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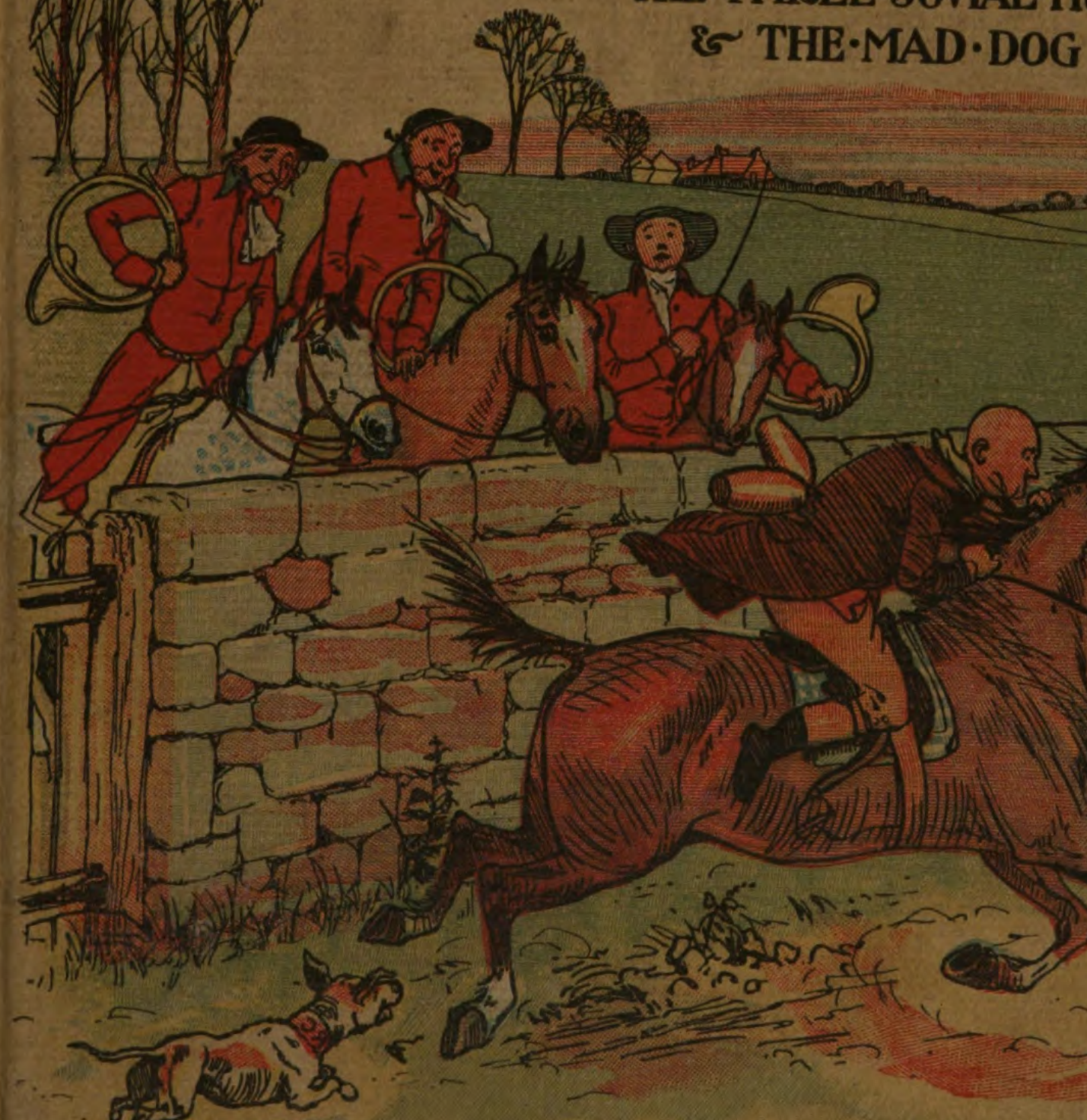


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Readers' **PICTURE BOOK**

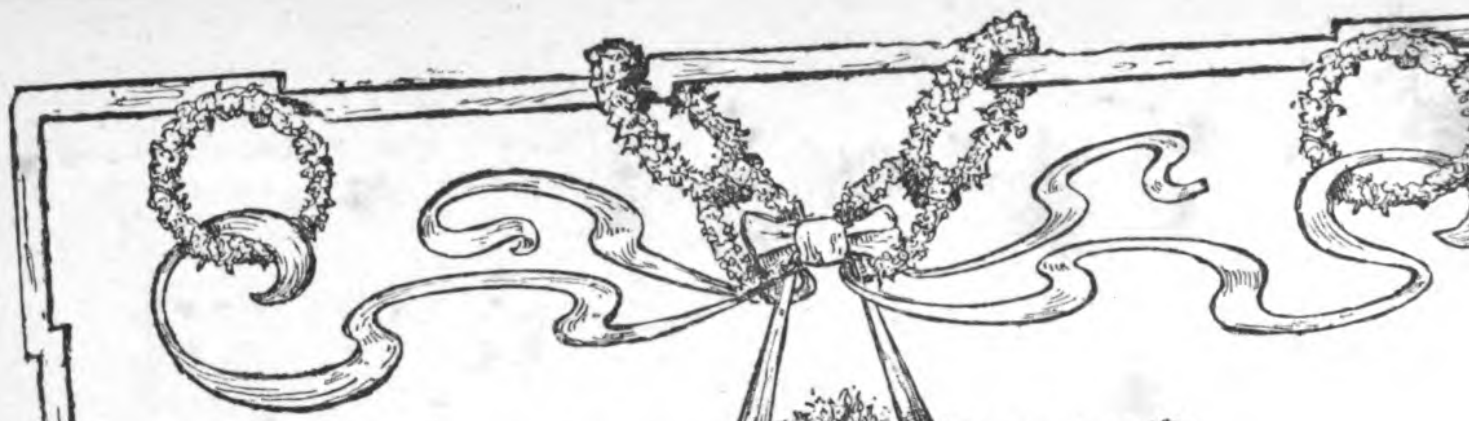
No. 1

JOHN GILPIN  
THE THREE JOVIAL HUMORS  
& THE MAD DOG

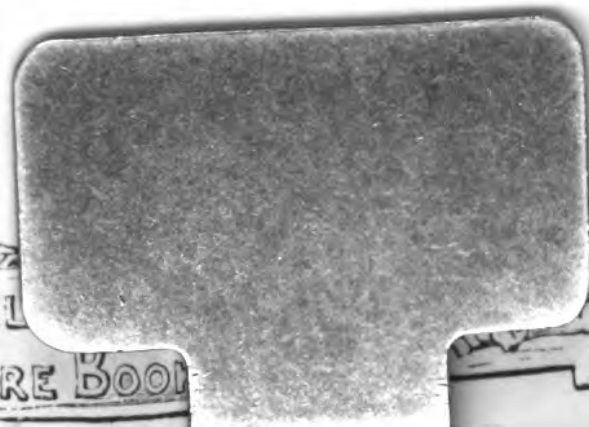


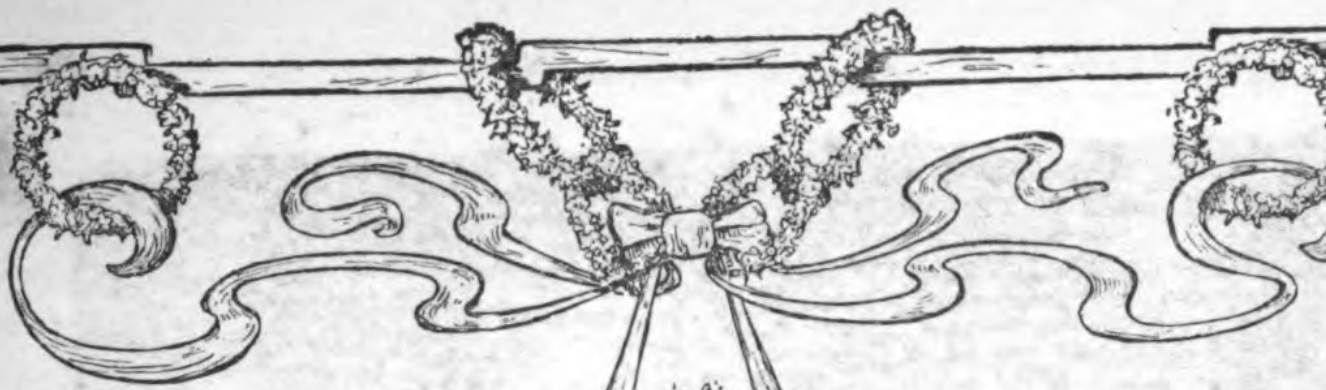
FREDERICK WARNE  
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R. CAL  
PICTURE BOOK





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PICTURE BOOKS





The  
**MAD DOG**

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R. CALDECOTT'S  
PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN  
THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN  
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

ALL ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR  
AND BLACK AND WHITE

BY

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT



LONDON  
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.  
AND NEW YORK

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The Linendraper bold

ODLEIAN  
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THE DIVERTING HISTORY  
OF



JOHN GILPIN



THE DIVERTING HISTORY  
OF  
JOHN GILPIN

*Showing how he went farther than he intended,  
and came safe home again.*

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he,  
Of famous London town.

