

THE HOUSE  
THAT JACK BUILT

*A NEW BUILDING  
ON THE OLD FOUNDATION*

10050  
VOL (NR)  
HOUSE THAT...  
[1875]



37131 009 531 856







# The House

that

# Jack built

A NEW BUILDING ON THE OLD FOUNDATION,

*Set forth in twelve drawings in Colors  
done in the antient manner.*

*FROM DRAWINGS BY J. R. HARRIS.*

*With annotations and emendations.*

*by  
The Man all tattered and torn.*



LONDON:  
MARCUS WARD & CO., 67, Chandos Street.  
And ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST.



## LIST OF COLORED PICTURES.

---

- Plate I.—Ye House that Jack built.
- Plate II.—“ He stands before his own oak door.”
- Plate III.—“ Then he swept a room, and with many a coomb  
Of Malt proceeds to stock it.”
- Plate IV.—“ A Rat, by the lock unretarded,  
Got in at the back and cribbed a sack.”
- Plate V.—“ She would scold and fight,  
Till she killed him outright.”
- Plate VI.—“ A taste for Malt was a family fault  
He inherited from his papa.”
- Plate VII.—“ He would waste his morn  
At the Crumpled Horn.”
- Plate VIII.—“ This is the Maid so sober and staid  
At the bar of the Crumpled Horn.”
- Plate IX.—“ His pipe he played,  
And he kissed that Maid.”
- Plate X.—“ A certain Priest whose hair had ceased  
To grow on the crown of his head.”
- Plate XI.—“ The Cock who, on their wedding morn,  
Made a terrible fuss with his crow.”
- Plate XII.—“ The Farmer whose Corn gave food every morn  
To the Cock who befussed himself so.”







The House



What Jack Built

Ye House that Jack built.

Plate II.

This is the House

that JACK built.







MARCUS WARD & CO.

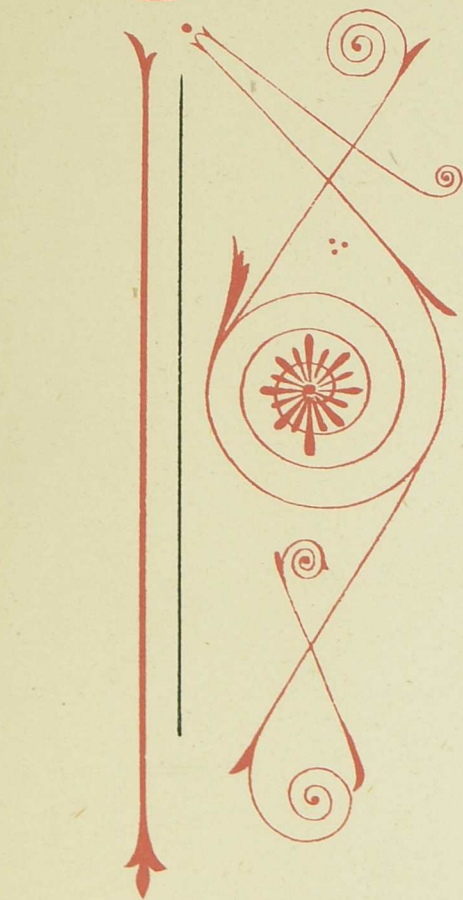


Ye House that Jack built.

Plate III.

This is the Malt

That lay in the *HOUSE* that *JACK* built.







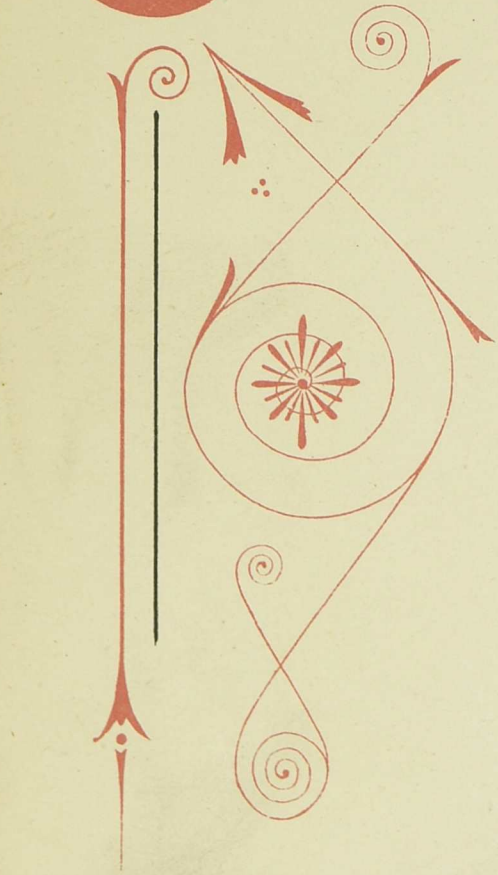




This is the Rat

That stole the *MALT*,

That lay in the *HOUSE* that *JACK* built.









