

The
BABES

in the
WOOD

R. Caldecott's
**PICTURE
BOOK**

The
House
that
JACK
built.

THE
MAD
DOG

John GILPIN

Frederick Warne & Co. Ltd.

R. CALDECOTT'S PICTURE BOOK (NO. 1)

R. Caldecott's Picture Book
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CONTAINING

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

LONDON
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THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN:



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

WRITTEN BY WM. COWPER

WITH DRAWINGS BY R. CALDECOTT

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 Edmonton, All in a chaise and pair.

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



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 doth know, And my good friend the calender Will lend his horse to go."

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 loving wife. O'erjoyed was he to find, That though on pleasure she was bent, She had a frugal mind.





The morning came, the chaise was brought, But yet was not allowed 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 wheels, Were never folks so glad! 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 had he, His journey to begin, When, turning round his head, he saw 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.



The 3 customers



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

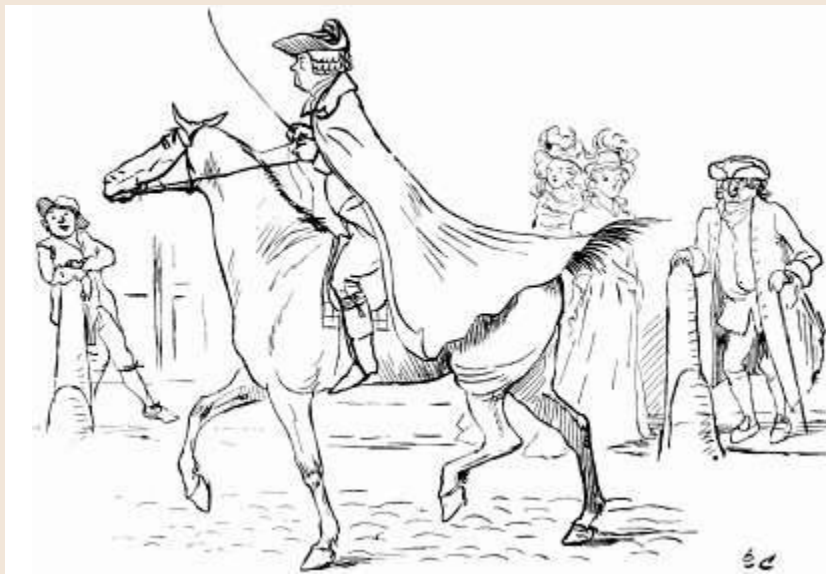
"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me, My leathern belt likewise, In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!) Had two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor that she loved,
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 and neat,
He manfully did throw.

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 his hands, And eke with all his might.

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 nought; Away went hat and wig; He little dreamt, when he set out, 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 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—who but he? His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight! he rides a race 'Tis
for a thousand pound!"

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 road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made the horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.



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



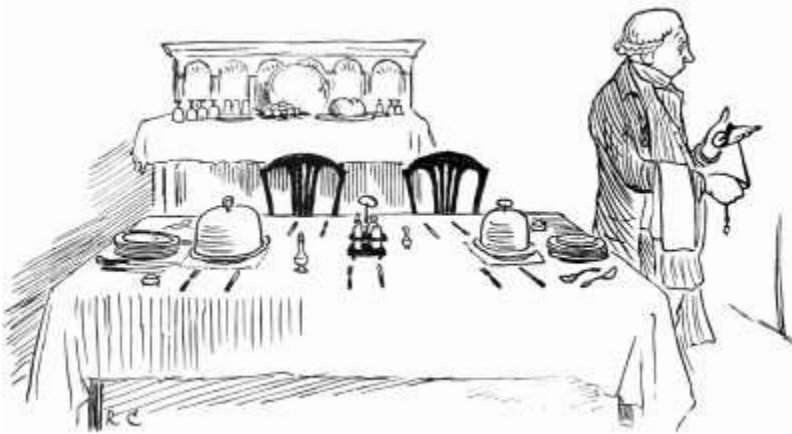
Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

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 much To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!" They all at once did cry; "The dinner waits, and we are tired;" 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 to 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; Tell me you must and shall— 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 calender In merry guise he spoke:

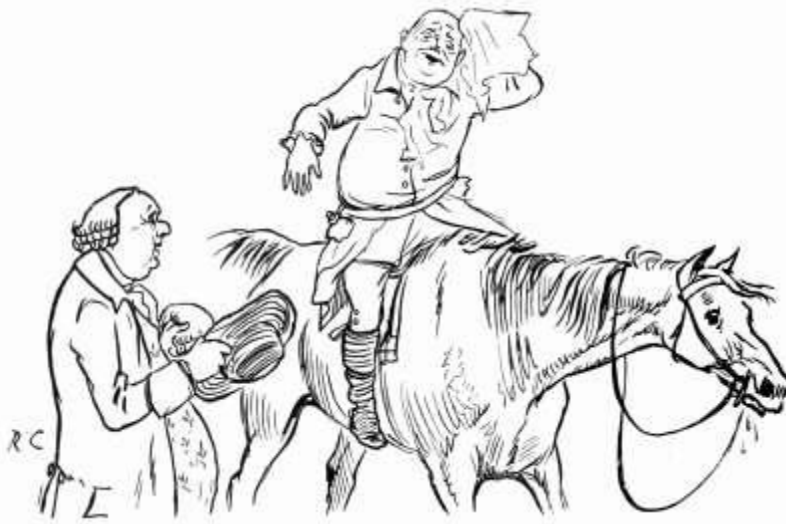
"I came because your horse would come: And, if I well forebode, My hat and wig will soon be here, They are upon the road."

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 wig, A wig that flowed behind, 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."

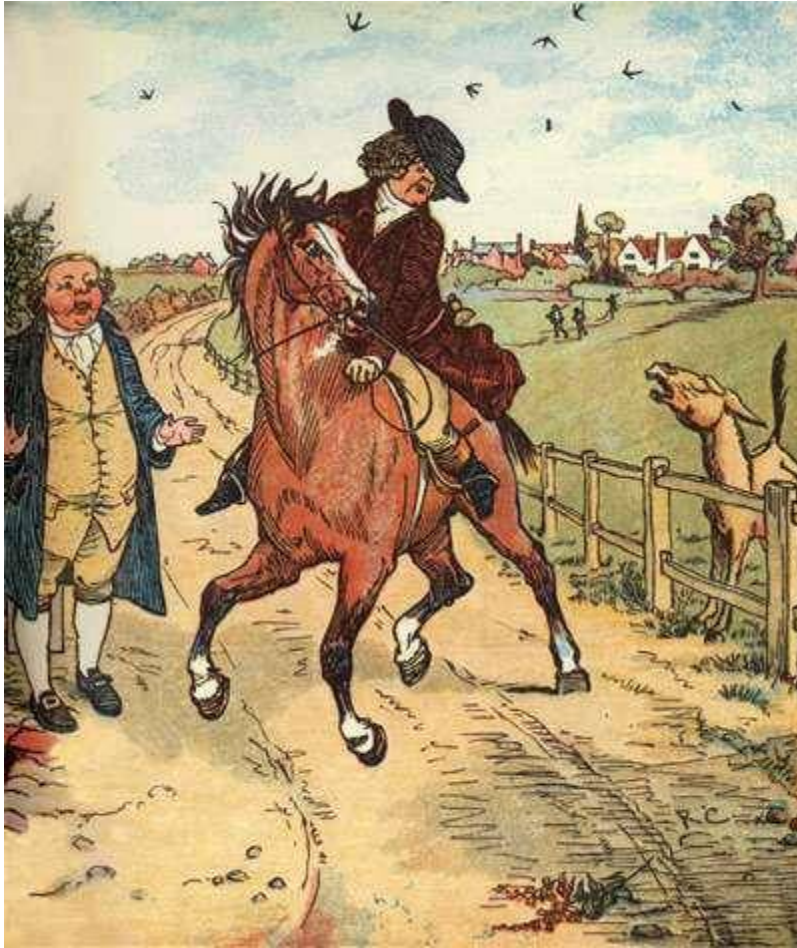
Said John, "It is my wedding-day, And all the world would stare If wife should dine at Edmonton, And I should dine at Ware."

