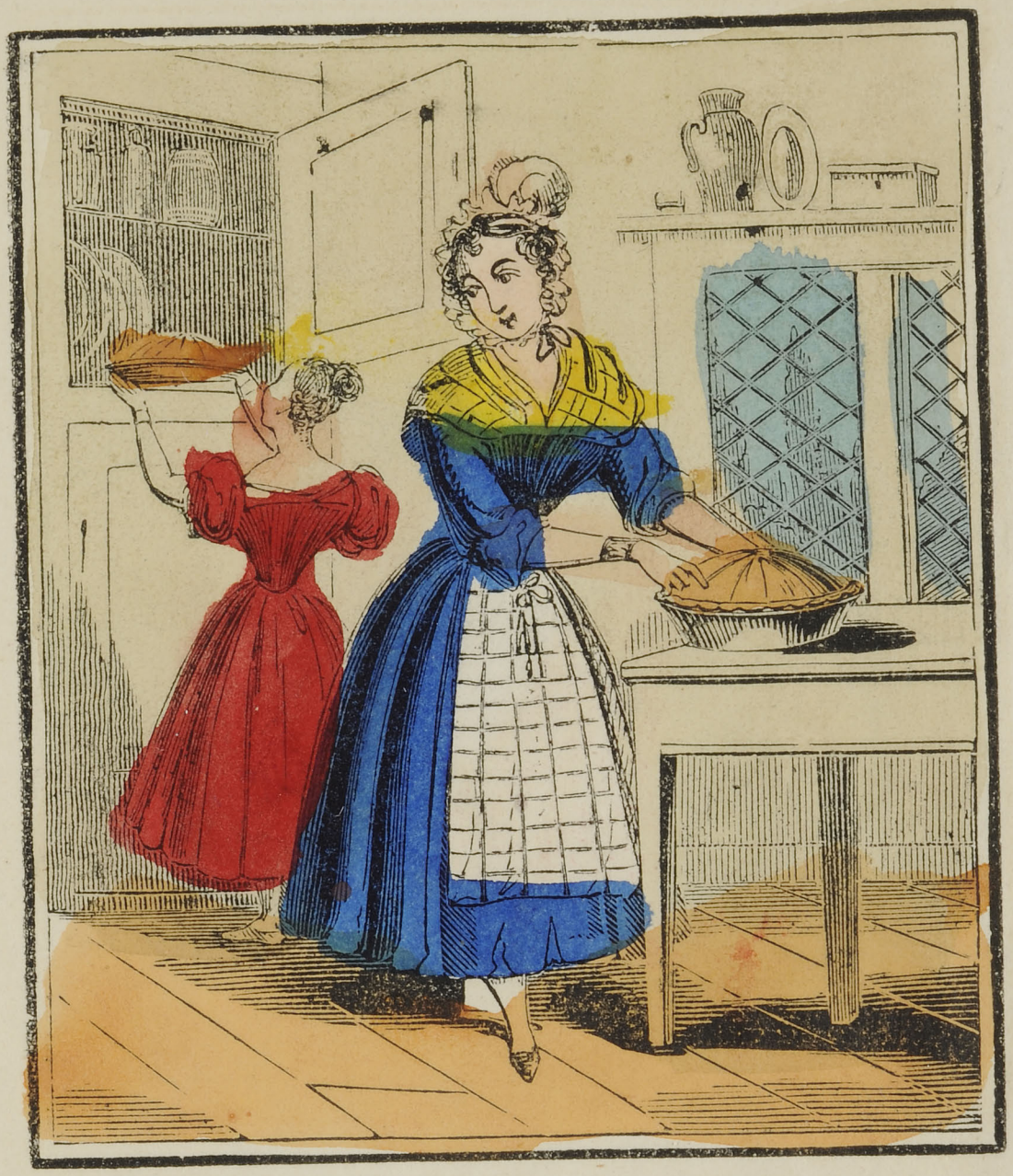
The good-natured dame immediately came,
And opened the cottage door quickly;
Then call'd to her daughter for hartshorn and water
For, poor soul, she looked very sickly.

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.



