

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
JACK HORNER,

CONTAINING,

The Witty PRANKS he Play'd, from  
his youth to his riper years, being  
pleasant for Winter Evenings.



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THE HISTORY OF  
**JACK HORNER.**

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CHAP. I.

OF HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION

**J**ACK 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 good sugar pap,  
 because he had no teeth.  
 While little Jack was sweet and young,  
 if he by chance did cry,  
 His mother pretty sonnets sung,  
 with a lulla-baby by.  
 With such a curious dainty tone,  
 as Jack sat on her knee,  
 So that she could not go alone,  
 he'd sing as well as she.  
 A pretty boy, a curious wit,  
 all people spoke his praise,  
 And in the corner he would sit  
 in Christmas hol days.  
 When his friends did together meet,  
 to pass away the time,

Little Jack be sure would eat  
 his Christmas pye in rhyme.  
 And said, " Jack Horner in the corner,  
 eats good Christmas pye :  
 With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs  
 crying, " What a good boy was I."

These pre ty 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,  
 For 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 one kind embrace ;  
 Though once he was a little boy,  
 yet now he grows apace.

So few were like him far and nigh,  
 and match him there was none ;  
 As 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,  
 who shall this story read.

## C H A P. II.

*Jack frights a Taylor for Cabbaging  
Cloth out of his Coat*



**J**ACK being twenty years of age,  
 lived 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 knavish 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 wrath and passion, said,  
I'll be reveng'd on thee.

The taylor was a single man  
who lived in the town.

Quoth Jack, I am resolv'd anon  
for to affright this clown.

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

I do declare as any fool;  
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 grumbl'd like a bear,  
and did such antics play;

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

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

The taylor said, Spezk who thou art!  
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 & thin,  
 he ran with might and main.  
 Jack Horner follow'd him a while,  
 but left him at the last;  
 Then to himself did laugh amain  
 to think of what had past.

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### CHAP. III.

*How he served the CO. K. MAID, who  
 broke his HEAD with a LADLE for  
 making SOP in the DRIPPING PAN.*

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

Now she was lusty Joan by name,  
 and was their conitant cook:  
 And when he to the kitchen came  
 she him would over look.  
 She oftentimes would play her part,  
 and call him creeping cur;  
 This vex'd Jack Horner to the heart,  
 he could not bear with her.  
 Upon a certain day young Jack  
 a slice of bread did take,  
 And threw it in the dreeping pan,  
 that he a sop might make  
 So soon as she the same did see,  
 it put her in a rag  
 And with the basting dle she  
 Jack Horner did engage.



She gave him knocks upon the crown  
 so hard, and struck so fast  
 That he at length did tumble down,  
 and grasping lay at last.  
 But though he did at first retreat,  
 he soon return'd 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, so that she bled,  
 he would not mind her cries;

So then she piss 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.

She call'd to Robin, and Ralph and Ben,  
 but none did hear the lass:

At last she tumbld down, and then  
 he bit her by the a--e.

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.

*An old HERMIT gives JACK an invisible  
COAT and a Pair of enchanted P P E S S,  
with which he plays many Tricks.*



**U**PON a pleatant 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:  
 Strange hollow eyes and wrinkled brow,  
 his nose and chin did meet:  
 To him Jack Horner made a bow,  
 with words so soft and sweet:  
 He call'd to him, and thus did say,  
 come hither lad to me,  
 And if thou dost my will obey  
 rewarded thou shalt be:

Bring me a fairing from the town,  
at thy own proper cost,

A jug of nappy liquor brown,  
thy labour sha'nt be lost.

Jack made the Hermit this reply,  
who then sat in his 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 bellow,  
upon you never doubt,

Whoever hears the same you blow,  
shall dance and skip about.

They sha'nt be able to stand still,  
while you the music play,

But after you o'er dale and hill  
all of them dance the hay.

