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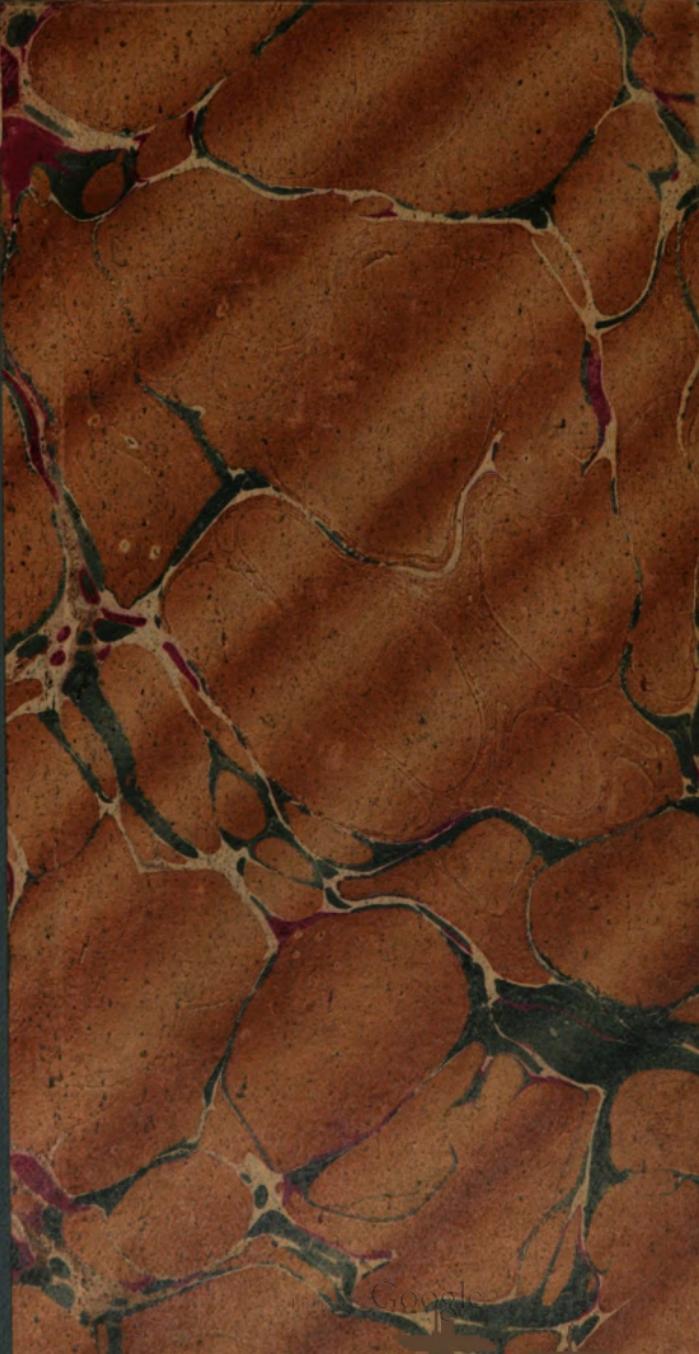
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FROM THE BOOKS
IN THE HOMESTEAD OF

Sarah Orne Jewett

AT SOUTH BERWICK, MAINE



BEQUEATHED BY

Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931

THE
KING AND QUEEN
OF,
HEARTS:
WITH THE ROGUERIES OF THE
NAVE
WHO STOLE THE QUEEN'S PIES.

ILLUSTRATED IN
FIFTEEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:

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1809.

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Keynes at
Chelwood Court, Ticehurst

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THE KING
and
QUEEN of HEARTS



Showring how notably
the Queen made her Tarts.

(and how scurvily
the Knave stole them away.
with other particulars belonging therunto)

1

The Queen of Hearts,

She made some tarts,

All on a summers day.

The Knave of Hearts,

He stole those tarts,

And took them quite away.

2

The King of Hearts

Call'd for those tarts

And beat the Knave full sore:

The Knave of Hearts

Brought back those tarts,

And vow'd he'd steal no more.