This is the Cat

That killed the *RAT*,

That stole the *MALT*,

That lay in the *HOUSE* that *JACK* built.







MARCUS WARD & CO.



This is the Dog

That worried the *CAT*,

That killed the *RAT*,

That stole the *MALT*,

That lay in the *HOUSE* that *JACK* built.







**T**his is the **C**ow

*with the crumpled horn.*

*That tossed the **DOG**,*

*That worried the **CAT**,*

*That killed the **RAT**,*

*That stole the **MALT**,*

*That lay in the **HOUSE** that **JACK** built.*







MARSH & CO.



This is the Maiden *all forlorn.*

That milked the *COW*, with the crumpled horn.

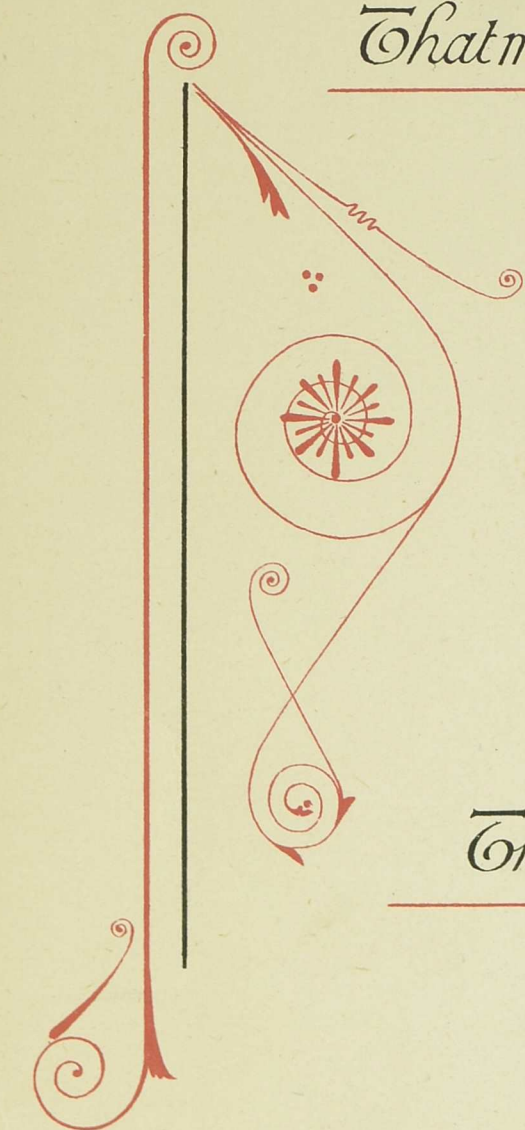
That tossed the *DOG*,

That worried the *CAT*,

That killed the *RAT*,

That stole the *MALT*,

That lay in the *HOUSE* that *JACK* built.









