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R. Caldecott's

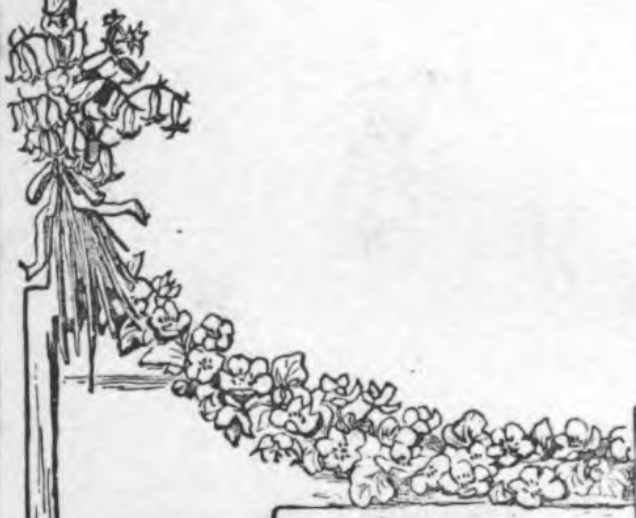
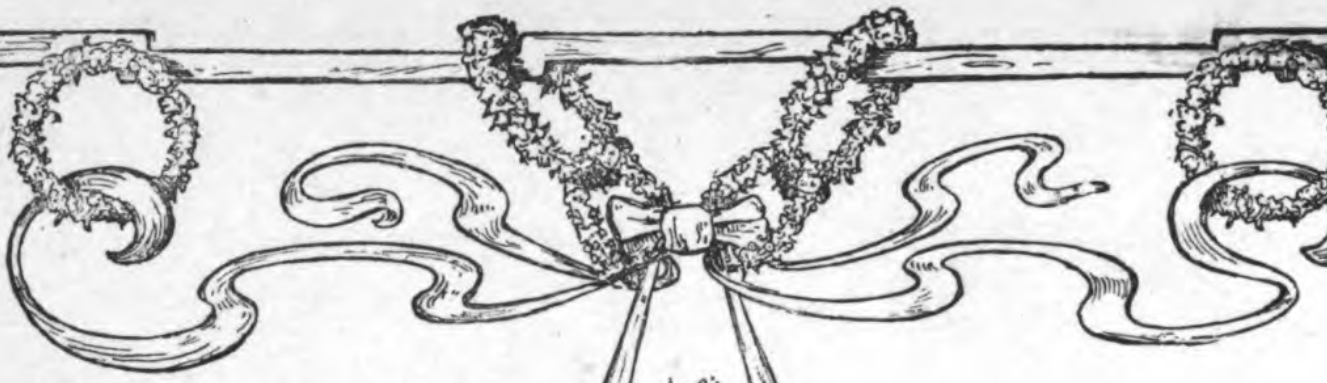
PICTURE BOOK

No. 2

THE HOUSE THAT JACK
SING A SONG FOR SIX
& THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN



FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
- London & New York



R. CALDECOTT
PICTURE BOOK

R. CALDECOTT'S
PICTURE BOOK
N^o 2

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R. CALDECOTT'S
PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE
THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

ALL ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR AND BLACK AND WHITE

BY

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT



LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
AND NEW YORK

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THE
HOUSE



THAT
JACK BUILT.

THIS is the House that
Jack built.

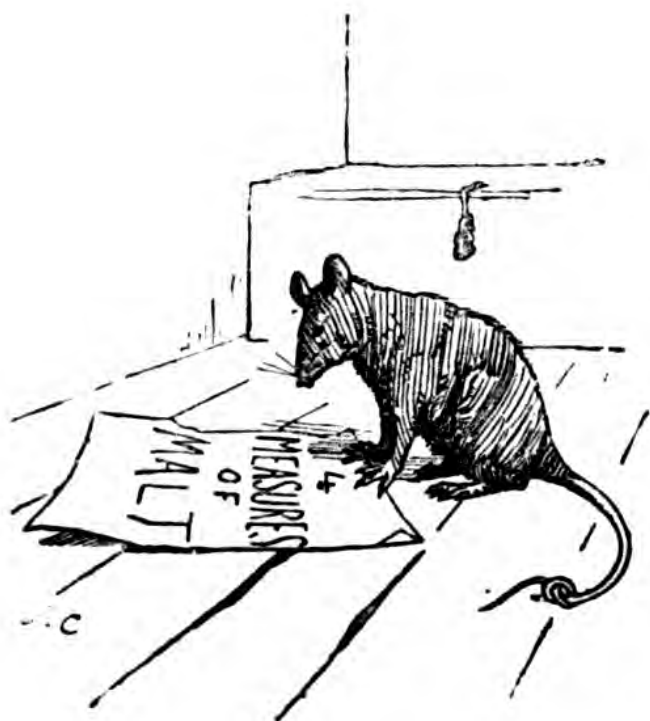




This is the Malt,



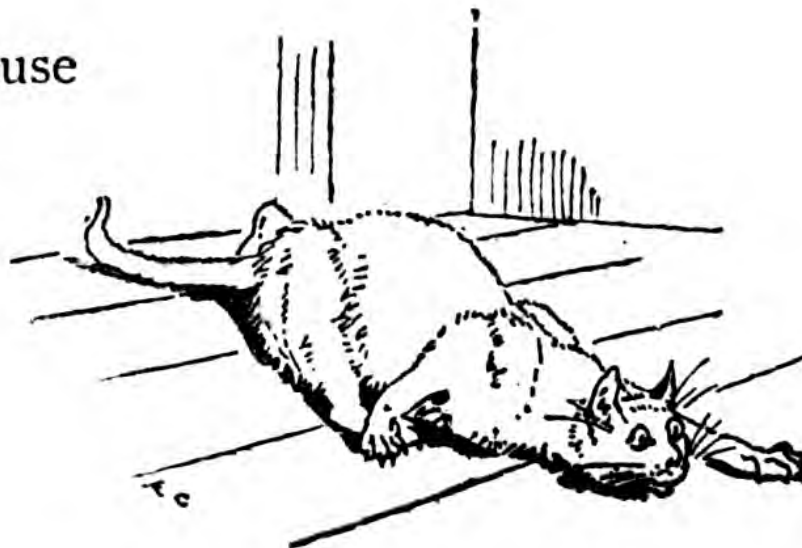
That lay in the House
that Jack built.





This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt,

That lay in the House
that Jack built.