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest  
Therefore it shall be done.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the 'Bell' at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our  
Which is both bright and clear."

"My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

John Gilpin kissed his loving  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That, though on pleasure shewn  
She had a frugal mind.





The morning came, the chaise was  
But yet was not allowed [brought,  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

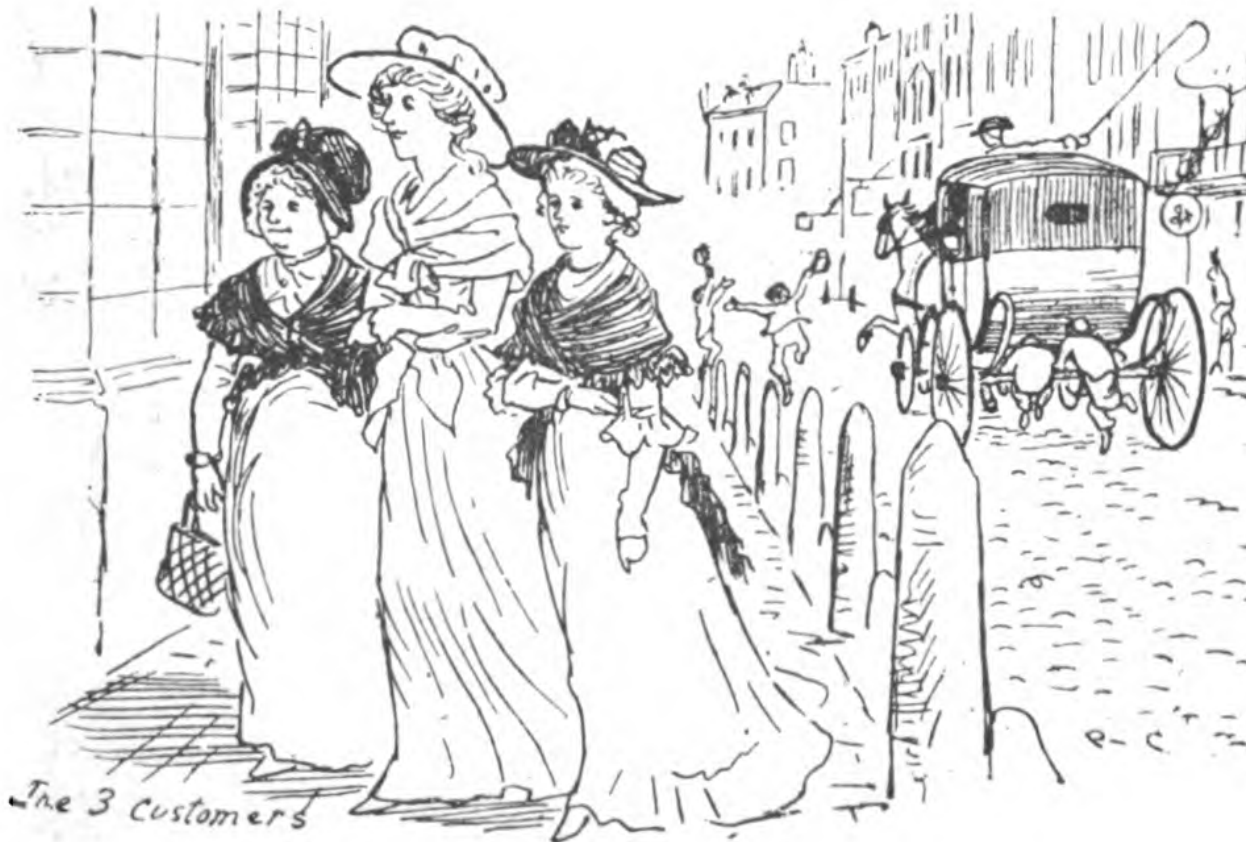
So three doors off the chaise was  
Where they did all get in; [stayed,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the  
Were never folks so glad! [wheels,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane  
And up he got, in haste to ride  
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time  
Although it grieved him sore  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew  
Would trouble him much more.





'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down-  
"The wine is left behind!" [stairs,

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring  
My leathern belt likewise, [it me,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,

To hold the liquor that she lov'd  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew  
And hung a bottle on each side  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed  
He manfully did throw. [r

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.



So "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain ;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both  
And eke with all his might. [hand]



His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got,  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or no,  
Away went hat and wig;  
He little dreamt, when he so  
Of running such a rig.



The wind did blow, the cloak did fly  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well  
The bottles he had slung  
A bottle swinging at each side  
As hath been said or sung









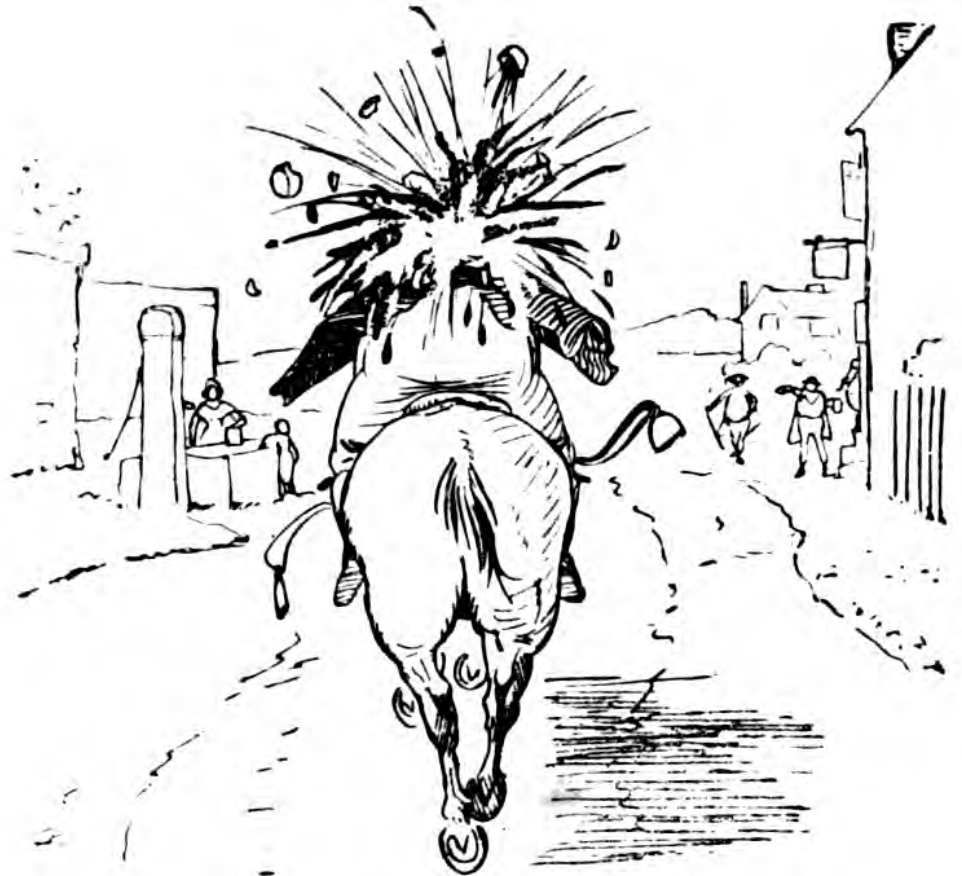


The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done !"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who b  
His fame soon spread ar  
"He carries weight ! heride  
'Tis for a thousand poun

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike men  
Their gates wide open threw.





And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the ro  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made the horse's flank  
As they had basted been. [sm

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.



Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

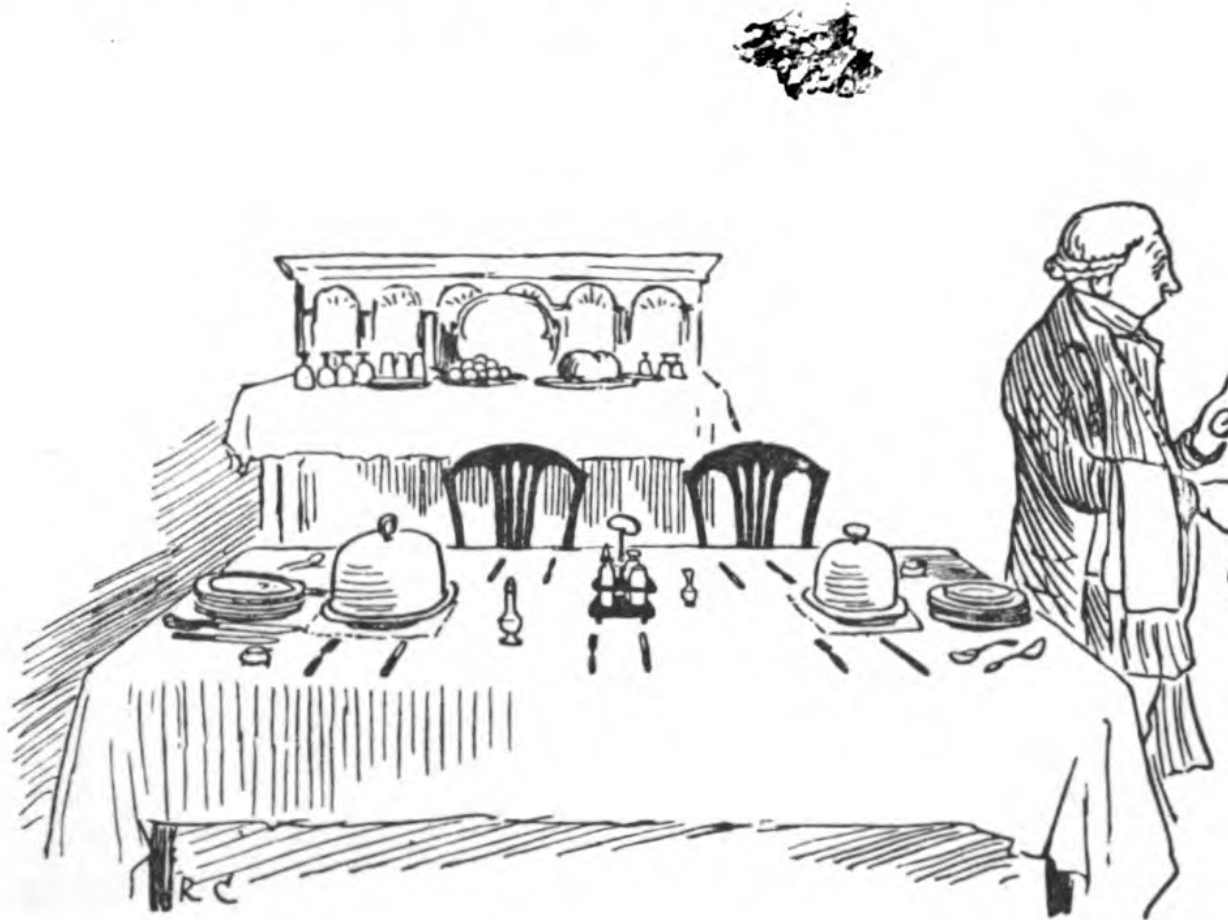






At Edmonton, his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering  
To see how he did ride. [much

“Stop, stop, JOHN GILPIN!—Here  
They all at once did cry; [he  
“The dinner waits, and we are t  
Said Gilpin—“So am I!”



But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me  
The middle of my song.



Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate  
And thus accosted him :



“What news? what news? your tidings  
Tell me you must and shall — [tell;  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calendar  
In merry guise, he spoke :



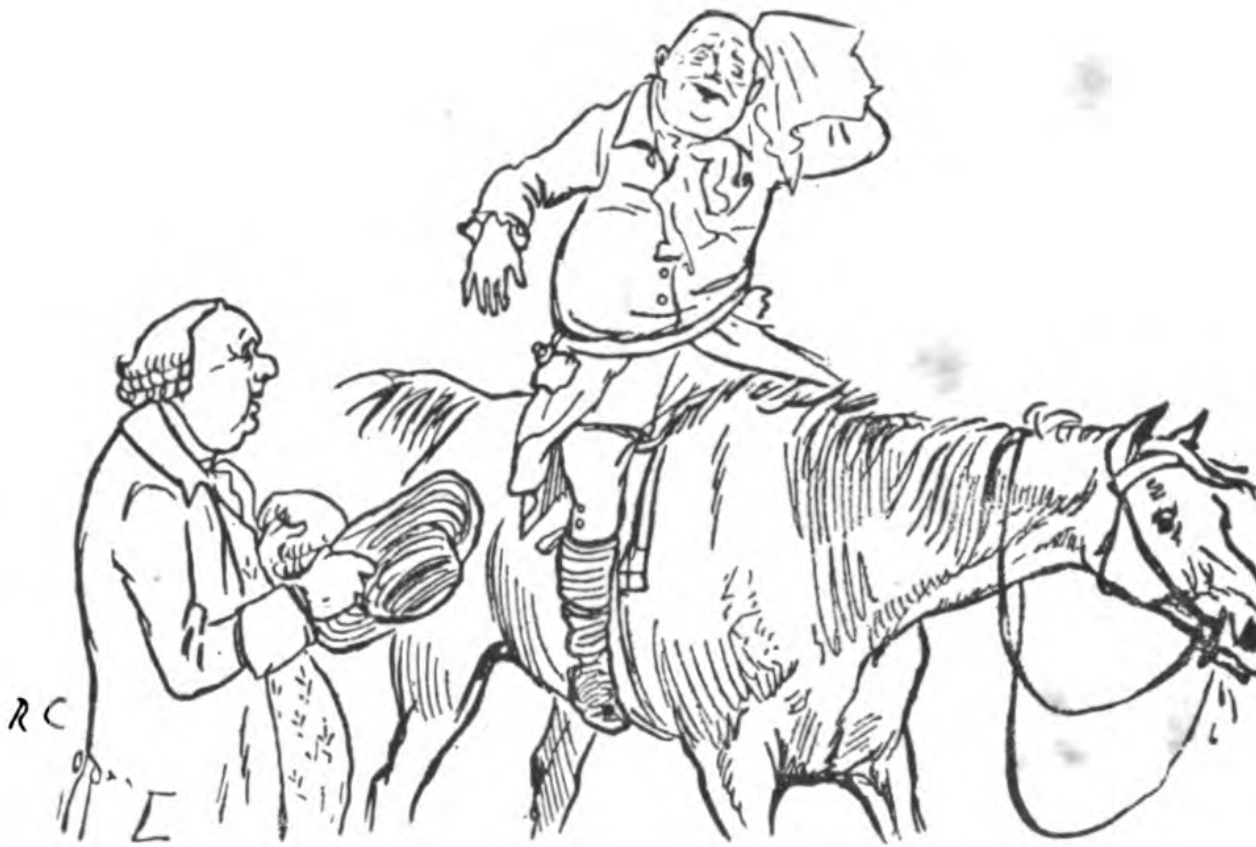
“I came because your horse would  
And, if I well forebode, [come ;  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;



Whence straight he came with hat and  
A wig that flowed behind, [wig,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit :  
“ My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.



“ But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
“ I am in haste to dine ;

’Twas for your pleasure you came,  
You shall go back for mine.” [h

Ah ! luckless speech, and boot  
For which he paid full dear ; [b  
For while he spake, a braying a  
Did sing most loud and clear

Whereat his horse did snort, as  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might  
As he had done before.







---

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why?—they were too big.



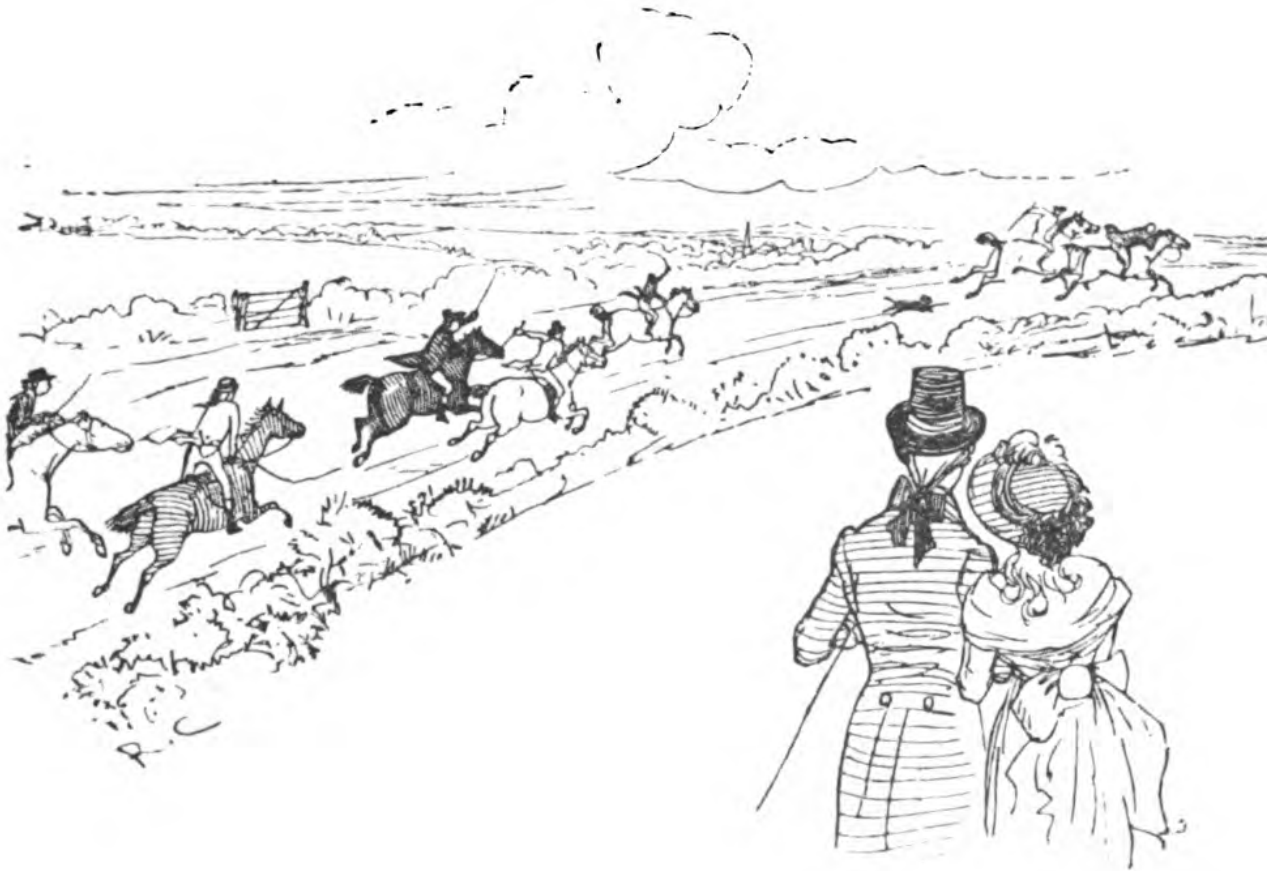
Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the "Bell,"  
"This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."



