

JACK HORNER'S STORIES.

WHEN little Jack Horner, who sat in the corner,
Had eaten his Christmas pie,
He looked up and said, "Before I go to bed,
A story to tell you I'll try,
About Jack and Jill, who, their bucket to fill,
Went up the steep path to the well,
Till Jack tumbled down and almost cracked his crown,
While Jill quickly after him fell.
Then there's a nice story about Jack-a-nory,
Who met with the old Goosey Gander;
As well as another about Jack's own brother,
Who couldn't tell which way to wander;
Or about the old woman, who lived in a shoe,
And had forty children—so what could she do
But give them some gruel without any bread,
With a nice rod in pickle, to whip them to bed?"