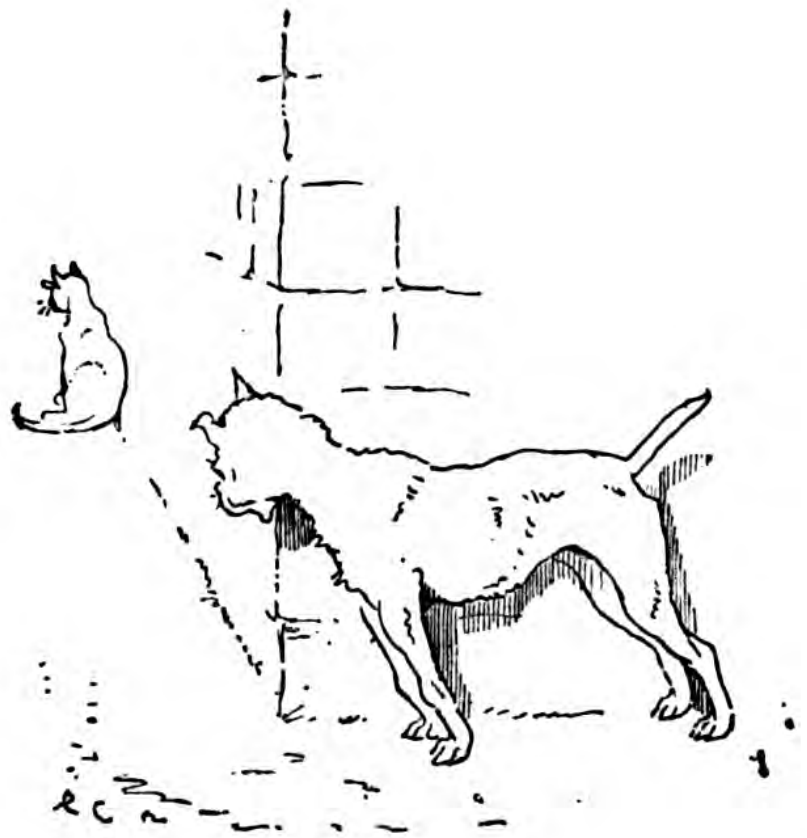




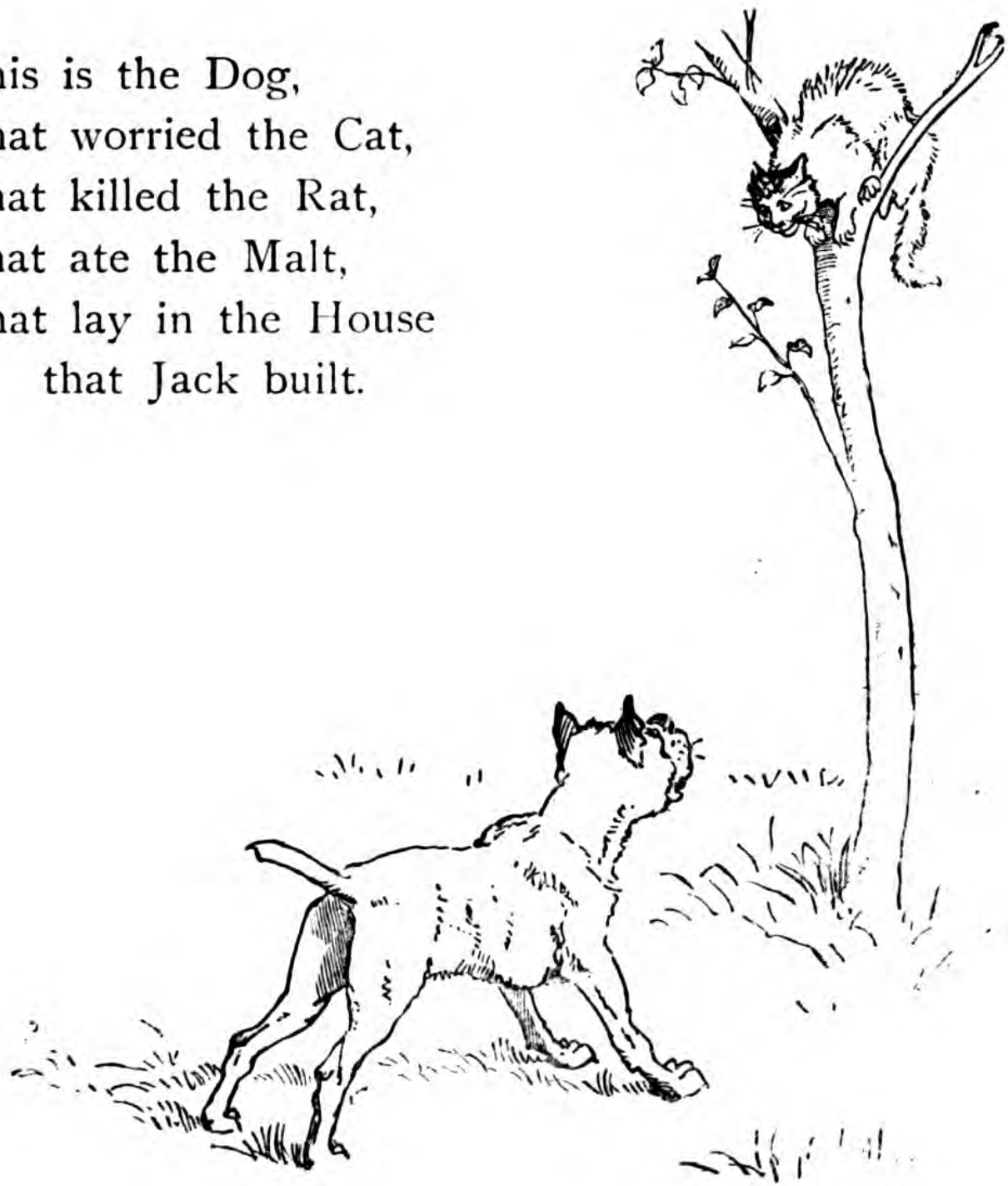
This is the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.



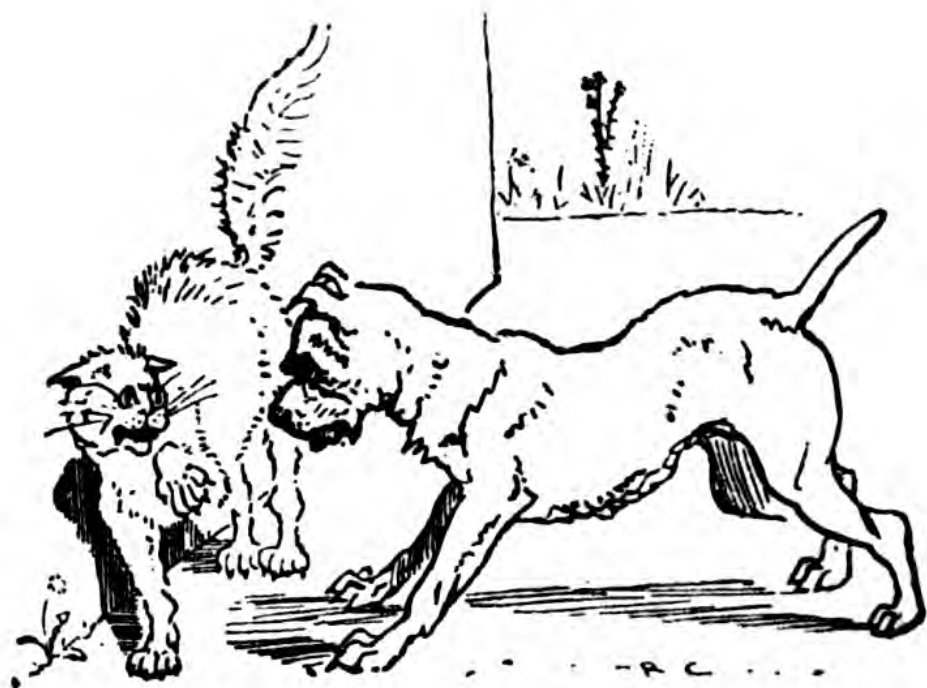




This is the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.

