

THE
LOVES OF

TOM TUCKER



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Thomas

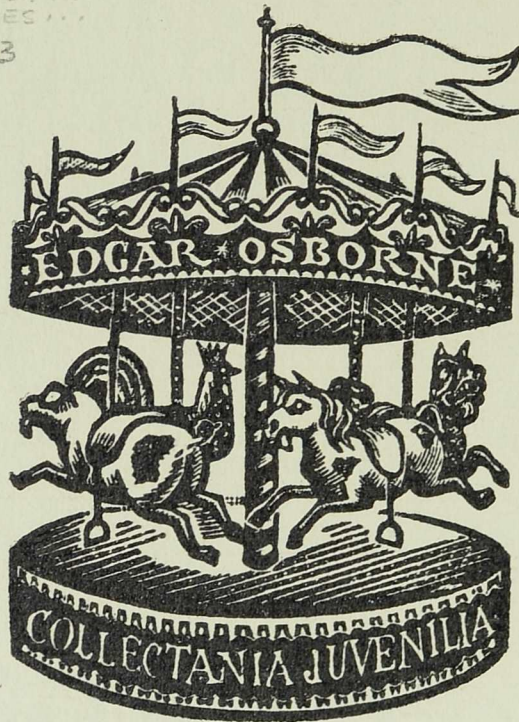


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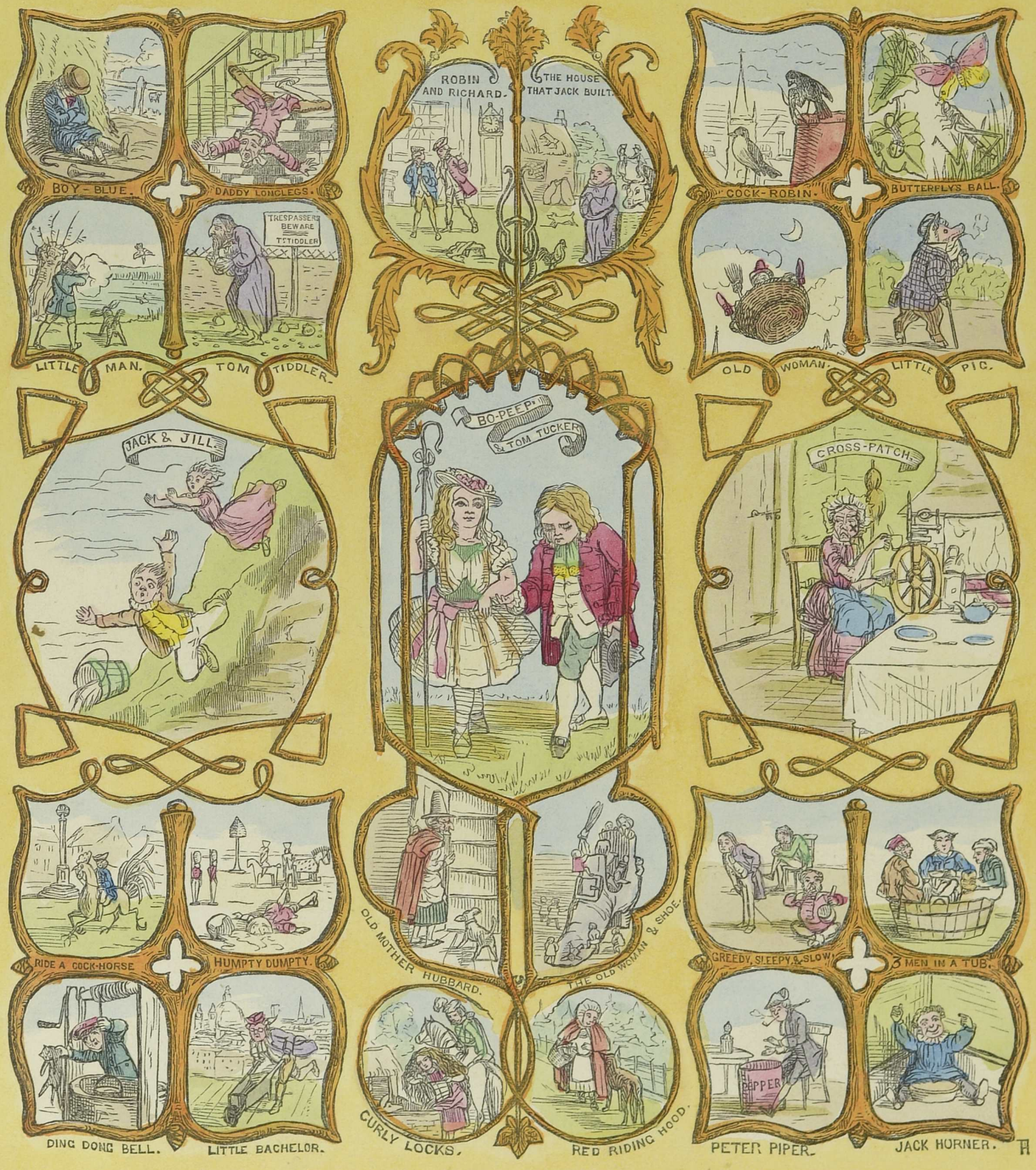
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GRIFFITH & FARRAN,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY & HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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LOVES ...
1863