The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop  
By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.



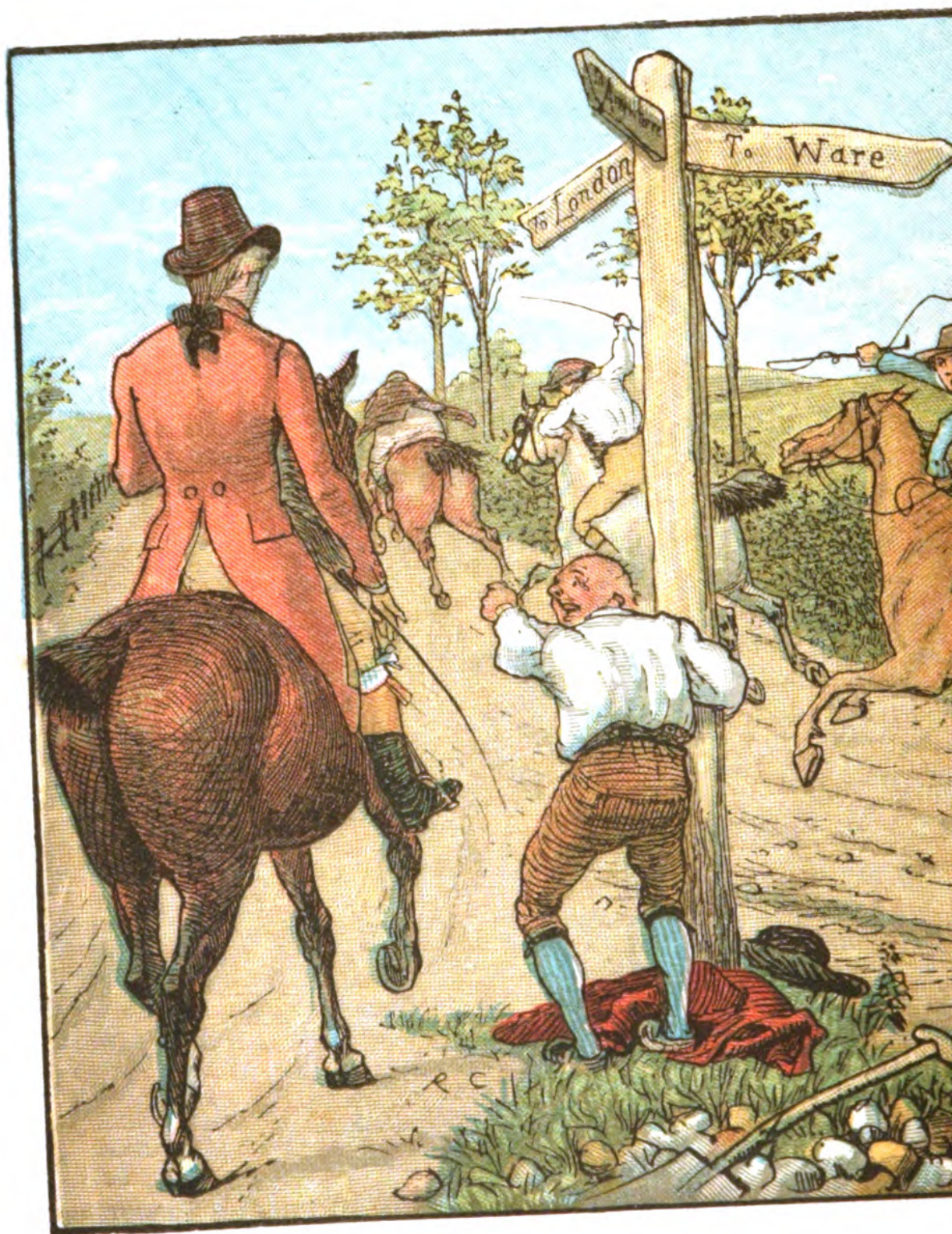
Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.



Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:—



“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!”  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.











And now the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking as before  
That Gilpin rode a race,

And so he did, and won it too  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see !



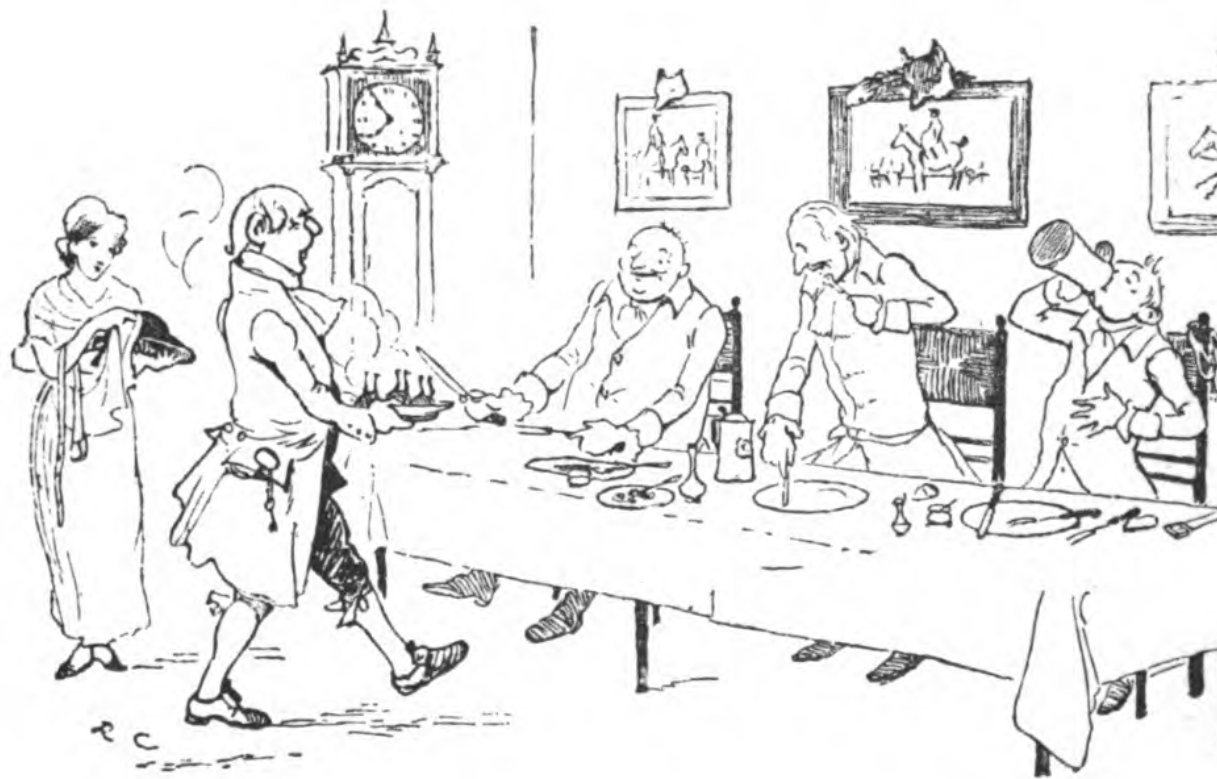




THE THREE JOVIAL



HUNTSMEN.



## THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN

[T's of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting t  
did go;

An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they b  
their horns also.

Look ye there!