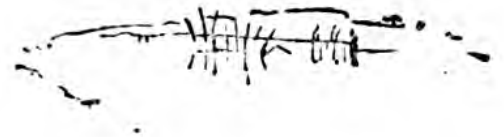


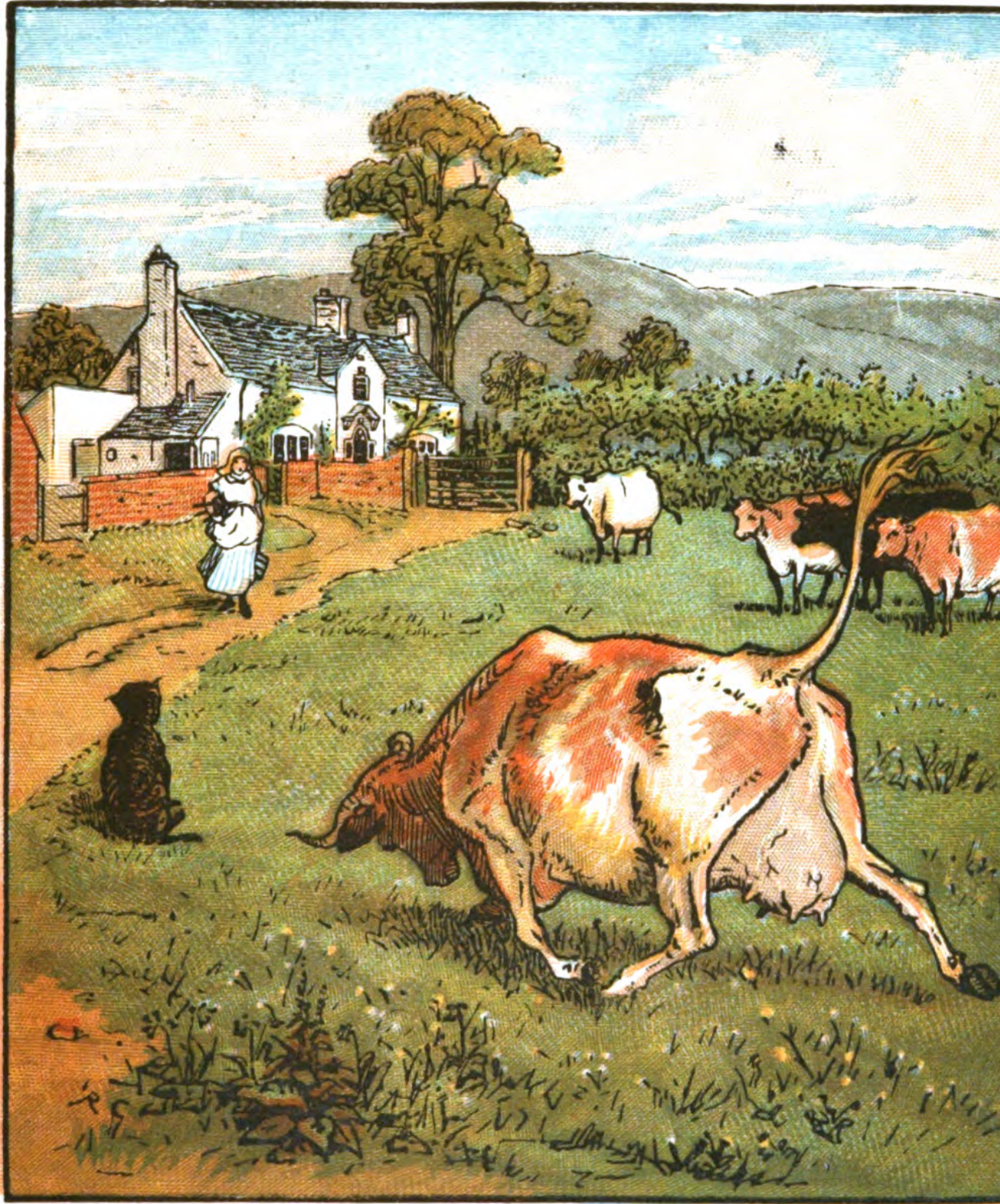






This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.

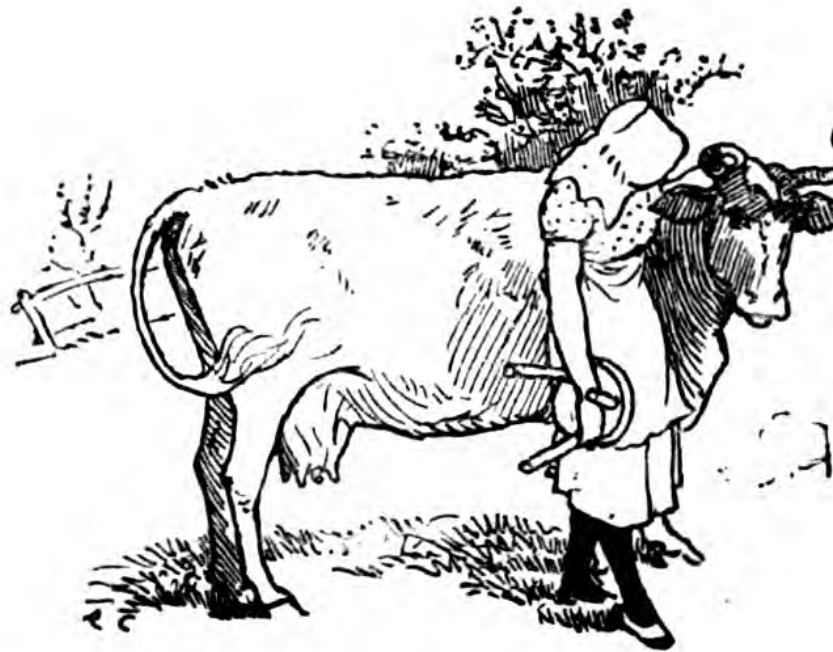






This is the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow
with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate 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 w
the crumpled h
That tossed the Dog,



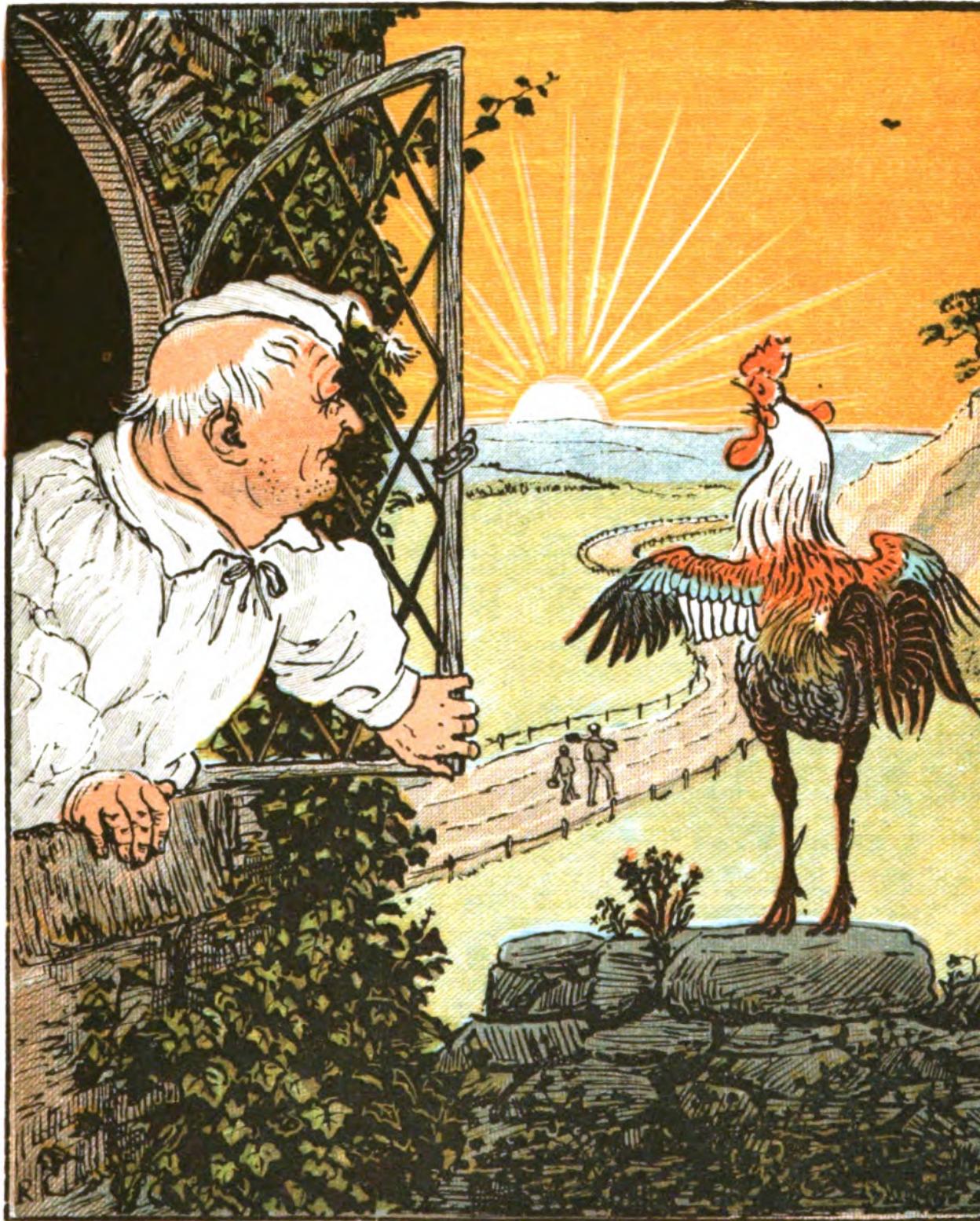
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.