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BOY-BLUE.

DADDY LONGLEGS.

ROBIN AND RICHARD.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

COCK-ROBIN.

BUTTERFLYS BALL.

LITTLE MAN.

TOM TIDDLER.

OLD WOMAN.

LITTLE PIC.

JACK & JILL.

BO-PEEP.

& TOM TUCKER.

CROSS-PATCH.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

THE OLD WOMAN & SHOE.

GREEDY, SLEEPY & SLOW.

3 MEN IN A TUB.

DING DONG BELL.

LITTLE BACHELOR.

CURLY LOCKS.

RED RIDING HOOD.

PETER PIPER.

JACK HORNER.

FRONTISPIECE.

THE LOVES
OF
TOM TUCKER AND LITTLE BO-PEEP.

A RHYMING BIGMAROLE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
THOMAS HOOD.



LONDON:
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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THE LOVES
OF
TOM TUCKER AND LITTLE BO-PEEP.

A RHYMING RIGMAROLE.

CANTO I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JACK AND JILL, AND THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF
BO-PEEP, THEIR DAUGHTER.



ACK and Jill

Lived under the hill,

Where they formerly met with their sad disaster;

For kind-hearted Jill had so well befriended

Crack-crowned Jack, and his wounds had tended

With yards of patent diachylon plaster,

That, though she healed the hole in his head,

She made a hole in his heart instead,

And so in the end they went and were wed!

They lived in a nice little house of their own,

With sweet-scented woodbine overgrown,

By the side of a rill,

At the foot of the hill,

The cosiest cottage that ever was known.

They 'd a nice little orchard full of trees,
And nice little hives with nice little bees,
 Going and coming,
 Buzzing and humming ;
And some nice little pigs they contrived to keep,
And nice little cows and nice little sheep ;
So they really became quite rich by degrees,
 And managed to lay by
 A dower for the baby,
Which came to the cottage by and by,
Nor ever was known to scream or cry,
But solemnly stared with each big blue eye ;
And so she was christened Little Bo-peep.

 As the years rolled past,
 She grew up so fast,
That Little Bo-peep was no longer a child ;
And out on the moorland, wide and wild,
 She sat on the rocks
 In the neatest of frocks,
 And tended the flocks
Of the lambkins mild.

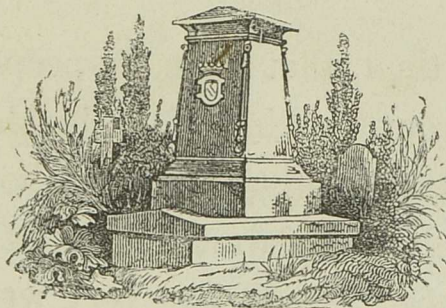
But when Little Bo-peep was sweet sixteen
She met with a very sad loss, I ween,
 For Jack and Jill
 They both fell ill
And kicked the bucket they once had spilt ;
So over their bones a tomb was built,

And on the stone, in a lithograph,
Were carven these lines for an epitaph:—

“Jacke and Jylle
Went uppe ye hylle
Toe fetche a payle of water:
Jacke felle doune
And brake hys crowne,
And Jylle cam tumbelinge a'ter.”