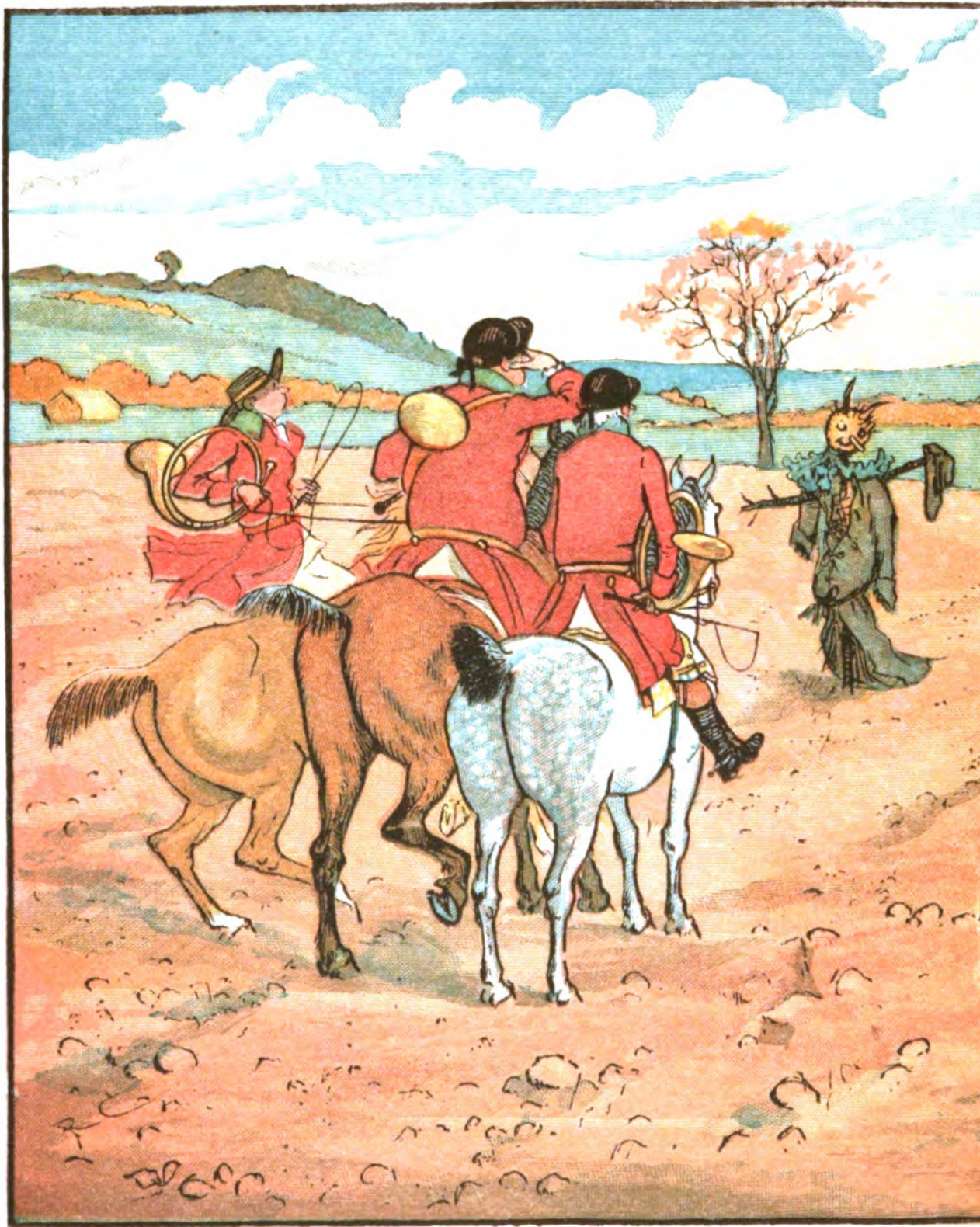


An' one said, "Mind yo'r e'en, an' keep yo'r no  
reet i' th' wind,



An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet o' summat  
to our mind."

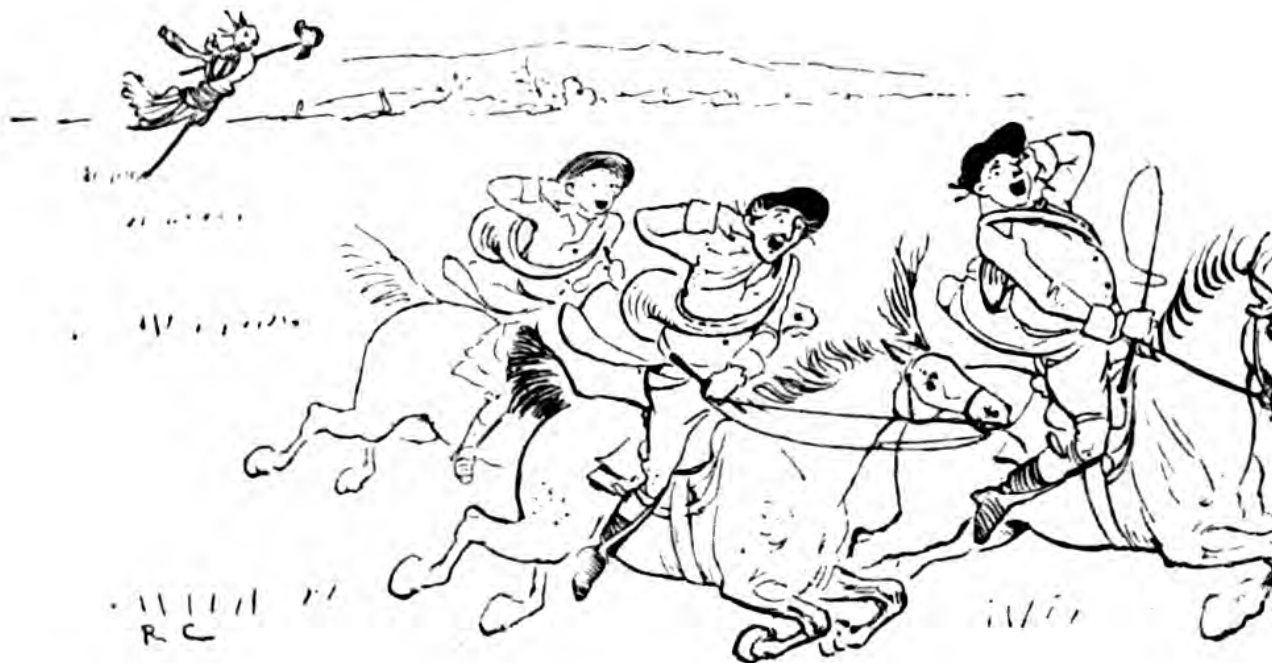
Look ye there!





They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thi  
they did find  
Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that th  
left behind.

Look ye there!

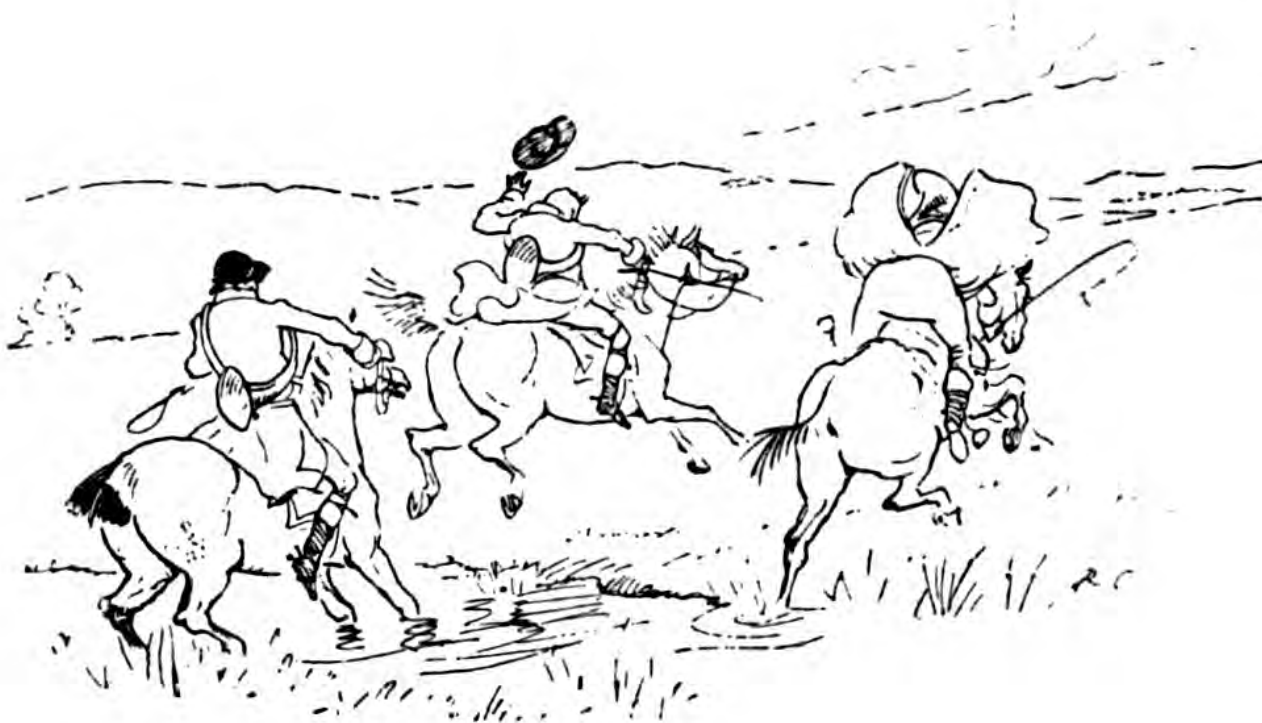


One said it was a boggart, an' another he said "Na  
It's just a ge'man-farmer, that has gone an' lost l  
way."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thi  
they did find  
Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that th  
left behind.

Look ye there!



