

THE
HISTORY

OF

JACK HORNERS.

CONTAINING

The witty pranks he play'd, from his
youth to his riper years, being
pleasant for Winter
Evenings.

STIRLING:

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THE
HISTORY
OF
JACK HORNER.

C H A P. I.

Of his Birth and Education.

JACK Horner was a pretty lad,
near London he did dwell.
His father's heart he made full glad,
his mother lov'd him well:
She often set him on her lap,
to turn him dry beneath,
And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,
because he had no teeth.
While little Jack was sweet and young,
if he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sang,
with a lulla baby by.
A pretty boy, a curious wit,
all people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit,
on Christmas holidays.

And said, " Jack Horner in the corner,
 eats good Christmas pyc:
 With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs,
 crying; What a good boy was I."
 These pretty verses which he made,
 upon his Christmas cheer,
 Did gain him love, as it is said,
 of all both far and near;
 For lasses lov'd his company,
 each day above another,
 nor why, they knew that he would be
 a man before his mother.
 He grew, I say at any rate,
 both proper straight and trim,
 so that young Nancy, Sue and Kate,
 were all in love with him.
 Happy was she that could enjoy,
 from him a one kind embrace;
 though once he was a little boy,
 yet now he grows apace.
 No few were like him far and near,
 and match for him was none;
 being thirteen inches high,
 a giant to Tom Thumb.
 Whene'er he took a sword in hand,
 he made his foes to bleed,
 as you shall come to understand,
 when you this story read.

Jack frights a Taylor for cabbaging
Cloath out of his Coat.



JACK being twenty years of age,
liv'd with a worthy knight.
In manner of a pretty page,
to yield him much delight :
The Knight right generous and free,
did for a taylor send,
For to make Jack a livery,
so much he was his friend,
Of half a yard of good broad cloth
the coat was to be made,
But yet the taylor he was loth
to quit his thievish trade.
The knavish taylor was to blame,
(a crafty cunning wag)

He pinch'd as much out of the same
as made a marble bag.

His coat was spoil'd then being made
it came not to his knee :

Jack in a raging passion said,
I'll be reveng'd on thee.

The Knight he having kill'd a goat
whose skin was full as black

I do declare as any foot ;
this project pleased Jack.

He wrapt it round him like a gown,
at twelve o'clock at night,

And then he rambled thro' the town
this taylor to affright.

He through a window did advance,
near to the taylor's bed;

And round the room did skip and dance
with horns upon his head.

He growl'd and grumbled like a bear,
and did such anticks play ;

As made the taylor then to stare,
and tremble where he lay.

Seeing the horns hang o'er his head,
his body short and thick,

The taylor said, Speak who art thou ?
quoth Jack, thy friend Old Nick :

Thou hast obey'd my orders well,
I find in each degree :

And therefore in my gloomy cell
 I have a place for thee.
 For you have been a friend indeed,
 I such a taylor lack :
 Therefore come away with speed,
 I'll bear thee on my back :
 Sweet Mr. Devil then he cry'd,
 O pardon me I pray ;
 I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,
 make haste and come away.
 The taylor naked to the skin,
 his bed he did refrain,
 And down the town thro' thick and thin
 he ran with might and main.

C H A P. III.

How he served the Cook-Maid, who
 broke his head with a Ladle, for making
 a Sop in the Dripping Pan.

A Nother pleasant prank he play'd,
 upon a holiday,
 Unto his master's servant maid,
 which was a bloody fray.

Now she was lusty Joan by name,
and was their constant cook :
and when he to the kitchen came,
she him would overlook.
Upon a certain day young Jack,
a slice of bread did take,
and threw it in the dripping pan,
that he a top might make.
So soon as she the same did see,
it put her in a rage,
and with the basting ladle she
Jack Horner did engage.



She gave him cracks upon the crown,
so hard, and struck so fast,
that he at length did tumble down,
and gasping at the last.
But though he did at first retreat,
he soon returned again.