And 'twas added beneath:—

“Thys stoane on theyre deth
Was raysed by theyre sorrowinge da'ter.”



CANTO II.

ABOUT BO-PEEP'S AUNT, CROSS-PATCH, AND DADDY LONGLEGS' SON, BOY BLUE,
AND THE LOSS OF BO-PEEP'S SHEEP.



LITTLE Bo-peep could not live alone
In the nice little cottage, all her own,
With sweet-scented woodbine overgrown,
By the side of the rill
At the foot of the hill ;
So they sent for Cross-Patch, her aunt maternal,
Who suffered from bilious attacks diurnal,
And nagged—and nagged—and nagged—and nagged—
With a tongue that cut like a knife that's jagged,
And whose fits of ill-temper were sempiternal.

No wonder, then, that little Bo-peep
Was always out, looking after the sheep,
No wonder the naughty shepherd-boys,
Who ever delighted in making a noise,
Teased Bo-peep (which was very wrong)
By singing a wicked satirical song :—

“ Cross-Patch
Lift the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,
Take a cup
And drink it up,
And call all your neighbours in.”



“LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME, BLOW YOUR HORN!”

Now one of the naughtiest boys of all,
Who after little Bo-peep would call
That cruel snatch
Of the song untrue
About Cross-Patch,
Was little Boy Blue.

This little Boy Blue was brought up rather
Badly under his hard stepfather,
Old Daddy Longlegs, who wouldn't say his prayers,
And who to mend his manners was once thrown down the stairs.

One day, as Bo-peep her flock was keeping,
Little Boy Blue she saw was sleeping ;
His sheep were in the meadow
His father kept for hay,
His cows were in the cornfield,
And greedily fed they.

Now when little Bo-peep saw what was doing
She knew there was terrible mischief brewing ;
Said she " When Daddy Longlegs sees the corn and clover eaten,
Little Boy Blue will most certainly be beaten ! "
So down the field she ran
And jumped across the ditch,
And Boy Blue's sleeve began
To tug at, and to twitch : —
" Little Boy Blue, come, blow your horn—
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn !
Where is the little boy minding the sheep ?
He 's under the haystack fast asleep ! "

But when little Bo-peep went back to where
She had left her sheep—they were none of them there!
She looked for them high
And she looked for them low,
But could not espy
Where they 'd managed to go.

She searched the wood at the top of the hill,
She went to the meadow behind the mill,
She looked in the copse beyond the forge,
Down the valley and up the gorge,
But those silly lambkins were missing still.
And soon those troublesome shepherd-boys,
Who were always fond of making a noise,
Little Bo-peep began to mock,
By asking what had become of her flock;
And that shocking, ungrateful little Boy Blue
Joined in the cruel chorus too.

“Little Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And does not know where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they 'll come home,
And leave all their tails behind them!”



CANTO III.

HOW BO-PEEP WENT TO LOOK FOR HER SHEEP, AND OF THE STRANGE THINGS
SHE SAW, UNTIL SHE MET WITH TOMMY TUCKER.



WHEN little Bo-peep she put on her hat,
Her cloak and gaiters, and all of that,
And her pipe she took,
And her little sheep-hook,
And set forth to find out what her sheep could be at.

To tell you all she saw, as she was journeying along,
Would fill a book—and I am only singing you a song.
She saw a Robin Redbreast, who was sitting on a rail,
Niddle-noddle went his head—and wigggle-waggle went his tail.
When suddenly a sparrow,
With a tiny bow and arrow,
Shot him dead; and all the birds and beasts began to sob and wail.

Next a lady-bird small
She saw hastily crawl
To the Grasshopper's Feast and the Butterfly's Ball.
When some one cried "Fire!"
And, sadly alarmed,
It flew home to enquire
If its children were harmed.

