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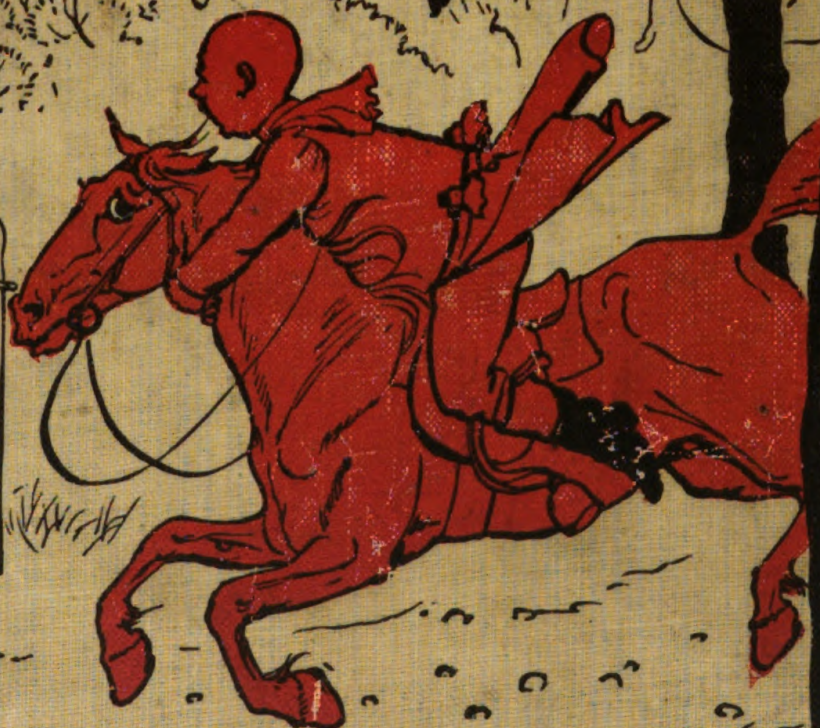
The  
BABES



R. Caldecott's  
**PICTURE  
BOOK**



The  
HOUSE  
that  
JACK  
built.



John CALPIN

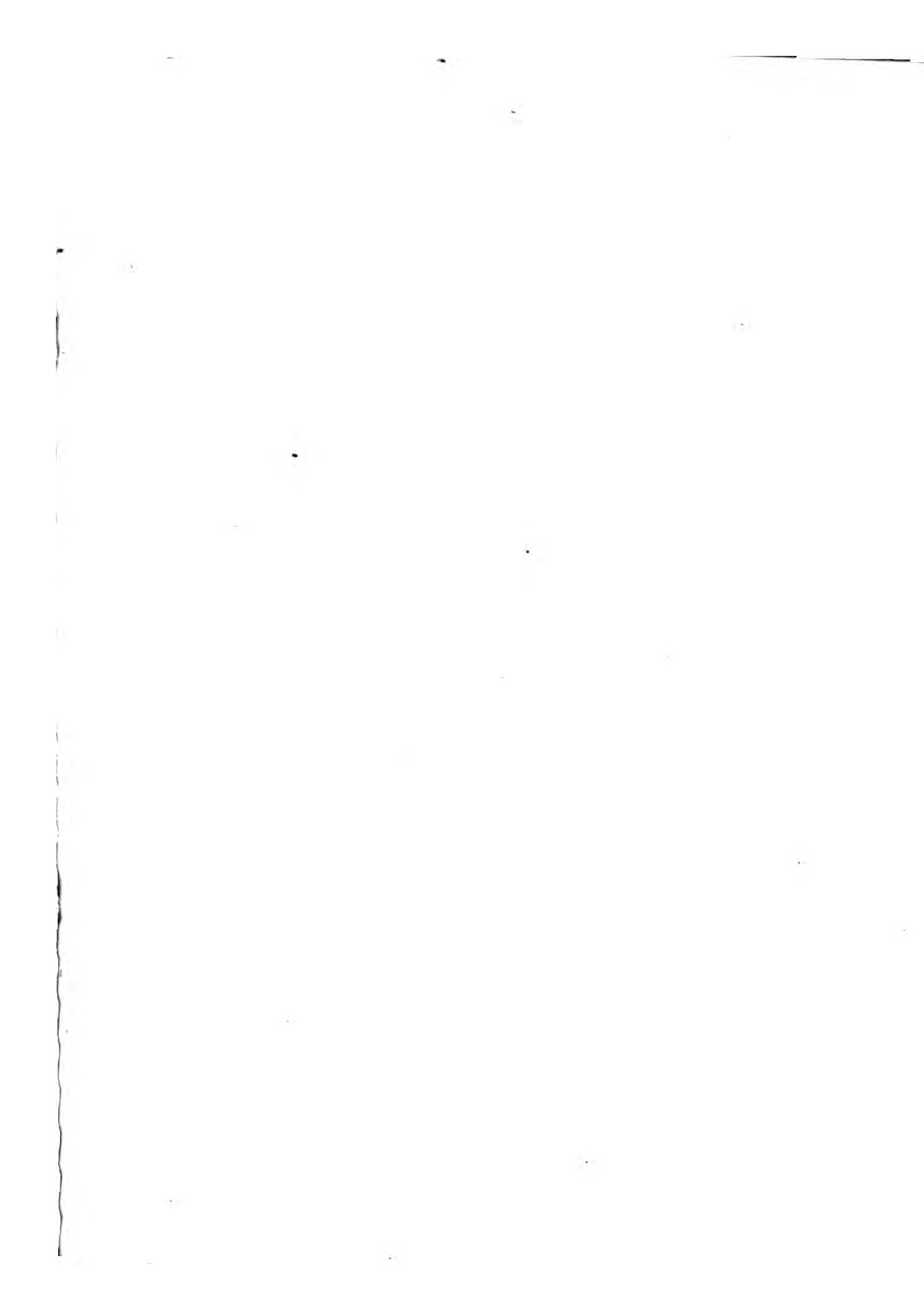
Frederick Warne & Co.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

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276

R. CALDECOTT'S  
P I C T U R E  
B O O K

containing

*The Diverting History of John Gilpin*  
*The House that Jack Built*  
*The Babes in the Wood*  
*and An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*

All exhibited in beautiful Engravings, many of which are  
Printed in Colours

DRAWN BY R. C. ENGRAVED AND PRINTED BY E. EVANS

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LONDON:  
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,  
AND NEW YORK.









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.

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

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

"My sister, and my sister-in-law,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so I'll be gone  
On horseback after tea.



The Linendraper bold

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

"I am a linendraper bold  
As all the world do  
And my good friend the  
Will lend his horse

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

John Gilpin kissed his love  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That though on pleasure spent  
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 stayed,  
Where they did all get in ;  
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.

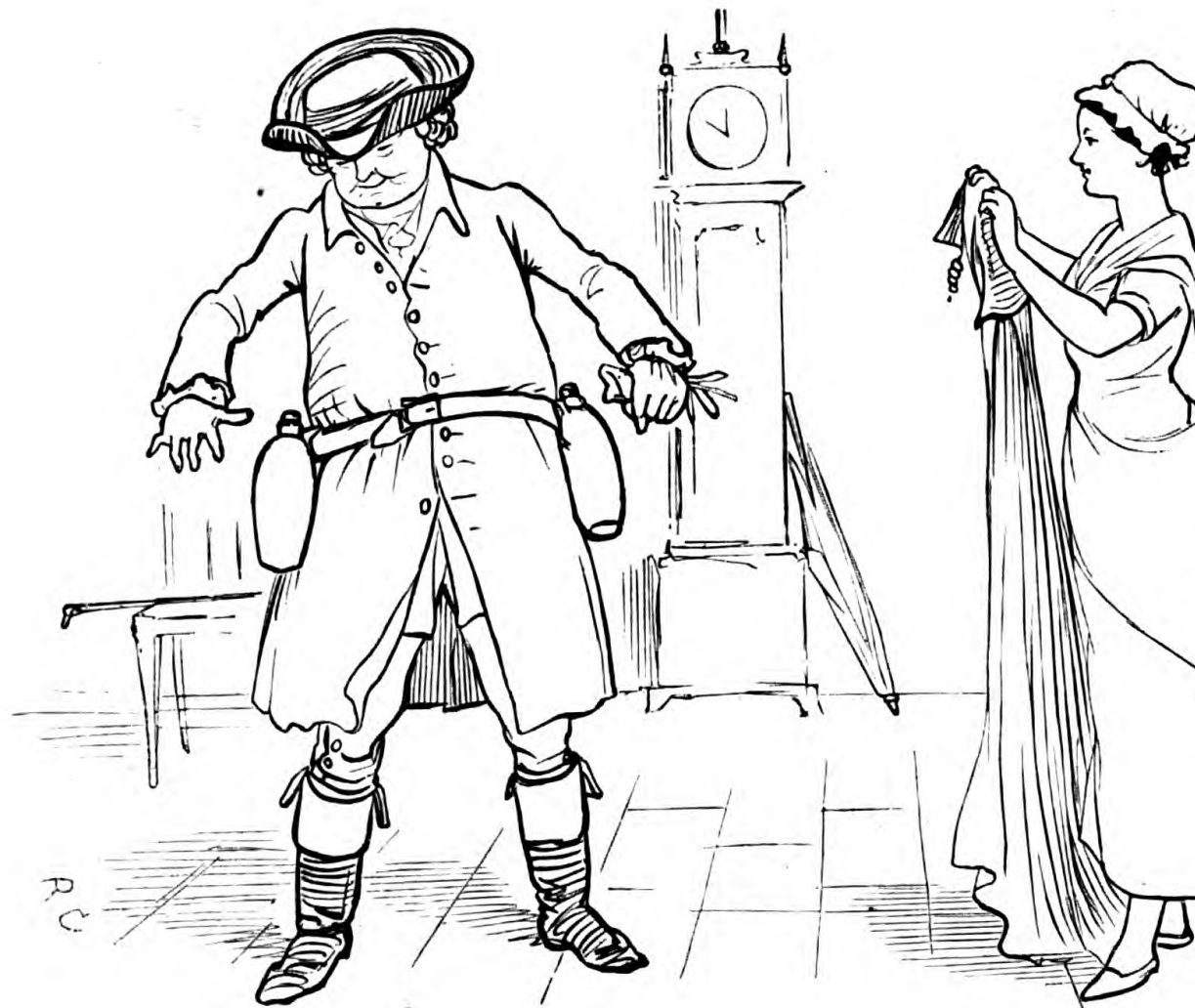
John Gilpin at his horse  
Seized fast the flow  
And up he got, in haste  
But soon came down

For saddletree scarce re  
His journey to begi  
When, turning round h  
Three customers co

So down he came ; for  
Although it grieved  
Yet loss of pence, full  
Would trouble him



*The 3 customers*



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

"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,

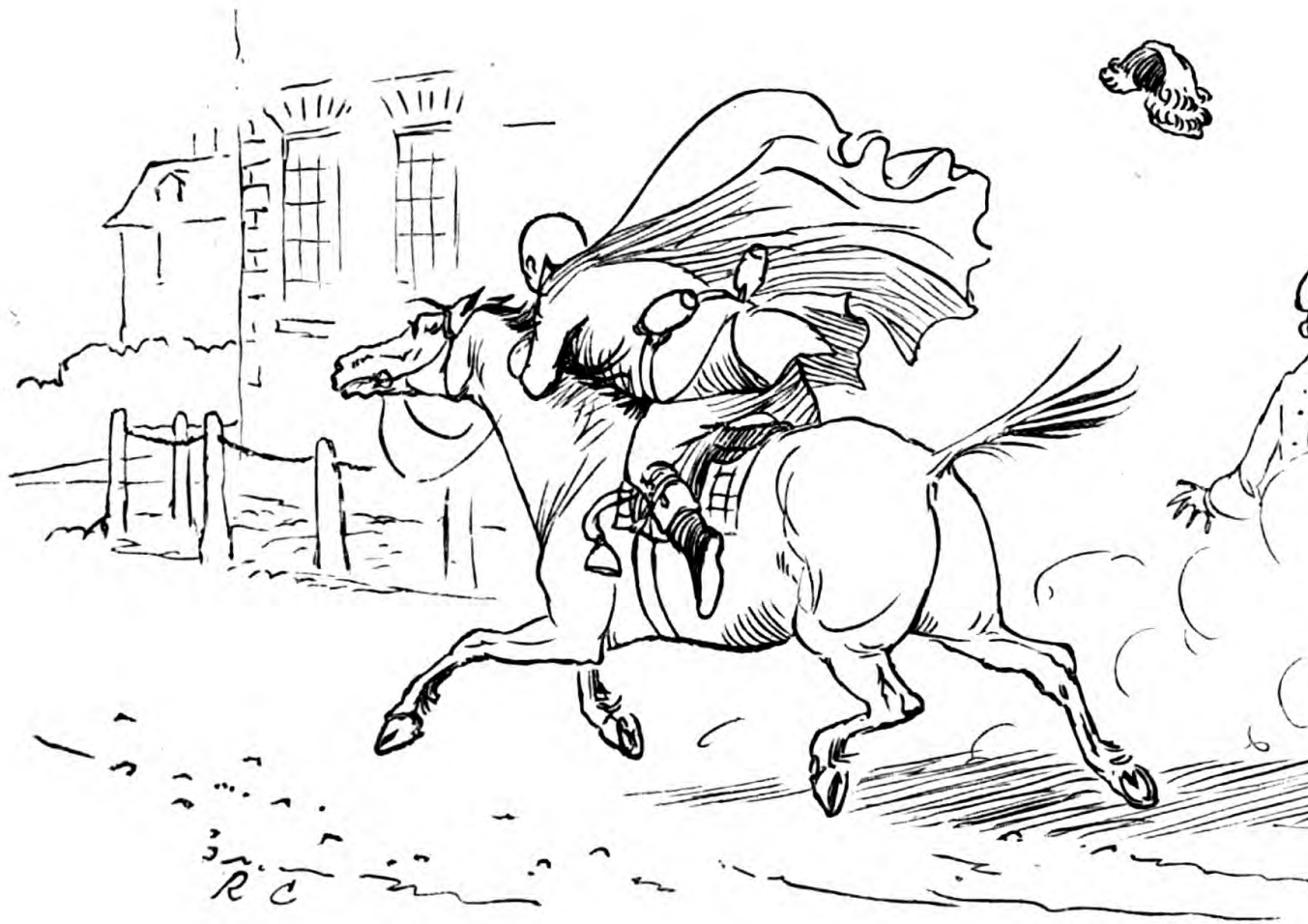
To hold the liquor that  
 And keep it safe and  
 Each bottle had a curlin'  
 Through which the  
 And hung a bottle on ea  
 To make his balance  
 Then over all, that he m  
 Equipped from top t  
 His long red cloak, well  
 He manfully did thr