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

'Twas for your pleasure you came here, You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast! For which he paid full dear; For while he spake, a braying ass Did sing most loud and clear;

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

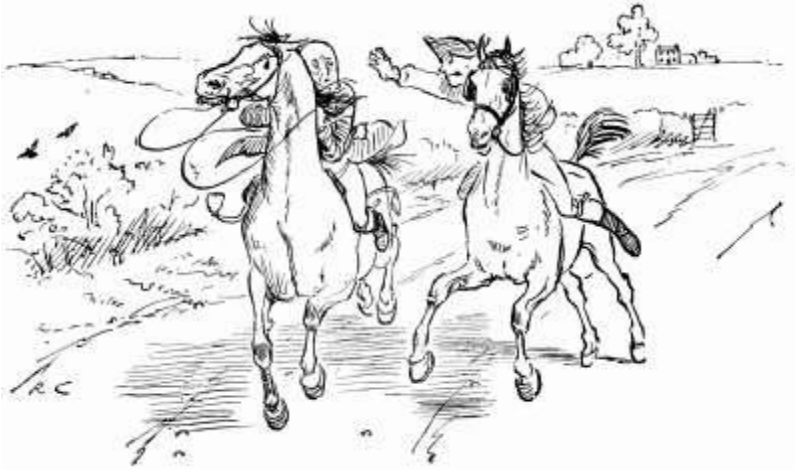


Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.



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."

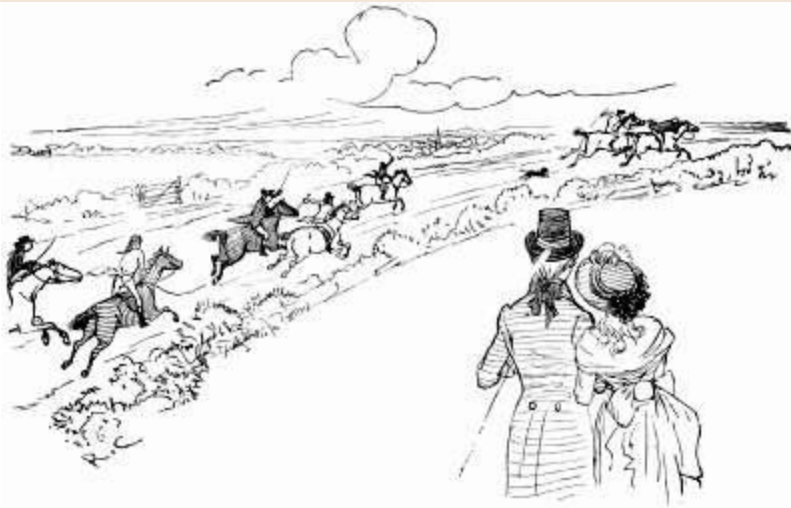


The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again; Whom in a trice he tried to stop, By catching at his rein.

But not performing what he meant, And gladly would have done,

The frighted steed he frighted 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.





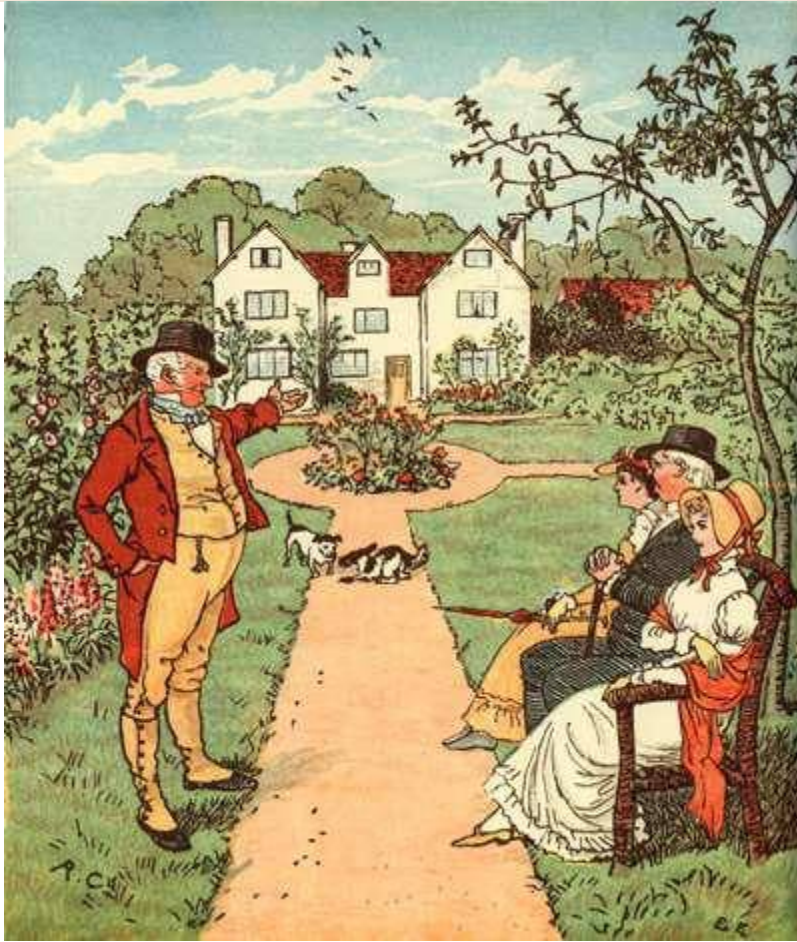
And now the turnpike-gates again Flew open in short space; The toll-man thinking, as before, That Gilpin rode a race.

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





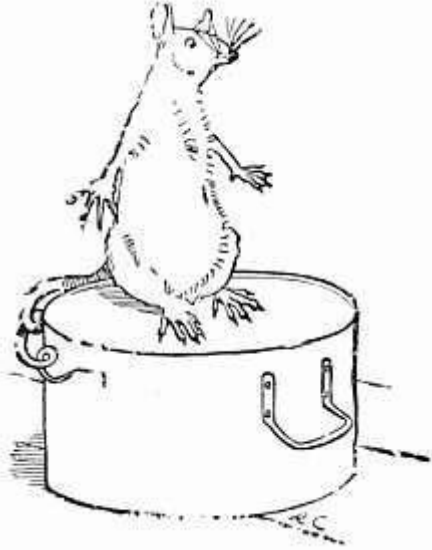
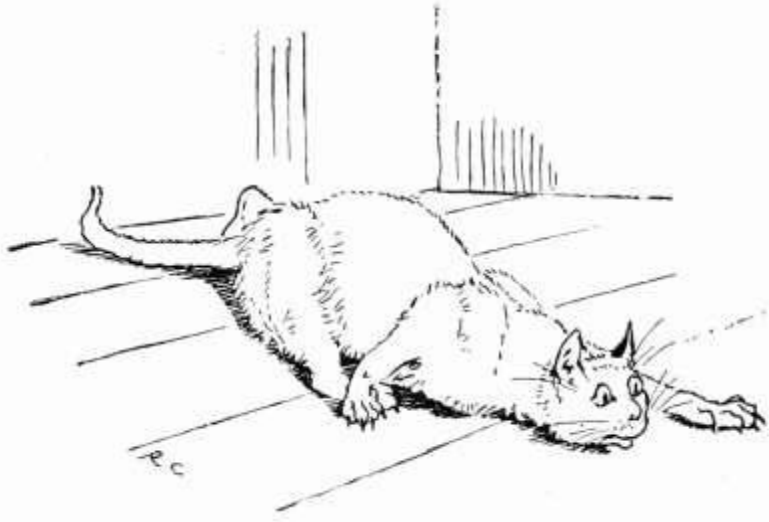




