

**TOM,**

***THE PIPER'S SON.***

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With all the fun,  
That he had done.

And how at last he went to France,  
To teach great Bonaparte to dance.



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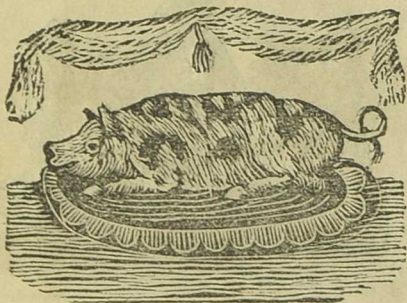
**YORK:**

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TOM, Tom, the Piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away he ran,  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And Tom came roaring down the  
street ;

Yes, yes, Tom stole the pig,  
And at school they flogg'd his rig.



Here's a long tail'd pig,  
Or a short tail'd pig,  
Or a pig without a tail,  
A boar pig, or a sow pig,  
Or a pig with a curley tail.



This man makes pigs of paste and fills their bellies with currants, and places two little currants in their heads for eyes ; so while the man set down the basket to sell a little Miss a curley tail'd pig, Tom ran away with a long tail'd pig : but he would not have stolen it, if he had known what sauce he should have had to it.



For he was beat in the street, and whipped at school, and made to beg pardon on his marrow-bones, and promise never to steal any thing again, thus after the sweet-meat of stealing he got the sour sauce of correction.



Tom he was a piper's son,  
He learn'd to play while he was young,  
All the tunes that he could play,  
Was over the hills and far away.





Tom with his pipe then made such a  
noise,  
Pleasing the old, the girls and the boys,  
They'd dance and sing while he did  
play,  
Over the hills and far away.



Now Tom after this, learn'd to play  
with such skill,  
That whoever heard him could never  
stand still ;  
As soon as he play'd they began for  
to dance,  
E'en pigs on their hind legs did after  
him prance.





As Dolly was milking her cow one day,  
Tom took out his pipe and began for  
to play ;  
The cow danc'd, and Doll danc'd, a  
merry go round,  
Till the pail it was broke and the milk  
on the ground.



He met old Dame Trot with a basket  
of eggs,  
He used his pipe and she used her legs,  
She danced about till her eggs were  
all broke,  
Then he left her to fret, while he  
laugh'd at the joke.



Tom saw a cross fellow who was beating an ass,  
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes,  
and glass,  
He played them a jig, and they danc'd  
to a tune,  
That the load of the jackass was  
lightened soon.



Once a Dog got a sow fast hold by  
the ear,  
The sow squall'd out murder, and  
Tom being near,  
He play'd them a tune, and they did  
not dance bad,  
Considering the little experience they  
had.



Tom met with a Parson in a sad dirty  
place,  
Where he made him to dance he had  
so little grace,  
He danc'd in the dirt, till he danc'd  
in a ditch,  
Where he left him in mud quite up to  
the breech.



Some little time after, Tom slept on  
some hay,  
The very same Parson was passing  
that way,  
He took poor Tom's pipe and bid him  
prepare,  
To answer his crimes before the Lord  
Mayor.





To the Lord Mayor he took him, and  
told Tom's art,  
To make people dance with a sorrow-  
ful heart,  
Begg'd he'd send him to sea, where he  
might teach a dance,  
To the great Bonaparte, the First  
Consul of France.



Says Tom, I am willing to fight  
against France,

First give me my pipe, I'll teach  
Boney a dance.

They gave him his pipe, he began for  
to play,

And the Parson and Mayor went  
dancing away.

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