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 smother 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 his  
 And eke with all his might. [hands,  
 His horse, who never in that sort  
 Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back  
 Did wonder more a  
 Away went Gilpin, nee  
 Away went hat and  
 He little dreamt, when  
 Of running such a  
 The wind did blow, th  
 Like streamer long  
 Till, loop and button f  
 At last it flew away



Then might all people well discern  
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—w  
His fame soon spre  
"He carries weight! h  
'Tis for a thousand  
And still as fast as he c  
'Twas wonderful to  
How in a trice the turn  
Their gates wide o







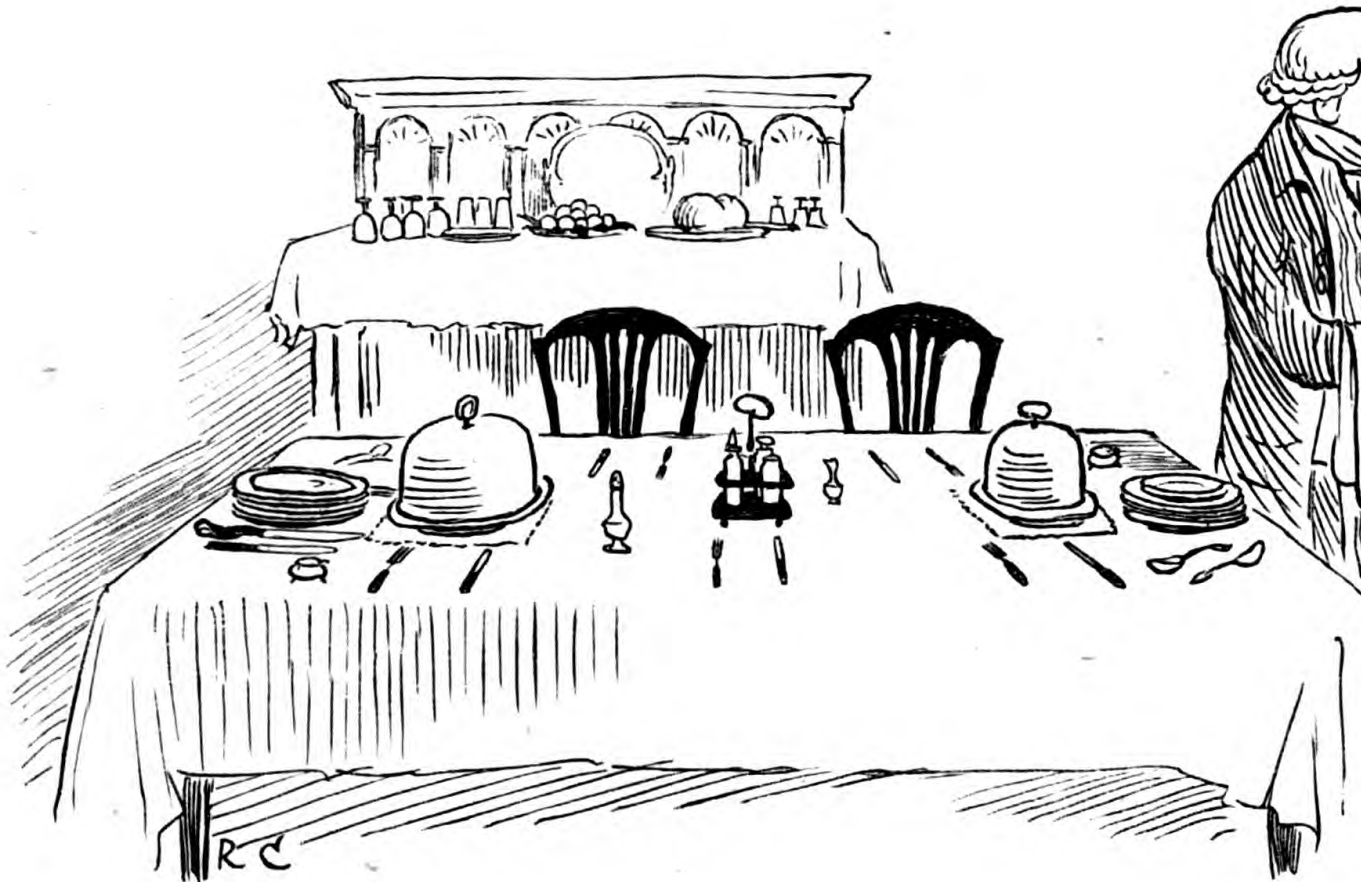
Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

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 much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin  
They all at once did  
“The dinner waits, and  
Said Gilpin—“So



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  
Shot by an archer s  
So did he fly—which l  
The middle of my





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 t  
His neighbour in su  
Laid down his pipe, fle  
And thus accosted h



“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 pleas  
And loved a timely  
And thus unto the calen  
In merry guise he sp

“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  
His friend in merry plight  
Returned him not a single  
But to the house went



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  
Thus showed his rea  
“My head is twice as big  
They therefore needs



“ 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.”

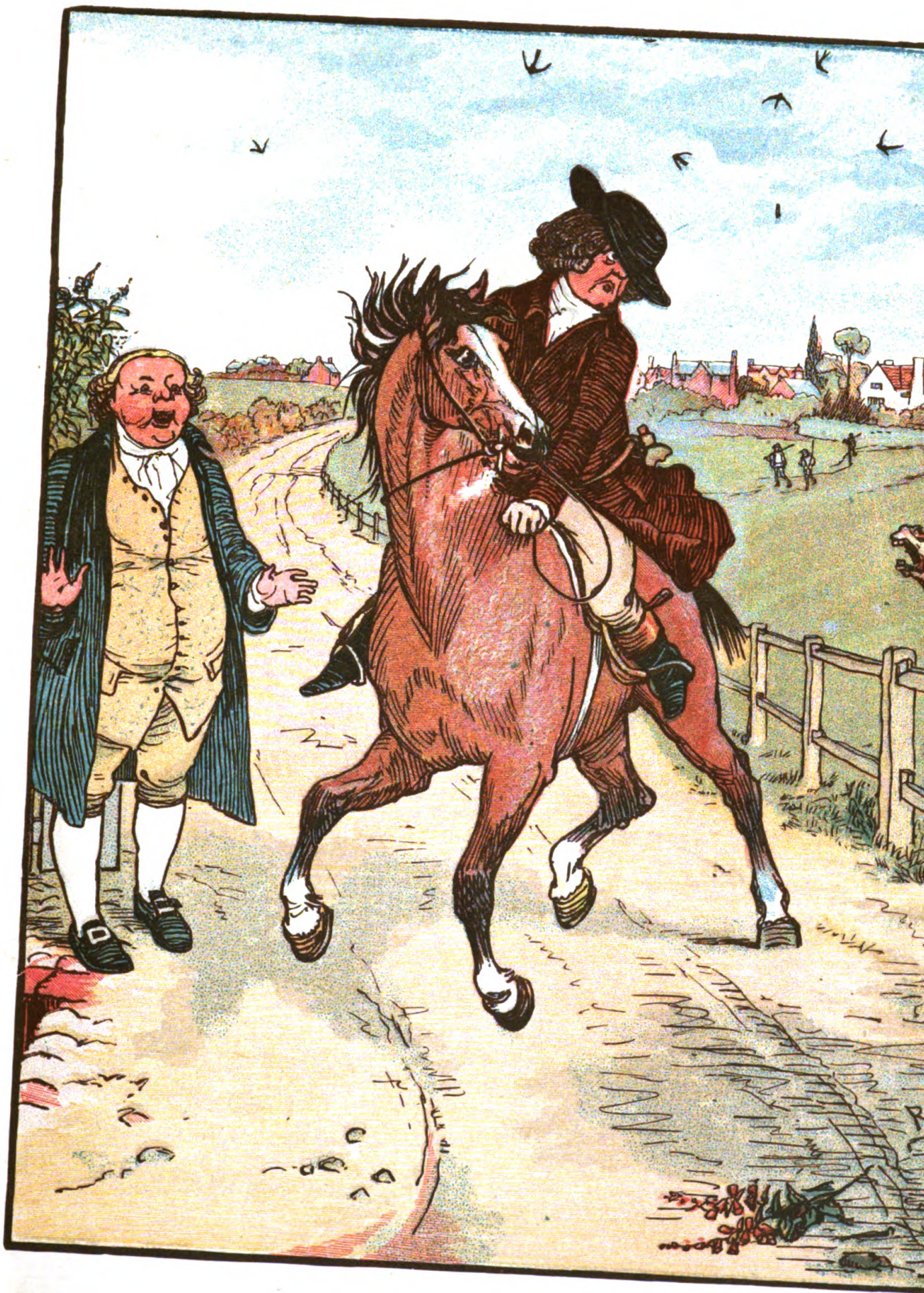
Said John, “ It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

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

’Twas for your pleasure y  
You shall go back fo

Ah! luckless speech, and  
For which he paid fu  
For while he spake, a bra  
Did sing most loud a

Whereat his horse did sn  
Had heard a lion roa  
And galloped off with a  
As he had done befo



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;

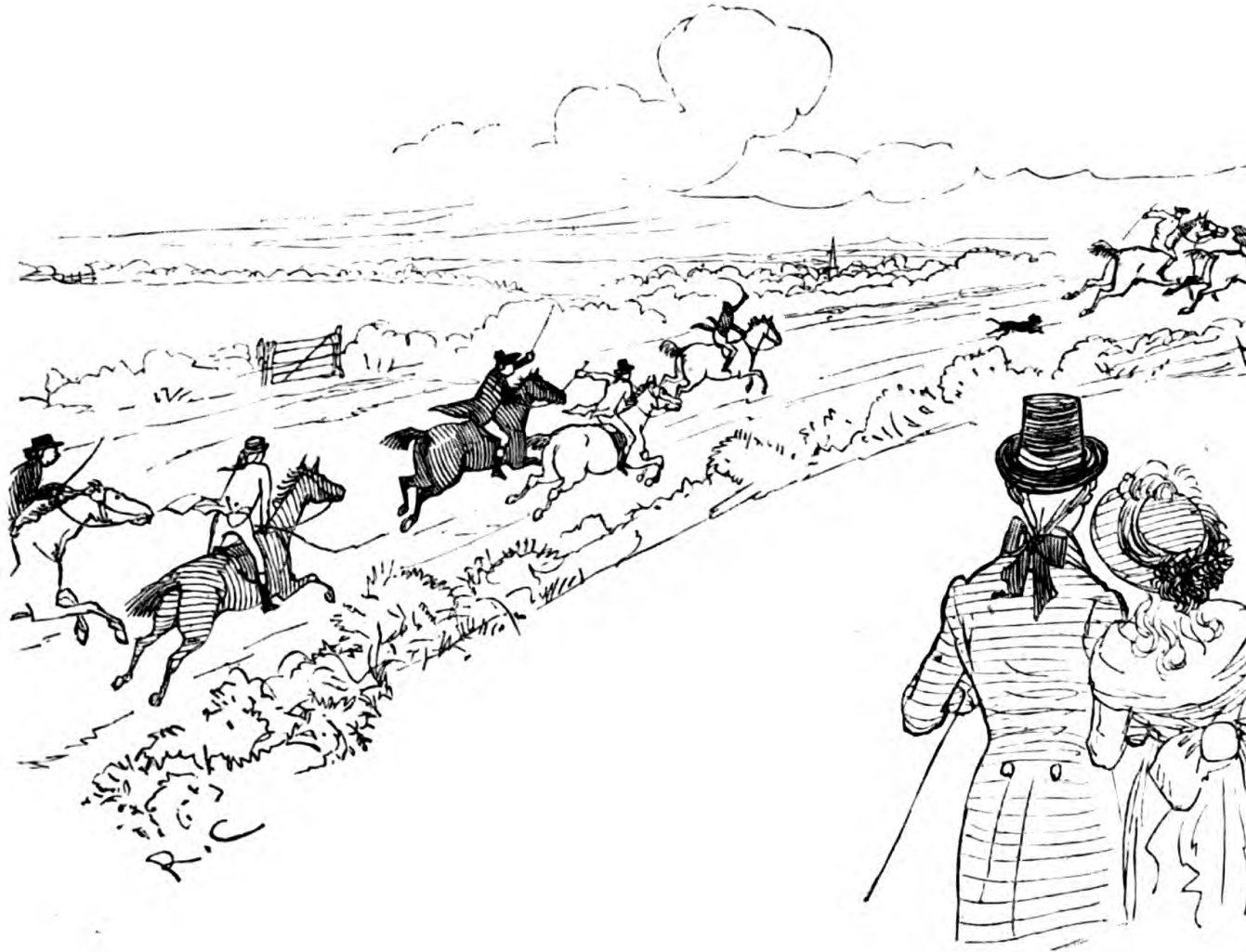
And thus unto the youth said  
That drove them to the road,  
“This shall be yours when  
My husband safe and well