Begged by
Elvira & Emily Taffman

The Queen of Hearts



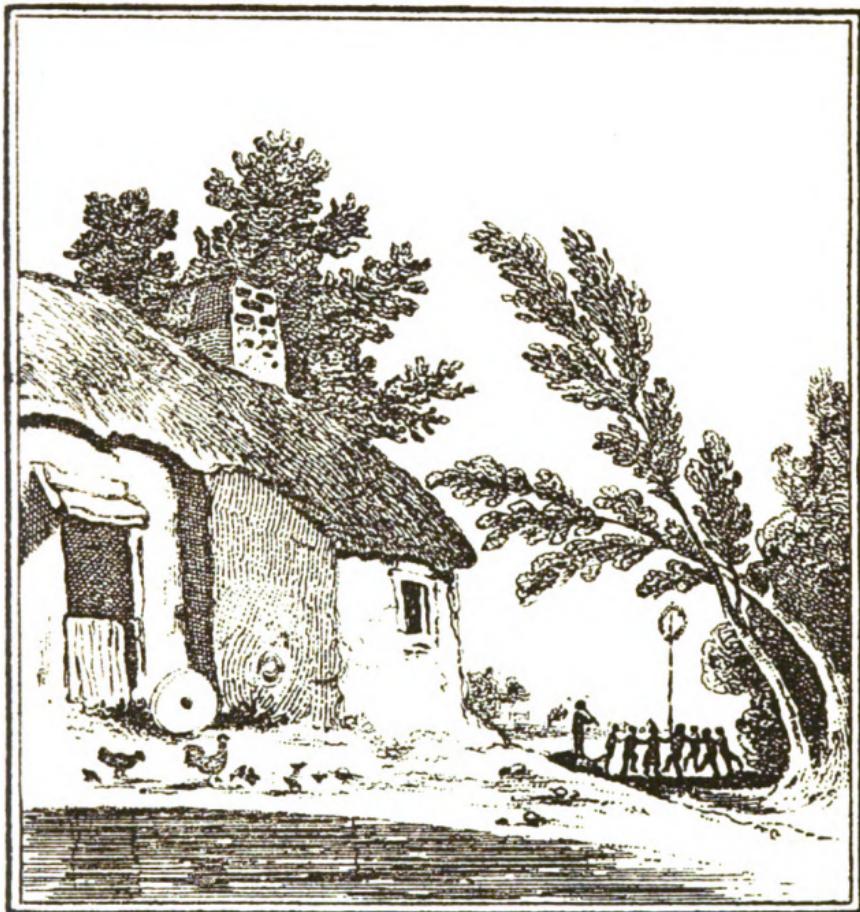
High on a Throne of state is seen
She whom all Hearts own for their Queen.
Three Pages are in waiting by:
He with the umbrella is her Spy,
To spy out rogueries in the dark,
And smell a rat, as you shall mark.

She made some Tarts



The Queen here by the King's commands,
Who does not like Cook's dirty hands,
Makes the court-pastry all herself,
Pambo the knave, that roguish elf,
Watches each sugary sweet ingredient,
And shily thinks of an expedient.

All on a Summers day



Now first of May does summer bring,
How bright and fine is every thing!
After their dam the chickens run,
The green leaves glitter in the sun,
While youths and maids in merry dance
Round rustic may poles do advance.

The Knave of Hearts



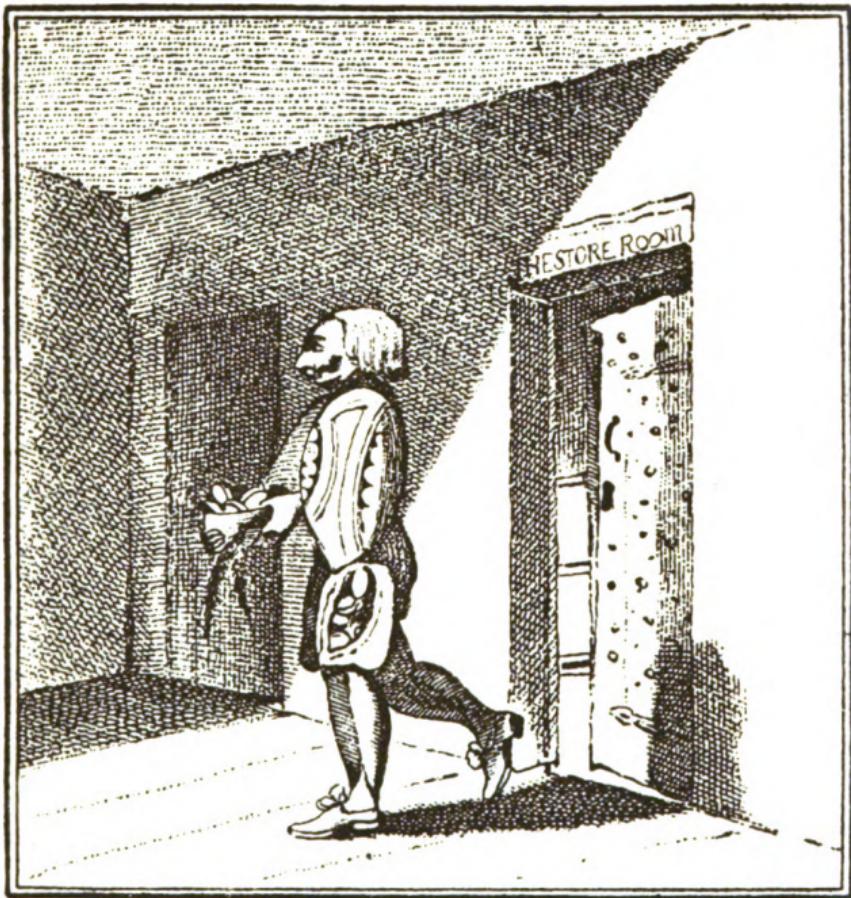
When King's and Queens a riding go,
Great Lords ride with them for a show
With grooms & courtiers, a great store;
Some ride behind, & some before.
Pambo the first of these does pass,
And for more state rides on an Ass.