This is the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

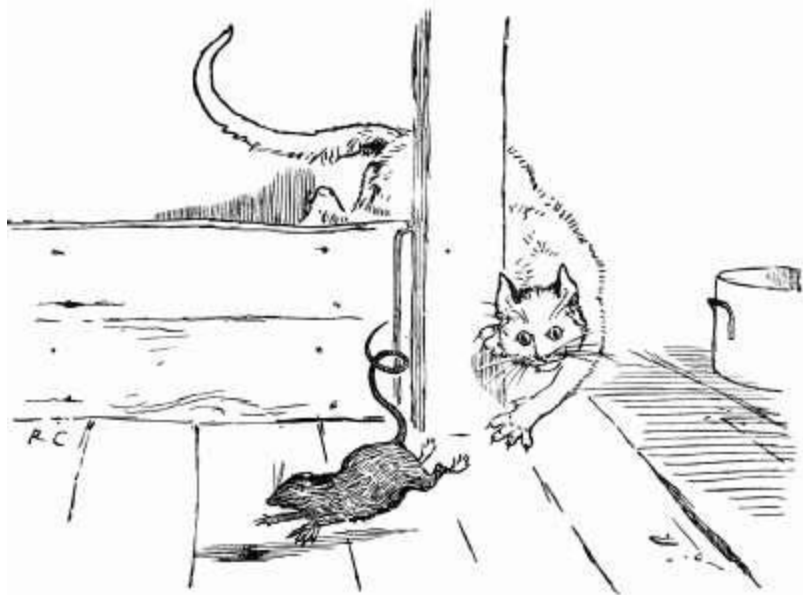


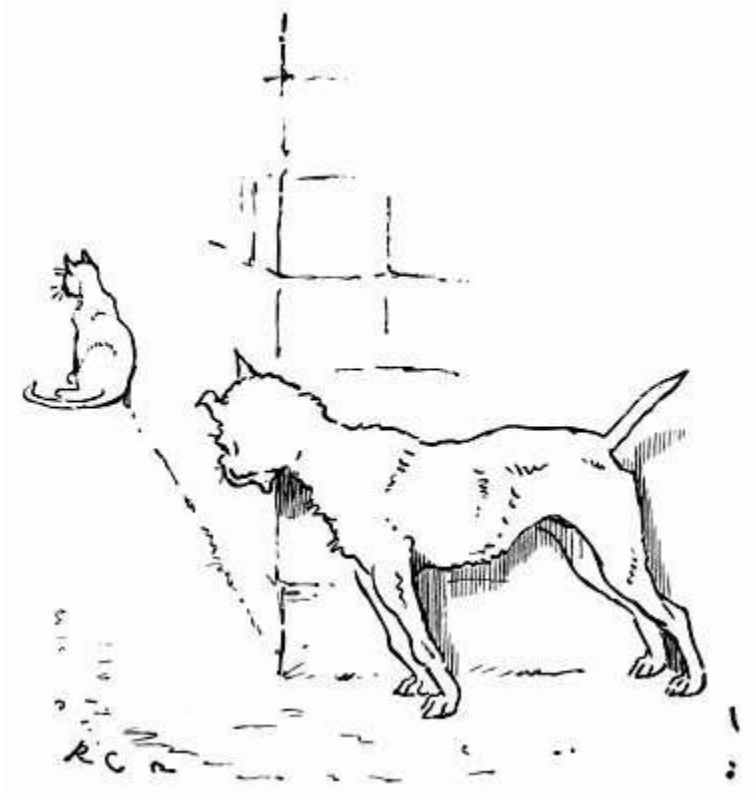
This is the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.



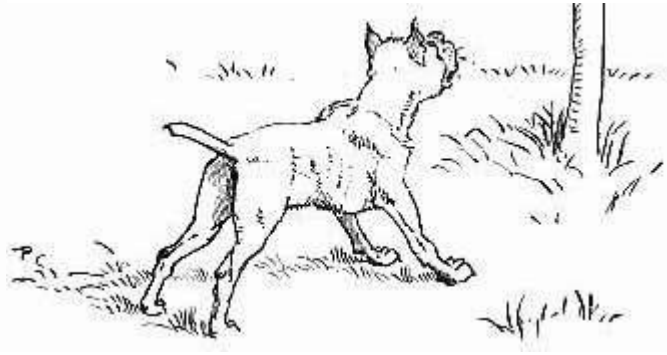


This is the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

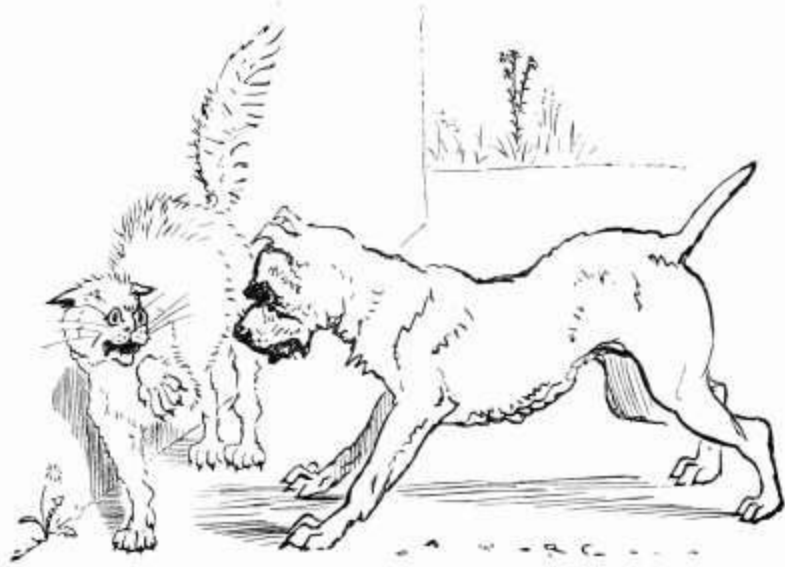








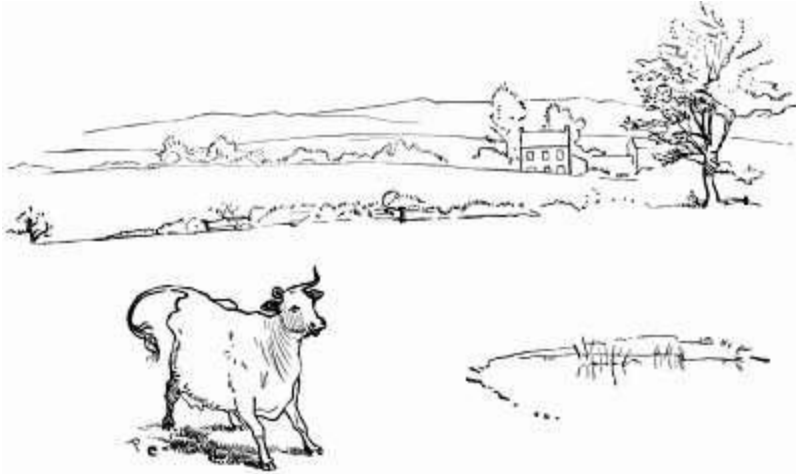
This is the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