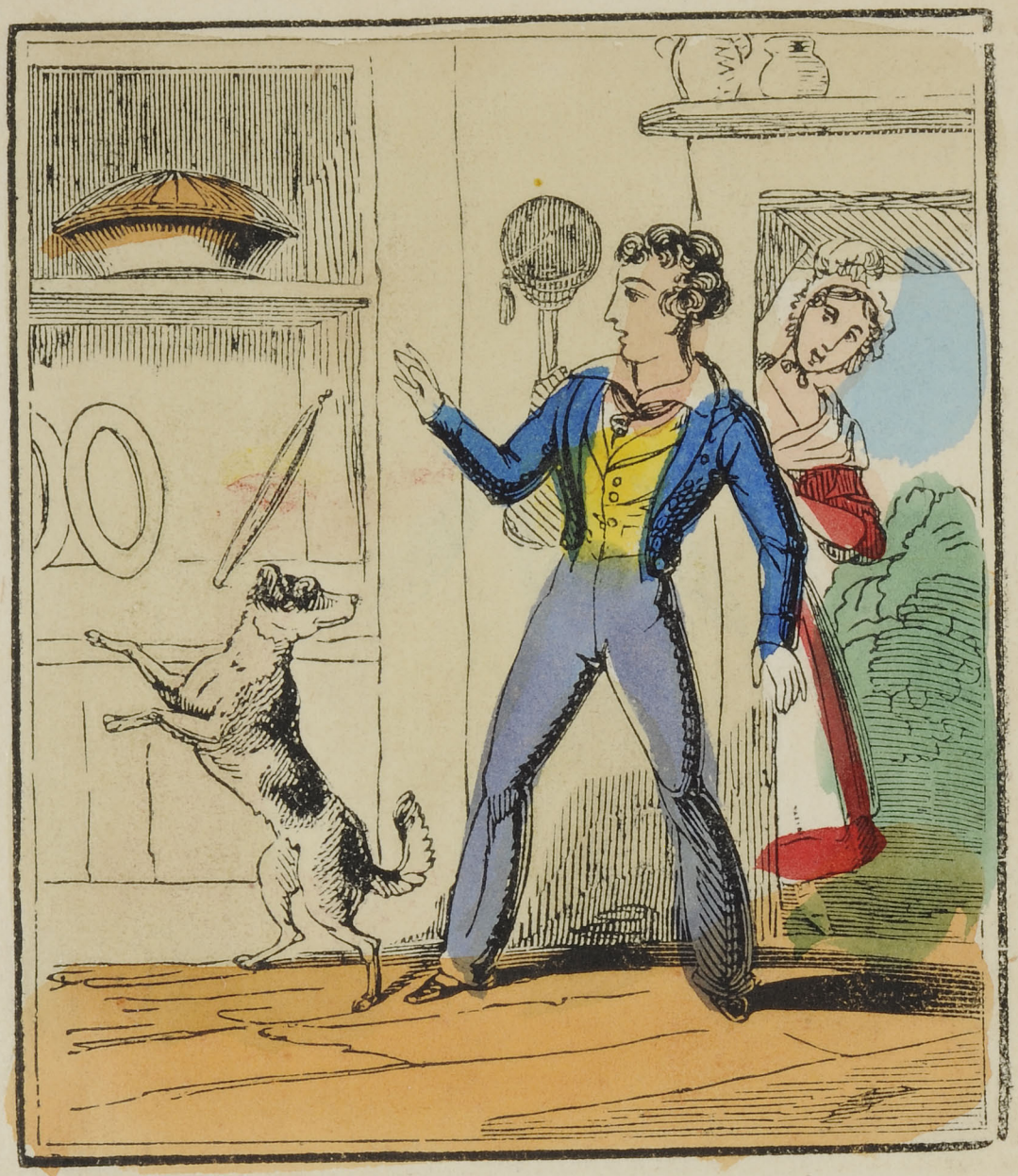
The dame, in a trice, took currants and spice—
So pleased with the conduct of Jack,
Determined to try and make him a pie,
And bake it before he came back!

Come Patty," she said, my good little maid,
Now let me have all things in order;
Move quickly we must—so you make the crust;
And mind, crimp nicely the border!"



