

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
LITTLE TOM TUCKER.



This is little Tom Tucker,  
That sung for his Supper.

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YORK:

J. Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate.

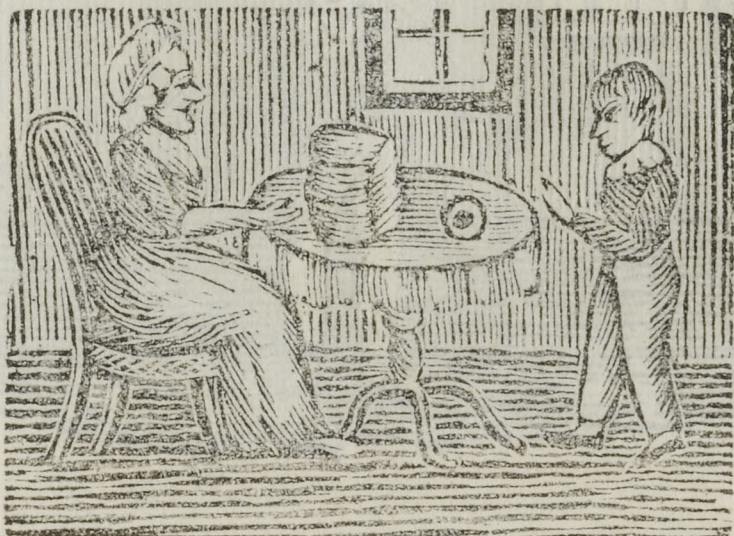






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## TOM TUCKER.



Little Tom Tucker,  
Sing for your supper,  
What shall I sing for?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall I cut it,  
Without a knife;  
And how shall I marry  
Without ever a wife?





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Tho' little Tom Tucker,  
Loved white bread and butter,  
He did not love learning his book ;  
So when he went to school,  
They drest him like a fool,  
With a cap on his head, only look.





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Tom loved playing at top,  
And often would stop  
For to have a game in the street,  
Tho' he knew 'twas a fault,  
And if he was caught.  
He well might expect to be beat.





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He loved for to play  
By night or by day,  
    He could trundle the hoop very  
    well,  
But though he knew better,  
Than to learn one letter,  
For fear they should learn him to spell





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A man from the fair,  
Came by with a bear,  
With a monkey that rode upon  
bruin ;  
Tom followed to see,  
More blocked was he.

For it caus'd him to play the truant.  
At home he got blame,  
When next morning came,  
To school he went creeping quite  
sad.





Where his master did flog,  
And chain him to a log,

For being so naughty a lad,  
Says Tom, this won't do,  
I'm a dunce it is true,

All boys that can read are my  
betters ;

So he learnt A, B, C,  
And D, E, F, G,

And soon all the rest of his letters.





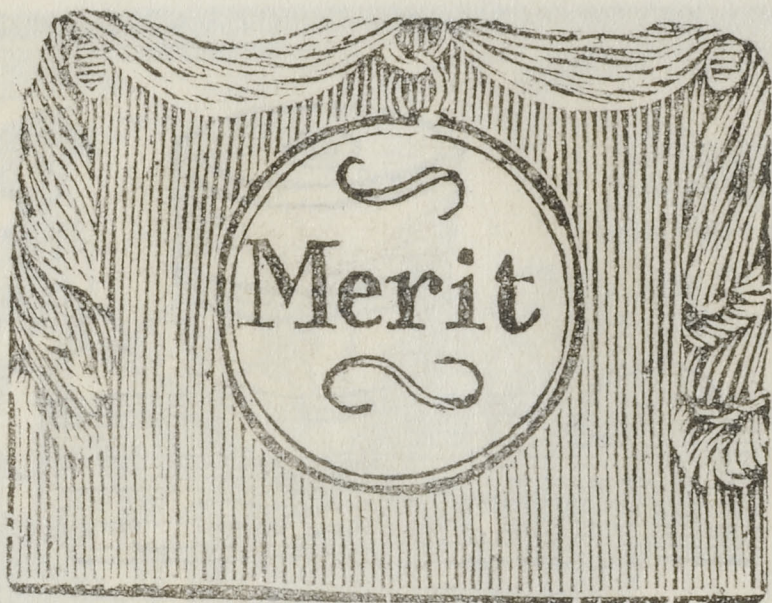
Then Tom learned to spell,  
And went to school well,  
    With satchel and books at his back;  
No more would he stay  
To play by the way,  
    With Ned, Bill, Harry, or Jack.





