

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

(Classical version)

Behold the mansion reared by Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
Within the proud circus of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden store in John's pavilion laid.

Anon with velvet foot and tarquin strides
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, who slew the fierce rodent
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo, hear the loud voice canine foes assault
That vex the avenger of the stolen malt
Stored in the hallowed precincts of the hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn
Whereupon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who vexed the feline slaughter beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibre that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the ground in fierce vindictive scorn
The harrowing hound whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of puss, who with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatious maw
Lay reeking malt, which erst in Ivan's court we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, which seemed in sooth
Too long a prey to Chrono's iron tooth;
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Bros' osculative sign,
To the young maiden, whose lactalbic hands
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of the immortal bovine, by whose horn distort
To realms ethereal was borne
The beast Catulian, vexer of the sly
Ulysses quadrupedal who made die
That old mordaceous rat that dare devour
Antecedent ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here with hirsute honours doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks the Priest who linked
In Himan's golden bonds the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift
Even as he kissed the maiden all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with the implicated horn
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
Who dared to vex the insidious Murricide
That let the Auroral effulgence through the pelt
Of the rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous shanghai comes at last
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast
Who sealed the bonds of Himan's sacrament
To him who robed in garments indigent
Exhausculates the virgin lachrymose
The emulatrix of that horned brute morose
Who tossed the dog that worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

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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 loved 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, who married the man
all tattered and torn, Who loved the maiden all forlorn,
Who milked the cowetc.

This is the rooster who crowed in the morn, who waked e tc.