He stole those Tarts



Thieves! Thieves! holla, you knavish Jack,
Cannot the good Queen turn her back,
But you must be so nimble hasty
To come and steal away her pastry
You think you're safe, there's one sees all,
And understands, though he's but small

And took them quite away



How like a thievish Jack he looks!
I wish for my part all the cooks
Would come and baste him with a ladle
As long as ever they were able,
To keep his fingers ends from itching
After sweet things in the Queen's kitchen.

The King of Hearts



Behold the King of Hearts how gruff
The monarch stands how square how bluff:
When our eighth Harry ruled this land,
Just like this King did Harry stand;
And just so amorous, sweet, and willing,
As this Queen stands stood Anna Bullen.

Callid for those Tarts



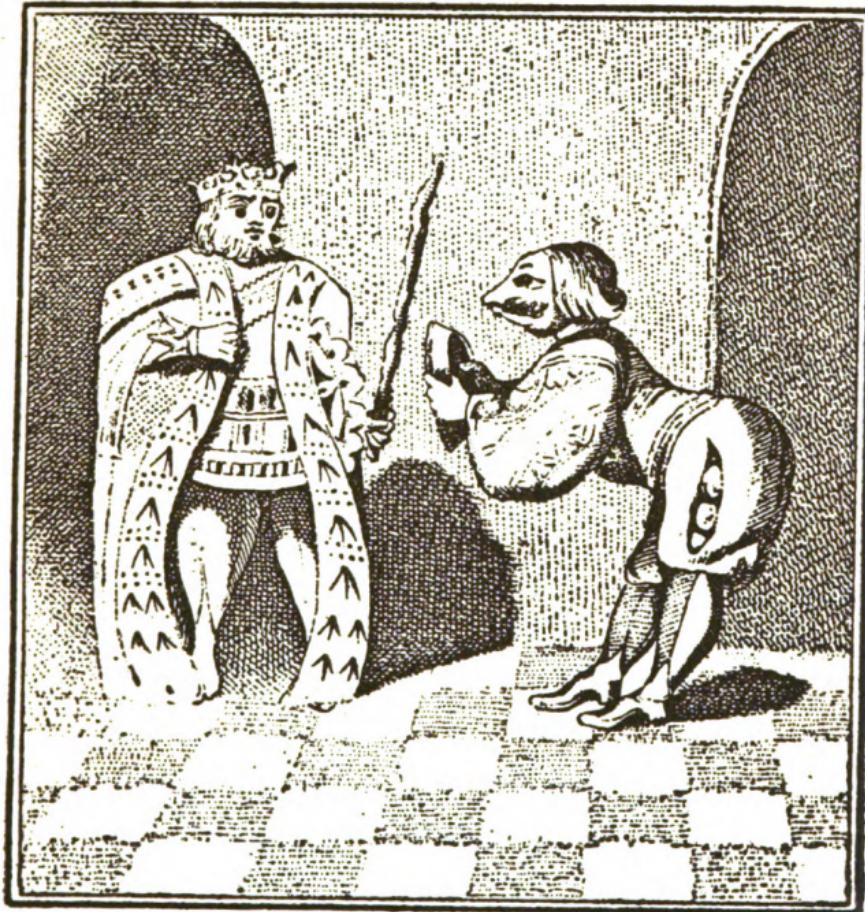
The meat removed, and dinner done.
The knives are wip'd and cheese put on
The King aloud for Tarts does bawl,
Tarts, tarts, resound through all the Hall.
Pambo with tears denies the fact,
But Mungo saw him in the act.

