

TOM THUMB.

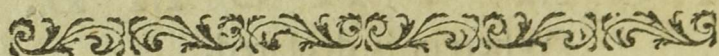


The Famous History of
T O M T H U M B .
Wherein is declared,
His marvellous Acts of Manhood.
Full of Wonder and Merriment.

P A R T the F I R S T .



LONDON: Printed for the Booksellers.



The First PART of

The Life of Tom Thumb.

Of the Parentage, Birth & education
of *Tom Thumb*, with all the merry
Pranks he played in his childhood

IN Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live
A man of mickle might,
Who was the best of the Table Round,
And eke a worthy Knight.

In stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
How think you this courageous Knight
Was prov'd a valiant man.

His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow,
And yet the way to get a Son
This couple knew not how.

Until

Until the time the good old man
 To learned Merlin goes,
 And there to him in deep distress,
 In secret manner shews,

How in his heart he'd wish to have
 A Child in time to come,
 To be his heir, tho' it might be,
 No bigger than his thumb.

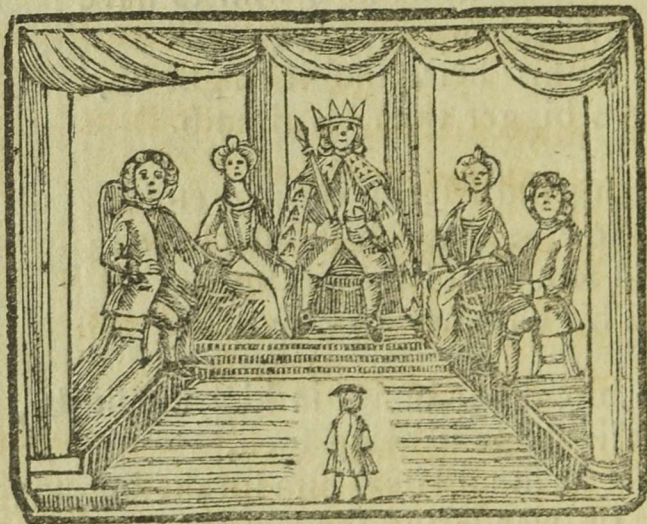
Of this old Merlin then foretold,
 How he his wish should have;
 And so a son of stature small,
 This charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
 His shape it being such,
 That he should hear him speak, but not
 His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to overcome,
 Whereat it pleas'd him well,
 Begat and born in half an hour,
 For to fit his father's will;

And in four minutes grew so fast,
 That he became so tall,
 As was the ploughman's thumb in length
 And so she did him call.

Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen,
 Did give him to his name,
 Who with her train of gobblings grim
 Unto the christening came.



When they cloathed him so fine and gay
 In garments rich and fair;
 The which did serve him many years
 In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
 His shirt a spider's webb,
 Both light and soft for his small limbs,
 Which were so smally bred.

His

His hose and doublet thistle down,
 Together weav'd full fine ;
 And stockings of the apple green,
 Made of the outer rhine.

His garters were two little hairs,
 Pluck'd from his mother's eye ;
 His shoes made of a mouse's skin,
 And tann'd most curiously.

Thus like a valiant Gallant he
 Does venture forth to go
 With other children in the street,
 His pretty pranks to show ;

Where for counters, pins, and points,
 And cherry stones did play,
 Till he amongst the gamsters young,
 Lost all his stock away.

Yet he could not the same renew,
 When as most nimbly he
 Would dive into the cherry bags,
 And there partaker be.

Unseen or felt by any one,
 Until a scholar shut
 The nimble youth into a box
 Wherein his pins were put.

Of whom to be reveng'd he took,
 In mirth and pleasant game,
 Black pots and glasses which he hung
 Upon a light sun-beam.

The other boys did do the same,
 In pieces tore them quite,
 For which they were severely whipt,
 Which made him laugh outright.

So poor Tom Thumb restrained was,
 From this his sport and play;
 And by his mother after that
 Compell'd at home to stay.

Whereas about Christmas time,
 His mother a hog had kill'd,
 And Tom would see the pudding made,
 For fear it should be spoil'd.

Of Tom's falling into the Pudding Bowl,
and his Escape out of the Tinker's
Budget.



HE sat the candle for to light,
Upon the pudding bowl,
Of which there is unto this day,
Some pretty stories told.

For Tom fell in, and could not be
For some time after found,
For in the blood and batter he
Was lost and almost drown'd.

And

But she not knowing of the same,
 Directly after that,
 Into the pudding stir'd her son,
 Instead of mincing fat.

Now this pudding of the largest size,
 Into the kettle thrown,
 Made all the rest to jump about,
 As with a whirlwind blown.

But so it tumbled up and down,
 Within the liquor there,
 As if the devil had been boil'd,
 Such was the mother's fear.