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 ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cock
that crowed in the morn,
That waked 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 ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.



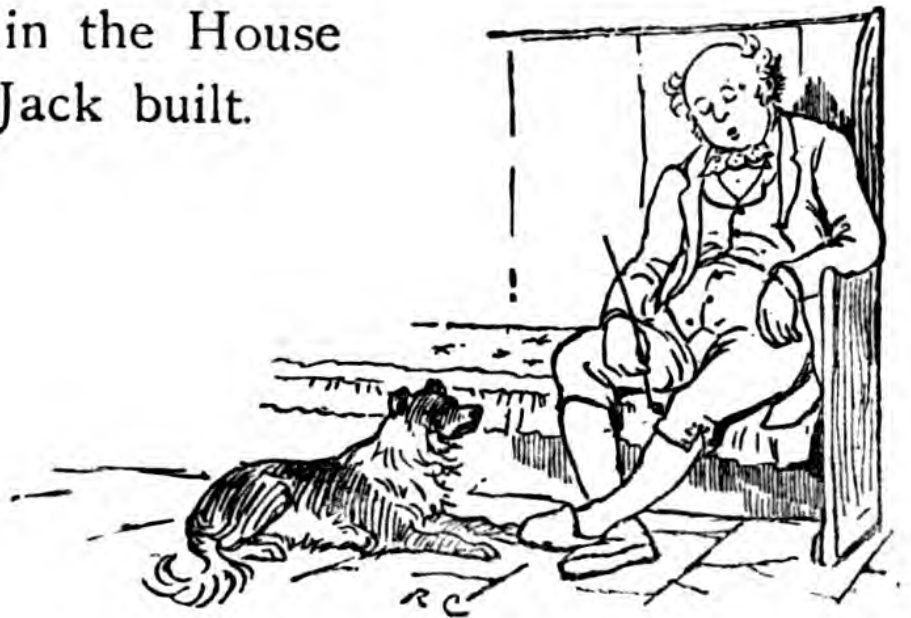








This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House
that Jack built.







SING A SONG
FOR
SIXPENCE.

SING a Song for Sixpence,







A Pocketful of Rye;



Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds





Baked in a Pie.



When the Pie was opened,
The Birds began to sing ;



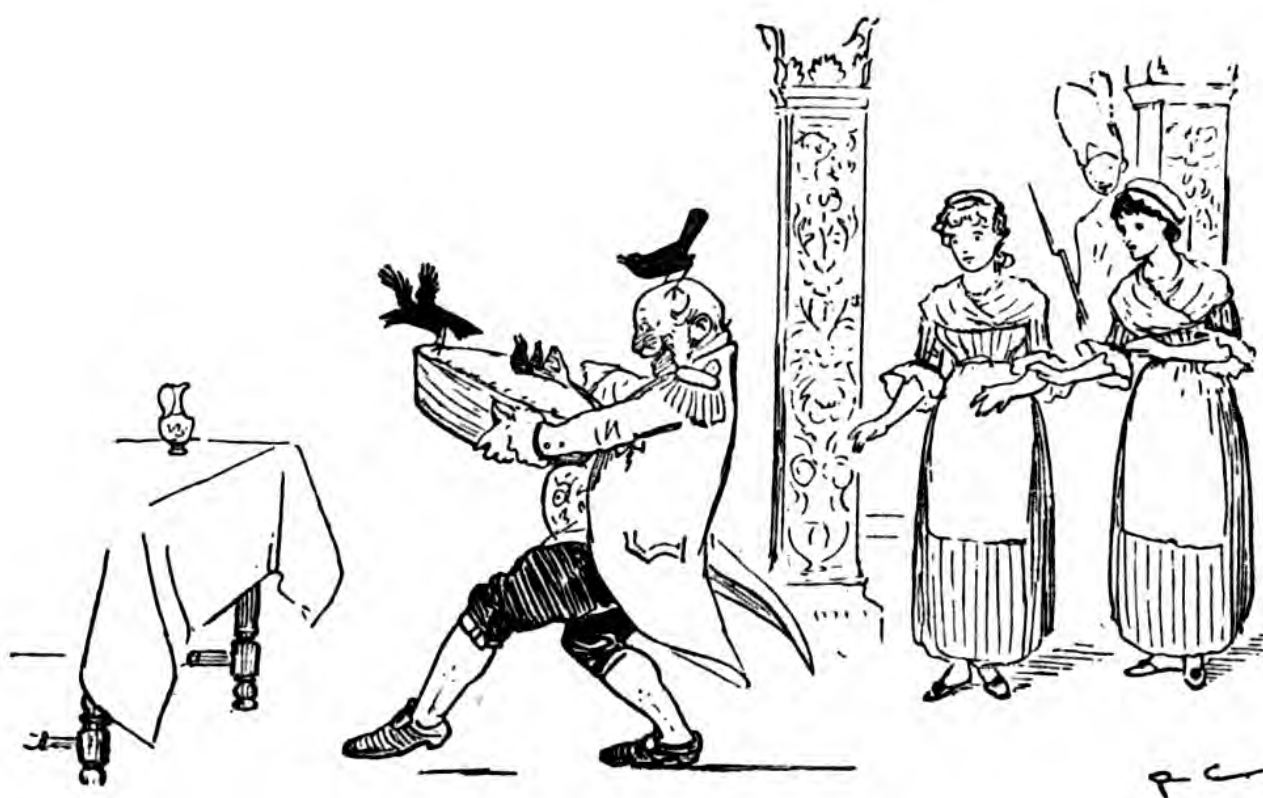


Was not that

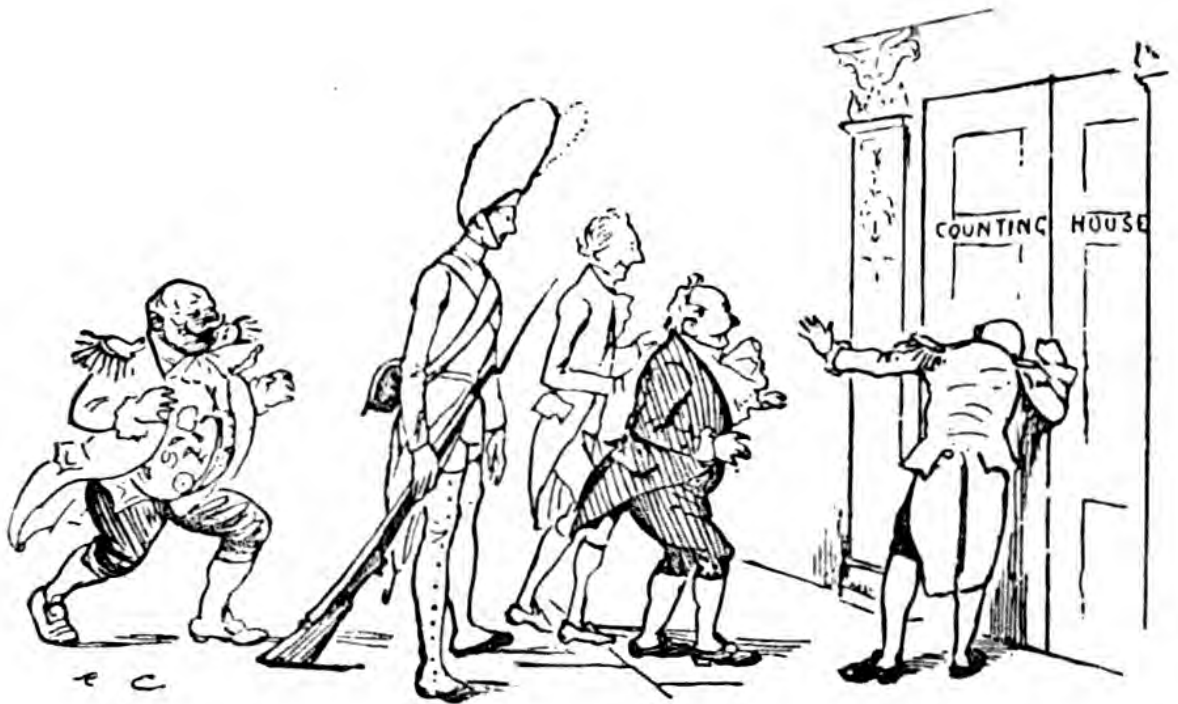


a dainty Dish





To set before the King?



