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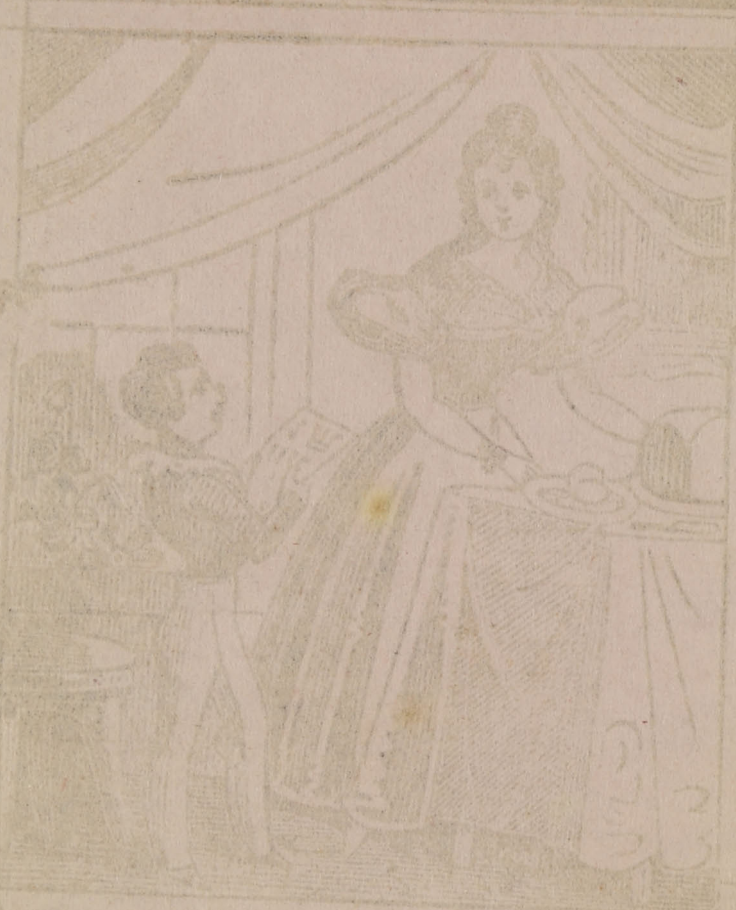
LITTLE TOM TUCKER.



THIS IS LITTLE TOM TUCKER
THAT SANG FOR HIS SUPPER.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. CATNACH
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LITTLE
TOM TUCKER.



THIS IS LITTLE TOM TUCKER
THEY SING FOR US SUPPER

PRINTED AND SOLD BY
W. MUMFORD, 101 N. 2ND ST.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER.



THIS IS LITTLE TOM TUCKER THAT SANG FOR HIS SUPPER.



LONDON
PUBLISHED BY RYLE & PAUL 2 & 3 MONMOUTH COURT.



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 a wife?



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



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

4 TOM TUCKER



A man from the fair,
Came by with a bear,
And a monkey that rode upon
Tom followed to see, (Bruin ;
More blockhead was he,
It caused him to play the truant.



Says Tom, this won't do,
I'm a dunce, it is true,
All boys that can read are my
So he learn'd A, B, C, (betters,
And D, E, F, G,
And so all the rest of the letters.

TOM TUCKER. 5



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



Then Tom learned 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 to a fright.

6 TOM TUCKER.



He learned to play,
By night or by day, (well;
He could trundle his hoop very
But thought he knew better,
Than to learn one letter (to spell
For fear they should learn him



At home he got blame,
When next morning came,
To school he went creeping so
Where his master did flog, (sad,
And chain him to a log,
For being so naughty a lad.



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



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

8 TOM TUCKER.



A horse he soon got,
That would amble and trot,
Only see how he gallops along,
He is always at ease,
And does what he please,
But still he never does wrong.



One day he went out.
And walking about,
Hemet an old woman quite poor
He gave her all his pence,
She returned him thanks (more.
And hop'd he would soon have

TOM TUCKER.

One Midsummer day,
He met a lady gay,
And he being grown a young
He ask'd her to marry, (man,
Nor long did she tarry, (done,
As Tom's father before him had



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

T O M T U C K E R .



One Midsummer day,
 He met a lady gay,
 And he being grown a young
 He ask'd her to marry, (man,
 Nor long did she tarry, (done.
 As Tom's father before him had



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