That up she took the pudding strait,
 So gave it at the door
 Unto a Tinker, which from thence
 He in his budget bore.

But as the Tinker climb'd a stile,
 He chanc'd to let a crack
 How good old man, cry'd Tom Thumb
 Still hanging at his back.

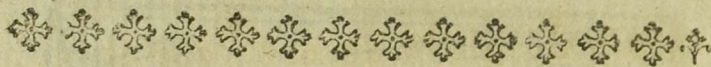
Which made the Tinker for to run,
 And would no longer stay,
 But cast both bag and pudding too
 Over the hedge away.

From



From whence poor Tom got loose at last,
 And home return'd again,
 For he from great dangers long
 In safety did remain.

Until such time his mother went
 For to milk her kine,
 Where Tom unto a thistle fast,
 She linked with a line.



Of Tom Thumb being tied to a thistle;
 of his Mother's Cow eating him up;
 with his strange Deliverance out of the
 Cow's Belly.



A Thread that held him to the same,
 For fear the blustering wind
 Would blow him thence, so as she might
 Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap, a cow came by
 And up the Thistle eat :
 Poor Tom withal, who as a dock,
 Was made the red cows meat.

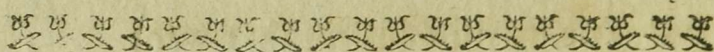
But

But being mist his mother went
 Calling him every where ;
 Where art thou Tom ? where art thou ?
 Quoth he, here mother, here.

In the red Cows Belly here,
 Your Son is swallow'd up ;
 All which within her fearful heart
 Much woeful cholar put.

Mean time the cow was troubled fore,
 In this her rumbling womb,
 And could not rest until that she
 Had backwards cast Tom Thumb,

Now all besmeared as he was,
 His mother took him up,
 And home to bear him hence, poor lad,
 She in her apron put.



Tom Thumb is carried away by a Raven,
and swallowed up by a Giant; with
several other strange accidents that
befel him.



NOW after this, in sowing time
His father would him have
Into the field to drive the plough,
And therewithal him gave

A whip made of a barley straw,
For to drive the cattle on;
There in a furrrow'd land new sown,
Poor Tom: was lost and gone.

Now

Now by a raven of great strength,
 Poor Tom away was born ;
 And carried in a carrion's beak,
 Just like a grain of corn.

Unto a giants castle top,
 Whereon he let him fall,
 And soon the Giant swallow'd up,
 His body, cloaths and all :

But in his Belly Tom Thumb did
 So great a rumbling make,
 That neither night nor day he could
 The smallest quiet take.

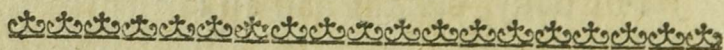
Until the giant him had spew'd
 Full three miles in the sea ;
 There a large Fish soon took him up,
 And bore him hence away,



The

The lusty Fish was after caught,
 And to King Arthur sent,
 Where Tom was kept, being a Dwarf,
 Until his time was spent.

Long time he liv'd in loyalty,
 Beloved of the Court,
 And none like Tom was so esteem'd
 Amongst the better sort.



Tom Thumb by the Command of King
 Arthur dances a Galliard upon the
 Queen's left hand.



Among the deeds of courtship done,
 His Highness did command,
 That

That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon the Queen's left-hand.

All which he did, and for the same
Our King his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore
Long time a girdle brave.

Behold it was a rich reward
And given by the King,
Which to his Praise and worthiness
Did lasting honour bring.

For while he lived in the court,
His pleasant pranks were seen,
And he, according to Report
Was favoured by the Queen.



Tom rides a hunting with the King.



NOW after that the King he would
 Abroad for Pleasue go,
 Yet still Tom Thumb must be with him
 Plac'd on his saddle bow.

But on a time when as it rain'd,
 Tom Thumb most nimbly crept,
 Into

Into his button-hole where he
All in his bosom slept,

And being near his Highness heart,
Did crave a wealthy boon ;
A noble gift the which the King
Commanded should be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's being old ;
It was as much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.

So then away goes lusty Tom,
With three-pence at his back :
A heavy burden which did make
His very bones to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
In labour and great pain,
He came unto the house whereat
His parents did remain ;

Which was but half a mile in space,
From good King Arthur's court,
All this in eight and forty hours
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoice,
For he thereat was glad.

So his mother in her apron put
Her gentle son in haste.

And by the fire-side within,
A walnut shell him plac'd,

And then they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel nut,
On which he rioted long,
And them to charges put :

And thereupon grew wonderous sick,
In eating so much meat,
That was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

So when his business call'd him forth
King Arthur's court to see,
From which no longer Tom it's said,
Could now a stranger be ;

But a few moist April drops,
Which settled on the way,
His long and weary journey
Did hinder and so stay,

Until his careful mother took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast blew this her son
Into King Arthur's court.