For standing fast upon his feet,
 he fought with might and main.
 He was but thirteen inches high,
 and she full six times more,
 Yet by his ingenuity,
 he brought her to the floor.
 For underneath her coats he got,
 where he did straightway seize
 With both his hands her beauty spot,
 and bit her by the knees,
 His teeth were sharp to that she bled,
 he would not mind her cries ;
 So that she pist upon his head,
 and put out both his eyes :
 But still Jack Horner kept his hold,
 and would not let her go :
 When she did rave, and roar and scold,
 but could not strike one blow.
 So cruel hard he made her roar,
 she cry'd Let me alone,
 And I will ne'er offend thee more,
 Jack, while my name is Joan.
 Why then, said Jack, if it be so,
 that you'll not me offend,
 I will this minute let you go,
 and so the fray did end.

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C H A P. IV.

An old Hermit gives Jack an invisible Coat and a pair of enchanted Pipes, with which he plays many tricks.



UPON a pleasant holiday
 Jack going to a fair,
 And as he past along the way,
 he saw a wonder there ;
 An aged man sat in a cave,
 that could not stand nor go,
 His head wore blossoms of the grave,
 and look'd as white as snow,
 He call'd to Jack, and this did say,
 come hither lad to me,
 And if thou dost my will obey,
 reward I'll give thee, that shall be.

Bring me a fairing from the town,
 at thy own proper cost,
 A jug of nappy liquor brown,
 thy labour shan't be lost.
 Jack made the hermit this reply,
 who then sat in the cell,
 What's your request I'll not deny,
 and so old dad farewell.
 At night he being stout and strong,
 this lad he did not fail,
 But at his back lugged along
 a swinging jug of ale :
 Which when the hermit he beheld,
 it pleas'd him to the heart,
 Out of the same a cup he fill'd,
 and said before we part,
 I have a pipe which I'll bestow
 upon you, never doubt,
 Whoever hears the same you blow,
 shall dance and skip about ;
 I have a coat for thee likewise,
 invisible I mean ;
 And it shall so bedim their eyes,
 that thou shalt not be seen,
 If thou should with an hundred meet
 when thus you pass along,
 Although upon the open street,
 not one of all the throng

Shall ever see you in the least;
 but hear the music found;
 And wonder that both man and beast
 is forc'd to dance around.
 Jack took the coat, and bag-pipes too,
 and thankfully did say,
 Old Father I will call on you,
 whene'er I come this way.

C H A P. V.

Of his making six Fiddlers dance over
 Hedge and Ditch, till they broke all their
 Glassees and Crowds.

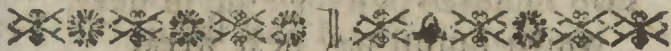
THis coat and pipe he having got,
 he homewards trudg'd with speed
 At length it was his happy lot
 to cross a pleasant mead;
 Where he six fiddlers soon espy'd
 returning from the fair;
 Under their coats crowds by their sides
 with many others there.
 Jack presently his coat put on,
 that screen'd him from their sight,

Saying I'll do the best I can,
 to plague them all this night;
 His pipes he straight began to play,
 the crowsers they did dance;



The tradesmen too, as fast as they,
 did caper, skip and prance.
 Still he play'd up a merry strain,
 on his pipes loud and shrill,
 So they danc'd and jump'd amain,
 tho' sore against their will.
 Said they. This is enchanted ground,
 for though no foul we see,
 Yet still the music's pleasant sound,
 makes us dance veh'mently.
 Jack Horner danc'd and piping went,
 straight down into the hollow,

So all these dancers by consent,
 they after him did follow.
 He led them on thro' bogs and floughs,
 nay, likewise ponds and ditches.
 And in the thorny briary boughs,
 poor rogues, they tore their breeches
 At last, it being somewhat late,
 Jack did his piping leave,
 So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state,
 which made them sigh and grieve.
 Sure this same is Old Nick. I knew,
 the author of this evil:
 And others cry'd if it be so,
 he is a merry devil.
 Jack Horner laugh'd and went away,
 and left them in despair:
 So ever since that very day,
 no crowdens would come there.



C H A P. VI.

Jack's Kindness to the Inn-Keeper, who
 he puts in a way to pay his debts.

