





I can tell you a story about Jack and Jill,

Who went to fetch water from off yonder hill;

Which having got in the pail, poor Jack tumbled down,

At which he wept sorely, for he'd broke his crown.



With blood flowing from it, then home Jack did scamper;

But with it Dame Jill was resolved not to tamper;

So she spread it all over with sugar and rum,

And charged little Jack not to wander from home.



When Jack had got better, they went out to play;

And what do you think, but Jill mounted Tray!

From which she fell headlong, so fast did he run;

At which little Jack had a fine lot of fun.



Jill cried, and Jack laughed, but he to her did say,

Come, dry up your tears, Jill, and let us go play

At see-saw, that will be most excellent fun!

To which Jill agreed, and away they did run.



Says Jack, The old Sow I will now try to ride;

And he the same instant did leap on astride:

But it was such a ride as he ne'er had before,

And he such a ride never wished to have more.



Most gladly would Jack have dismounted his Poney,

To see him ride which was indeed very funny;

But she never stopp'd until seiz'd by a bitch,

At which she threw Jack on his rig in the ditch.



Twas all very well that poor Jack was not hurt,

But he was indeed a strange figure with dirt:

You would have laugh'd at him, if him you had seen;

Upon him Jill pump'd, that she might wash him clean!



They are here at their supper, you see, Jack and Jill,

And they of ham-rashers will both eat their fill:

'Tis a dish in which both of them ever delight,

And when they have eat it they'll bid you good night.