The King was in his Counting-house,



Counting out his Money.





The Queen was in



the Parlour,





Eating Bread and Honey.



The Maid was in



the Garden,



Hanging out the Clothes ;



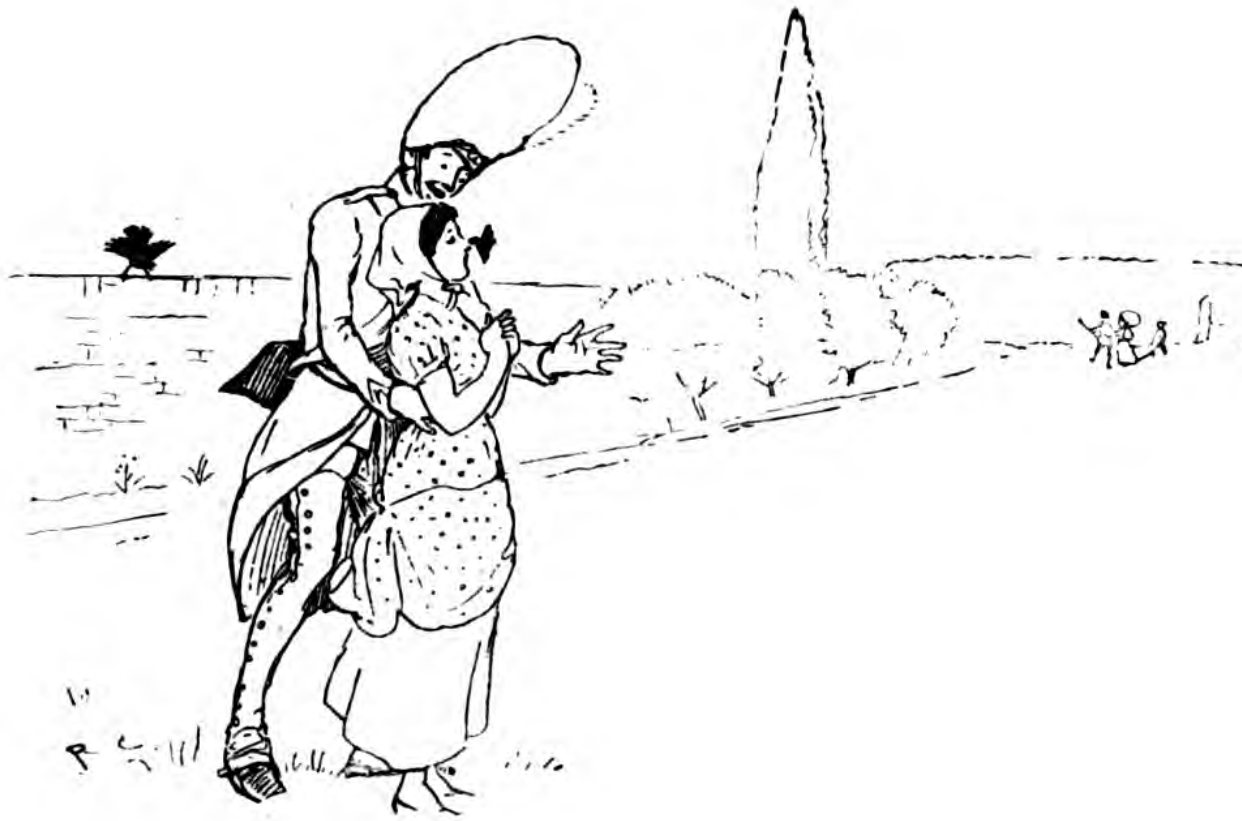


There came a little Blackbird,



And snapped off her Nose.





But there came a Jenny Wren
And popped it on again.



THE QUEEN.
OF
HEARTS.



THE Queen of Hearts,







She made some Tarts,



All on a Summer's Day:



