

R. MARCH, 18, St. James' Walk, London, E.C

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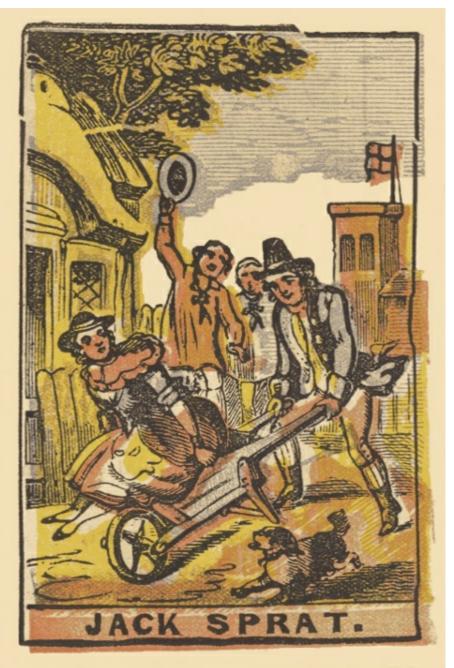
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## HIS WIFE AND CAT.

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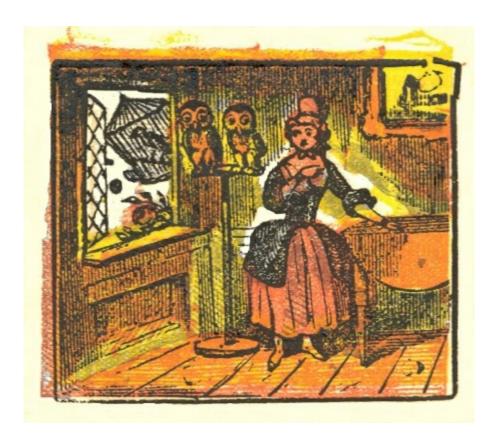
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
IlHis wife could eat no lean,
And so between them both,
IlThey lick'd the platter clean.
When Jack Sprat was young
IlHe dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole
IlAnd he gained her heart.



Jack Sprat was the bridegroom, IIJoan Cole was the bride, Jack said from the church IIHis Joan home should ride; But no coach could take her, IIThe lane was so narrow, Said Jack then I'll take her IIHome in a wheelbarrow.



Jack brought home his Joan,
IIAnd she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat,
IIThat had got but one ear.
Then Joan went to market
IITo buy her some fowls,
She bought a jackdaw,
IIAnd a couple of owls.



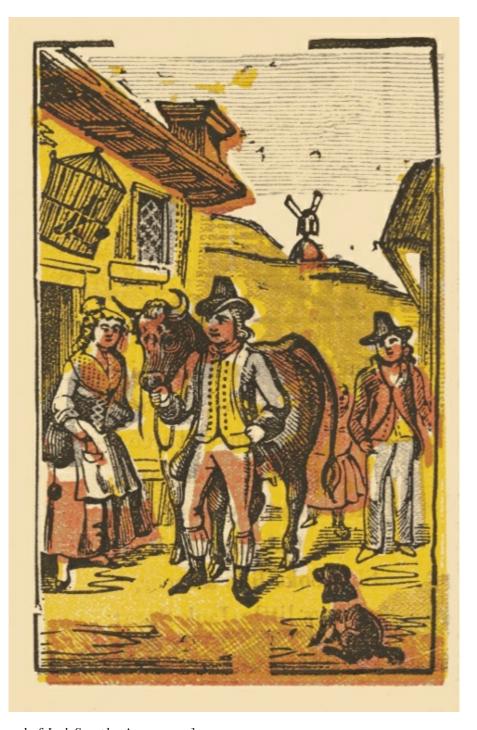
Jack Sprat bought a cow,
IlHis Joan for to please,
For Joan she could make
IlBoth butter and cheese;
Or pancakes or puddings,
IlWithout any fat,
A notable housewife
IlWas little Joan Sprat.



Joan Sprat went to brewing IIA barrel of ale,
She put in some hops,
IISo it might not turn stale;
But as for the malt,
IIShe forgot to put that:
This is brave sober liquor,
IISaid little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat went to market,
IIAnd bought him a mare,
She was lame of three legs,
IIAnd blind I declare;
Her ribs they were bare,
IIFor the mare had no fat;
She looks like a racer,
IISays little Jack Sprat.



[The end of *Jack Sprat* by Anonymous]