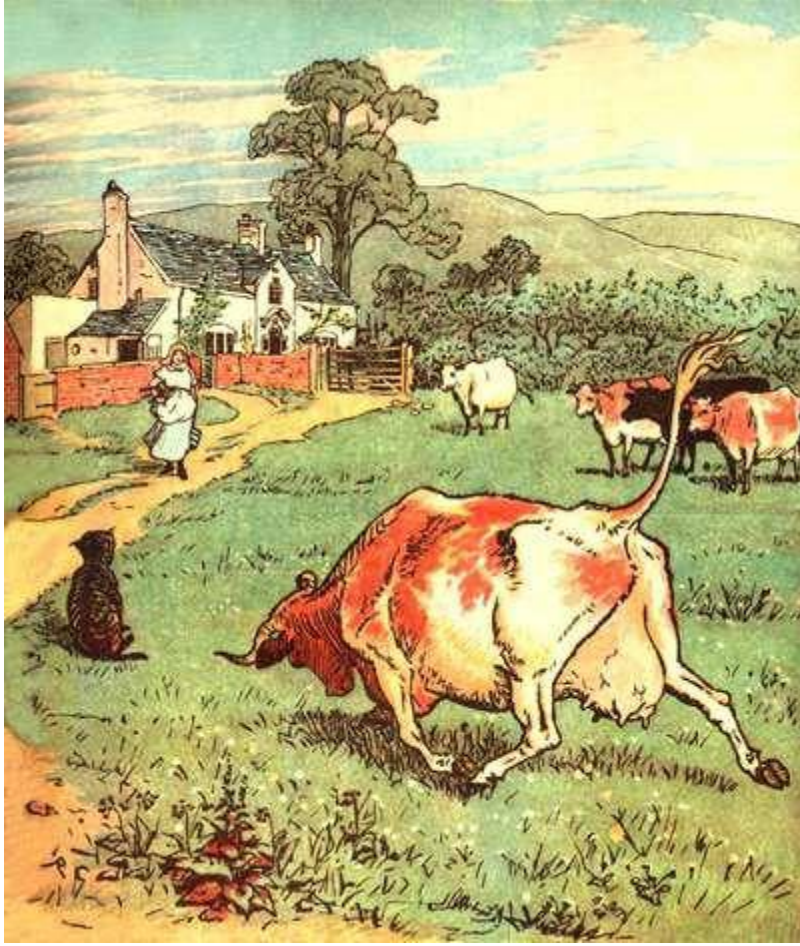




This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,

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 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 with the

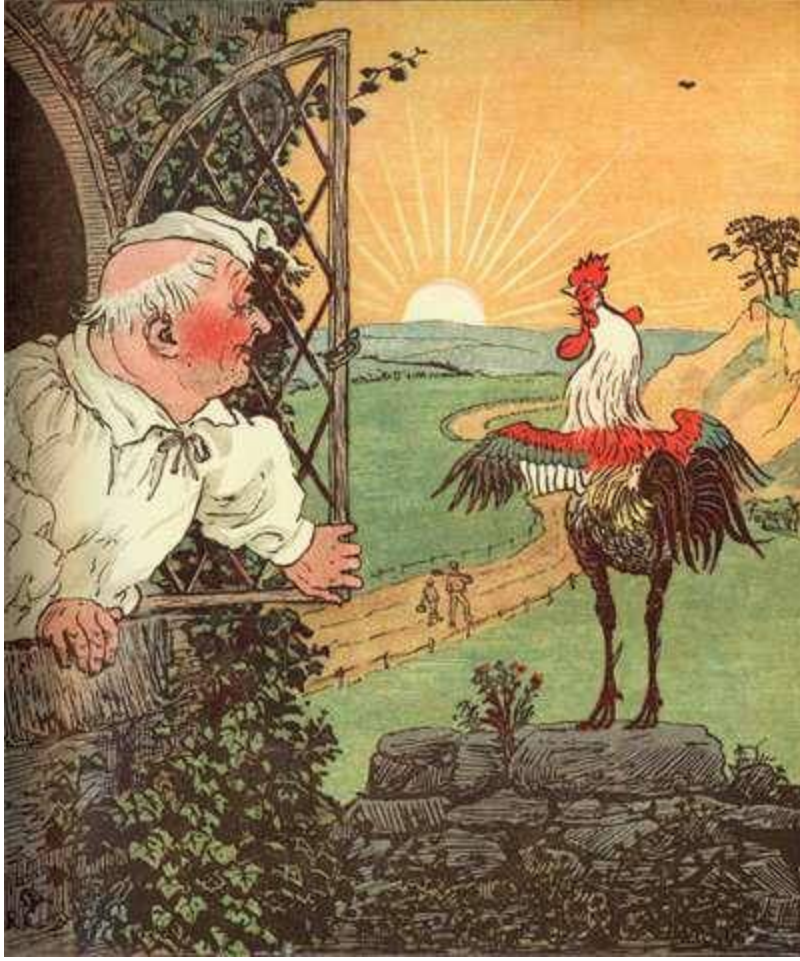
crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that Jack built.

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

That tossed the Dog,

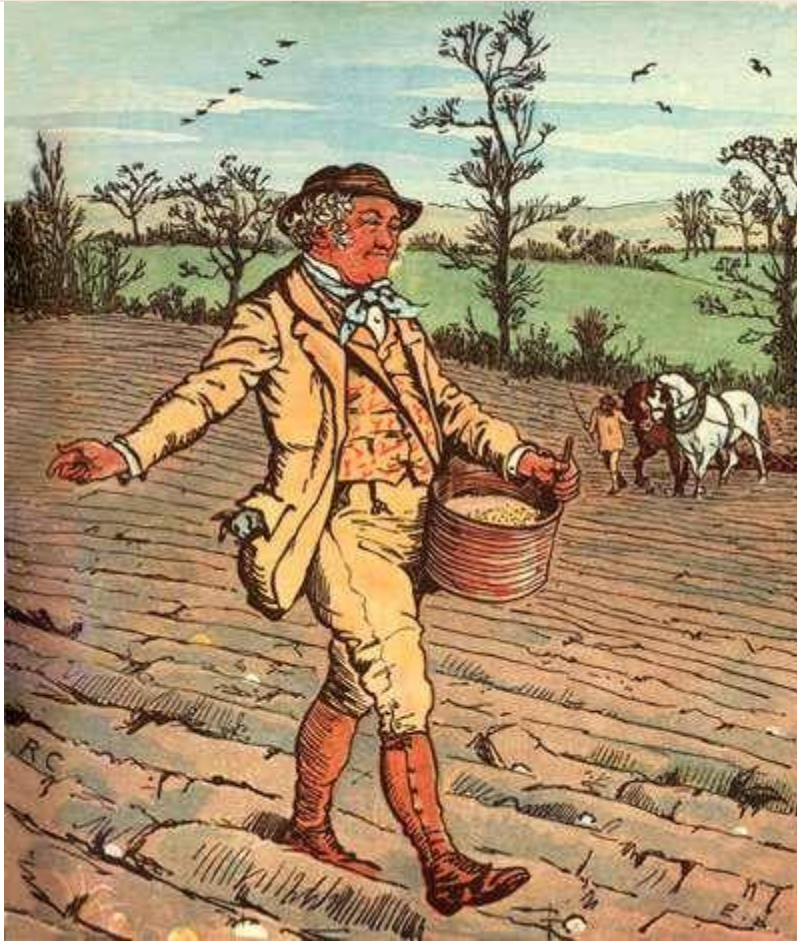




This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,
That fed the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed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

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





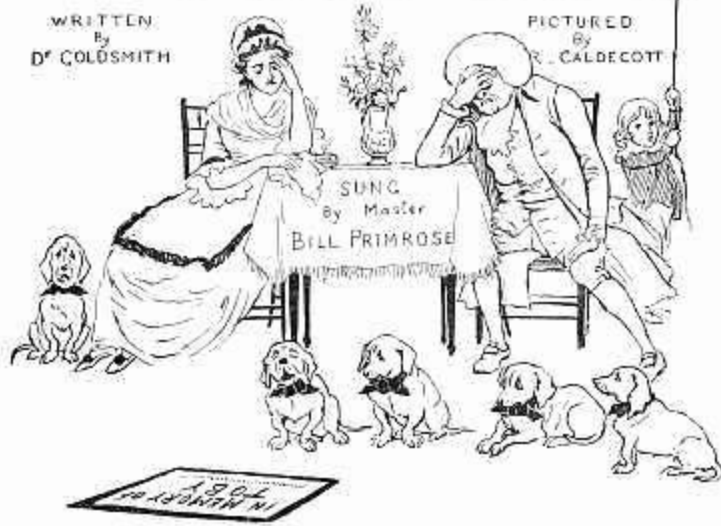
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG



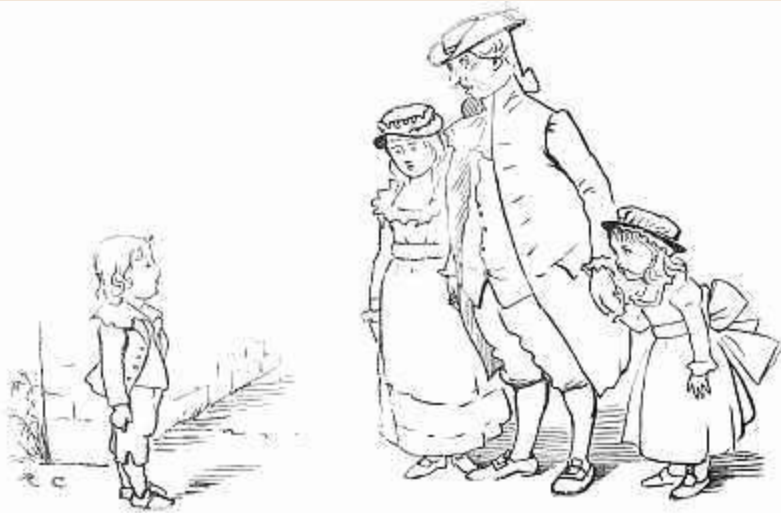
An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.

WRITTEN
By
DR GOLDSMITH

PICTURED
By
R. CALDECOTT



An ELEGY on the DEATH of a MAD DOG.
WRITTEN By Dr GOLDSMITH
PICTURED By R. Caldecott
SUNG By Master Bill Primrose
IN MEMORY OF TOBY



GOOD 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.





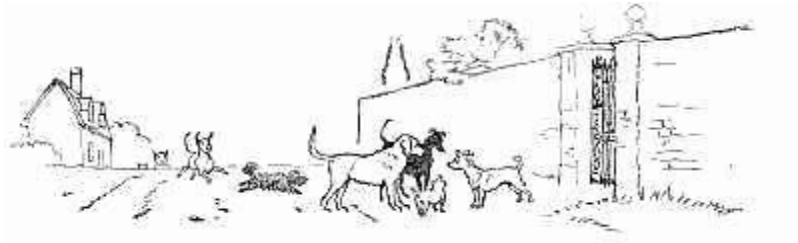


A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,



When he put on his clothes.

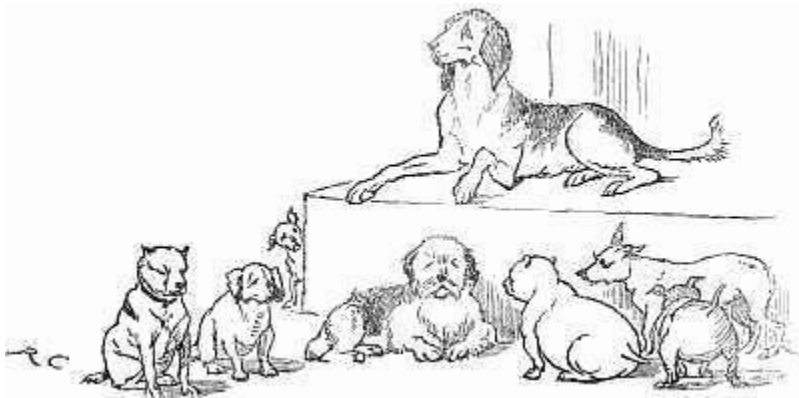




And in that town a dog was found:
As many dogs there be—



Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,



And curs of low degree.



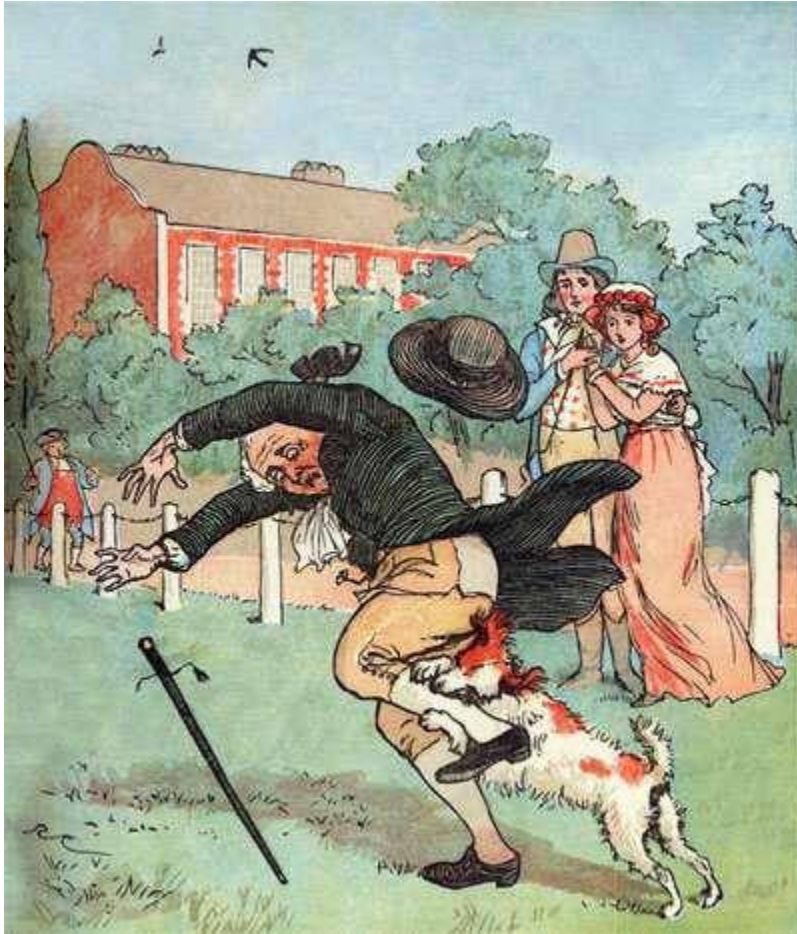
This dog and man at first were friends;

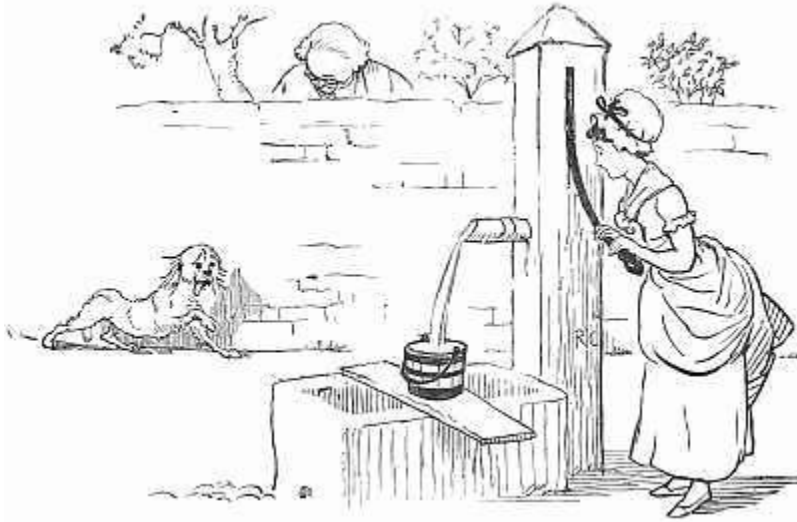


But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,



Went mad, and bit the man.