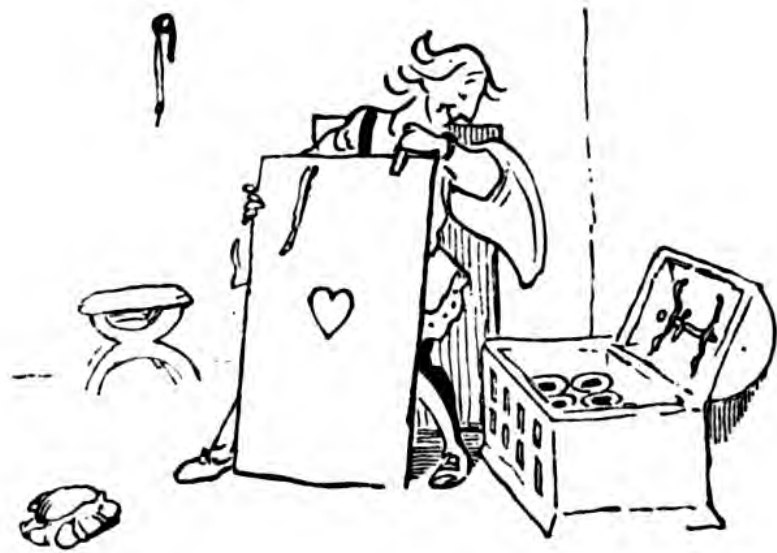




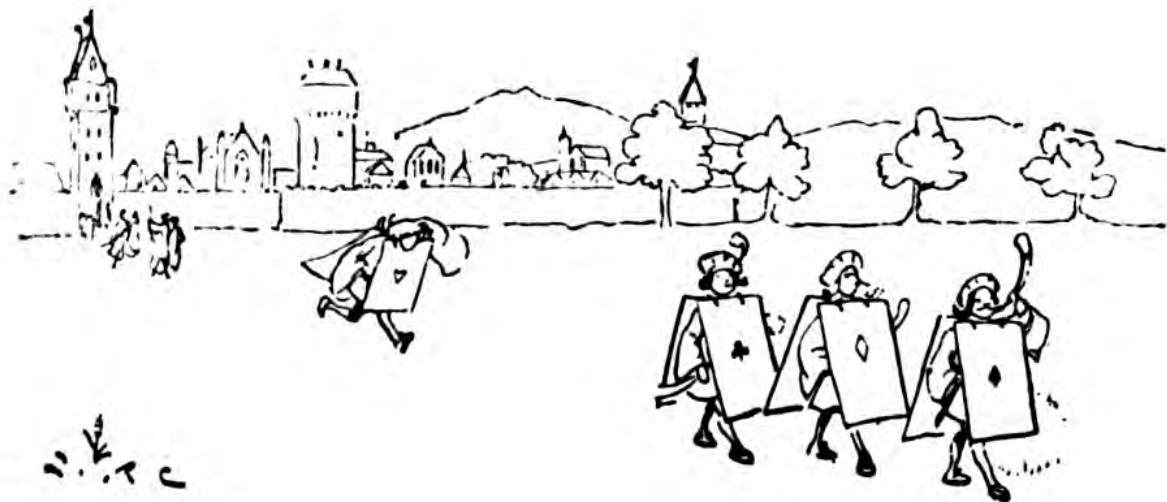
The Knave of Hearts,



He stole those Tarts,

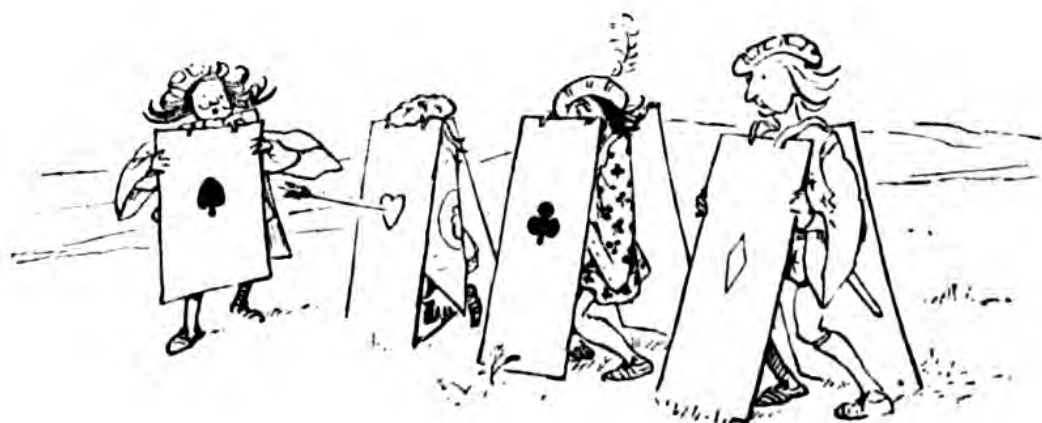


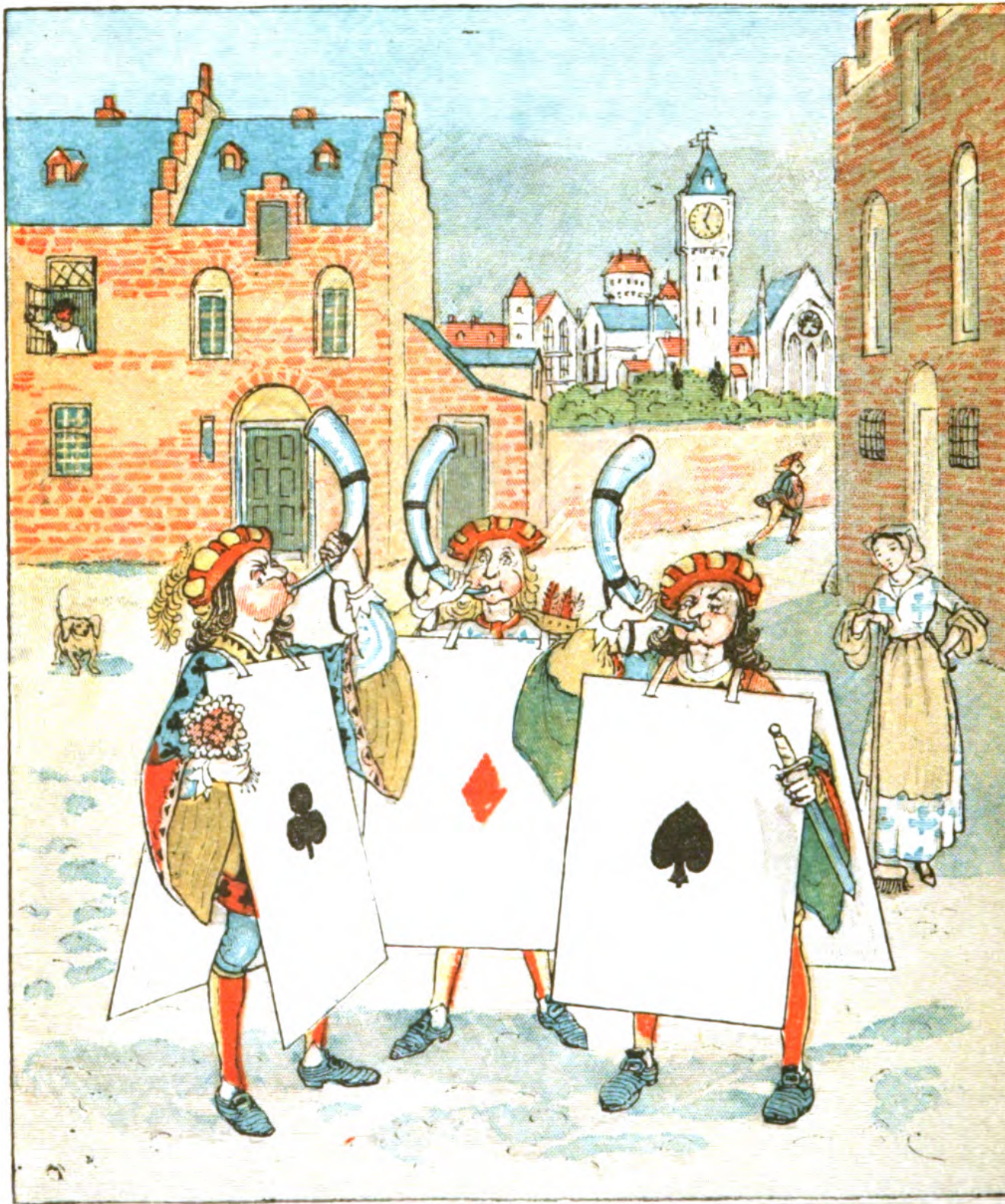
And took them right away.