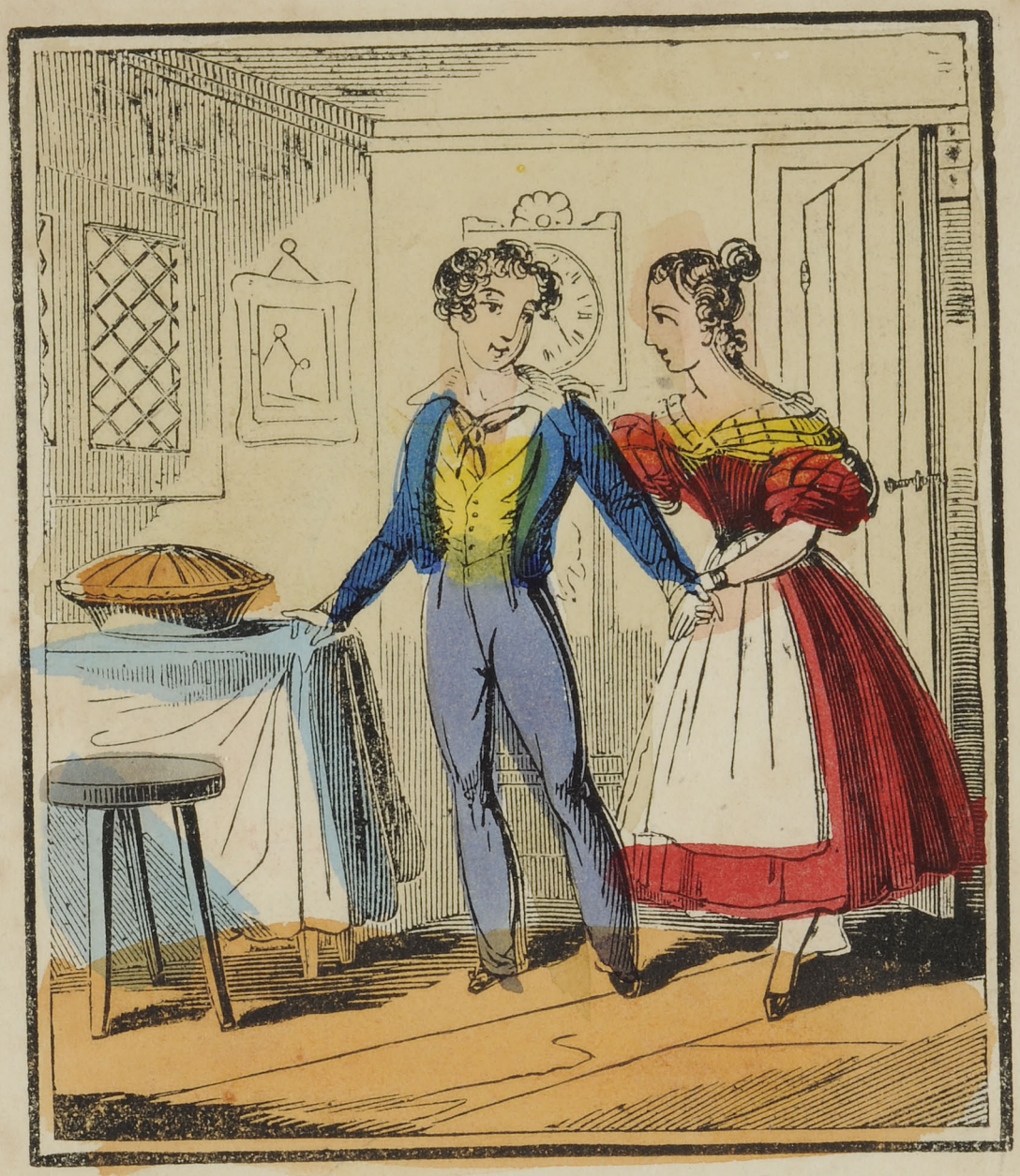
Patty Horner obeyed, and pleased lent her aid,
Delighted the dame to assist;
She did all she was bid, and never was chid;
But often deserved to be kiss'd!

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



School was over at last, and dinner-time past,
Jack looked to see what he could spy,
And thought it most kind, tho' 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 kiss'd her dear child, and said, as she smil'd,
"May your goodness of heart ever last."
He then went to his sister and tenderly kiss'd 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.

Park, Printer, 47, Leonard Street, Finsbury