AN honest man, an inn-keeper,
 a friend to honest Jack,

Who was in debt alas ! so far,
that he was like to crack :

Now this man had a handsome wife,
sweet, fair, and beauteous too,
A Quaker lov'd her as his life,
and this Jack Horner knew.

The Quaker was an esquire born,
and did in wealth abound :

Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,
and put him in the pond.

First to the Inn-keeper I'll go,
and when I do him find,

He soon shall understand and know,
that I'll be truly kind.

He met him in a narrow lane,
and said, My friend, good morrow :

But th' Inn-keeper reply'd again,
my heart is full of sorrow,

Two hundred pounds I am in debt,
which I must pay next week,

It makes me sigh, lament, and fret,
having the coin to seek.

Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me,
I'll put you in a way,

How you yourself from debts may free,
and all the money pay.

Nay, this is joyful news he cry'd;
thou art a friend indeed,

Thy wit shall be my rule and guide,
 for never more was need.
 Go tell thy loving wife, said he,
 thy joy and heart's delight,
 That thou must ride miles forty-three,
 and shan't come home to night.
 Then mind the counsel I shall give,
 and be no whit afraid ;
 For I can tell you as I live,
 your debts will soon be paid.
 Mount thy bay nag and take thy cloak,
 likewise thy morning gown ;
 And lodge within a hollow oak,
 a mile or two from town.
 There you may sleep in sweet content
 all night and take your rest,
 And leave it to my management,
 then Sir, a pleasant jest
 Next morning there you shall behold,
 the like ne'er seen before ;
 Which shall produce a sum of gold,
 nay likewise silver store.
 Unto his house in haste he went,
 and told her he must go
 A Journey, saying be content,
 for why, it must be so.
 She seemingly began to weep,
 and with sad sighs reply'd,

You know, alas! I cannot sleep
without you by my side:

Cries he, kind wife, do not repine,
why should you sigh and grieve?

I go out to a friend of mine,
some money to receive.

This said, with woman's fond deceit,
she straightway ceas'd to mourn,
And gave him twenty kisses sweet,
wishing his safe return.

So soon as he was out of sight,
she for the Quaker sent,

And order'd him to come at night,
that to their hearts content,

They may be merry, sport, and play,
as her husband was from home.

The Quaker said, By Yea and Nay,
I will not fail to come.

Now just about the close of day
they did to supper fall;

Now Jack was there as well as they,
and walk'd about the hall

And did her fond behaviour note,
she on her friend did lean,

Jack having his enchanting coat,
was not for to be seen.

Who perfectly did hear and see
when they did toy and play;

Thought he, I'll be reveng'd on ye,
before the morning day.

Now the poor maid she went to bed,
when it grew somewhat late :

This done, the mistress her friend led
up to her chamber straight.

Where he did straight pull off his clothes
quite naked to his shirt,

And into bed with her he goes,
concluding this no hurt.

Jack in the chamber did abide,
till it was almost day,

When coming near the curtain side,
he heard the Quaker say,

That he indeed did want to piss
and to the pot must go.

Quoth Jack I do rejoice at this,
some pleasant sport I'll show.

The Quaker thinking little harm,
unto the pot he came ;

When Jack having a charm
fast lock'd him to the same.

The goodwife often to him cry'd,
why sitt'st thou in the cold ;

Quoth he, it sticks between my thighs
I cannot lose my hold.

Quoth she, What is the man a fool?
and straight to him she got ;

And laid one hand upon his t—l,
and t'other on the pot.

There did she pull and tug amain,
in hopes to set him free;

But all her labour was in vain,
she stuck as fast as he.

They being both in sad distress,
they for the maid did knock,

Who never stood herself to dress,
but came up in her smock;

The sight she saw was a surprise
perceiving such large t—rs;

Clapping her hands before her eyes,
yet peep'd between her fingers.

Because her mistress should be pleas'd,
she strove to set them free:

But straight the charm the damsel seiz'd
and there they stuck all three.

It being now just peep of day,
and they all tied fast:

Jack on his pipe began to play,
and down the stairs he past.

