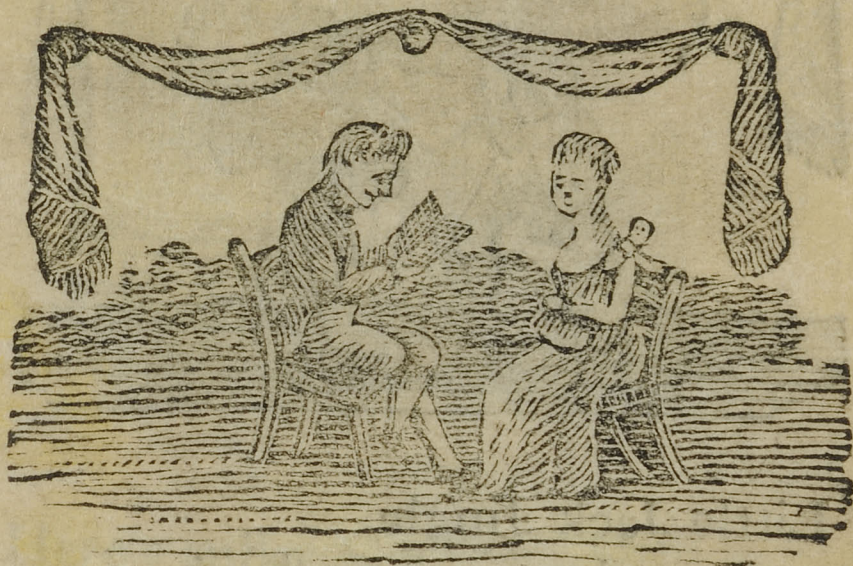


JACK JINGLE,
AND
SUCKY SHINGLE.



A delightful tale, that will not fail,
To please you all, both great and small.

YORK :

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SOCIETY
LONDON

JACK JINGLE, &c.



Little Jack Jingle,
 Played truant at school,
They made his bum tingle
 For being a fool ;
He promis'd no more
 Like a fool he would look,
But be a good boy,
 And stick close to his book.



Here's sulky Sue,
 What shall we do?
 Turn her face to the wall,
 Until she comes to:
 If that should fail,
 A smart touch with the cane,
 Will soon make her good,
 When she feels the pain.



See little Jack Jingle,
Learning his task,
He's a very good boy,
If the neighbours should ask
To school he does run,
And no truant does play,
But when school is done,
He can laugh and be gay.



Now Sucky never pouts,
 Never frowns, never flouts,
 But reads her book with glee,
 Then dances merrily ;
 No girl as good as she,
 In all the country ;
 Cheerfully doth all things do,
 She's lost the name of sulky Sue.



Jack Jingle went 'prentice,
 To make a horse shoe,
 He wasted the Iron,
 'Till it would not do ;
 His master came in,
 And began for to rail,
 Says Jack, the shoe's spoil'd,
 But 'twill yet make a nail.



He tried at the nail,
 But chancing to miss,
 Says, if it won't make a nail,
 It will still make a hiss;
 Then into the water
 Threw the iron smack,
 Hiss, quoth the iron,
 I thought so, says Jack.



Suke Shingle when young,
Did as others have done,
She could dirty two clouts,
While her mother wash'd one.
But now grown a stout wench,
With her pail and her mop,
If she don't clean the boards,
She can make a great slop.



Now what do you think of
Little Jack Jingle,
Before he was married,
He used to live single;
But after he married,
To alter his life,
He left off living single,
And liv'd with his wife.



Little Jack Jingle,
 Went to court Sucky Shingle,
 Says he, we will mingle
 Our toes in the bed.
 Eye! Jacky Jingle,
 Says little Sucky Shingle,
 We must try to mingle
 Our pence for some bread.



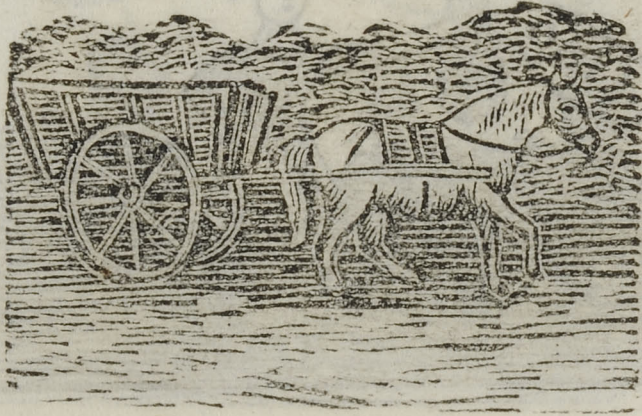
Sucky, you shall be my wife,
And I'll tell you why ;
I have got a little pig,
And you have got a sty ;
I have got a dun cow,
And you can make good cheese,
Sucky, will you have me ?
Say yes, if you please.



Sucky she made answer,
 For your cow and pig,
 I'll tell you, Jacky Jingle,
 I do not care a fig ;
 I have got a puppy dog,
 And a pussy cat,
 And I have got another thing,
 That's better far than that.



For I have got a velvet purse,
 That holds an hundred pounds,
 'Twas left me by my grannum,
 Who now lies under ground.
 So if your cow and pig,
 Is all you have in store,
 You may go home and mind e'm,
 For now your wooing's oe'r.



Says Jack, you're too hasty,
 I've got a horse and cart,
 And I've got a better thing,
 I've got a constant heart ;
 Then if that won't do, you may
 Lay mouldy on the shelf,
 I soon shall get another girl,
 That's better than yourself.



Then say little Sue,
 If your heart be true,
 This trouble we'll get through,
 If things are rightly carried ;
 There's nothing more to do,
 'Twixt Jacky and Sue,
 None so happy as we two,
 For now we'll both be married.



Now after they were married,
Some good things to produce,
Sucky's purse and hundred pounds
Were quickly put in use ;
Sucky milk'd the cow,
And to make good cheese did try,
Jack drove the horse and cart,
And minded pig and sty.

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