To say what things beside she saw too long a time would take,
So I'll only tell you how, at last, she reached a little lake,

All edged about with rushes,
And reeds and alder-bushes ;
And in the middle swimming was a bright green-headed drake.

Suddenly rang
A terrible " BANG ! "
And the poor little drake in its death-struggle fluttered.
Bo-peep was so frightened,
She shook and she whitened,
And the shrillest of shrieking incessantly uttered !

Then a little lad drew near to her,
And made the matter clear to her
By singing in a voice so sweet, her fright endured not long,
The following explanation
Of the drake's annihilation,
And Bo-peep she stood and listened to this melancholy song :—

" There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead !
And he went to the brook
And shot a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head !
" So carried it home
To his wife Joan,
And bade her a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
He had shot at the brook,
While he went back to fetch her the drake, drake, drake ! "



“LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP.”

Now little Tom Tucker (for that was the name
Of the boy, who to aid our small heroine came)
Little Tom Tucker and little Bo-peep
Set out together to look for the sheep,

Arm in arm :

And where was the harm ?

And though, by-and-by, his hand got placed
Very quietly round her waist ;

And though, perhaps, he just stole a kiss,
(’Twas a sort of a thing that no one would miss),
I don’t see much mischief in that or in this.

But when they had search’d the world half round,
Where do you think the sheep were found ?—
Feeding away on Tom Tiddler’s ground !

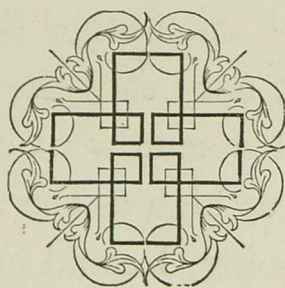
So home they drove them, and all the way
Very merrily chatted they ;

And when they parted—close to the cot—
She gave him a sprig of forget-me-not,

And something beside,

Which, e’en if I tried,

I could not describe—but it rhymes with “bliss,”
And I fancy you, all of you, guess what it is.



CANTO IV.

CONCERNING THE OLD WOMAN IN A BASKET, AND THE TALES SHE TOLD OF
BO-PEEP; ALSO TOUCHING BO-PEEP'S IMPRISONMENT.



UT while they were walking,
Happily talking,
They spied not a basket high over their heads,
And seated therein,
With her knees to her chin,
An ugly old woman all tatters and shreds.
The people, who saw her, mused why she should cramp her-
Self so uncomfortably up in a hamper,
And made quite a crowd,
Shouting aloud.

But Tom and Bo-peep never noticed the noise—
Lost in the dreams of young love and its joys—
From each other's lips they drank every word,
And so the hubbub they never heard.
And they knew not what the old dame was about,
For they found such blue heavens in each other's eyes,
They cared not to look upon other skies,
So they neither saw her, nor heard the shout:
“There was an old woman went up in a basket
Seventy times as high as the moon,
Where she was going, I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.



“THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WENT UP IN A BASKET.”

‘Old woman! Old woman! Old woman!’ said I,
‘Where are you going to, up so high?’
‘To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
‘And I shall be back again by-and-by.’”

Now this wicked old sweep, as she sailed along over,
Spied out, beneath her, Bo-peep and her lover;
So off she went in her carriage of wicker
(A four-horse coach could not gallop quicker)
Down the road that crossed over the rill,
And stopped at the cottage under the hill;
Then, highly delighted some mischief to hatch,
She told all she knew to that old Cross-Patch.

Little Bo-peep at last came home,
And penned up her sheep that they might not roam,
Then went to the cottage, and lifted the latch,
And there stood her savage old aunt Cross-Patch!
Goodness gracious, how her tongue
Galoped on, nor seemed to tire!
Like a cracked old bell, that’s rung
While the folk are crying “fire!”

Her accents rash,
Slap-dash—
Bang—crash—
Rattle—tattle:
Blows in battle
Never fell,

Pell-mell,
Half as well
As her never-ending prattle!

Little Bo-peep was terribly scared,
And could not have edged in a word had she dared,
Till at last Cross-Patch, to finish the thing,
Boxed her ears till she made them ring,
Whipt from her pocket a bit of string,
And, still running on with her words unkind,
Tied the little maid's hands behind,
Pushed her up the winding stair
Into the attic and locked her there.