One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Na  
It's nought but an owd fossil cheese, that somebody  
roll't away."

Look ye there!

















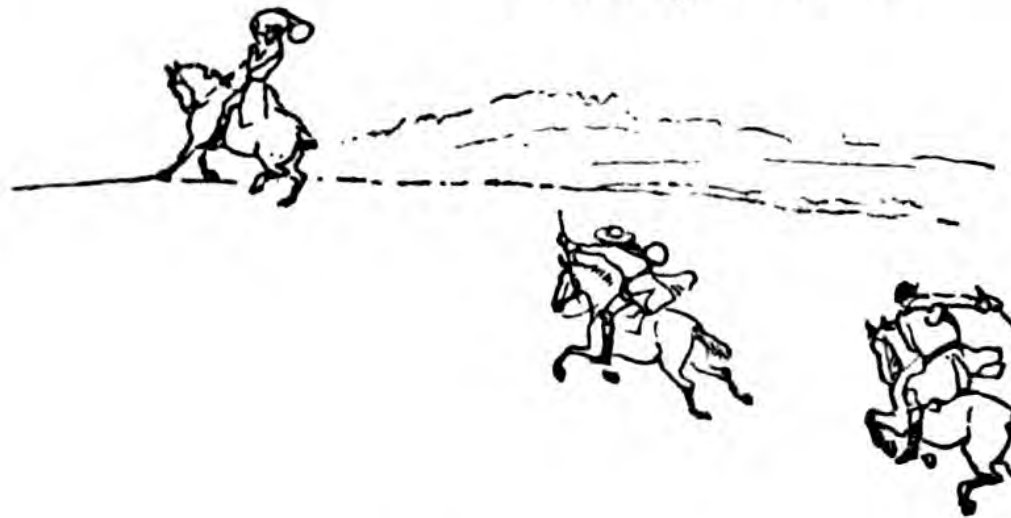


They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing  
they did find  
Was a bull-calf in a pin-fold, an' that, too, they l  
behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Na  
It's just a painted jackass, that has never larnt  
bray."

Look ye there!





They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing  
they did find  
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' the  
they left behind.

Look ye there!











One said that they were children, but another he  
said "Nay ;



They're no' but little angels, so we'll leave 'em  
their play."

Look ye there!







They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thi  
they did find  
Was a fat pig smiling in a ditch, an' that, too, th  
left behind.

Look ye there!



One said it was a fat pig, but another he said " Nay  
It's just a Lunnon Alderman, whose clothes are st  
away."

Look ye there!









They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next th  
they did find  
Was two young lovers in a lane, an' these they  
behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were lovers, but another he  
“Nay ;  
They're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come, let  
go away.”

Look ye there!













So they hunted, an' they hollo'd, till the setting o  
the sun ;  
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th  
huntin'-day was done.

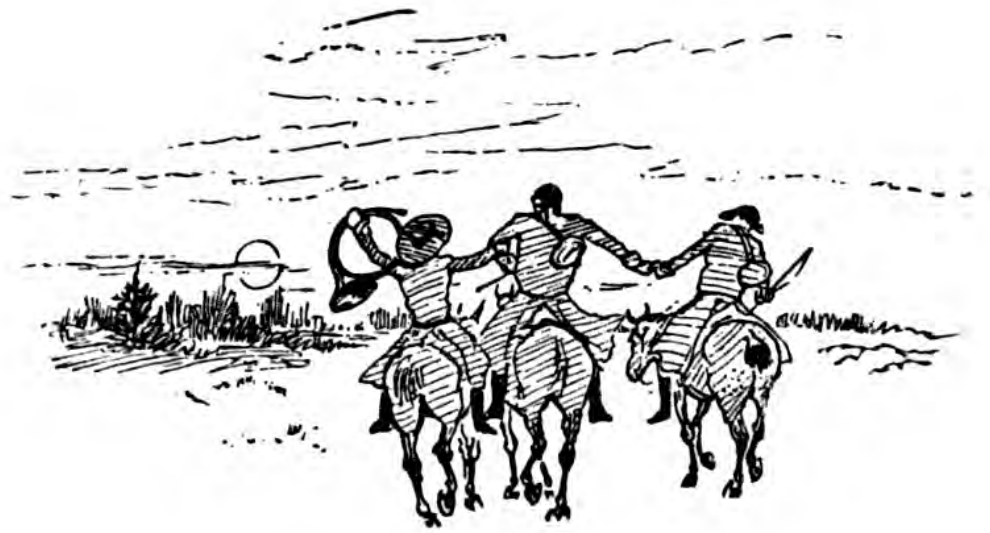
Look ye there!



Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn'  
pay ;  
But we'n powler't up and down a bit, an' had a  
rattlin' day."

Look ye there!





AN ELEGY  
ON THE DEATH OF

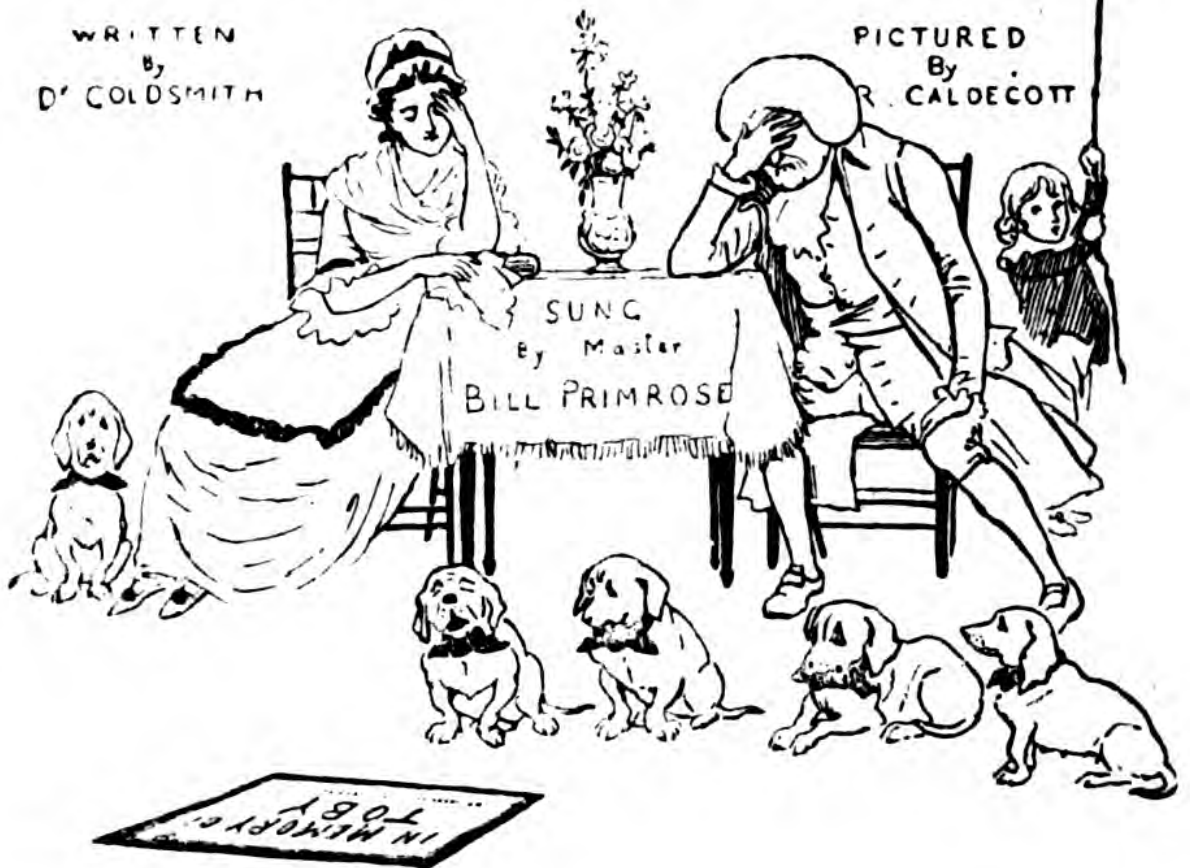


A MAD DOG.