This is the Man *all tattered and torn,*

*That kissed the MAIDEN, all forlorn,*

*That milked the COW, with the crumpled horn,*

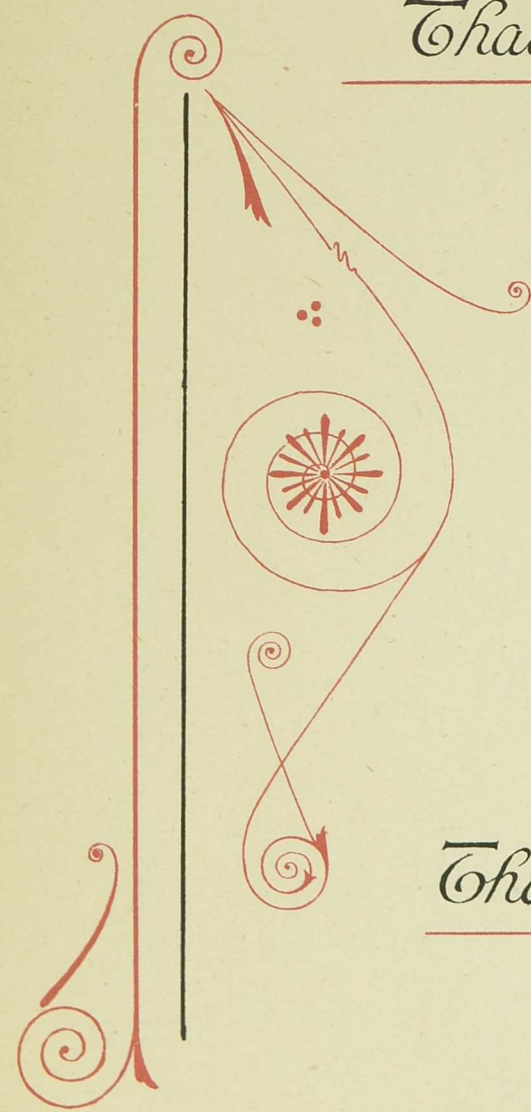
*That tossed the DOG,*

*That worried the CAT,*

*That killed the RAT,*

*That stole the MALT,*

*That lay in the HOUSE that JACK built.*











This is the Priest *all shaven and shorn,*

*That married the MAN, all tattered and torn,*

*That kissed the MAIDEN, all forlorn,*

*That milked the COW, with the crumpled horn,*

*That tossed the DOG,*

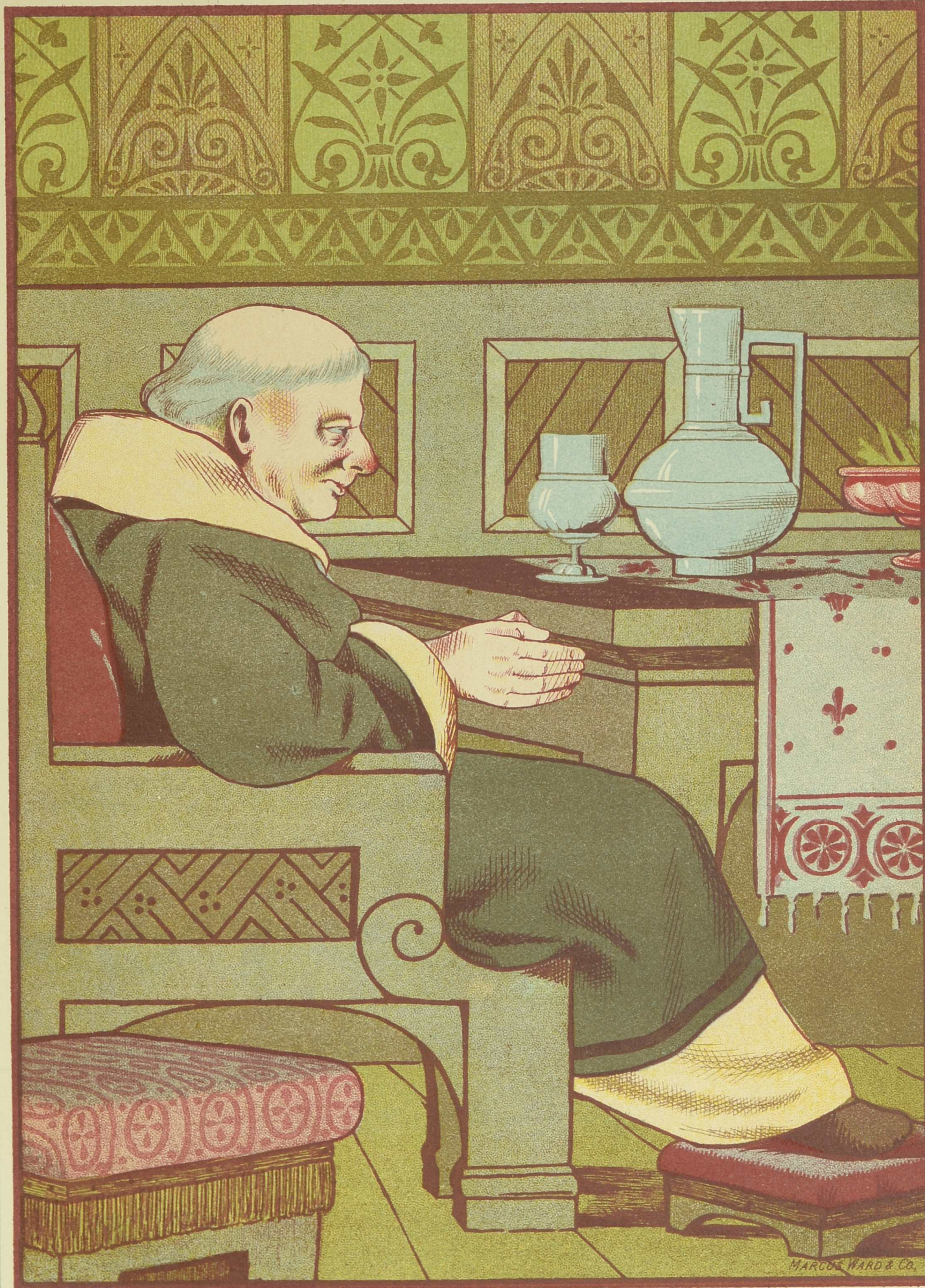
*That worried the CAT,*

*That killed the RAT,*

*That stole the MALT,*

*That lay in the HOUSE that JACK built.*







This is the **Cock** that crowed in the morn.

That wakened the **PRIEST**, all shaven and shorn,

That married the **MAN**, all tattered and torn,

That kissed the **MAIDEN**, all forlorn,

That milked the **COW**, with the crumpled horn.

That tossed the **DOG**,

That worried the **CAT**,

That killed the **RAT**,

That stole the **MALT**,

That lay in the **HOUSE** that **JACK** built.









**T**his is the **F**armer that sold the **CORN**  
For the **COCK**, that crowed in the early morn.  
That wakened the **PRIEST**, all shaven and shorn,  
That married the **MAN**, all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the **MAIDEN**, all forlorn,  
That milked the **COW**, with the crumpled horn.  
That tossed the **DOG**,  
That worried the **CAT**,  
That killed the **RAT**,  
That stole the **MALT**,  
That lay in the **HOUSE** that **JACK** built.



# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

---

## PLATE I.—YE HOUSE.

He built it of brick, and of timber thick,  
And cemented it all together ;  
And he added a roof that was waterproof,  
And served to keep out the weather.

## PLATE II.—JACK.

As he stands before his own oak door  
A right proud man is he ;  
While, to all who come, he points with his thumb,  
That they his work may see.

## PLATE III.—THE MALT.

Then he swept a room, and with many a coomb  