CANTO V.

OF THE PEOPLE WHOM BO-PEEP ASKED TO CARRY A MESSAGE FOR HER TO
TOM TUCKER.



VERCOME with grief and amazement,
Little Bo-peep she sat at the casement;
And, as she thought of her evil luck, her
Fancy wandered to Thomas Tucker.

“ Ah ! ” she murmured, “ if he could hear,
I should have nothing further to fear ;
Who can I find,
Trusty and kind,
Who will carry a message from me to my dear,
And tell him how badly they ’re serving me here ? ”

So out of the window she leant, and spied
A little pig going to market.

“ Piggy,” said she, “ if to you I confide
The reason why my poor hands are tied,
Will you tell my sweet little spark it ? ”

Her words were as civil as civil could be ;
But the little pig wasn’t ; for “ Humph ! ” said he.

She saw a young man, of a cockhorse astride,
Whom she begged with her message to Tommy to ride.
But he vowed an engagement his time did engross,
With a bell-toed young lady at Banbury Cross.

Next she saw Humpty Dumpty, and begged him to tell
Tommy Tucker her aunt was not treating her well.
Humpty Dumpty looked proud—never answered at all,
But haughtily sat himself down on a wall
(See the History of England, concerning his fall).

At last she saw little Johnny Stout
Who—so says Ding-dong Bell—
Very humanely pulled pussy cat out,
When he saw her down in the well.

So Bo-peep told Johnny Stout
What her trouble was about,
And away he ran—as fast as legs could carry him—
To tell Tommy Tucker,
That Bo-peep's aunt had struck her,
And his little love was willing now to marry him.





“THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.”

CANTO VI.

HOW TOM TUCKER AND THE LITTLE BACHELOR PLANNED TO CARRY OFF BO-PEEP
IN THE BARROW.



OW Tommy Tucker quickly he hit upon a plan,
And got as his assistant a friendly little man,
A bachelor, who, close to Tom, lived snugly by himself,
Although the rats and mice they gnawed his victuals on
the shelf.

He had a little wheelbarrow, that once, in early life,
Had failed him as a wedding-coach to carry home a wife.
Along the road he drove it now, and placed it in the hedge,
Which close to Bo-peep's cottage ran, beside the highway's edge.
Then he turned it up, and sat on it; for there he was to watch
While Tommy Tucker went to pay a visit to Cross-Patch.

Little Tommy Tucker he stood beside the gate,
And sang such pretty melodies he had not long to wait
Before Cross-Patch unbarred the door and begged him to come in,
And sing a merry song to her the while that she did spin.
Said she "My lad, now carol me some pretty cheerful stave,
And cakes and ale you shall not fail for recompense to have."
Then Tom sat down and sang to her, as lively as a parrot,
And glad, I ween, was sweet Bo-peep, who heard him from the garret
Singing,

"There was a little bachelor, who lived all by himself,
And all the bread and cheese he had he put upon a shelf,
The rats and the mice they led him such a life,
He was forced to go to London to buy him a wife.

The streets were so wide and the lanes were so narrow
He was forced to bring his wife home in a wheelbarrow,
The wheelbarrow broke, and his wife had a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all!"