Of Tom's running at Tilt; with other
Exercifes performed by him.



THUS he at tilt and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the rest of Arthur's Knights
Did him much pleasure show.

And

And good Sir Launcelot du Lake,
Sir Tristram and Sir Guy,
Yet none compar'd to brave Tom Thumb
In acts of cavalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his lady's sake,
A challenge in King Arthur's court,
Tom Thumb did bravely make.

'Gainst whom these noble Knights run,
Sir Khion and the rest;
But yet Tom Thumb with all his might,
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Launcelot du Lake,
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy Knight
A Battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
For there this valiant man,
Thro' Launcelot's steed before them all
With nimble manner ran :

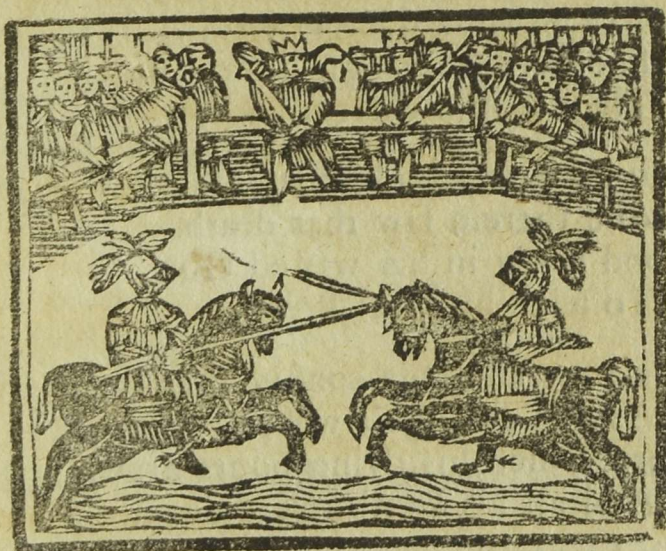
Yea horse and all, with spear and Shield
As hardly e'er was seen,
But only by King Arthur's self,
And his beloved Queen.

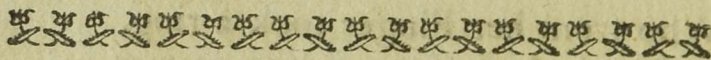
Who

Who from her Finger took a ring,
 Thro' which Tom did make way,
 Not touching it in simple sort,
 As it had been in play.

He also cleft the smallest hair
 From the fair lady's head,
 From hurting her whose even hand
 Him lasting Honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble Acts,
 In Arthur's court were shewn,
 The like in all the world beside,
 Before was never known.





Tom is taken sick and dies.

THUS at his sports Tom toil'd himself,
 That he a sickness took,
 Thro' all which manly exercise
 His Strength had him forfook.

Where lying on his bed sore sick
 King Arthur's Doctors came,
 By cunning skill and physick's art,
 To eate and cure the same,

He being both slender and tall,
 The cunning doctors took
 A fine perspective glass thro' which
 They took a careful look,

Into his sickly body down,
 And therein saw that death
 Stood ready in his wasted Guts,
 To seize his vital Breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small,
 As was a spider's web,
 Thro' which his dying hours grew,
 And all his Limbs were dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's
 Which hardly could be seen,

The Loss of this renowned Knight
 Much griev'd the King and Queen.

And so with grief and quietness
 He left the earth below,
 And up into the Fairy Land
 His fading Ghost did go.

Where the Fairy Queen receiv'd
 With heavy mournful cheer,
 The body of this valiant Knight,
 Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her flying nymphs in green,
 She took him from his bed,
 With musick sweet and melody,
 As soon as Life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his Knights
 Full forty days did mourn;
 In the remembrance of his name,
 That strangely thus was born.

He built a tomb of marble grey,
 And year by year did come,
 To celebrate the mournful day,
 And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame lives here in England still,
 Amongst the country sort,
 Of whom the wives and Children dear
 Tell pretty tales in sport.

But here's a wonder come at last,
 Which some will scarce believe,
 After two hundred years were past,
 He did new life receive.

The Fairy Queen she lov'd him so,
 As you shall understand,
 That once again she let him go,
 Down from the Fairy Land.

The very time that he return'd
 Unto the Court again,
 It was, as we are well assur'd,
 In good King Arthur's reign.

Where in the presence of the King,
 He many wonders wrought,
 Recited in the second part,
 Which now is to be bought

In Irongate, in Derby Town;
 Where are sold fine Histories many,
 And pleasant tales as e'er was told,
 For purchase of One Penny.

End of the FIRST PART.

V. 1. 37131032422883