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  
And gladly would ha  
The frighted steed he frig  
And made him faster

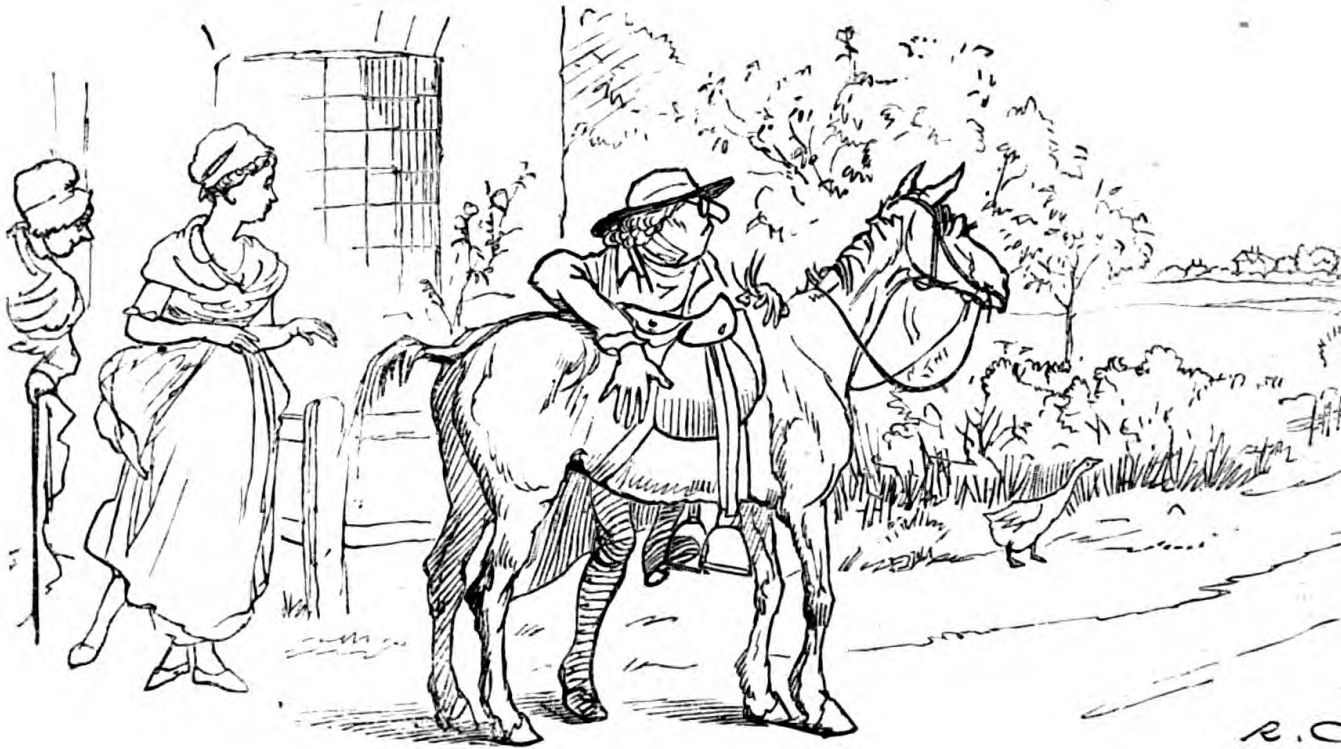
Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.



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  
For he got first to town  
Nor stopped till where he h  
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  
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



THIS is the House that  
Jack built.



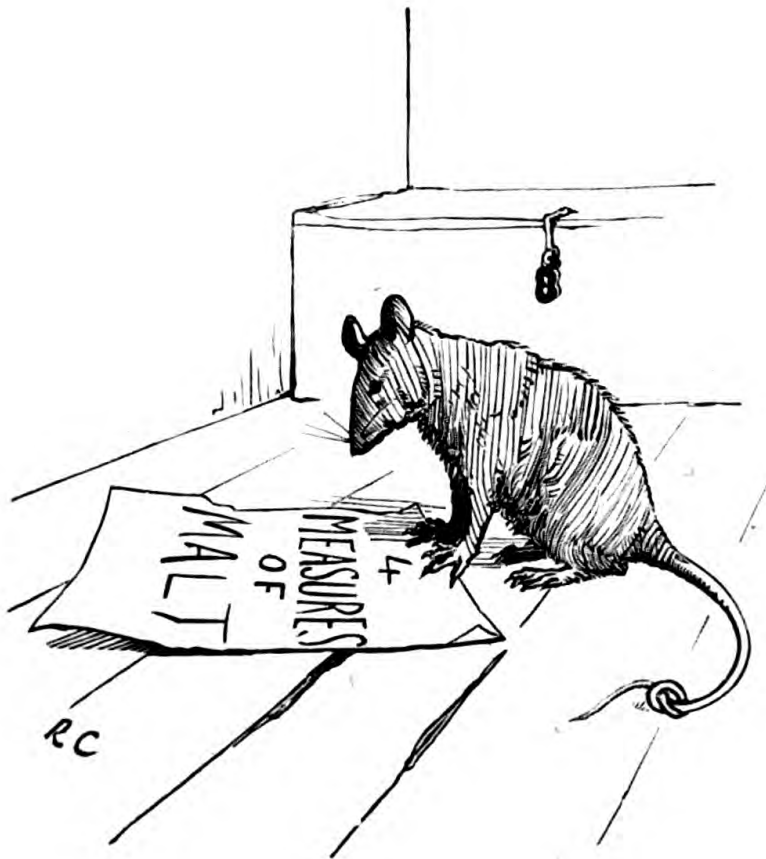
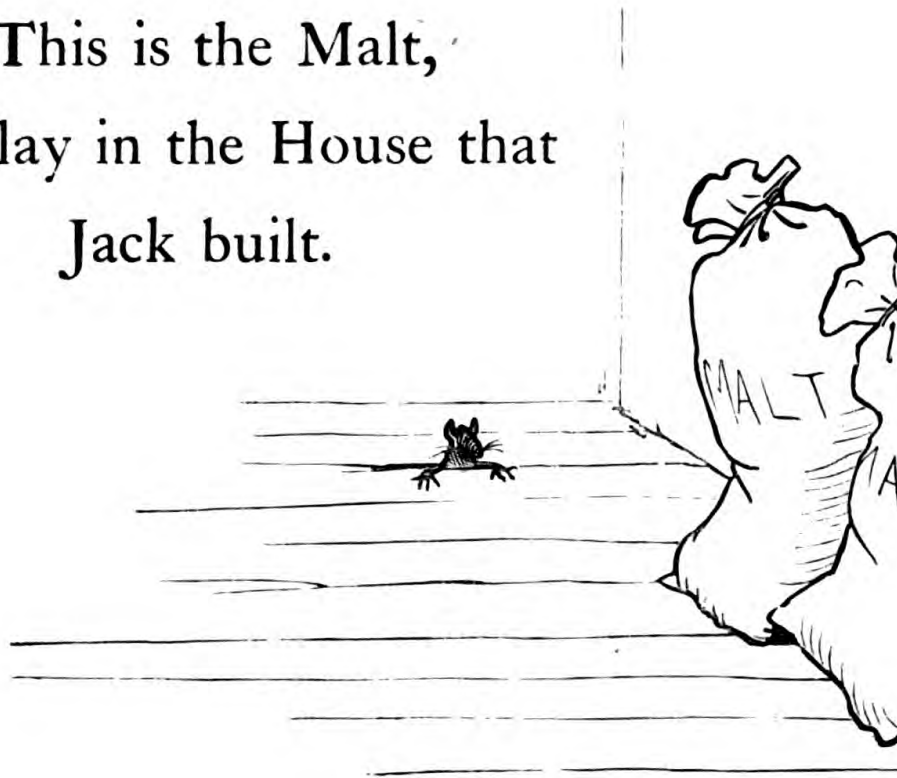




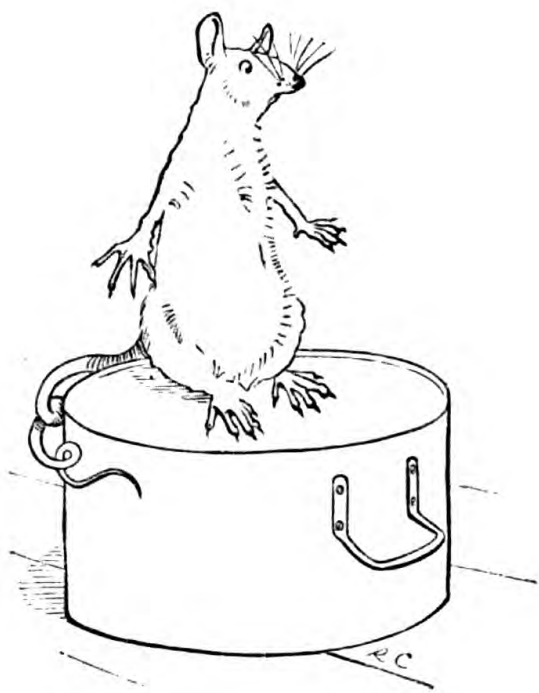


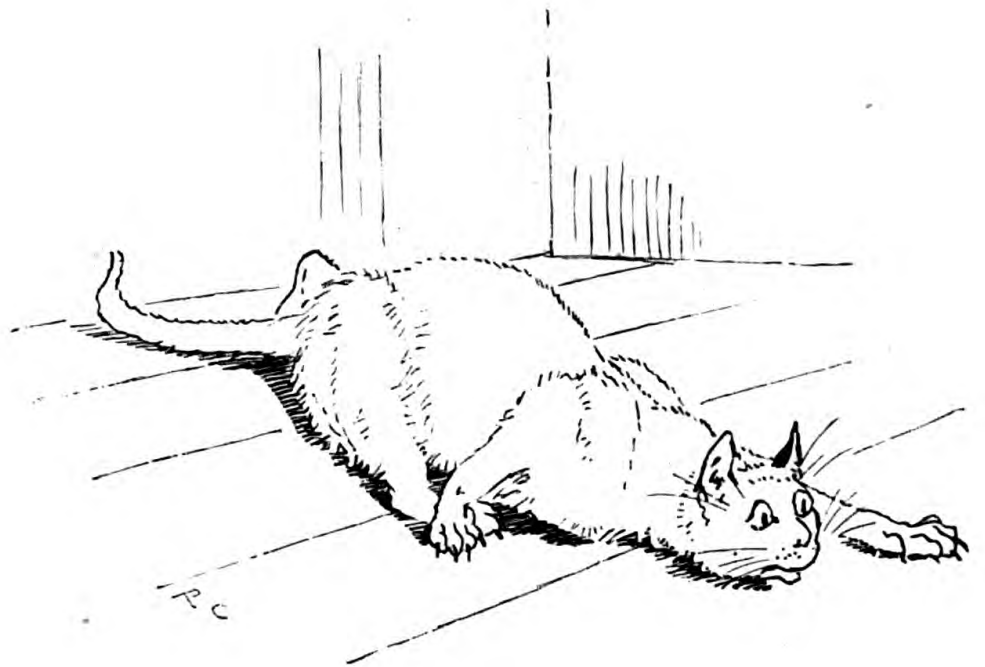


This is the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.



This is the Rat  
That ate the M  
That lay in the  
that Jack bu





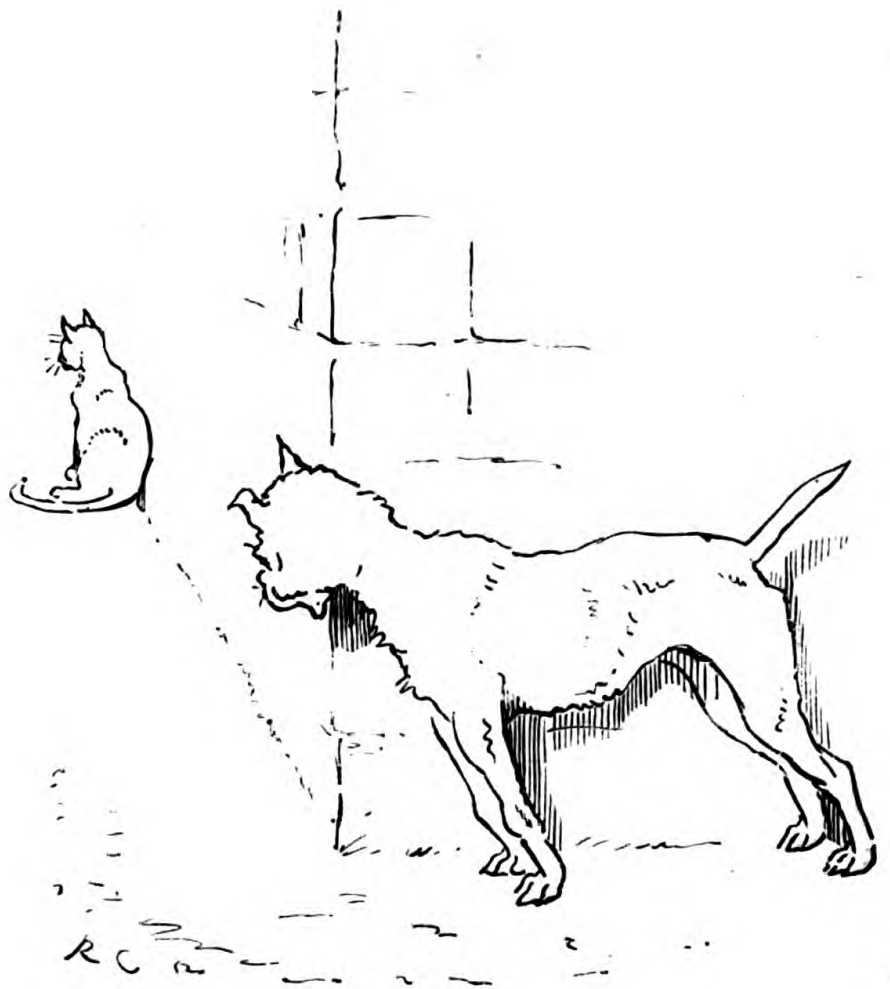


This is the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that Jack built.