Of Malt proceeds to stock it ;  
And he locked the door, and, to make more sure,  
He put the key in his pocket.

# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

---

## PLATE IV.—THE RAT.

But we all of us know how things will go—  
A Rat, by the lock unretarded,  
Got in at the back, and cribbed a sack  
Of the Malt so jealously guarded.

## PLATE V.—THE CAT.

Now, the rogue had a wife, the plague of his life,  
For a nagging old Cat was she ;  
She would scold and fight, till she killed him outright—  
So cruel can a woman's tongue be.

## PLATE VI.—THE DOG.

But a son had she, a sad Dog he !  
And he worried his poor mamma ;  
For a taste for Malt was a family fault  
He inherited from his papa.

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

---

PLATE VII.—THE COW WITH THE CRUMPLED HORN.

This is the place where those habits base  
That dissolute dog acquired ;  
He would waste his morn at the Crumpled Horn  
For of liquor he never was tired.

PLATE VIII.—THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

This is the Maid so sober and staid  
At the bar of the Crumpled Horn,  
Who served the beer, and other good cheer,  
To travellers wearied and worn.

PLATE IX.—THE MAN ALL TATTERED AND TORN.

But there came that way a Beggar, one day,  
Of ways insinuating ;  
And his pipe he played, and he kissed that Maid  
At the bar while she was waiting.

## THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

---

### PLATE X.—THE PRIEST ALL SHAVEN AND SHORN.

Weeks passed away, and there came a day  
When these young people were wed,  
By a certain Priest whose hair had ceased  
To grow on the crown of his head.

### PLATE XI.—THE COCK.

Here's the Cock who, on their wedding morn,  
Made a terrible fuss with his crow—  
As their friends will do, and other folks, too,  
When a couple are married, you know.

### PLATE XII.—THE FARMER.

Here's the Farmer whose Corn gave food every morn  
To the Cock who befussed himself so ;  
And what else befell perhaps you can tell,  
For my part I really don't know.









