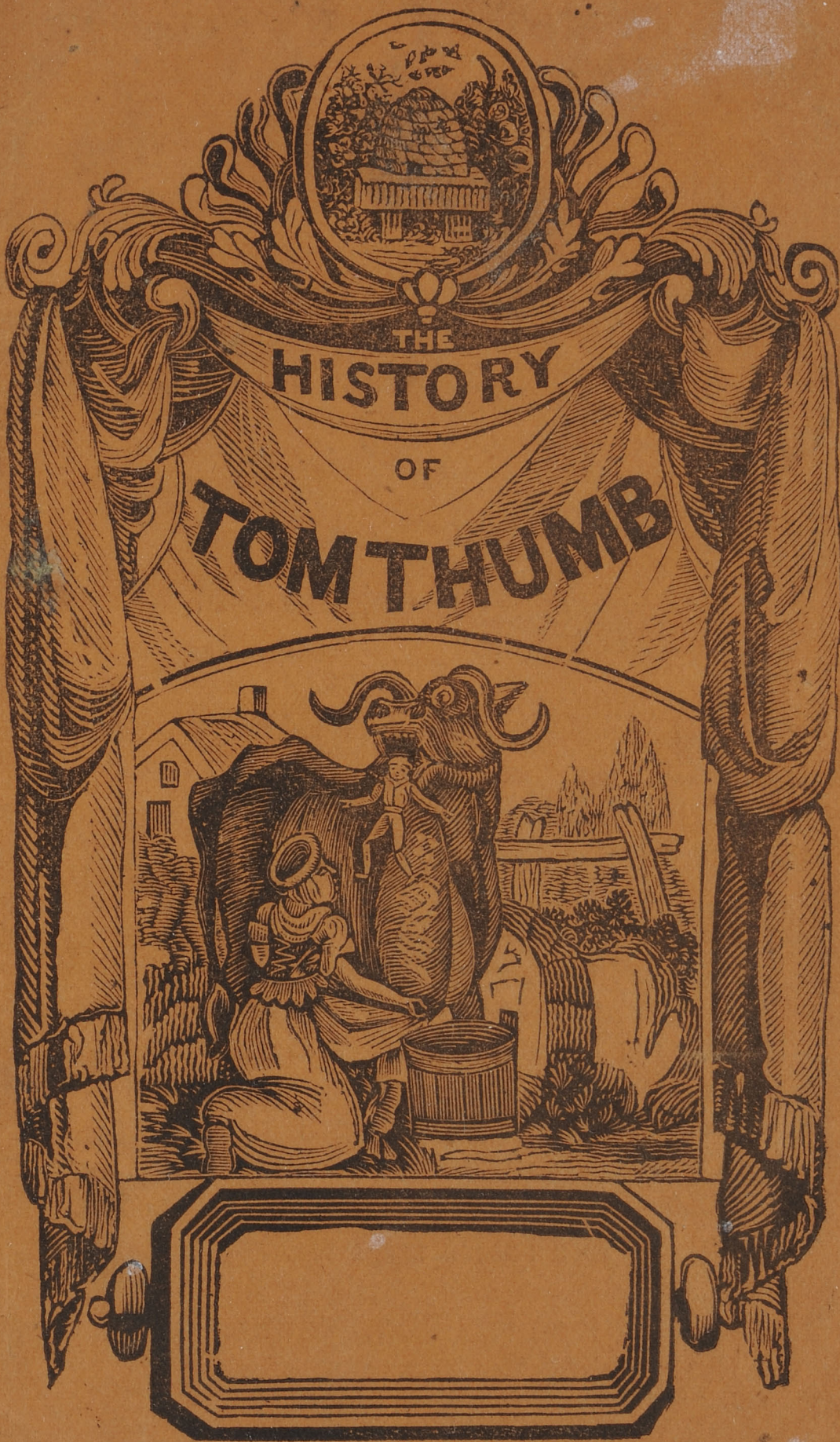


S. & J. KEYS'S EDITION, DEVONPORT.



TOM THUMB.



“ My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I’ve come ;
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted ;
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas
Thumb.



In good King Arthur's happy reign
 Was born the great Tom Thumb;
 And vast were his renown and fame,
 Though but a poor man's son.

He one day crept into a bag
 To steal some cherry-stones;
 But being caught around the waist,
 Sore squeez'd were his poor bones.

Soon after little Tommy Thumb
 Into a batter pudding fell;
 But when the pot began to boil,
 He kick'd and roar'd right well.

The pudding then was thrown away,
 A tinker found the prize;
 But quickly flung it o'er a hedge,
 When he heard poor Tom Thumb's cries.



His mother went to milk her cow :
 Tom, she to a thistle tied ;
 But soon, alas ! his oak-leaf hat
 The cherry cow espied.

She ate the thistle and Tom Thumb—
 (Small mouthful 'twas in truth) :
 “Where are you, Tom ?” his mother cried ;
 “Oh ! in the red cow’s mouth.”

A raven next flew off with Tom,
 And dropp’d him in the sea ;
 A large fish saw Tom headlong fall,
 And gulp’d him instantly.