Around from all



the neighbouring streets



The wondering neighbours ran;





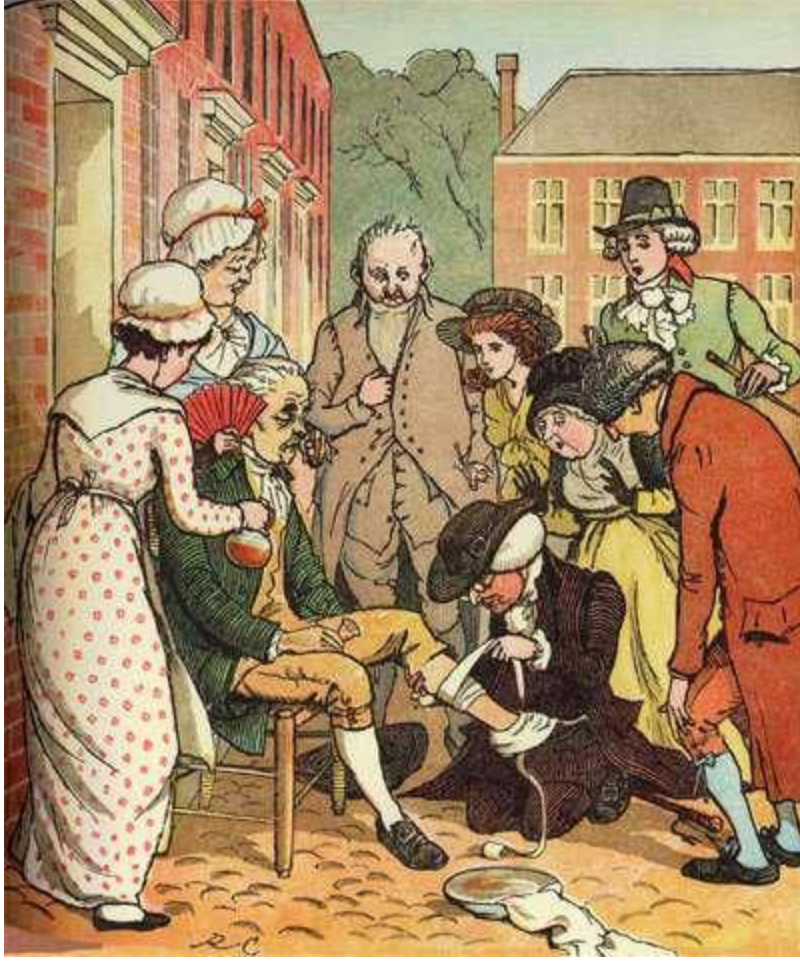
And swore the dog had lost his wits,



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.

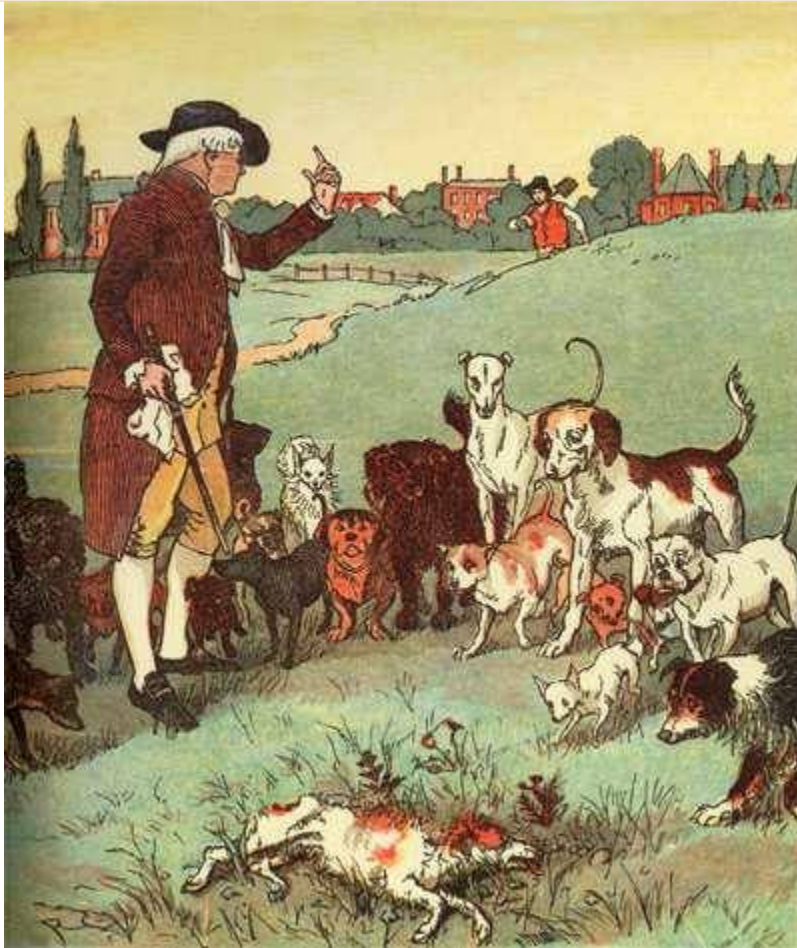
But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied—



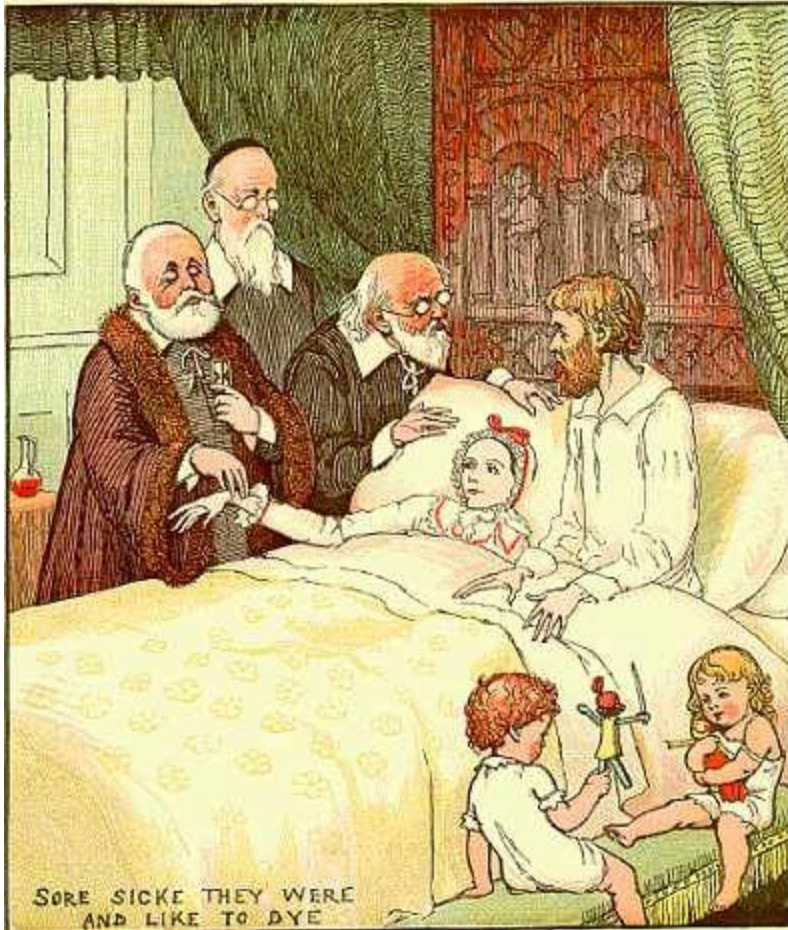
The man recover'd of the bite;



The dog it was that died.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD



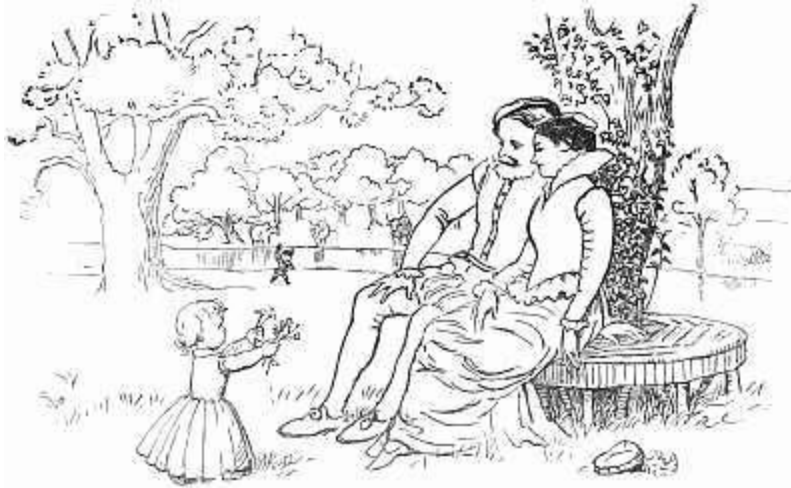
SORE SICKE THEY WERE AND LIKE TO DYE



Now 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 plainlye 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 deare.