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 shouldst 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 sound;  
 And wonder that both man and beast  
 is forc'd to dance around  
 Jack took the coat, and bagpipes 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 FIDLERS dance over  
 HEDGE and DITCH till they brake  
 all their GLASSES and CROWDS.*

**T**His 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.  
 Among the rest, six jolly blades,  
 did with their crowders come:  
 Who on their shoulders carry'd crates,  
 and glasses in the same.  
 Jack presently his coat put on,  
 that skreen'd him from their sight,

Saving' I'll do the best I can  
 to plague them all this night;  
 For crowsers they are rogues indeed,  
 and tradesmen they are worse;  
 They'll plunder all where'er they go,  
 and pick the lasses purse.  
 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 that 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 vehemently.  
 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 sloughs,  
 nay likewise ponds and ditches,  
 And in the thorny briary boughs,  
 poor rogues they tore their breeches,  
 Each fiddler lost or tore his cloak,  
 but still they follow'd after,  
 The crowds crack'd and the glasses  
 it was a woeful slaughter. (broke,  
 At last it being somewhat late,  
 Jack did his piping leave,  
 So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state,  
 as made them sigh and grieve.  
 Sure this same is Old Nick I know,  
 and 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,  
 whom he puts in a Way to pay his Debts.*

**A**N honest man, an innkeeper,  
 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 a squire born,  
 and did in wealth abound:  
 Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,  
 and put him in the pound,  
 First to the Inn-keeper I'll go,  
 and when I do him find,  
 He shall understand and know,  
 that I'll be truly kind.  
 So 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 was more 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 & 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.

The Inn-keeper said, honest John,  
as you this promise make,

Believe me, as I am a man,  
I will thy counsel take.

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 no 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 straight-way 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 heart's content

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

The Quaker said, By Yea and Nay,  
he would not fail to come,

A sucking pig and capon too,  
for him she did prepare;

For why, alas! full well she knew  
he lov'd such dainty fare.

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 cloaths,  
 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 'o' pifs,  
 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 cunning charm,  
 fast lock'd him to the same.  
 The goodwife often to him cry'd,  
 why sitt'st thou in the colc?  
 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 he tug and pull amain,  
 in hopes to let him free;  
 But all her labour was in vain,  
 she struck as fast as he.  
 They being both in sad distress,  
 then for the maid did knock,  
 Who never stood herself to dress,  
 but came up in her smock;  
 The fight she saw was a surprize  
 perceiving such large f-----rs;  
 Clapping her hands before her eyes;  
 yet peep'd between her fingers.  
 You saucy jade, then said she came,  
 come help us from the pot:  
 The damsel said I blush for thame  
 to see what he has got.  
 What has he got you saucy jade?  
 why do you stand to prate?  
 Come hitter soon, and help us now,  
 or faith I'll break your pate?  
 Because her mistress should be pleas'd  
 she strove to set them free? seiz'd,  
 But straight the charm the damsel  
 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 their knees in dirt.  
They caper'd high, the p's did fly,  
over heis heads and ears,  
And then it ran down violently  
like drops of brinny tears.  
The Quaker said by Yea and Nay,  
we are bewitch'd all three;  
I heard 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 good man in the hollow tree,  
 immediately peep'd out:  
 His neighbour, wife and maid to see  
 all dance and trump about.  
 Whose here? my kind & loving wife!  
 likewise my maid young Sue!  
 My Quaking neighbour too! adslife!  
 a j vial whoring crew!  
 Jack broke the charm. & then the pot,  
 soon looted 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,  
 nor fear I should not live;  
 I'll pay thee down one hundred poun'd,  
 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.  
 Then did he lead a happy life,  
 he neither toils nor frets;  
 Thanks to Jack Horner and his wife,  
 their wits have paid their debts.

### C H A P. - VIII.

JACK slays a monstrous Giant, and  
 marries a KNIGHT'S DAUGHTER.

JACK HORNER a fierce Giant kill'd  
 one Gailigantus stout,  
 As large as ever man beheld  
 in all the world throughtout.  
 This very Giant could with ease,  
 step fifteen yards in length;  
 Up by the roots he pluck'd oak trees,  
 so mighty was his strength.  
 His lips did open like two gates,  
 his beard hung 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 could 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 black and billet;  
 He cram'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;  
 Whoever 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 proffer'd her to be the wife  
 of him that would destroy  
 This brutish cruel Giant's life,  
 who did them so annoy.  
 But there was none could undertake  
 this task for all did fear him;  
 For looks of him made them afraid,  
 when they did draw near him.  
 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 breastplate 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 brave,  
 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 & slash'd his swinging tripe,  
 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 am not well,  
 there's no man minds my moan:  
 At length he died, and down he fell,  
 then gave a hideous groan.  
 Jack in his belly rode about  
 full speed, thro' thick and thin:  
 Yet could not find the same way out,  
 at which he enter'd in.  
 He still rid on and did advance;  
 he vow'd to go thro' thich:  
 And at the last by mere good chance  
 he crept out at his breech.  
 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.