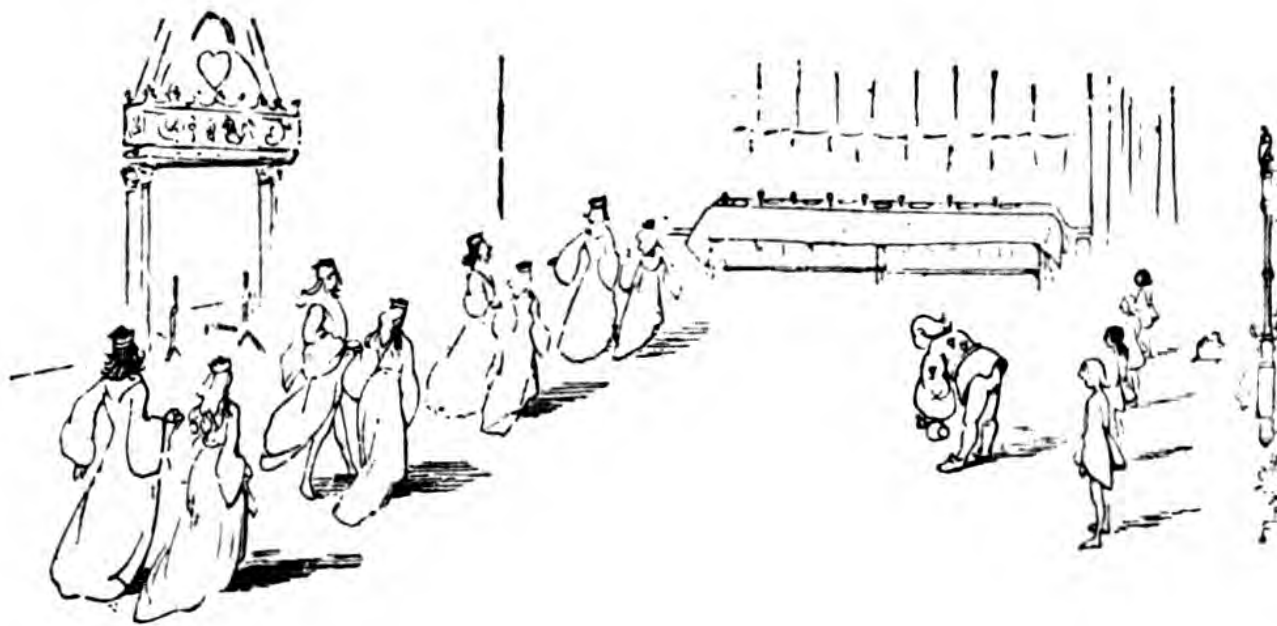








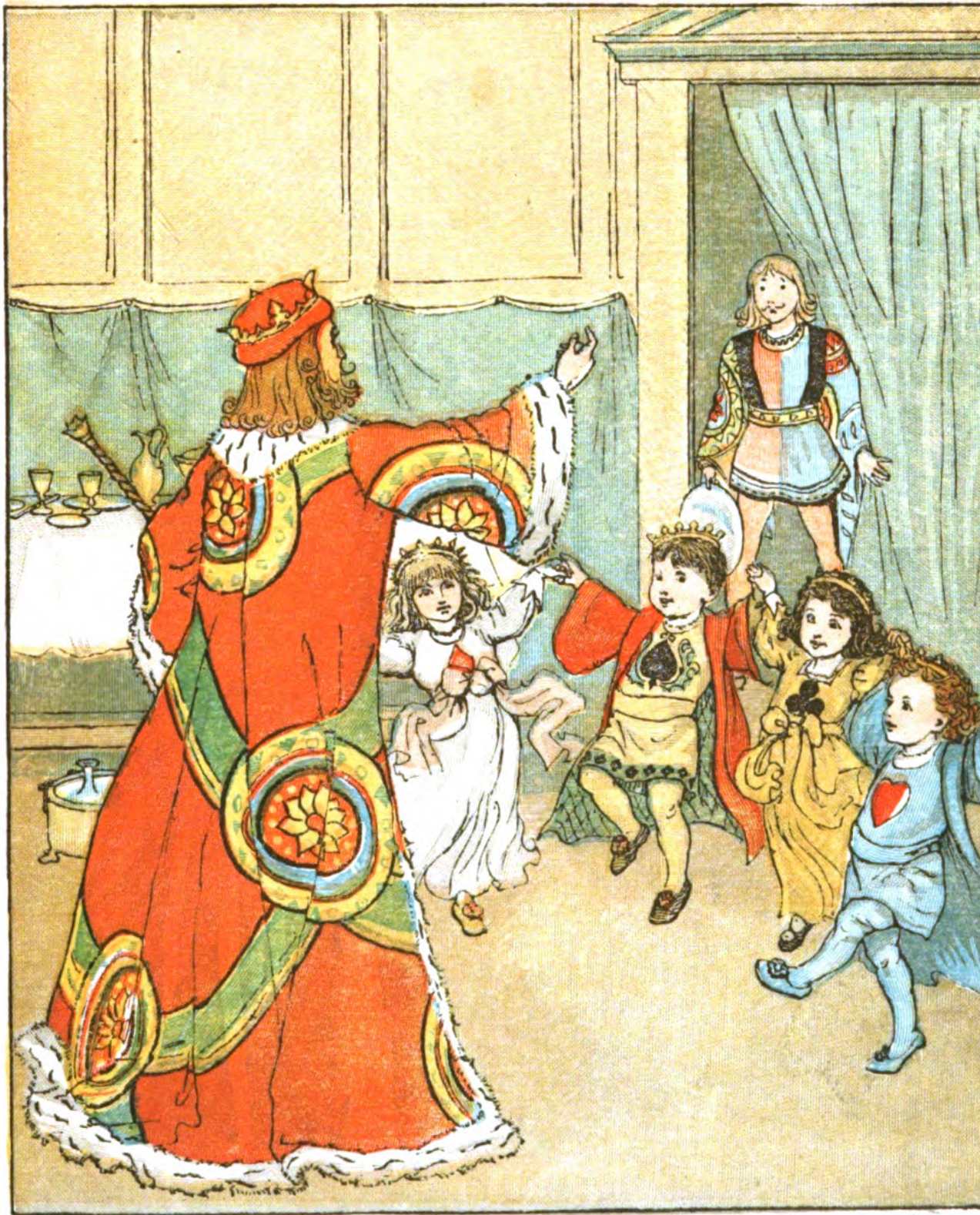




The King of Hearts,



Called for those Tarts,











And beat the Knave full sore :