"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."

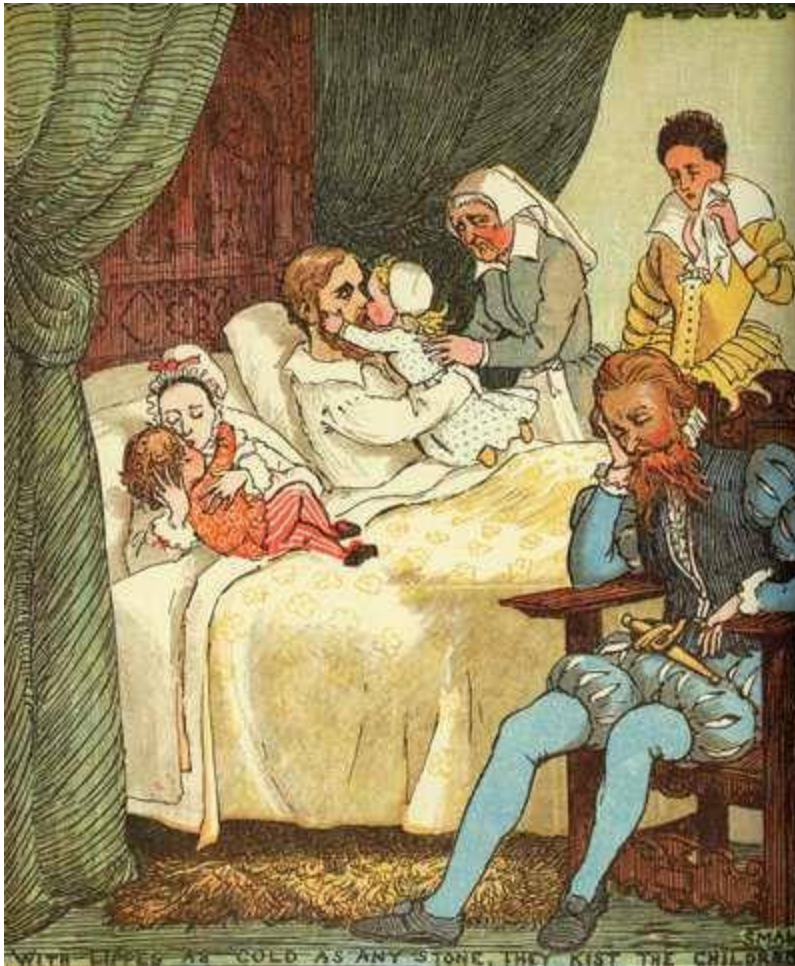


With that bespake their mother deare: "O brother kinde," quoth shee,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:



"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;

But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard."

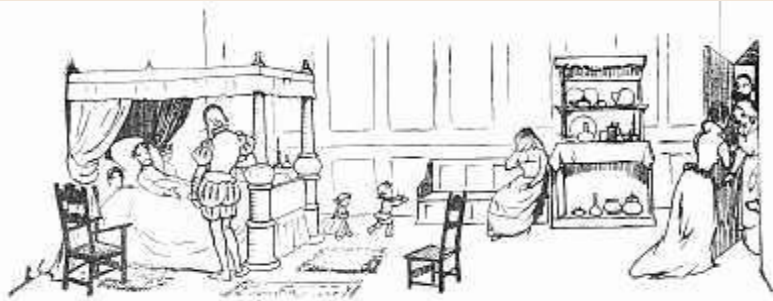


With lippes as cold as any stone, they kist the children small

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:

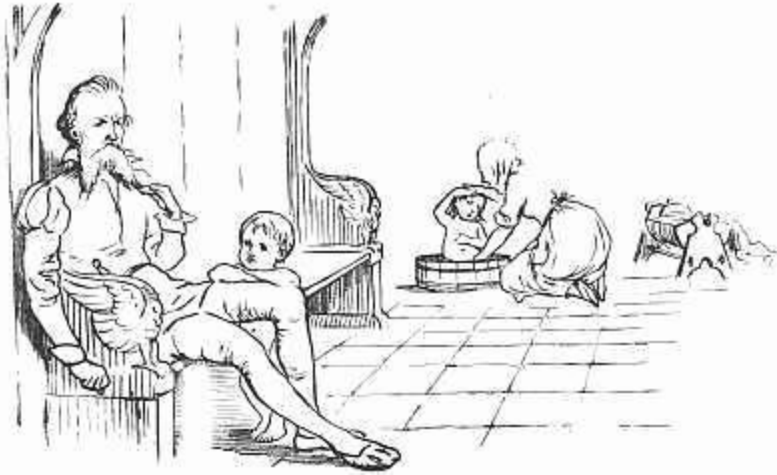
"God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave."





Their Parents being Dead & Gone, The Children home he takes.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight 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.

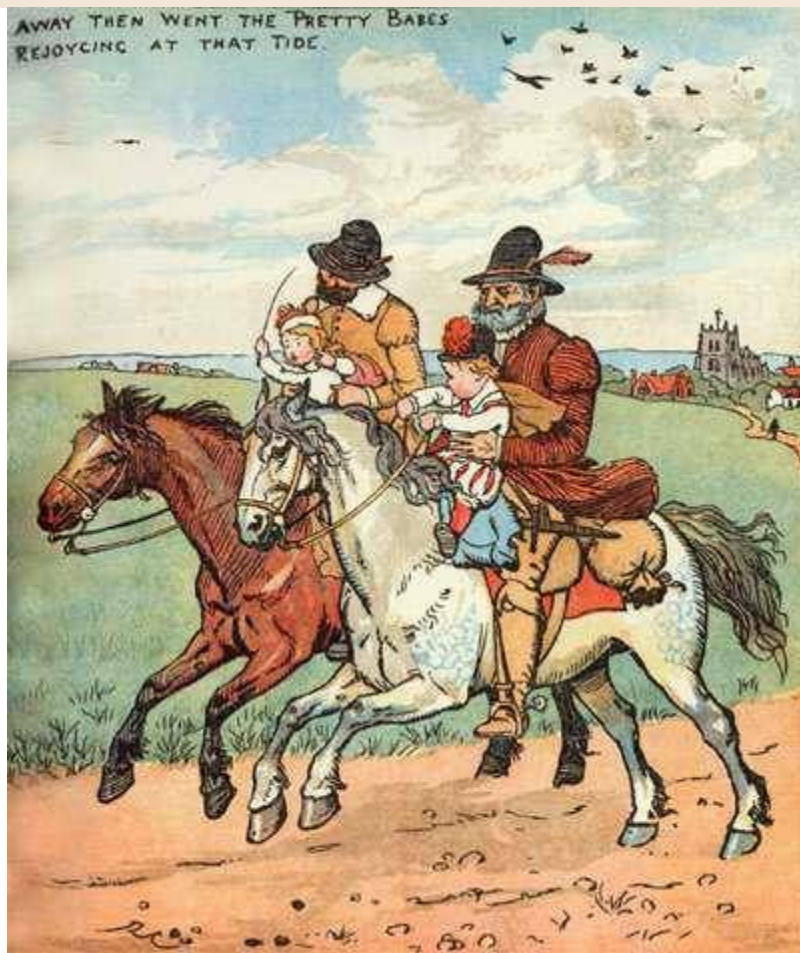
He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slaye them in a wood.



