



JACK SPRAT.

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

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HIS WIFE AND CAT.

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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.
When Jack Sprat was young
|| He dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole
|| And he gained her heart.



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 wheelbarrow.



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



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,
||So it might not turn stale;
But as for the malt,
||She forgot to put that:
This is brave sober liquor,
||Said little Jack Sprat.



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



[The end of *Jack Sprat* by Anonymous]