The Quaker, mistress and her maid
when they the pipe did hear,

All caper'd to the tune he play'd,
and all their course did steer

Into the street, where they advanc'd,
 naked, save smock and shirt,
 Like Morrice-dancers they did prance,
 up to the knees in dirt:

They caper'd high, the p—s did fly,
 over their heads and ears,
 And then it ran down violently
 like drops of briny tears.

The Quaker said, By Yea and Nay,
 we are bewitch'd all three;
 I hear a pair of bag-pipes play,
 yet no one can I see.



He brought them to the very oak
 where the Inn-keeper lay;
 And for a while he never spoke,
 but on his pipes did play

The goodman, in the hollow tree,
 immediately peep'd out :
 His neighbour, wife, and maid to see
 all dance and trump about.
 Who's here ? my kind and loving wife!
 likewise my maid young Sue !
 My quaking neighbour too ! ads-life !
 a jovial whoring crew !
 Jack broke the charm, and then the pot
 soon loosen'd from their hands :
 And they were likewise reeking hot,
 with skipping o'er the lands.
 The Inn-keeper said, Note it well,
 I'll geld you ere you go ;
 But on his knees the Quaker fell,
 and said, some pity show ;
 My precious nutmegs do not wound,
 for fear I should not live ;
 I'll pay thee down one hundred pounds
 if thou wilt me forgive.
 No, no, quoth Jack, we will have two,
 in lawful ready gold
 Or else we will not pardon thee,
 we have thee safe in hold.
 I'll freely give thee thy demand,
 but yet beware I pray .
 The wicked do not understand
 that I have gone astray.

No, no, they said, and home he went,
 the gold he did receive
 The Inn keeper was well content,
 he has no cause to grieve.

C H A P. VIII.

Jack slays a monstrous Giant, and
 rics a Knight's Daughter.

JACK Horner a fierce Giant kill'd,
 one Galligantus stout,
 As large as ever man beheld
 in all the world throughout.

This very Giant could with ease,
 step fifteen yards in length:

Up by the root he pluck'd oak trees,
 so mighty was his strength.

His lips did open like two gates,
 his beard hang down like wire,

His eyes were like two pewter plates,
 he breathed smoke and fire.

Tis said that he destroy'd as much
 as ten score men would eat;

So that the people did him grudge;
 every bit of meat.

His mess was still continually,
 two bullocks in a dish;

Then he would drink whole rivers dry,
 and thus he starv'd the fish:
 He went to drink it seems one day,
 by a deep river side,
 Whereat a lighter full of straw
 did then at anchor ride;
 Besides another full of hay;
 a third with block and billet;
 He cramm'd all these into his maw,
 and yet they did not fill it.
 He did annoy the nations then
 by night and eke by day;
 Whoveer passed by his den,
 became his fatal prey.
 Hard by, there liv'd a noble Knight,
 who had one daughter dear;
 For youth and splendid beauty bright
 but few could her come near.
 He proffered her to be the wife
 of him that would destroy
 The brutish cruel Giant's life,
 who did them so annoy.
 At length Jack Horner being told
 whoever did him slay
 Might have gold and silver eke
 likewise a lady gay.
 Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,
 I'll fight this swinging boar;

Tho' I'm but thirteen Inches high,
 and he ten yards and more.
 A sword he got five inches long,
 a little cap of steel.
 A breast-plate too both stout and strong,
 quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.
 Upon a badger's back he got
 in order to proceed;
 Thus being mounted Cap-a-pee,
 away he rode full speed.
 With double courage stout and bralle,
 he did his valour keep:
 Then coming to the Giant's cave
 he found him fast asleep.



His mouth it was not open wide,
 but stood it seems half cock,
 Jack down his throat with speed did ride,
 he never stood to knock.

Jack cut and slash'd his swinging tripes,
 this griev'd the Giant sore ;

Then did he play upon his pipes,
 which made him dance and roar.

He cry'd, I dance yet I'm not well,
 there's no man minds my moan :

At length he died and down he fell,
 then gave a hideous groan.

With that he home with speed did run,
 and did in brief declare,

What by his valour he had done,
 and gain'd the Lady fair.

He marry'd this fair beauty bright,
 her charms he did admire .

And since her father was a Knight,
 young Jack became a 'squire.

F I N I S .