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 Rejoycing at that tide.

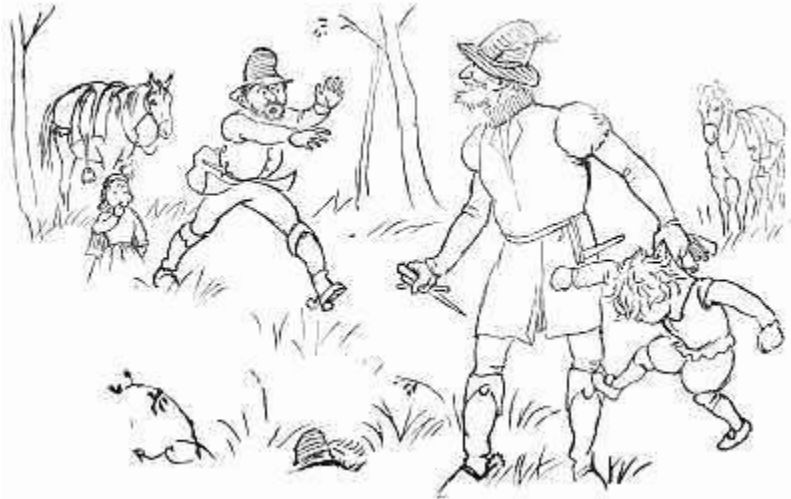


They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay:

So that the pretty speche 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,

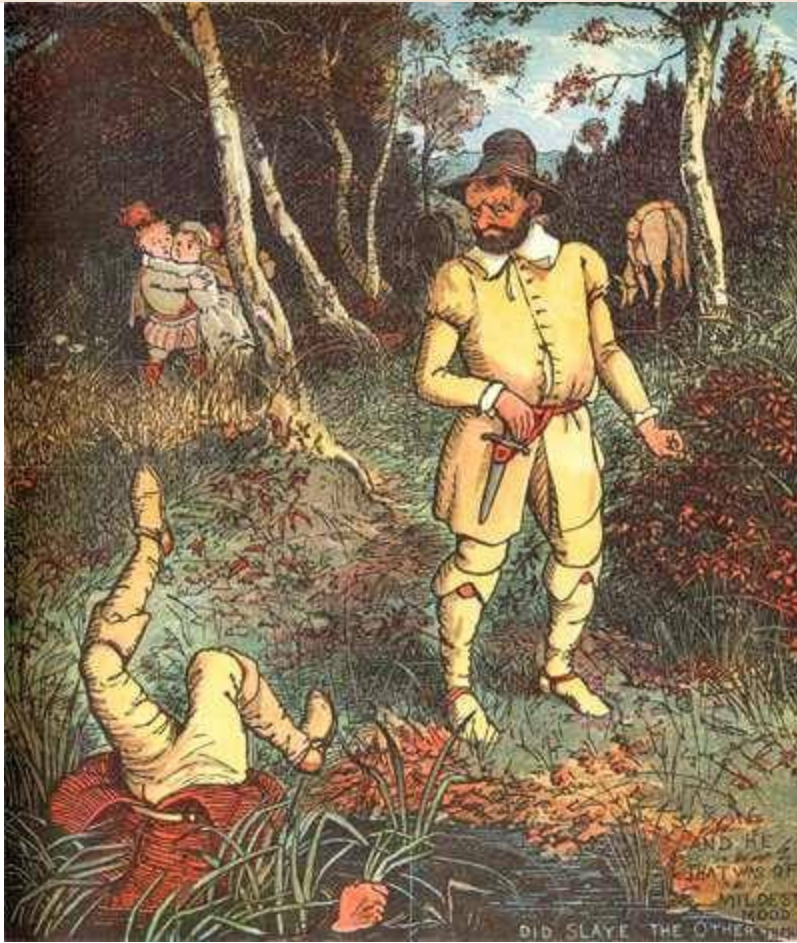
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.



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!

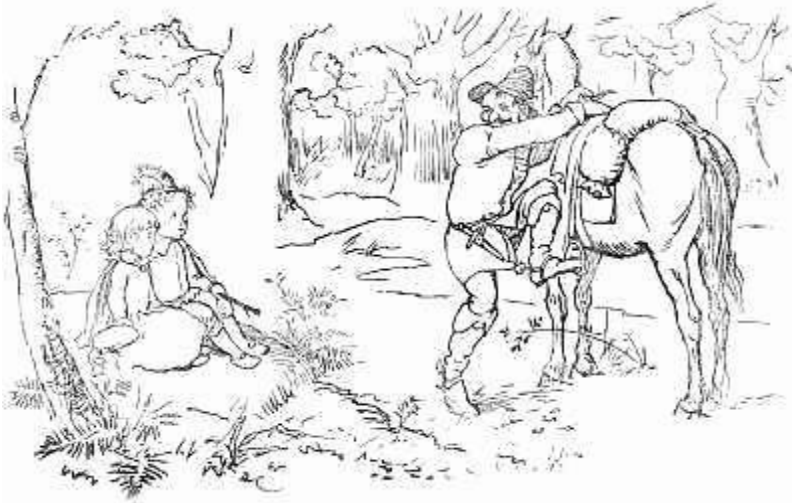


And he that was of mildest mood did slay the other there



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 crye:

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 saw 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.

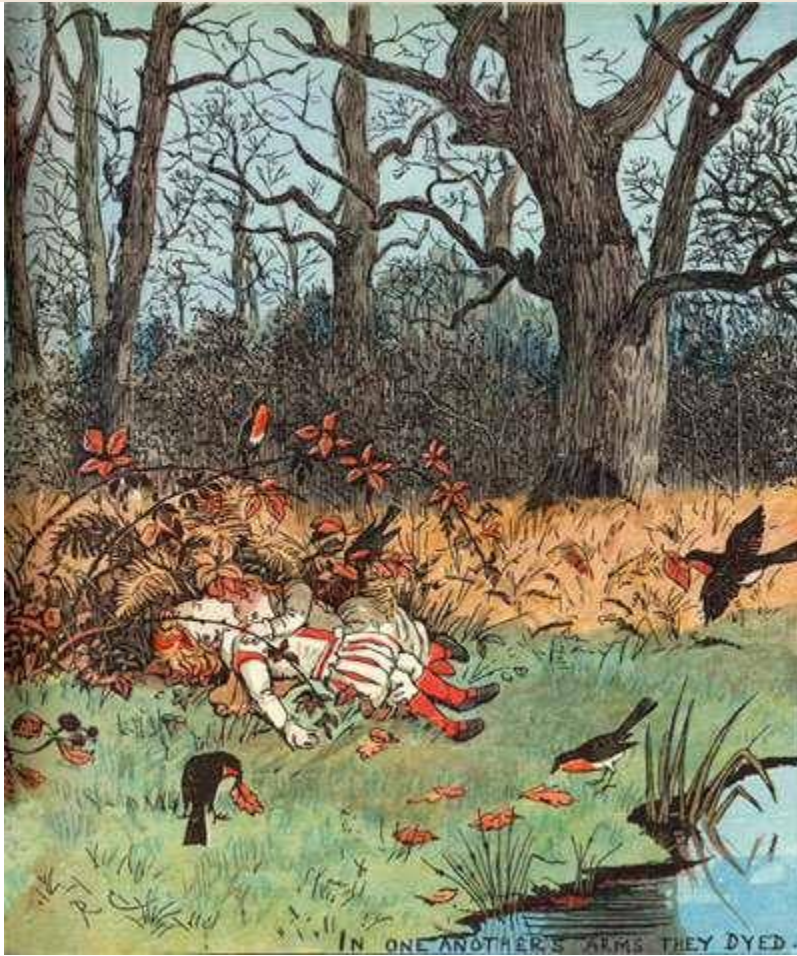


Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's armes they dyed,
As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,



Till Robin-redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.



In one another's arms they dyed.