# An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.

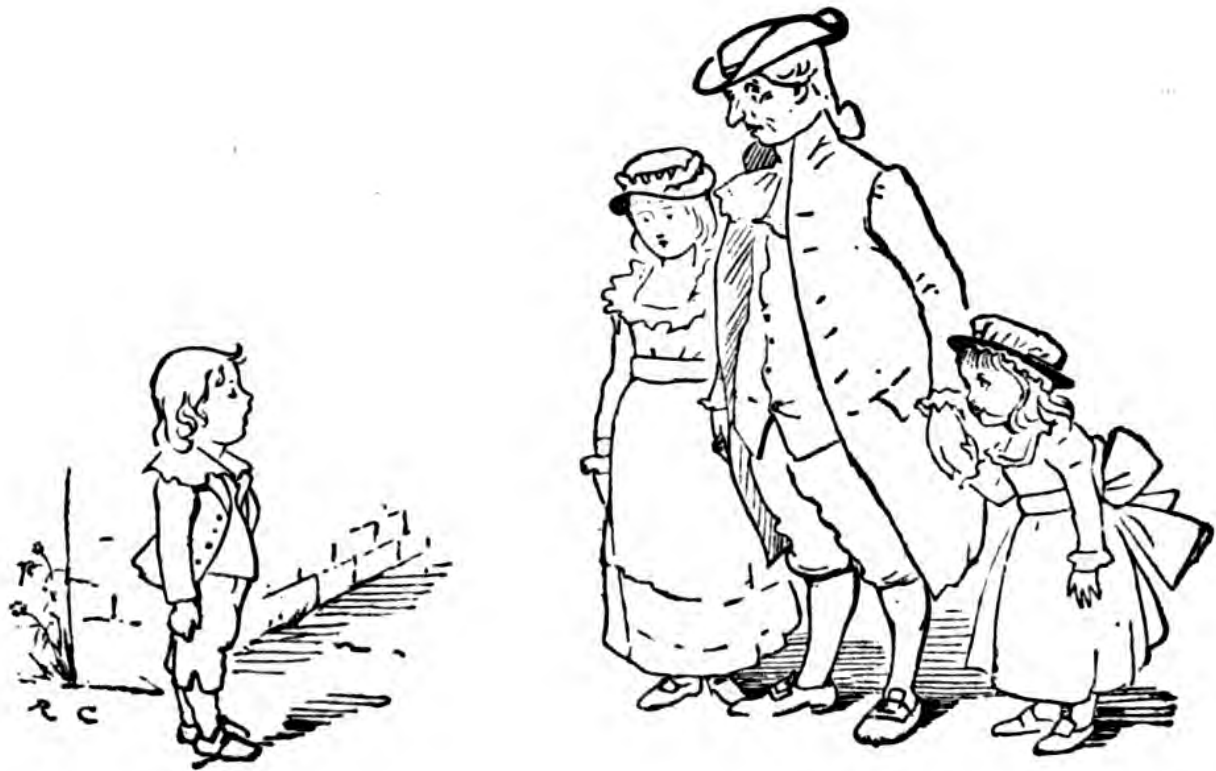
WRITTEN  
By  
D<sup>r</sup> GOLDSMITH

PICTURED  
By  
R. CALDECOTT









**G**OOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song ;



And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.





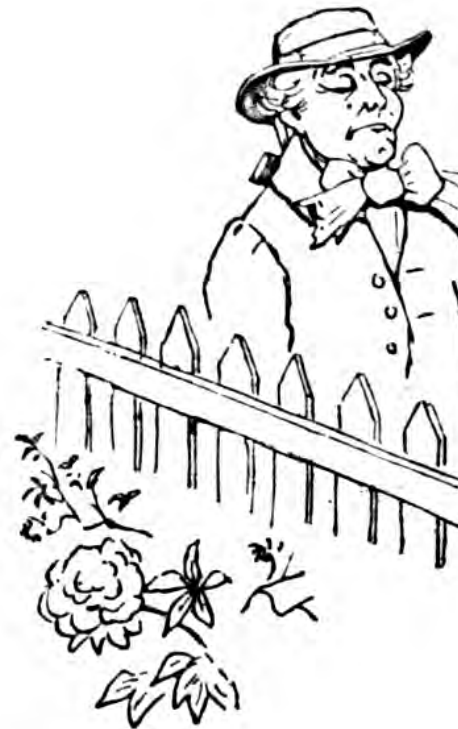


In Islington there lived a man,  
Of whom the world might say,



That still a godly  
race he r

Whene'er he went  
to pray.







A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes ;

The naked every day he clad



When he put on his clothes.







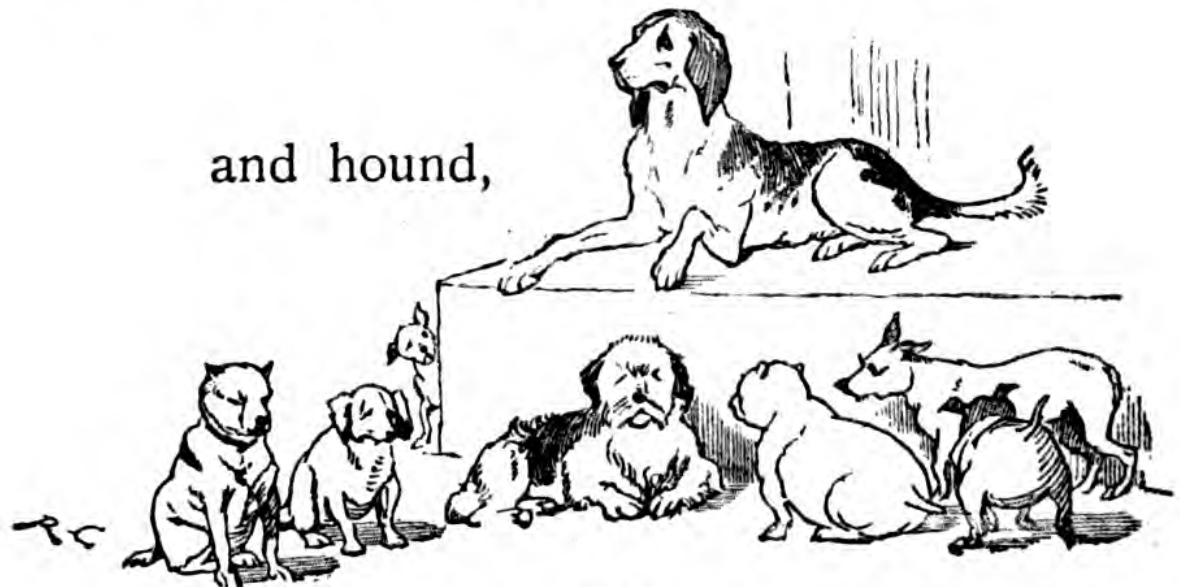


And in that town a dog was found:  
As many dogs there be—



Both mongrel, puppy, whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends ;  
But, when a pique began,

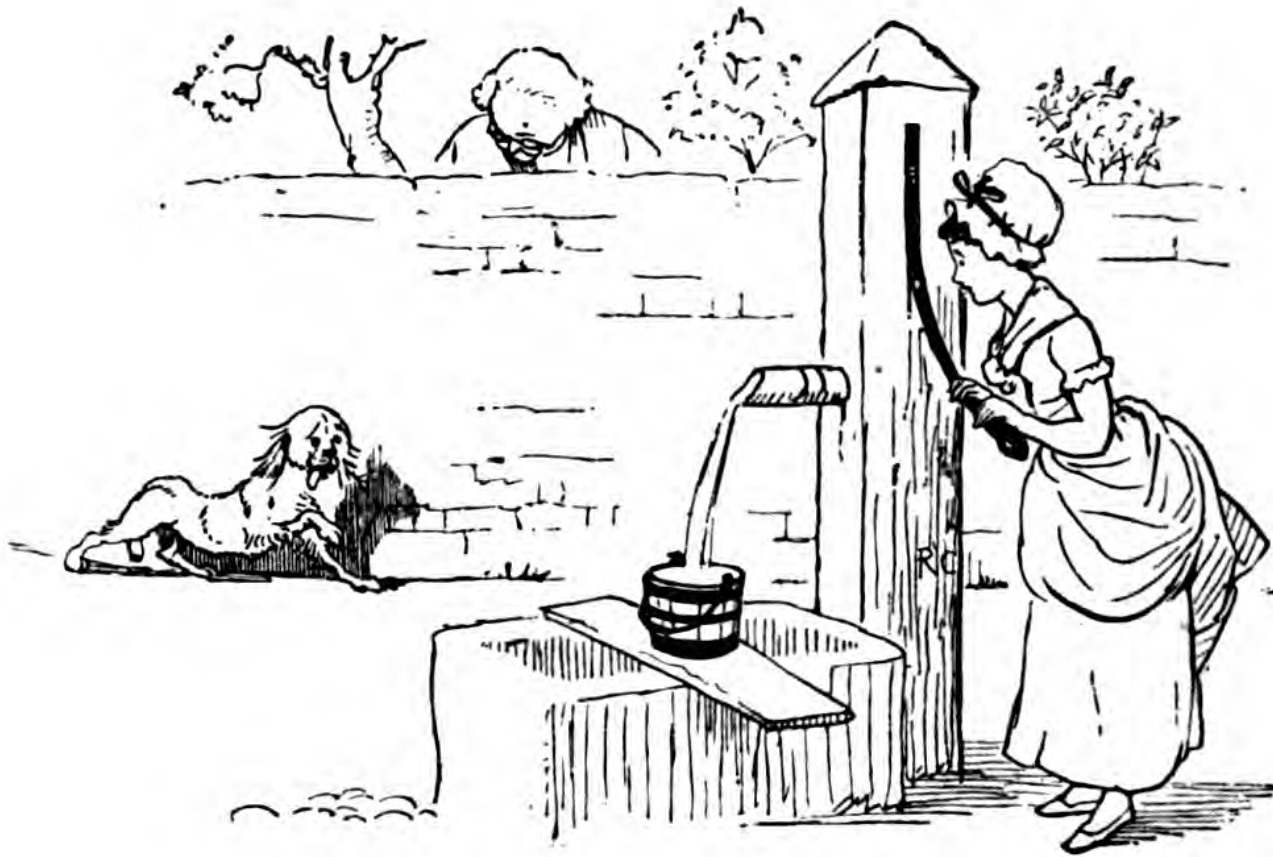








The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.