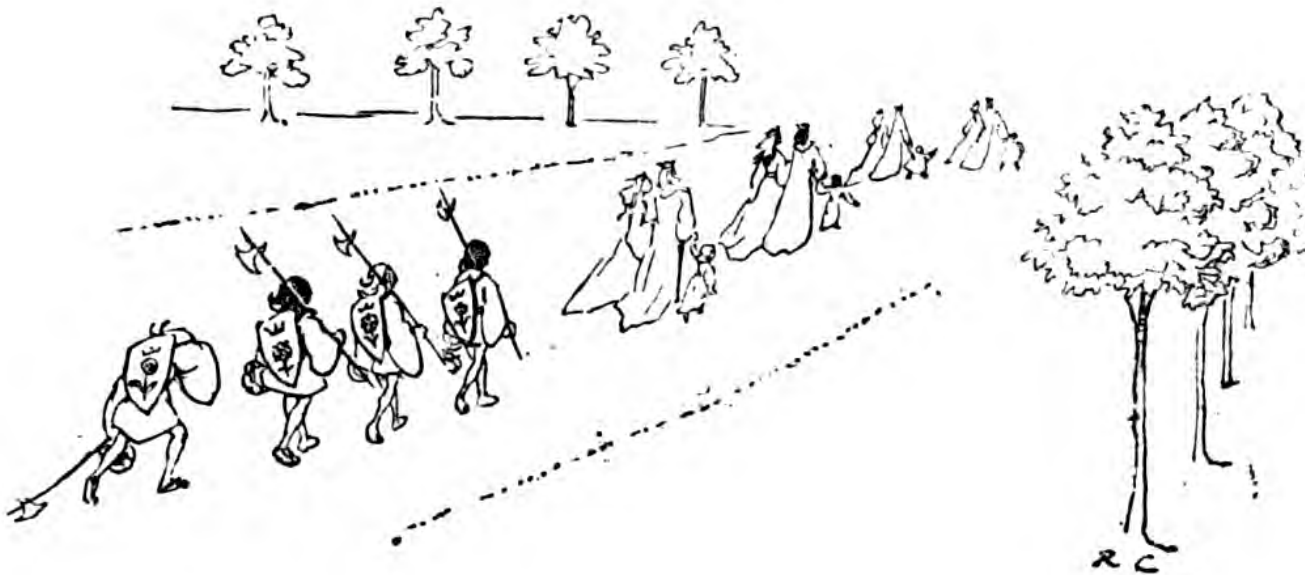


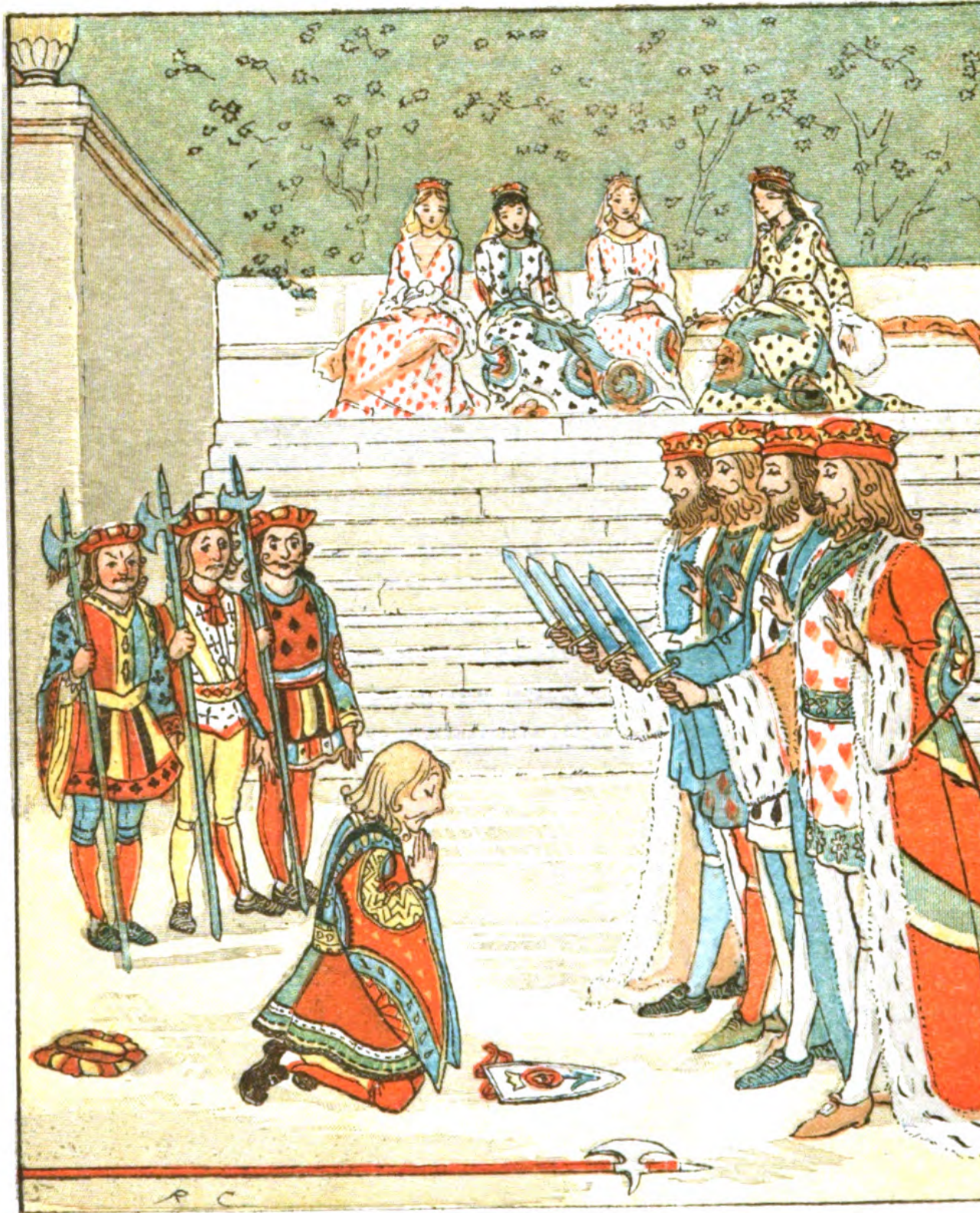


The Knave of Hearts,
Brought back those Tarts







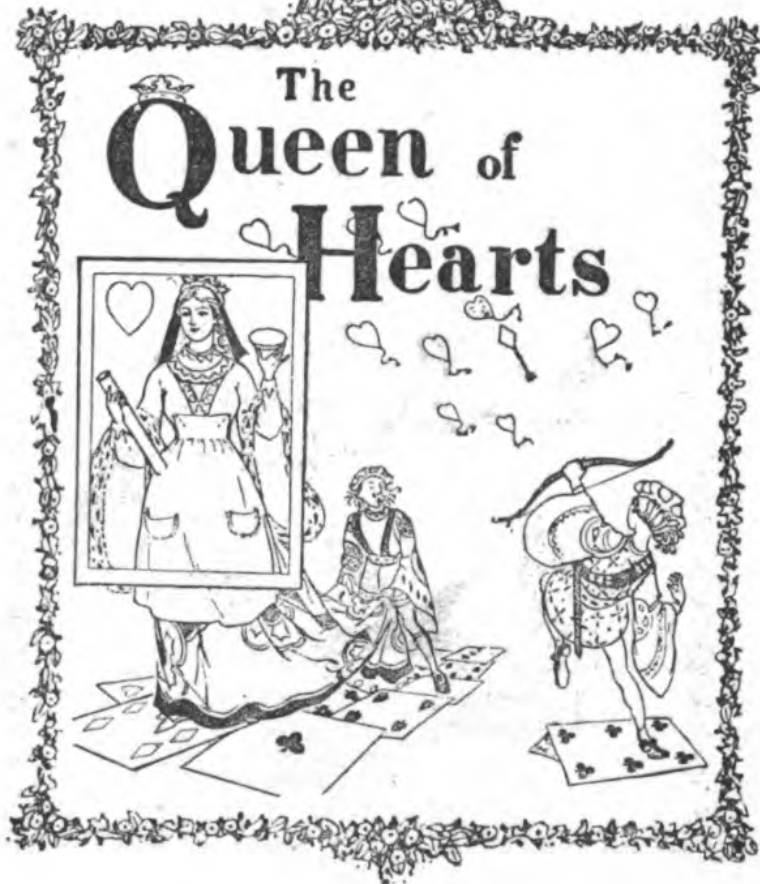




And vowed he'd steal no more.



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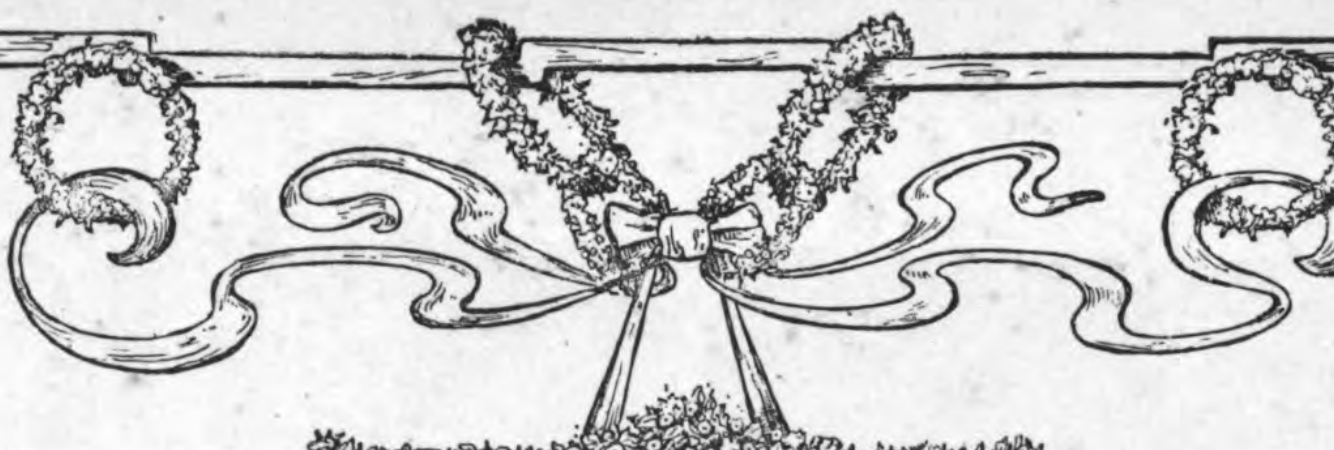
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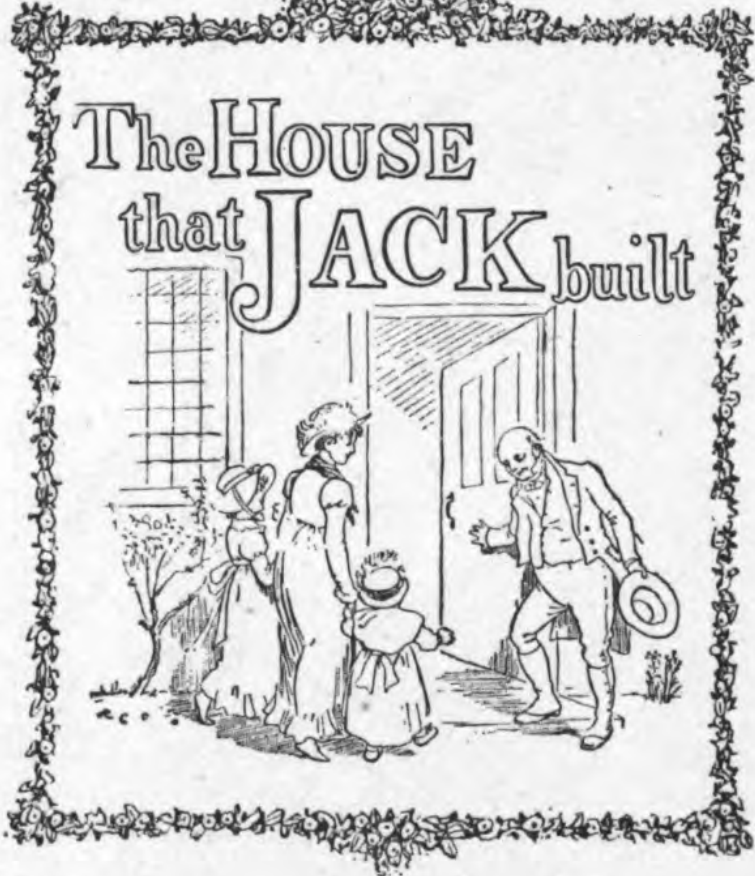
SING A SONG
for SIXPENCE



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The HOUSE
that JACK built



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