

"This is the house that Jack built..."  
by [Mother Goose](#)

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 kissed 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,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed 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 cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed 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 farmer sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed 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 perhaps the most common set of modern lyrics:

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 kissed 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  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed 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 cock that crowed in the morn  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed 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 farmer sowing his corn  
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed 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 horse and the hound and the horn  
That belonged to the farmer sowing his corn  
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn  
That married the man all tattered and torn  
That kissed 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.

*[Some versions use "cheese" instead of "malt",  
"judge" instead of "priest", "rooster" instead of  
"cock", the older past tense form "crew"  
instead of "crowed", or "chased" in place of  
"killed".]*