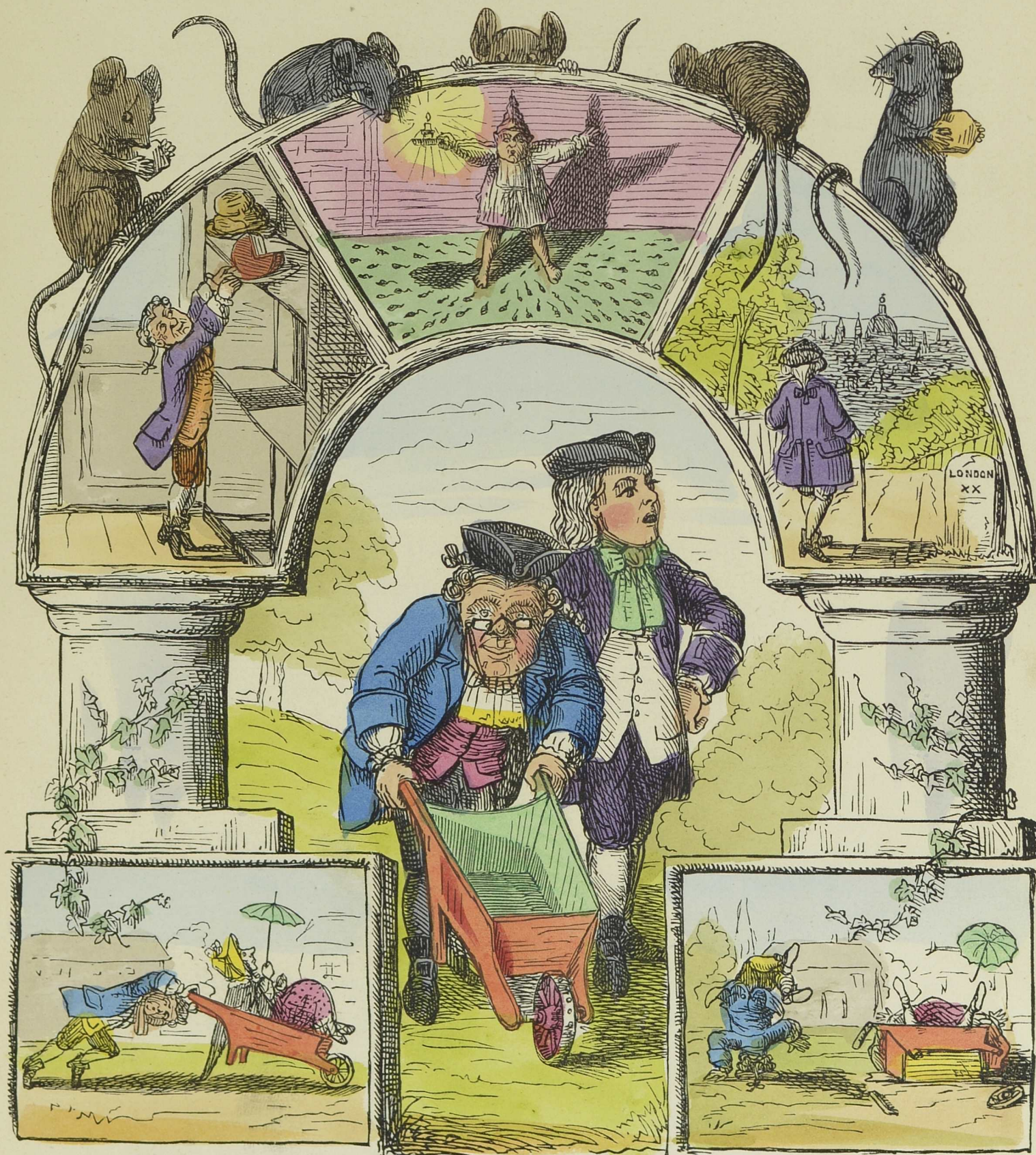
Now when Tom had done this snatch
Of melody, Cross-Patch
To the cellar-floor descended from the upper,
To draw a jug of beer,
And bring the homely cheer,
She intended to give Tommy for his supper.

Then Tommy ran to the foot of the stair
And called to little Bo-peep,
"Ho, love! Hist, love! Pray are you there,
And are you awake or asleep?"

"Oh yes, I am here, locked up in a room,
It would puzzle you to find me,
For the candle is out, and I am in gloom,
And my hands are tied behind me."

"Never mind your aunt, my duck, her
Cruel plots we'll thrust aside—
For my name's not Thomas Tucker,
If I don't bear off my bride!"





“HE WAS FORCED TO BRING HIS WIFE HOME IN A WHEELBARROW.”

CANTO VII.

HOW THEY DID RUN AWAY WITH HER; AND HOW THE BARROW BROKE!



OW, when Cross-Patch the supper had brought-up
Little Tom Tucker a table-knife caught-up.

“Put it down!” said she.