Around from all the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran ;



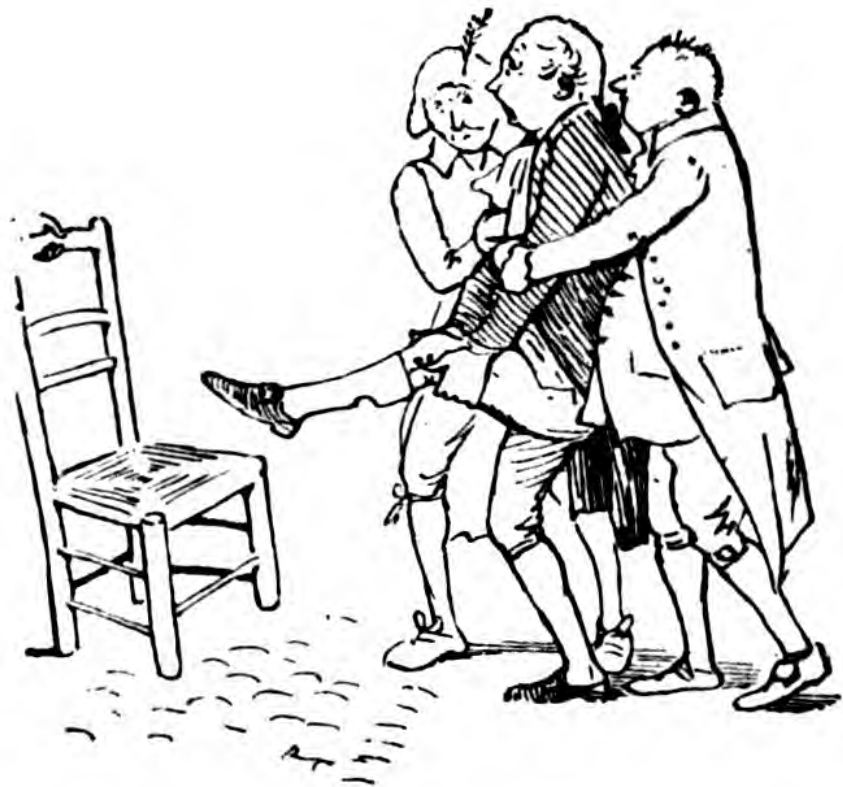






2/10/97

And swore the dog had lost its wits,  
To bite so good a man.



The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To every christian eye ;









And while they swore the dog was mad,



They swore the man would die.





But soon a wonder came to light,  
That show'd the rogues they lied—



The man recover'd of the bite;



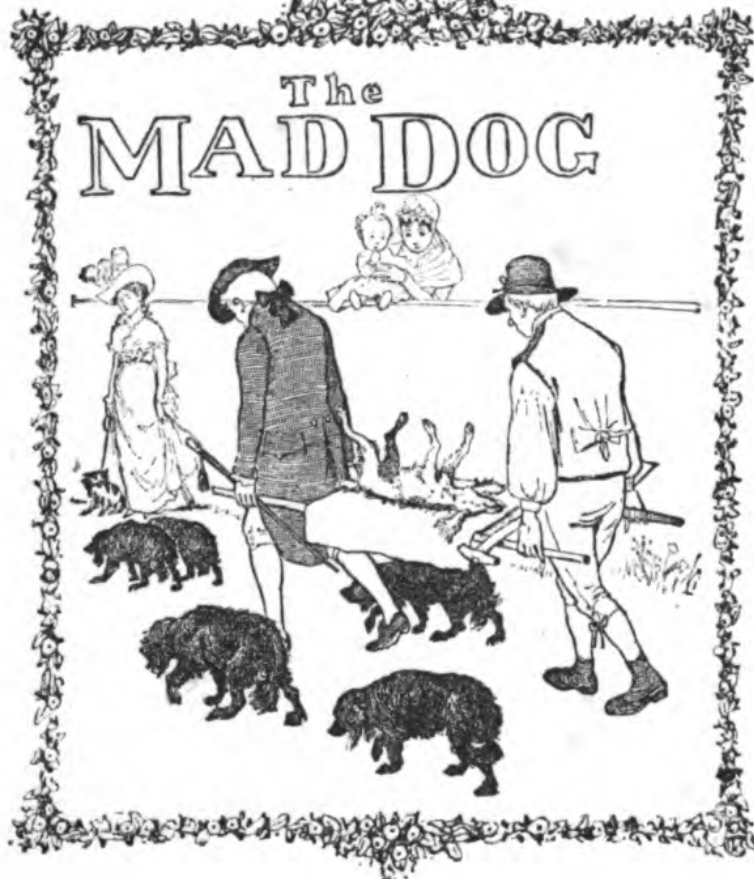
The dog it was that died.



ENGRAVED AND PRINTED  
BY EDMUND EVANS,  
THE RACQUET COURT PRESS,  
LONDON, S.E.



The  
MAD DOG



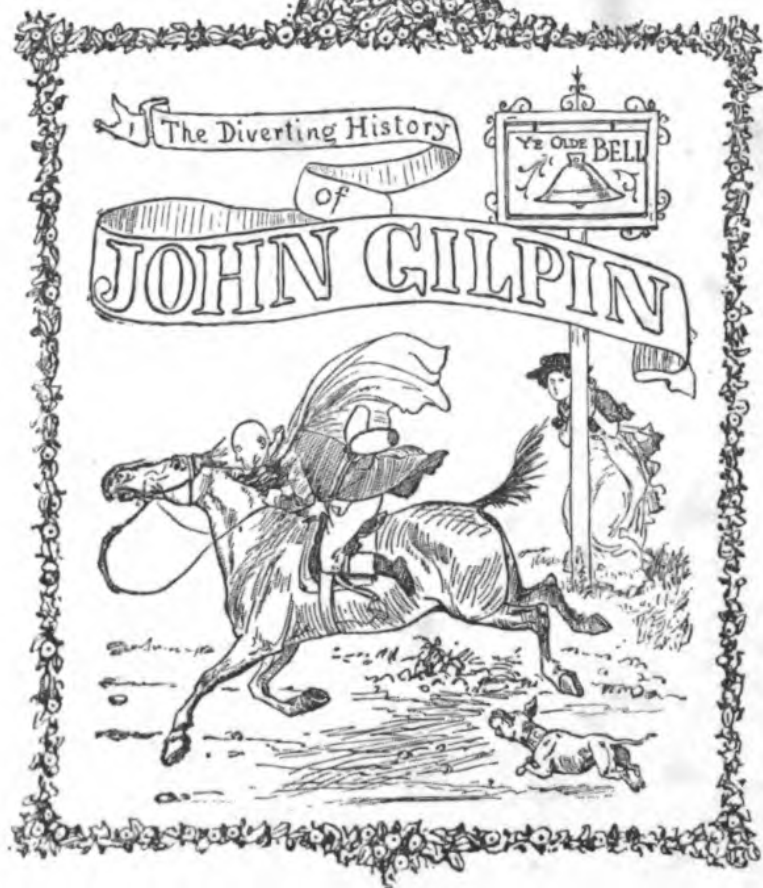
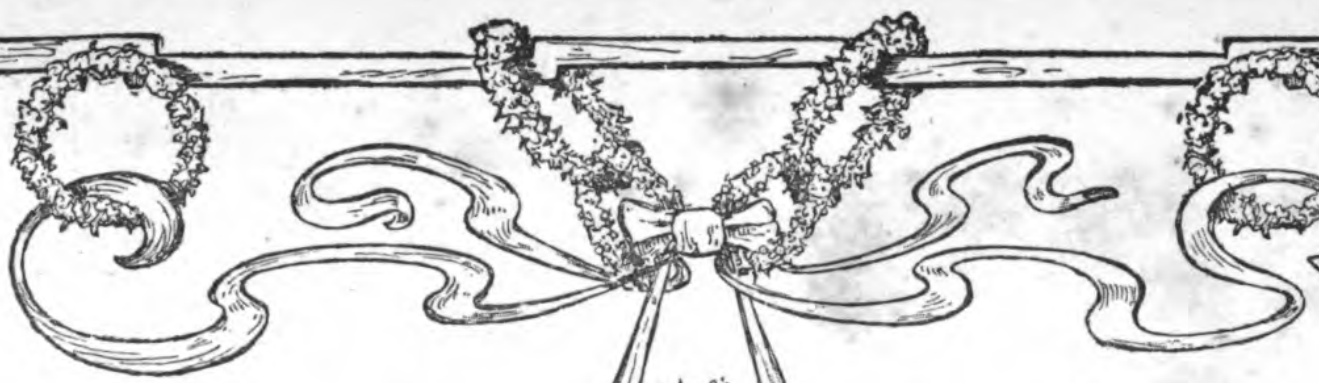
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# The Three Jovial Huntsmen



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