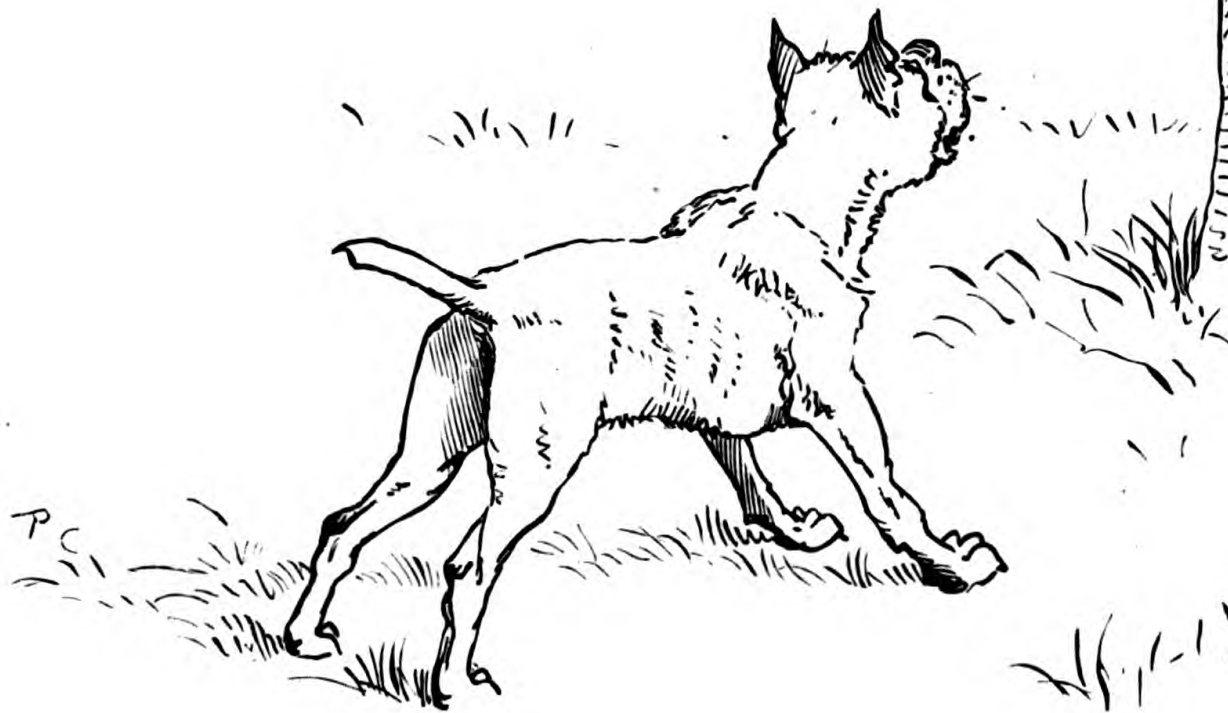


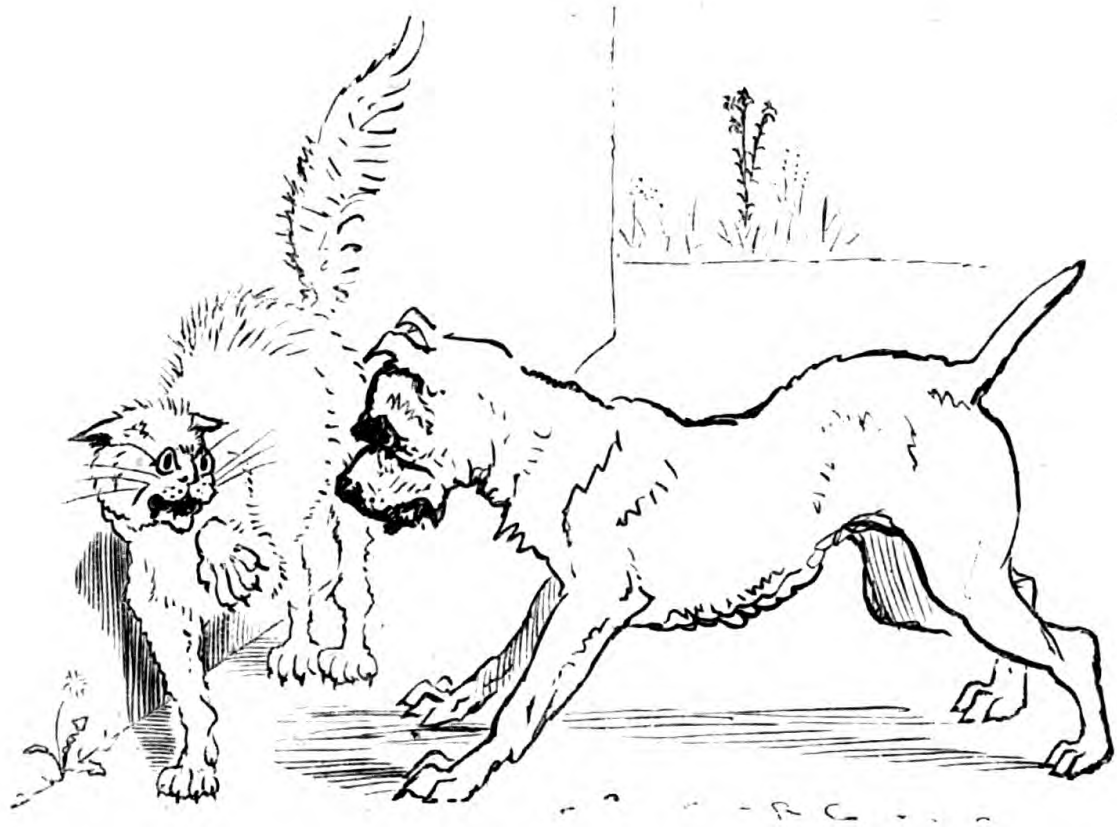






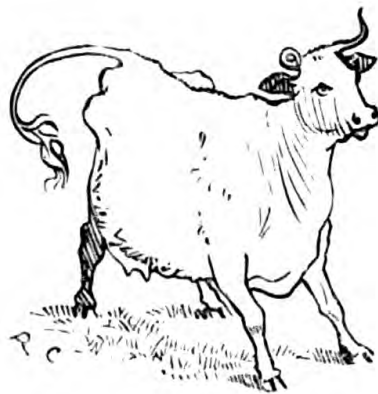
This is the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.

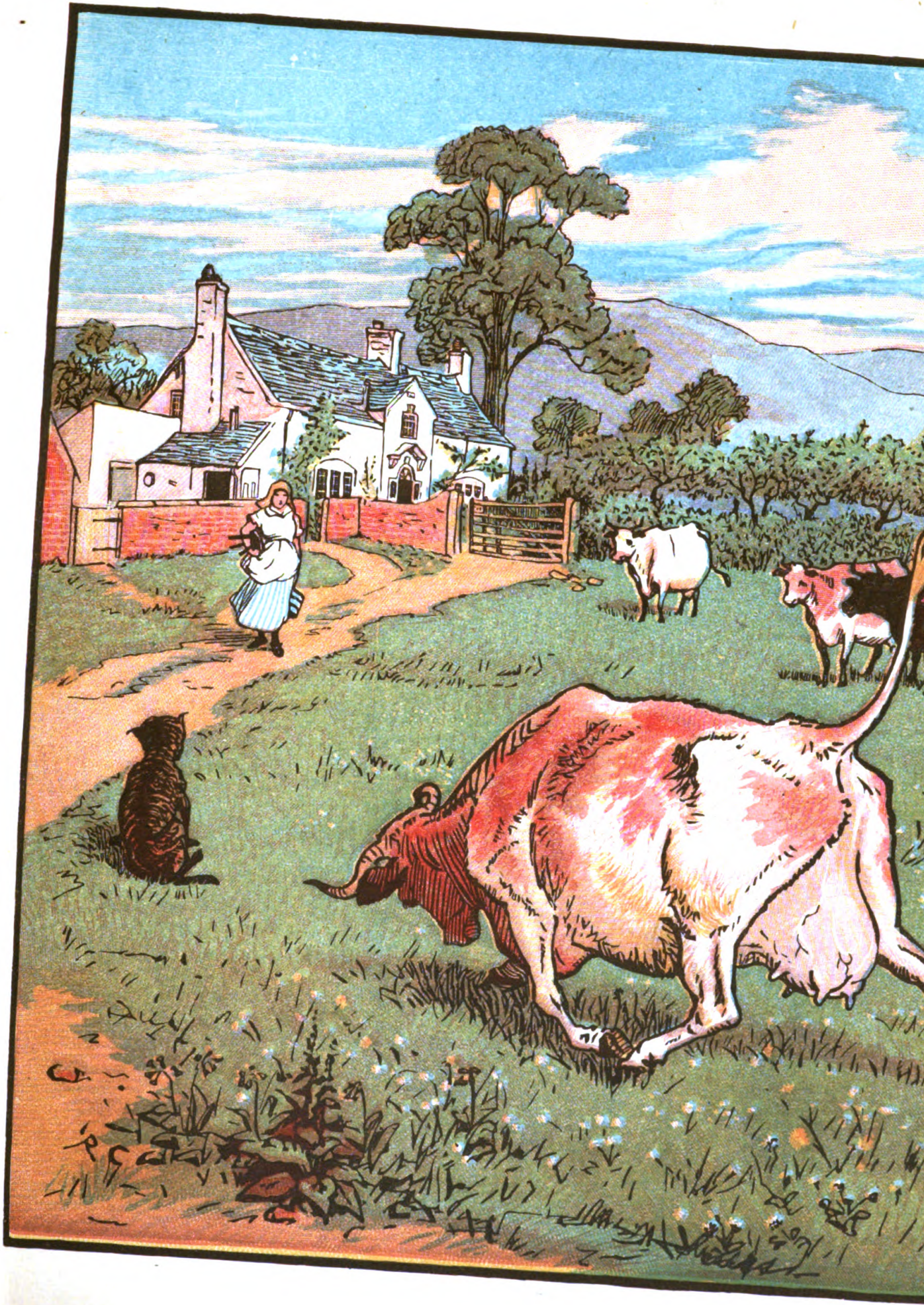






This is the Cow with the crumpled horn  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House that  
Jack built.



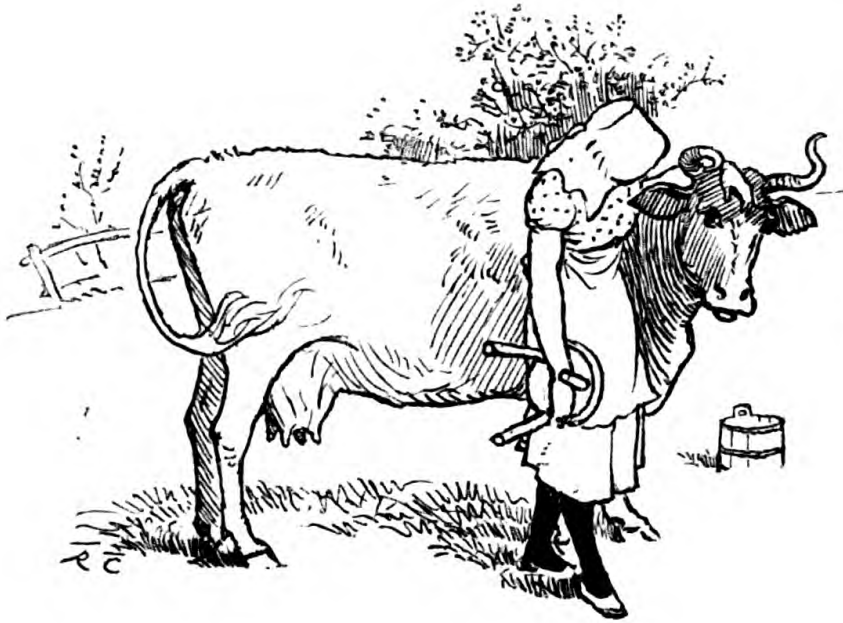








This is the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,



That tossed the  
That worried th  
That killed the  
That ate the M  
That lay in the  
that Jack bu

