

MOTHER HUBBARD

AND

HER DOG:

To which is added,

*The History of Tom Tucker.*



PRICE ONE PENNY.



Old Mother Hubbard is merrily laughing  
At her droll Dog smoking and quaffing!

# MOTHER HUBBARD

AND

## HER DOG:

To which is added,

## THE HISTORY OF TOM TUCKER.



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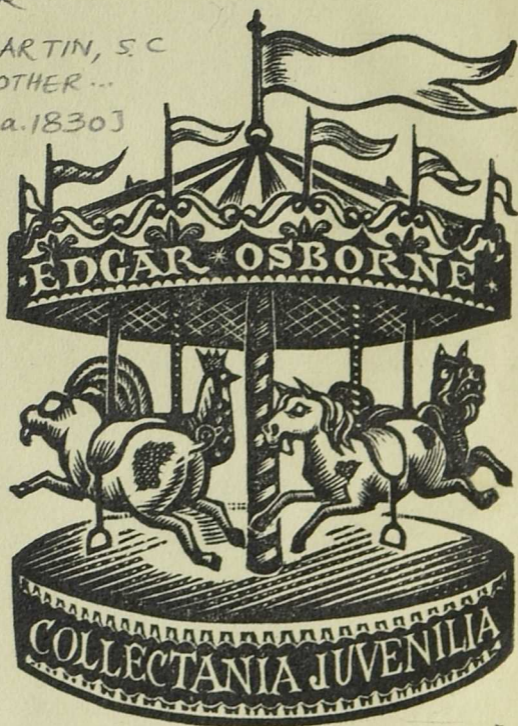
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THOMAS RICHARDSON, FRIAR-GATE.

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MOTHER...

[ca. 1830]



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*Mother Hubbard and her Dog.*



OLD Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To give her Doggie a bone ;  
But when she came there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor Dog got none.



She went to the baker's

To buy him some bread;

But when she came back

The poor Dog was—dead!



She went to the undertaker's  
To get him a coffin;  
And when she came back  
The Dog was—laughing.



She went to the market  
To buy him some tripe;  
And when she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.



She went to the alehouse  
To buy him some beer;  
And when she came back  
He sat in the chair.



She went to a tavern

For white wine and red;

And when she came back

He stood on his head.



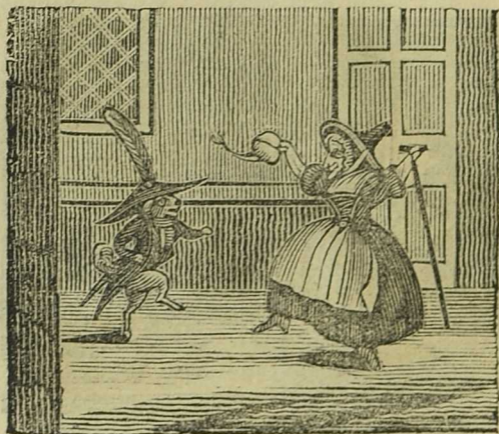
She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit;  
And when she came back  
He was playing the flute



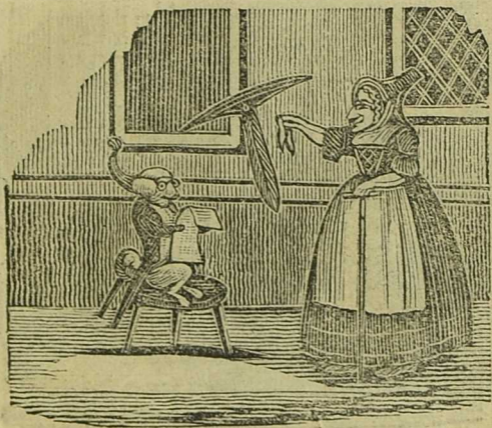
She went to the tailor's  
To buy him a coat;  
And when she came back  
He was riding a goat.



She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat ;  
But when she came back  
He was feeding the cat.



She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig;  
And when she came back  
He was dancing a jig.



She went to the shoe-shop  
To buy him neat shoes;  
But when she came back  
He was reading the news



She went to the sempstress  
To buy him some linen;  
And when she came back  
The Dog was spinning.



She went to the hosier's  
To buy a pair of hose ;  
And when she came back  
He was drest in his clothes.

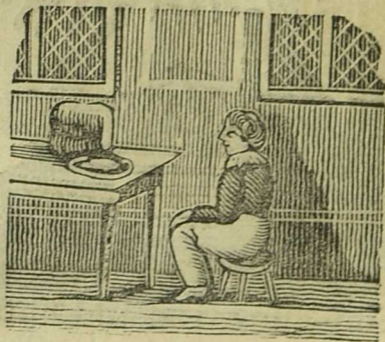


The Dame made a courtesy,  
The Dog bow'd very low;  
The Dame said, Your Ser-  
vant, Sir,  
The Dog said, Bow-wow.



Alas! at last this funny dog  
By death lost all his powers,  
And the Dame, with many a  
tear,  
Strews o'er his bier with  
flowers.

THE HISTORY OF  
TOM TUCKER.



LITTLE Tom Tucker,  
Sing for your supper:  
What shall I sing for?  
White bread and butter.  
How shall I cut it  
Without any knife?  
And how shall I marry  
Without any 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,  
With the cap on his head,  
only look!

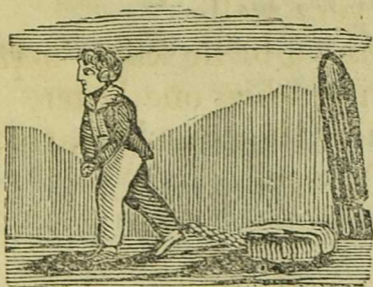
Tom lov'd playing at top,  
And often would stop

To have a game in the street,  
Though he knew it was a fault,  
And if he was caught,  
He might well expect to be  
beat.

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



A man from the fair,  
Came by with a bear,  
With a monkey that rode up-  
on Bruin;  
Tom followed to see,  
More blockhead was he,  
For it caus'd him to play the  
truant.



At home he got blame,  
When next morning came,  
To school he went creeping  
quite sad,

Where his master did flog,  
And chain him to a log,  
For being so naughty a lad,  
Says Tom, This wont do,  
I'm a dunce it is true,  
All boys that can read are my  
betters;  
So he learn'd A, B, C,  
And D, E, F, G,  
And soon all the rest of his  
letters.

Then Tom learn'd to spell,  
And went to school well,  
With satchel and books at his  
back;  
No more would he stay,  
To play by the way,  
With Ned, Bill, Harry, or  
Jack.

Then Tom learnt 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 in a fright.

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

He had a whip and a top,  
Bought him at the shop,  
And a great many playthings  
beside;

## THE HISTORY

And his father, with joy,  
Bid him keep a good boy,  
And he should have a pony to  
ride.

This horse he soon got,  
That could amble and trot,  
And then he could gallop a-  
long;  
He always at ease is,  
And does as he pleases,  
But takes care he never does  
wrong.

One day he went out,  
And walking about, [poor;  
He met an old woman so  
He gave her all his pence,  
She return'd him her thanks,  
He wish'd that she might  
have more.

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

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

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Printed and Published by  
THOMAS RICHARDSON, DERBY,  
AT ONE PENNY EACH.

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