Then Tom learnt to read,  
Quite pretty indeed,  
And very soon after to write;  
Now Tom was so good,  
He might play when he would,  
Without being put in a fright.

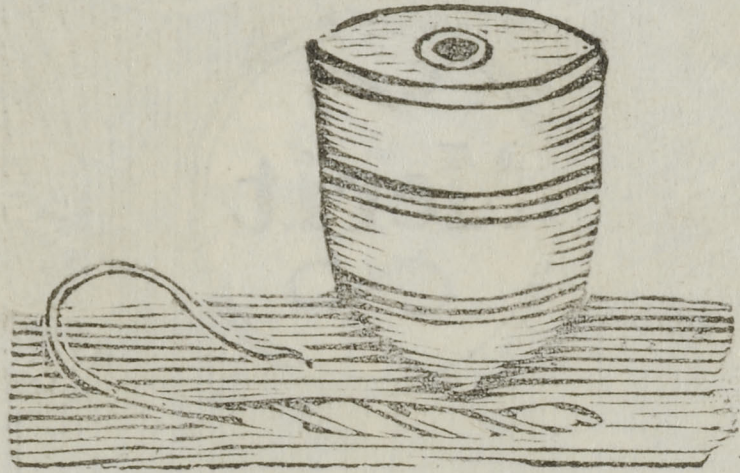




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Tom kept learning his book,  
And cheerful did look,  
Of the fool's cap no longer in fear ;  
Got his master's good word,  
Was head scholar preferr'd,  
And the above fine medal to wear.





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He had a whip and a top,  
Bought for him at the shop,  
And a great many playthings beside,  
And his father with joy,  
Bid him keep a good boy,  
And he should have a horse for to  
ride.





This horse he soon got,  
That could amble and trot,  
    Only see how he gallops along ;  
He always at ease is,  
And does as he pleases,  
    But takes care he never does wrong





One day he was out  
And walking about,  
He met an old woman quite poor,  
He gave her all his pence,  
She returned him her thanks,  
And hoped he soon would have  
more.

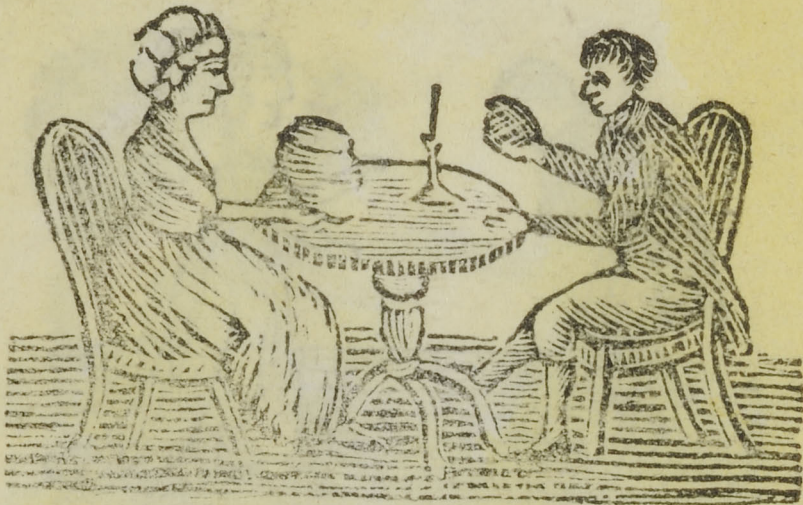




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One sun shining day,  
He met a lady gay,  
And he being grown a smart youth,  
He asked her to marry,  
Not long did she tarry,  
For Tom promis'd he'd love her  
with truth.





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Now Tom's got a wife,  
And Tom's got a knife,  
And Tom can sit down to his supper,  
As blest as a king,  
And each night can sing,  
After eating his white bread and  
butter.

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J. KENDREW, PRINTER, YORK.