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









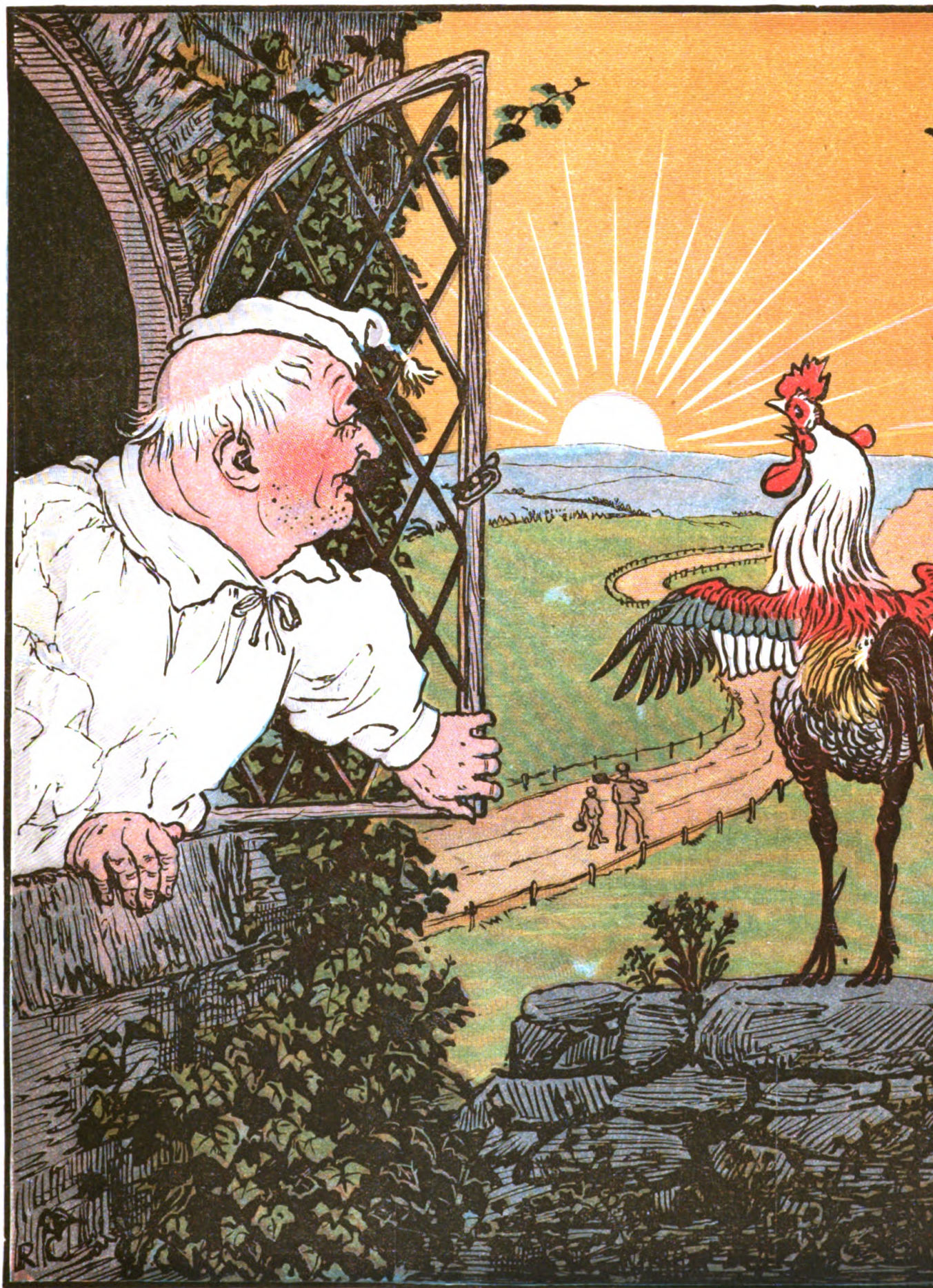
This is the Priest, all shaven and shorn,  
That married the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,



That milked the Cow  
the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the Cat,  
That killed the Rat,  
That ate the Malt,  
That lay in the House  
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.



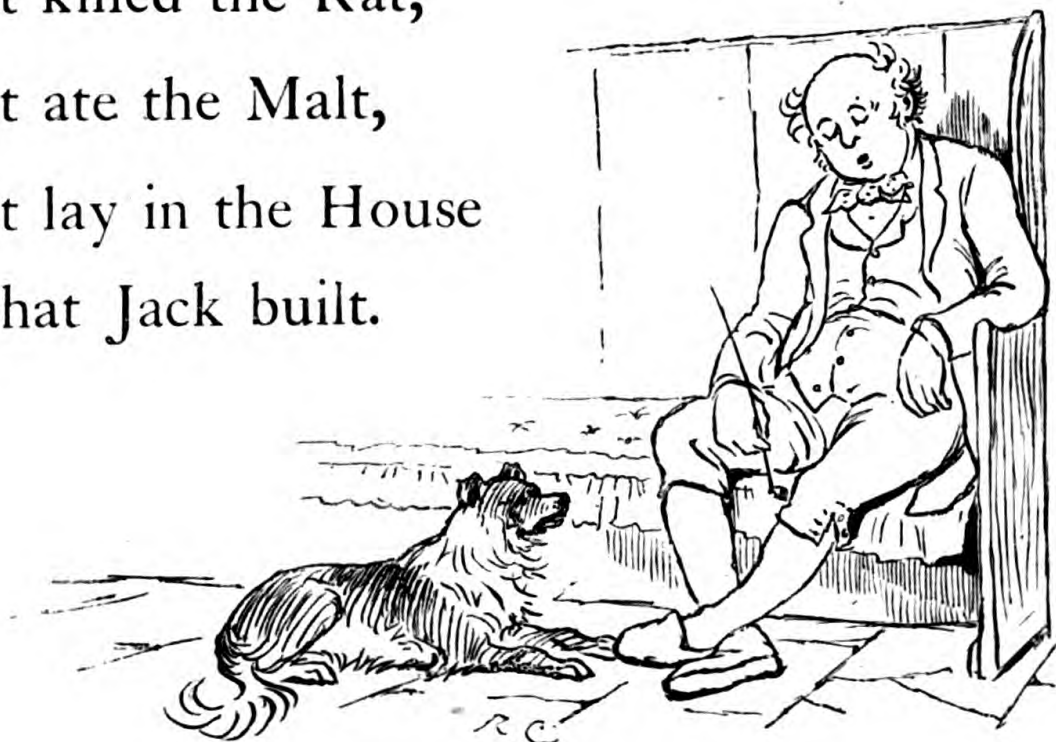








This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,  
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the Man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the Dog,  
That worried the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







**THE**  
**BABES IN THE WOOD.**



SORE SICKE THEY WERE  
AND LIKE TO DYE

The  
BABES IN THE WOOD

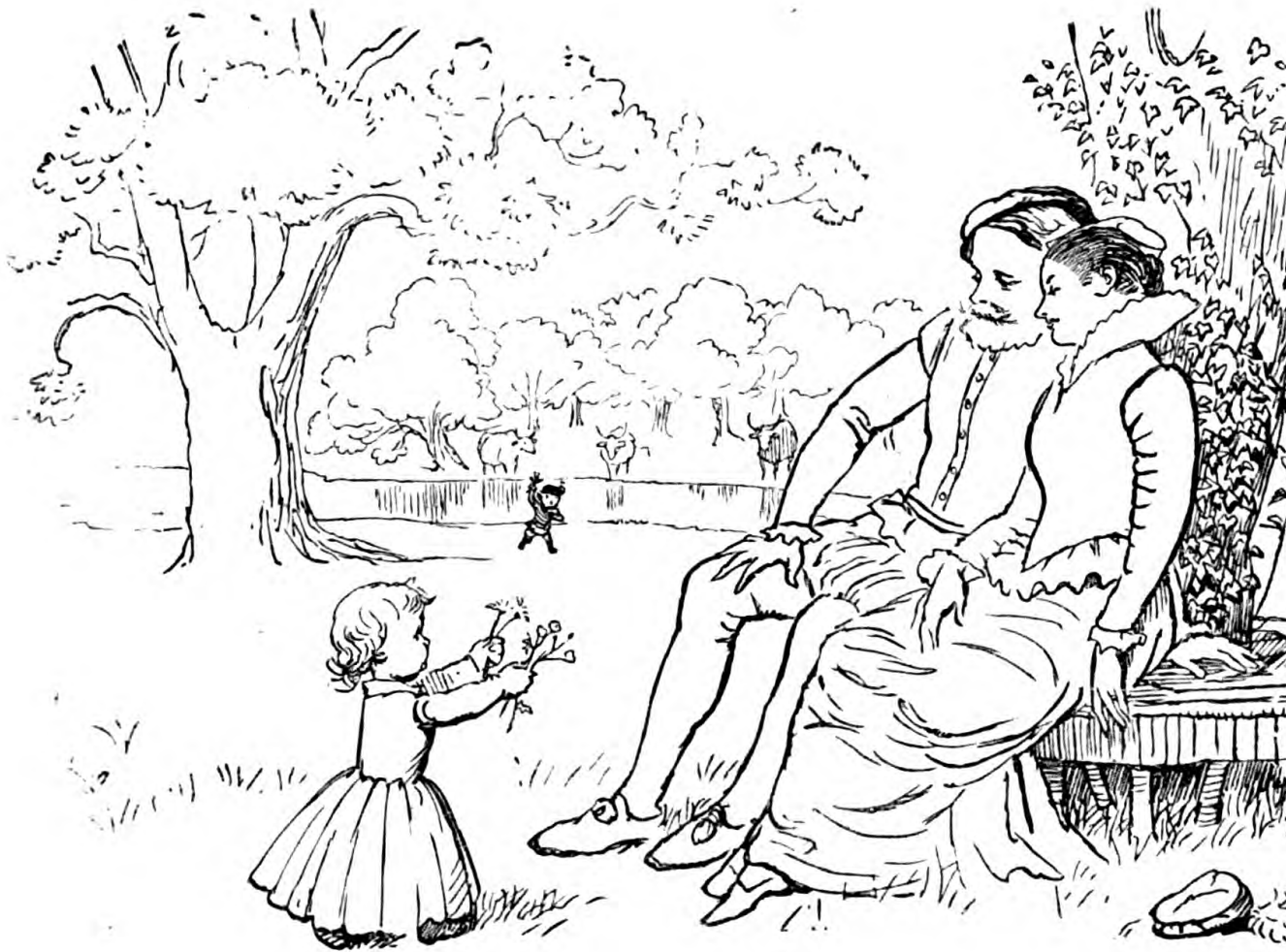


**N**OW ponder well, you parents deare,  
These wordes which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall heare,  
In time brought forth to light.

A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolke dwelt of late,  
Who did in honour far surmount  
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,  
No helpe his life could save;  
His wife by him as sicke did lye,  
And both possest one grave





No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kinde;  
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,  
And left two babes behinde:

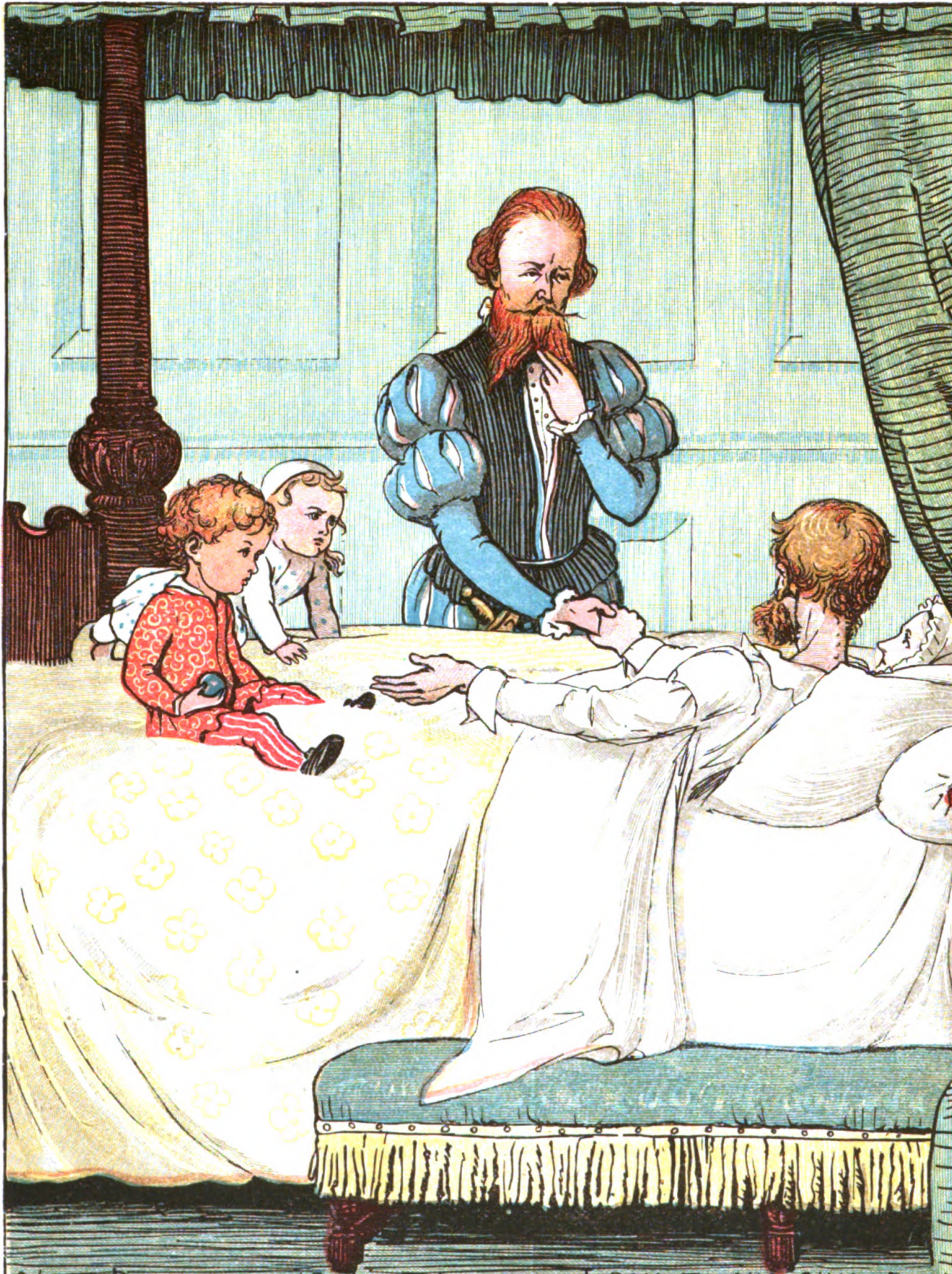
The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three yeares olde;  
The other a girl more young than he,  
And fram'd in beautye's molde.