Soon afterwards the fish was caught,
 And for the King prepared ;
 When open’d, out crept Tommy Thumb :
 O, how the people stared.



Then Tom was made King Arthur's dwarf—
 A favourite grew at court—
 The Knights of the Round Table pleas'd
 With various kinds of sport.

Then for his home Tom was equipp'd,
 With wealth a mighty store—
 A silver three-penny piece his load,
 Which gall'd his shoulders sore.

The King decreed that Tom should die:
 When to the scaffold brought,
 He quaked with fear, and, to escape,
 Jump'd down a miller's throat.



He teased the man when he got home,
 Who thought himself bewitch'd,
 He yawn'd,—Tom leap'd out, but was caught,
 And in the river pitch'd.

A fine large salmon swimming by,
 Beheld unlucky Tom
 Drop from th' enraged miller's hand,
 And quickly gorged him down.

The fish was caught—so Tom again
 Was in King Arthur's pow'r;
 He in a mouse-trap was confin'd
 For many a tedious hour.

The King forgave Tom Thumb's offence,
 Created him a Knight,
 Then he was called Sir Thomas Thumb,
 And deck'd with jewels bright.



With needle dangling at his side,
 He strutted up and down ;
 And oft upon a mouse would ride,
 To view the palace round.

One day, when hunting with the King,
 Proud seated on his mouse,
 A large cat sprang upon them both,
 From a neighbouring farm house.

With courage Tom drew forth his sword,
 And fought with all his skill,
 Until he drove the cat away :—
 The nobles laugh'd their fill.

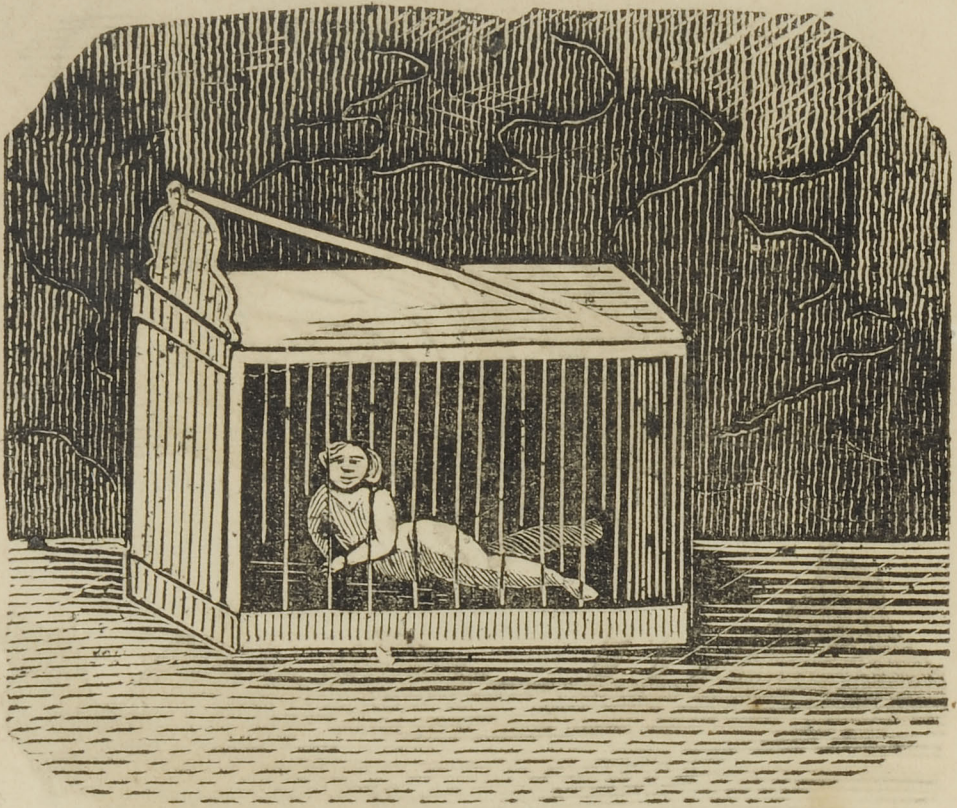
The Queen of Fairies next to Tom
 In all her pomp appears,
 And carried him to Fairy Land,
 Where he remain'd for years.



But wishing to return once more
 His native land to view,
 The fairy sent him through the air,
 Array'd in shining blue.

He mounted on a butterfly,
 And flew from field to field ;
 Such gambols for his royal friends,
 Much merriment did yield.

But soon these pleasing frolics ceased :
 A cruel spider's bite
 Deprived him of his life :—thus died
 Tom Thumb, King Arthur's Knight.



TOM THUMB'S EPITAPH.

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's Knight,
 Who died by a spider's cruel bite ;
 He was well known in Arthur's court,
 Where he afforded gallant sport :
 He rode at tilt and tournament,
 And on a mouse a hunting went ;
 Alive, he fill'd the court with mirth,
 His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
 Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
 And cry, " Alas ! Tom Thumb is dead."

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