And beat the Knave full sore



Behold the due reward of sin,
See what a plight rogue Pambo's in.
The King lays on his blows so stout,
The Tarts for fear come tumbling out
O King! be merciful, as just.
You'll beat poor Pambo into duit

The Knave of Hearts



How like he looks to a dog that begs
In abject sort upon two legs!

Good M' Knave, give me my due.

I like a tart as well as you.

But I would starve on good roast Beef,

Ere I would look so like a thief.

Brought back those Tarts



The Knave brings back the tarts he stole.
The Queen swears, that is not the whole.
What should poor Pambo do? hard prest
Owns he has eaten up the rest.
The King takes back as lawful debt.
Not 'all, but all that he can get.

And rowd he'd steal no more

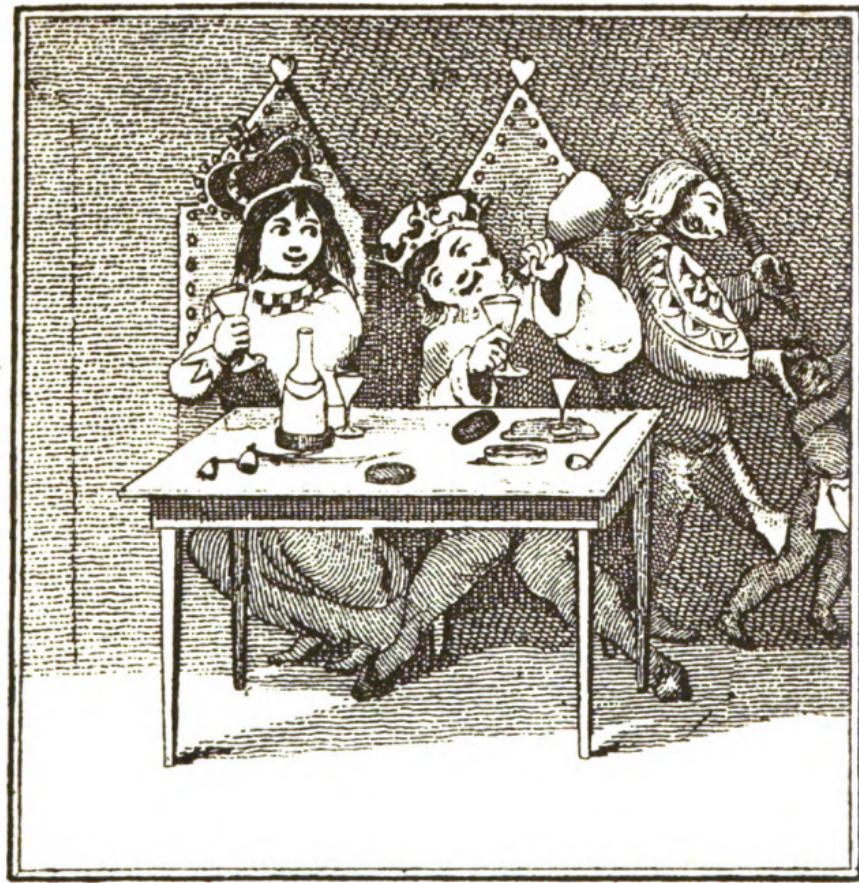


Lo! Painbo prostrate on the floor
Vows he will be a thief no more.

O King your heart no longer harden,
You've got the tarts, give him his pardon
The best time to forgive a sinner.
Is always after a good dinner.



How say you, Sir? tis all a joke -
Great Kings love tarts like other folk!
If for a truth you'll not receive it,
Pray view the picture, and believe it.
Sly Pumbo too has got a share,
And eats it snug Chapman behind the chair.



Their Majesties so well have fed,
The tarts have got up in their head,
'Or may be 'twas the wine!" hush, gipsey!
Great Kings & Queens indeed get tipsey!
Now, Pambo, is the time for you,
Beat little Tell-Tale black & blue

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