The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appeare,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane  
Five hundred poundes in gold,  
To be paid downe on marriage-day,  
Which might not be controll'd:



But if the children chanced to dye,  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;  
For so the wille did run.



NOW, BROTHER, SAID THE DYING MAN, LOOK TO MY CHILDREN

“Now, brother,” said the dying man,  
“Look to my children deare;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friendes else have they here:

“To God and you I do commend  
My children deare this daye;  
But little while be sure we have  
Within this world to staye.

“You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle all in one;  
God knowes what will become of them,  
When I am dead and gone.”



With that bespake their mother deare:  
“O brother kinde,” quoth shee,  
“You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or miserie:





“And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward;  
But if you otherwise should deal,  
God will your deedes regard.”

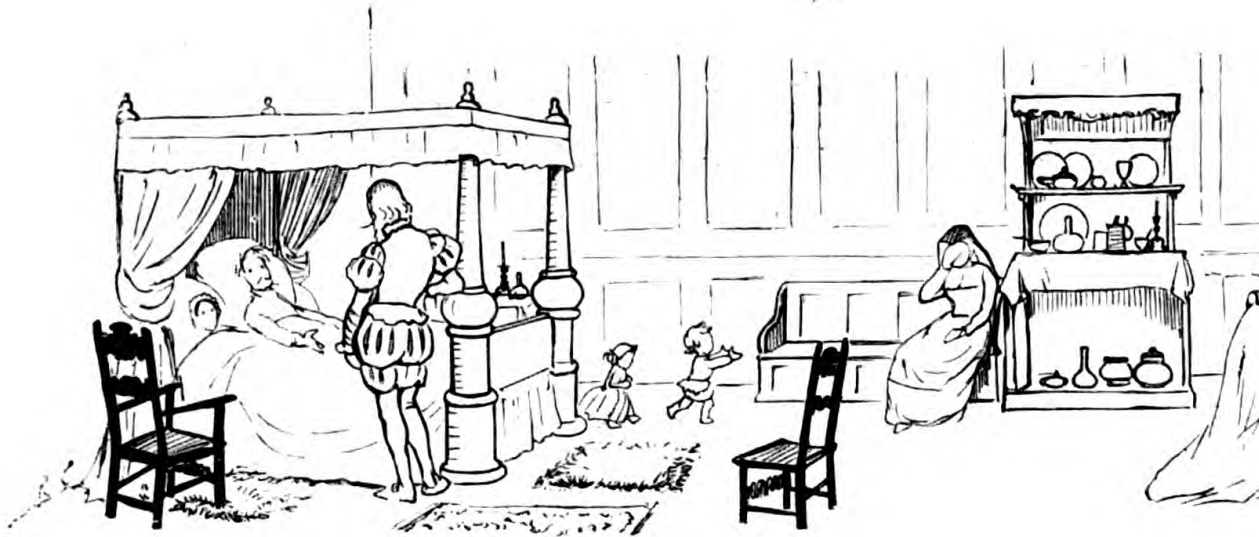


WITH LIPES AS COLD AS ANY STONE, THEY KIST THE

With lippes as cold as any stone,  
They kist the children small:  
“God bless you both, my children deare;”  
With that the teares did fall.

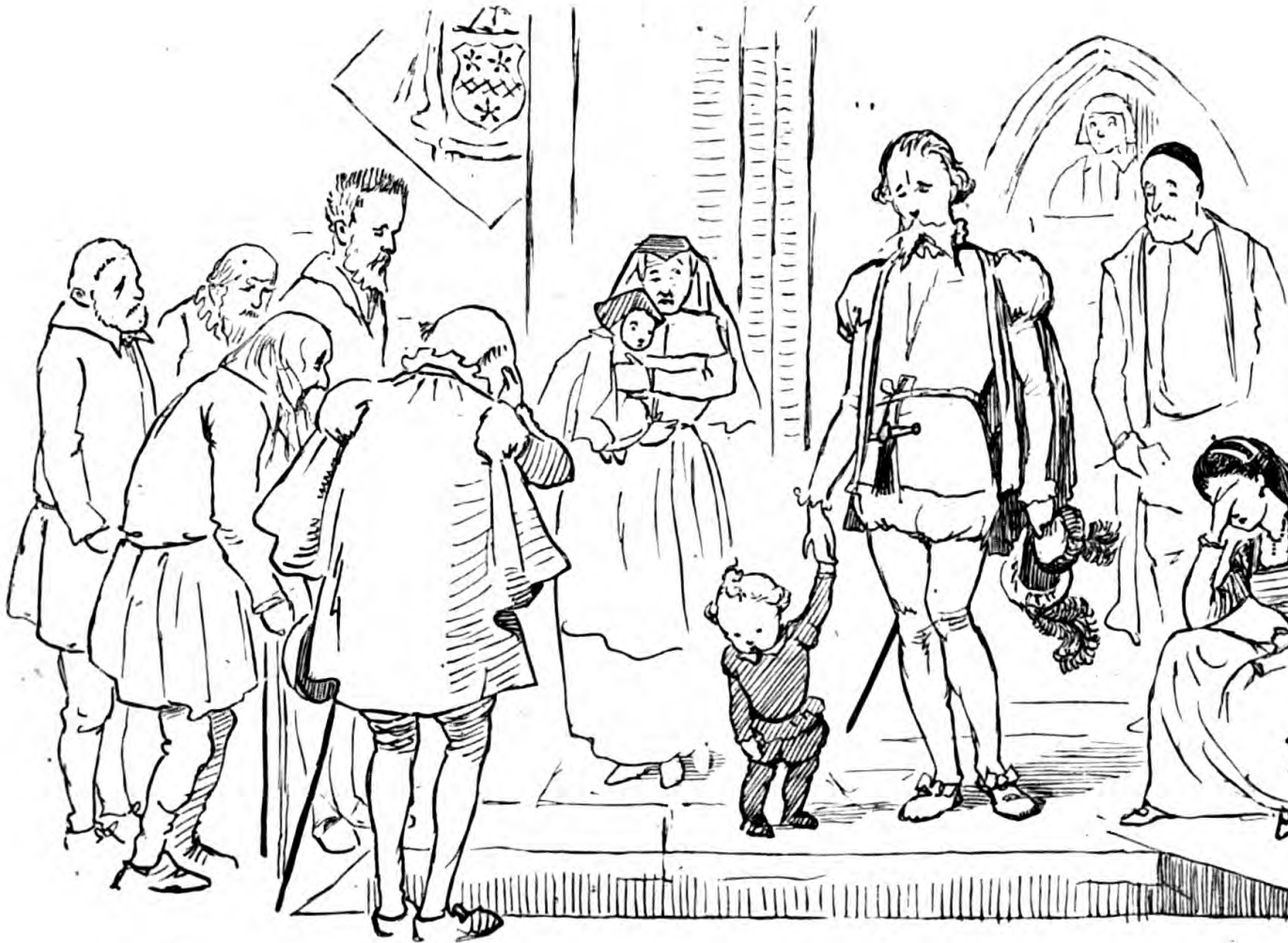






These speeches then their brother spake  
To this sicke couple there:  
'The keeping of your little ones,  
Sweet sister, do not feare:

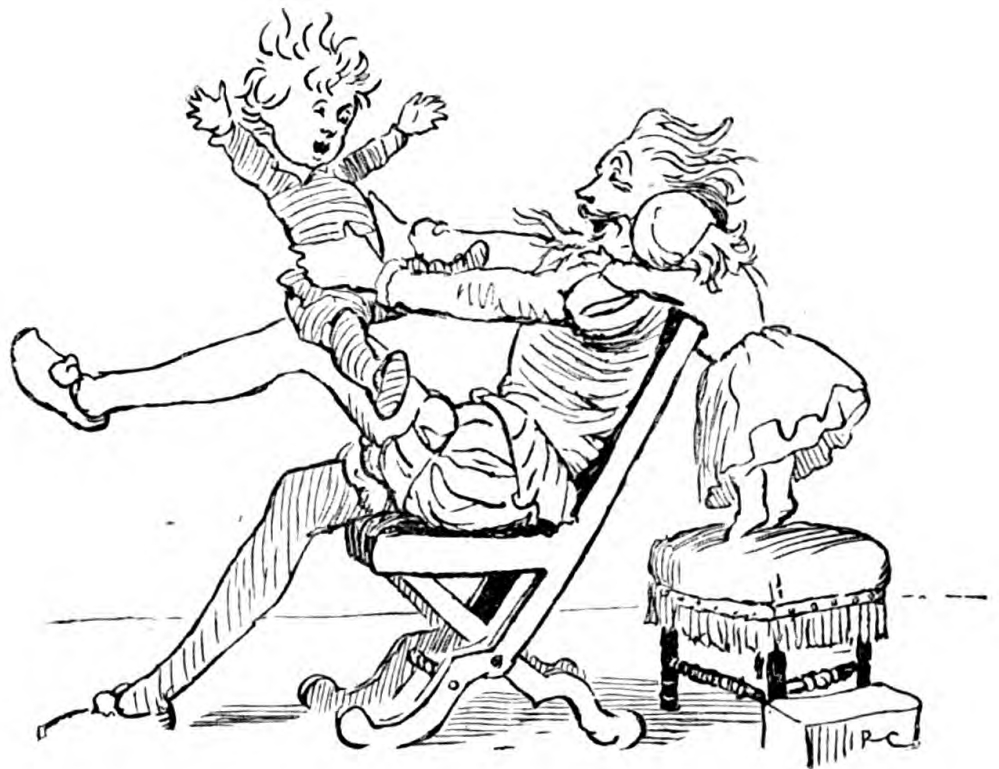
“God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children deare,  
When you are layd in grave.”

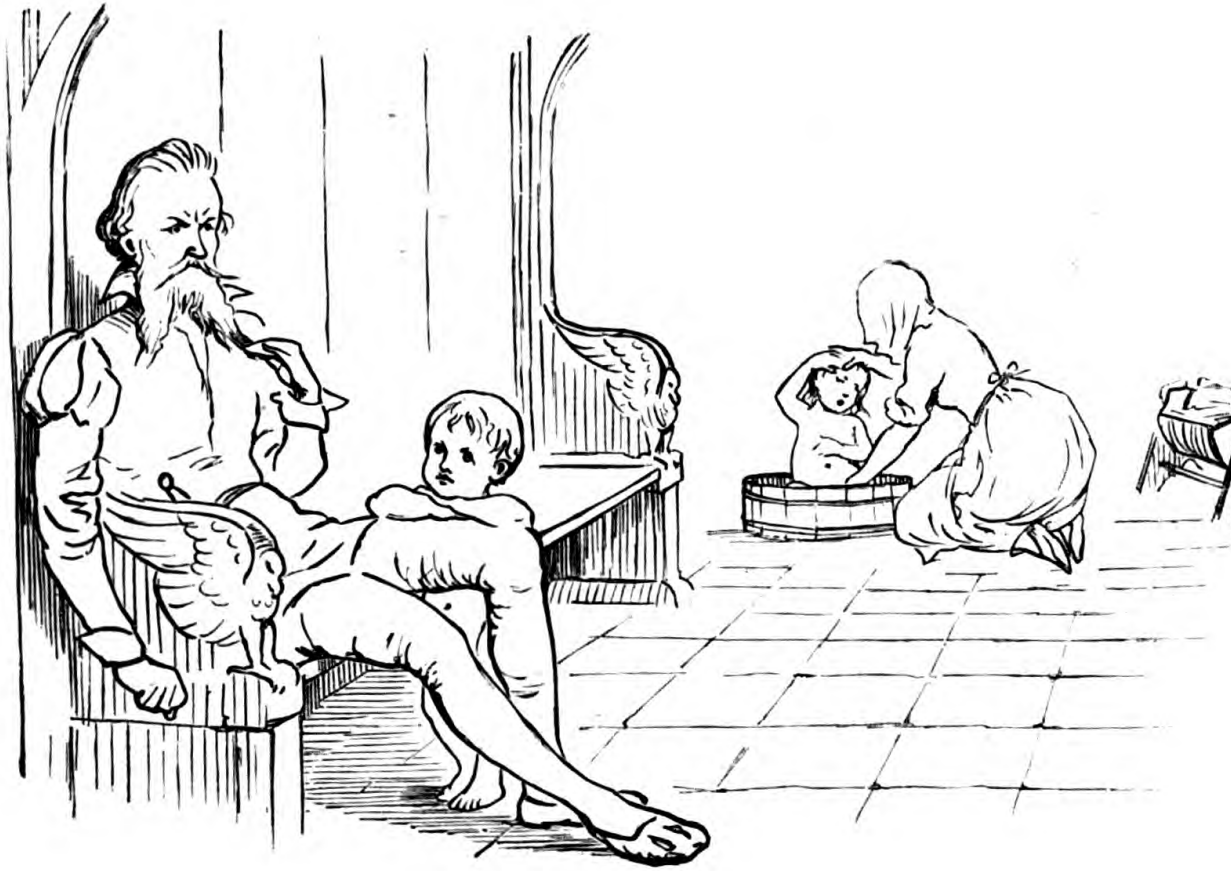




THEIR PARENTS BEING DEAD & GONE, THE CHILDREN HO

The parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them strait unto his house,  
Where much of them he makes.





He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a daye,  
But, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take the children young  
And slaye them in a wood.