“I won’t,” said he,

“For without it I cannot cut aught up:

Little Tom Tucker

Sang for his supper;

What shall he have

But white bread and butter?

How can he cut it

Without e’er a knife?

How can he marry

Without e’er a wife?”

“Are *you* Tommy Tucker?” cried old Cross-Patch,

As up she jumped in a terrible flutter.

“You never shall make with my niece a match,

And you shall not eat of my bread and butter!”

But little Tommy Tucker, up the stairs he ran,

Burst-in Bo-peep’s door, and to cut the string began—

Lower’d her from the window—followed, like an arrow,

And the bachelor and he began to trundle off the barrow.

Old Cross-Patch began to scream, “Murder! Fire! and Treason!”

All the neighbours hurried in, asking her the reason.

Sleepy Head
 Jumped out of bed,
 In loitered stupid Slow ;
 And e'en the Greedy party did
 The pot awhile forego.

To see the hub-*bub*
 Came out of their tub
 The Butcher, the Baker,
 And the Candlestick-maker.

Poor Peter Piper was perplexed,
 And so became the popper
 Of his peck of pickled pepper
 Quite "promiscuous" in the copper,
 While he ran to learn the reason of the tumult so improper.

When they heard what it was they began to pursue
 The fugitives—raising a "cry and hue"—
 (I reverse the terms, which I'm forced to do
 That I may provide a rhyme for you).

Yet little Bo-peep and her favoured youth
 Would have managed to get away,
 But the "course of true love never runs smooth"—
 At least, so the poets say,—

Crash!

Dash!

The barrow went smash,
 And down on the ground she lay ;
 And Tom with his friend grew mighty offended
 Because the trap had been badly mended.



“CROSS-PATCH CALL ALL YOUR NEIGHBOURS IN!”

CANTO VIII.

PEACE-MAKING, MATCH-MAKING, AND MERRY-MAKING.



O the lovers were caught and carried back
By the mob of neighbours who 'd followed
their track.
They found Cross-Patch looking very black ;
And I cannot tell what had been the end,
When luckily Fortune sent them a friend.

Little Jack Horner,
Who lived round the corner,
Was one of Bo-peep's somewhat distant relations ;
And as he 'd a "plum,"
Which to some one must come,
All his living connections had great expectations.
And obeyed when they heard
His lightest word,
With the very deepest of gratifications.

Little Jack Horner was fond of Bo-peep,
And liked Tommy Tucker, too ;
So he said to Cross-Patch, "This house you may keep,
I have one that for them will do !"

So they settled it thus,
Without any fuss ;
And the lovers were married not very long after,
'Mid plenty of mirth, merry-making, and laughter.
Jack assigned them the House he had Built, to live in,
Which they, on their wedding, a party did give in,—
A glorious party, with plenty of fun ;
They did not sit down to the supper till one.
Mother Hubbard had managed that part of the feast,
And had a full cupboard for once, at least.

She was helped by the old lady, who inhabited a shoe,
And had so large a family she scarce knew what to do ;
But for this august occasion she had donned her bravest suit,
And had left her tiresome children safely lodged in a top-boot.

Curly Locks was bridesmaid ; her beauty was extreme—
She owed her fair complexion to strawberries and cream.
And little Miss Red Ridinghood was there, too, for another,
Having just come out of mourning for the death of her grandmother.

Robin and Richard, both pretty men,
Arrived with the Bridegroom at half-past ten ;
And the neighbouring priest, all shaven and shorn,
(Who was specially waked at early morn
By the Cochin China, whose ropy crow
Said, “ Come, old fellow, it ’s time to go ”)

Performed the rite ;

And till late in the night,

They kept up the party with great delight.

While the bells in the steeple rocked to and fro,

They sang and danced,

And jumped and pranced ;

And very merrily feasted they,

Till the echoes rang,

As loudly they sang

This seasonable, reasonable roundelay :—

“ Bounce, Buckram ! Velvet ’s dear !

Christmas comes but once a year,

When it comes it brings good cheer,

BEEF, PLUM-PUDDING, MINCE-PIES, AND BEER ! ”





“SO THEY WERE MARRIED, AND LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.”

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