

Variations on a Simple Theme

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

VIRGIL.

I sing of that brave youth,
Who, accompanied by a maiden fair,
First ascended the lofty heights
In order to draw from the bubbling spring the sweet nectar of Mother
Earth.
Much tossed about were they by the wrath of the avenging goddess,
Till down the brave youth fell,
Dragging with him in his headlong flight his fair companion.
Such was their disaster that grievous wounds did he receive about his
head.
So spin the fates.

LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, while I tell
Of the headlong flight of Jack and Jill

'Twas a summer morning, the sun was bright
As the children mounted the dizzy height,
In order that from the hillside spring
A pail of water they might bring.

They accomplished their task and tried to descend,
But, alas, ere they reached their journey's end,
Jack slipped and fell, as boys will do,
And, ever with him, Jill came, too.

Dire misfortune was Jack's fate,
For, oh, he hurt his curly pate,
And folks no more ascend this hill,
But think of the fate of Jack and Jill.