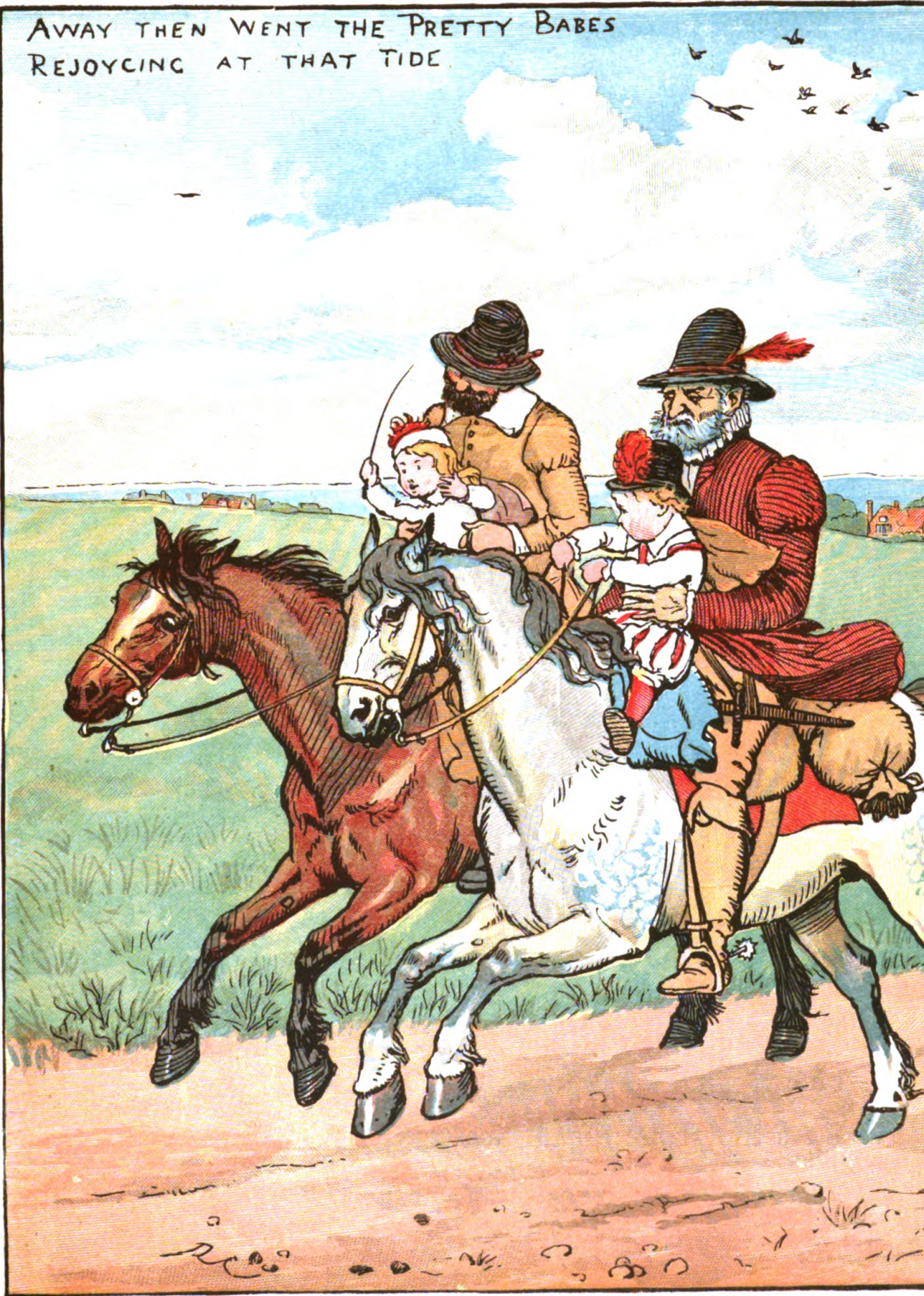


He told his wife an artful tale,  
He would the children send  
To be brought up in faire London,  
With one that was his friend.



Away then went those pretty babes,  
Rejoycing at that tide,  
Rejoycing with a merry minde,  
They should on cock-horse ride.

AWAY THEN WENT THE PRETTY BABES  
REJOYING AT THAT TIDE.







They prate and prattle pleasantly  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speeche they had,  
Made murderers' heart relent;  
And they that undertooke the deed,  
Full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch, that hired him,  
Had paid him very large.



The other would not agree thereto,  
So here they fell to strife;  
With one another they did fight,  
About the children's life:



And he that was of mildest mood,  
Did slaye the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood,  
Where babes did quake for feare!



DID SLAYE THE



He took the children by the hand,  
While teares stood in their eye,  
And bade them come and go with him,  
And look they did not cry:

And two long miles he ledd them on,  
While they for food complaine:  
“Stay here,” quoth he, “I’ll bring ye bread,  
When I come back againe.”



These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe;



But never more they sawe the man  
Approaching from the town.







Their pretty lippes with blackberries  
Were all besmear'd and dyed;

And when they sawe the darksome night,  
They sat them downe and cryed.



Thus wandered these two prettye babes,  
Till death did end their grief;  
In one another's armes they dyed,  
As babes wanting relief.

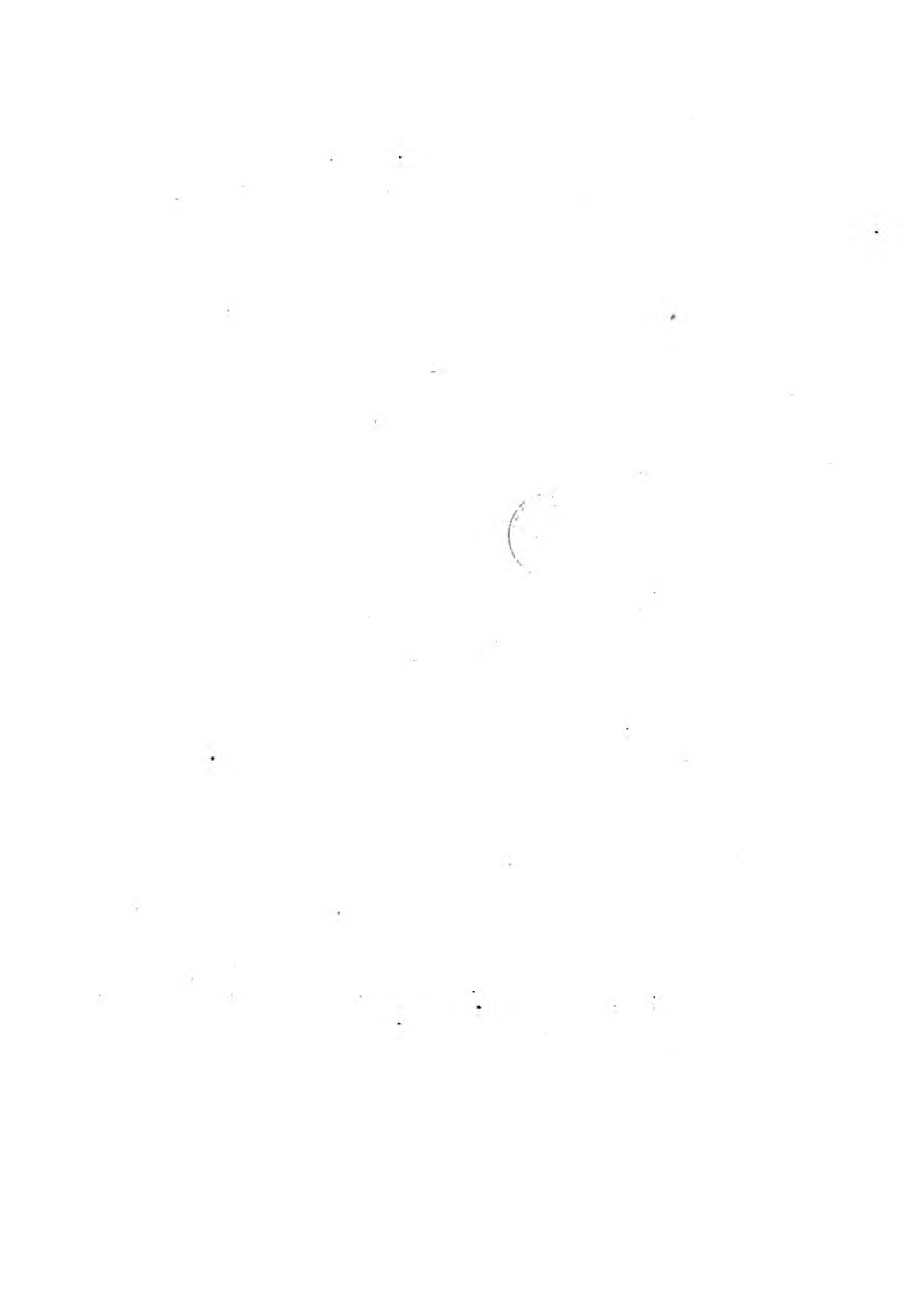
No burial these pretty babes  
Of any man receives,



Till Robin-redbreast painfully  
Did cover them with leaves.



IN ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS THE



**ELEGY ON A MAD DOG.**



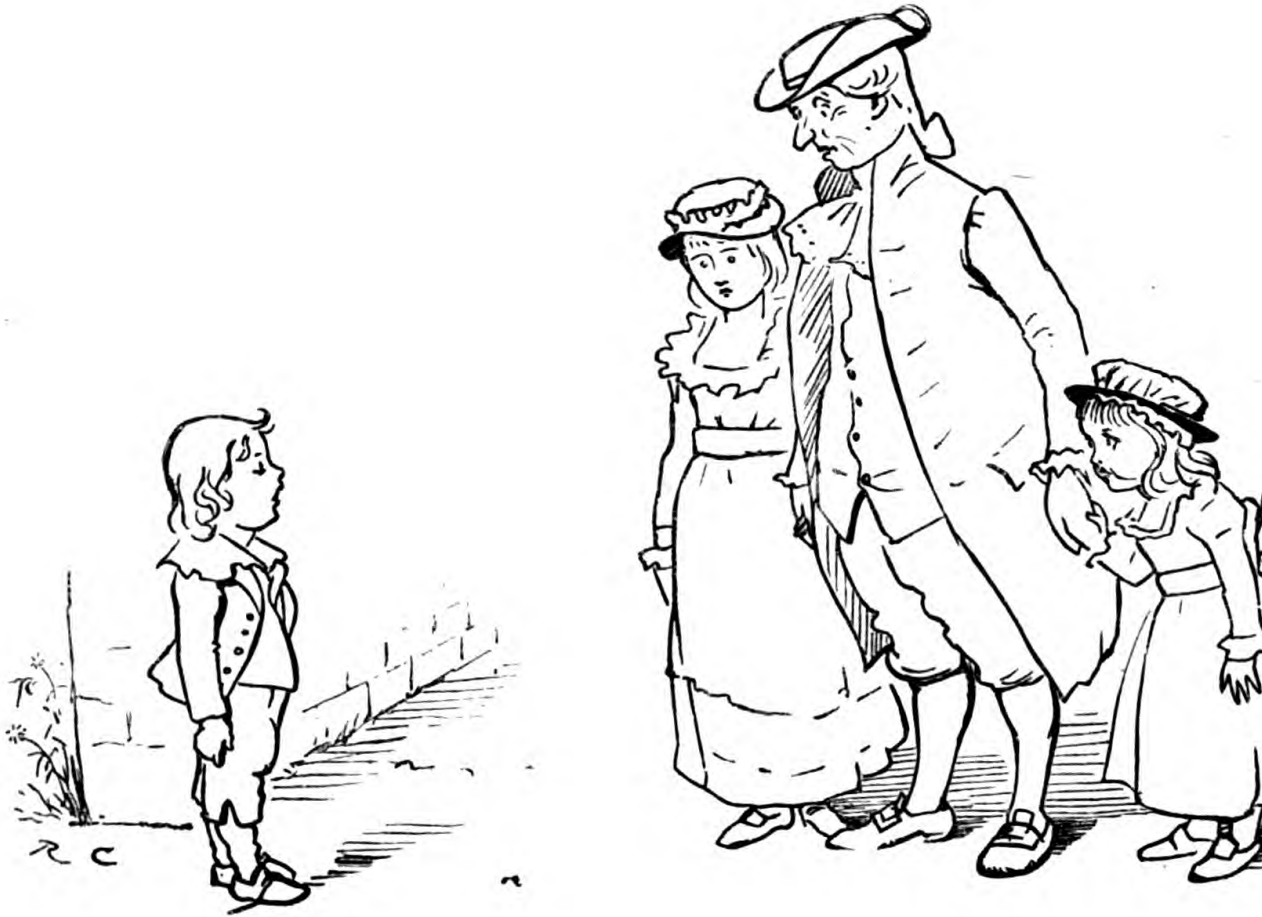
# An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG

WRITTEN  
By  
DR 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 ran,

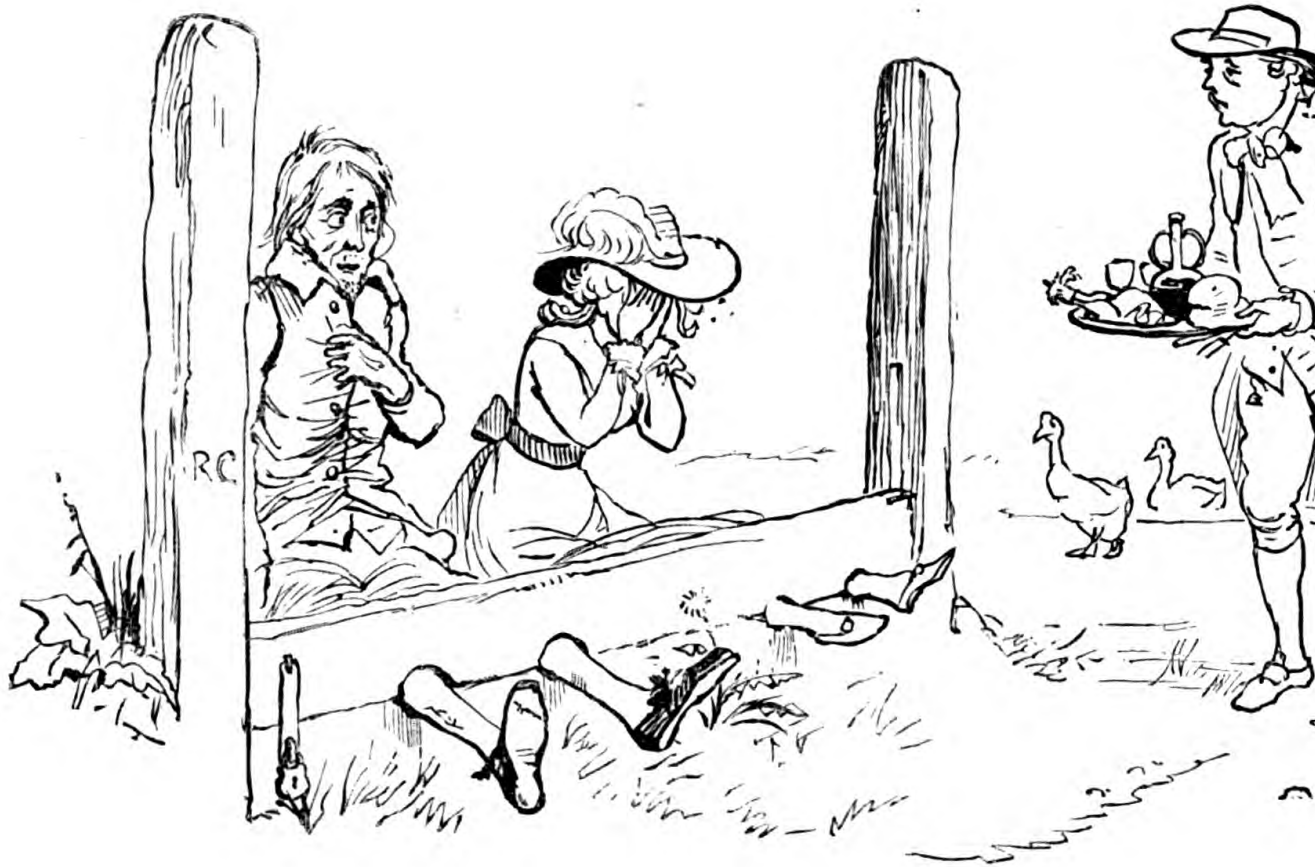


Whene'er he went



to pray.





A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,



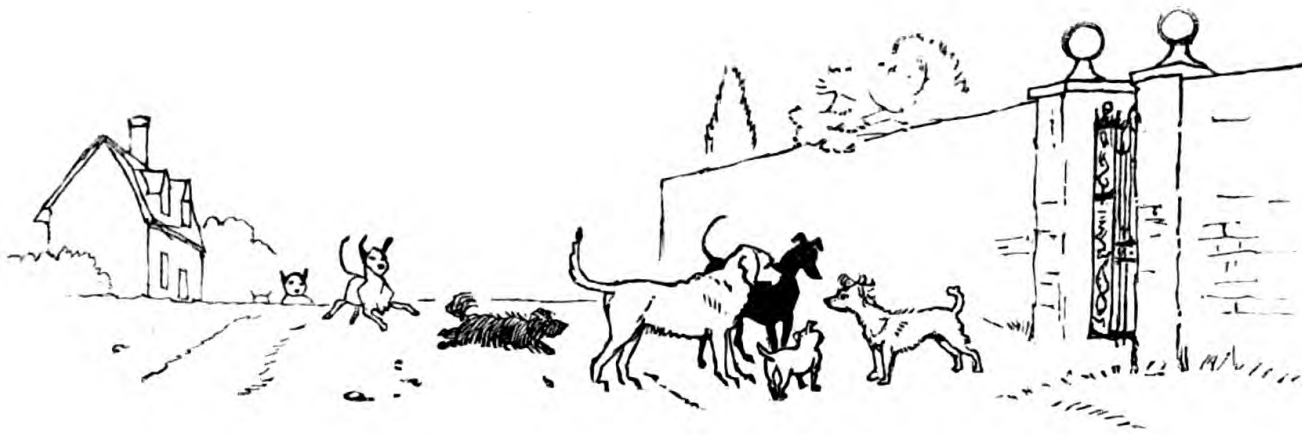


When he put on

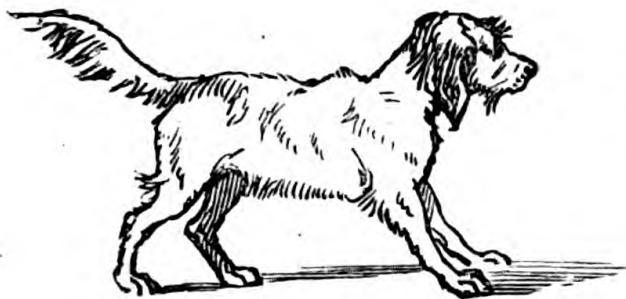


his clothes.





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



Both mongrel,

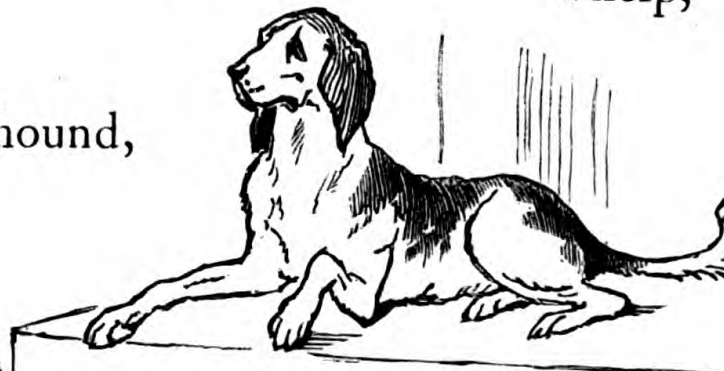


puppy,



whelp,

and hound,



And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends ;



But, when a pique began,

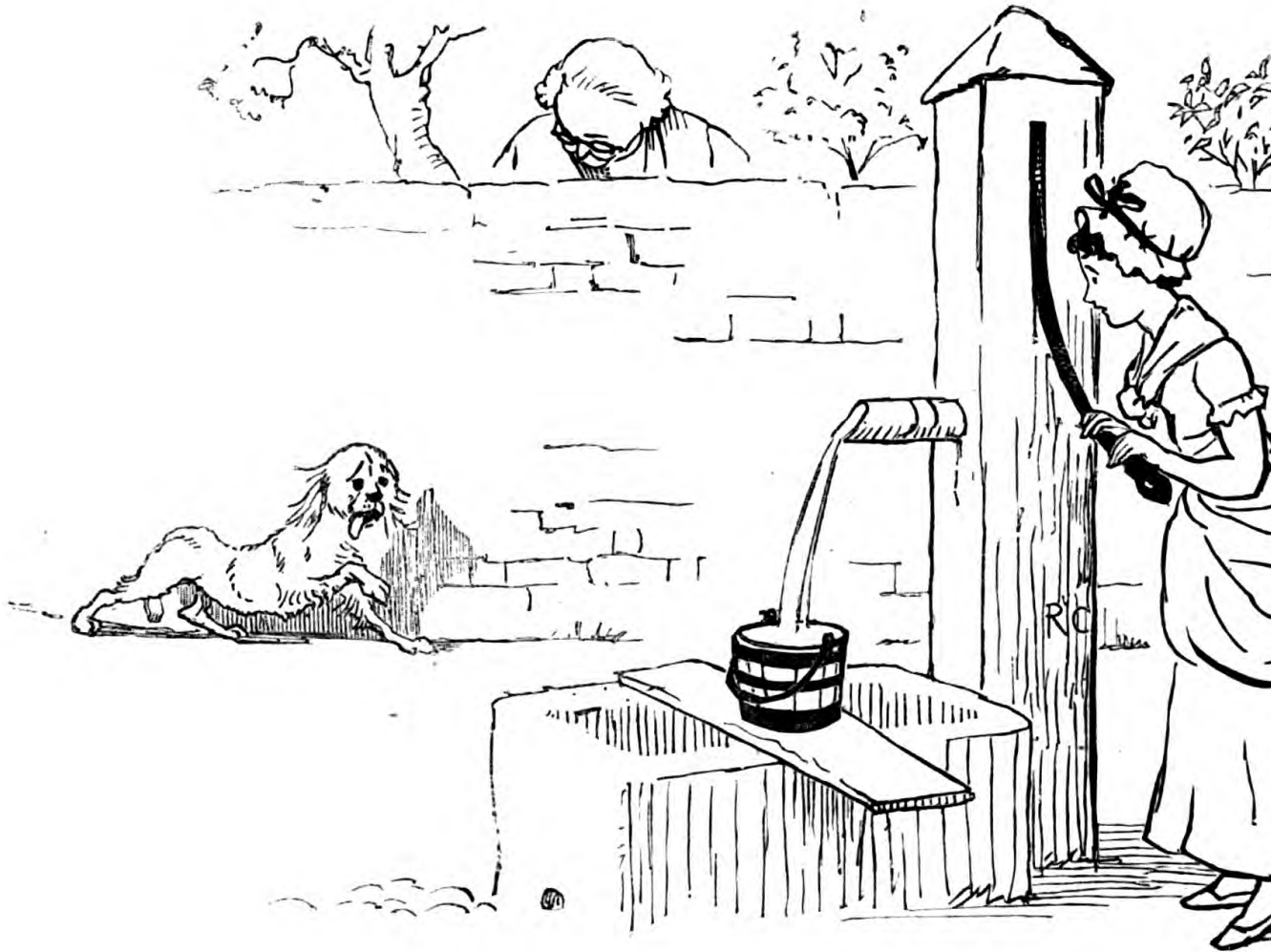
The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.







Around from all



the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran ;

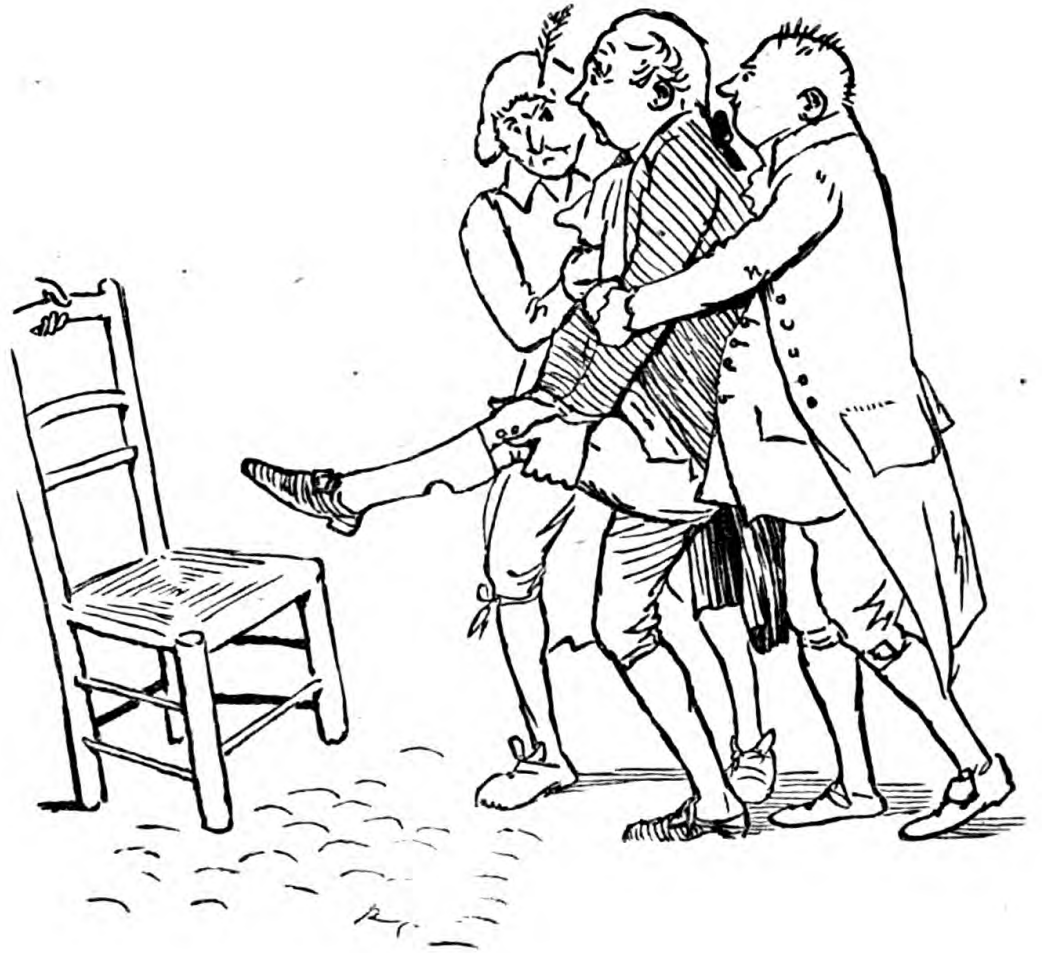




And swore the dog had lost his wits,



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;



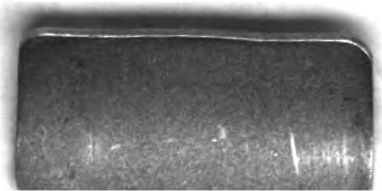
The dog it was that died.













The  
BABES

R. Caldecott's  
**PICTURE  
BOOK**

The  
House  
that  
JACK  
built.

John GILPIN

Frederick Warne & Co.

