

The Famous History of
T O M T H U M B.

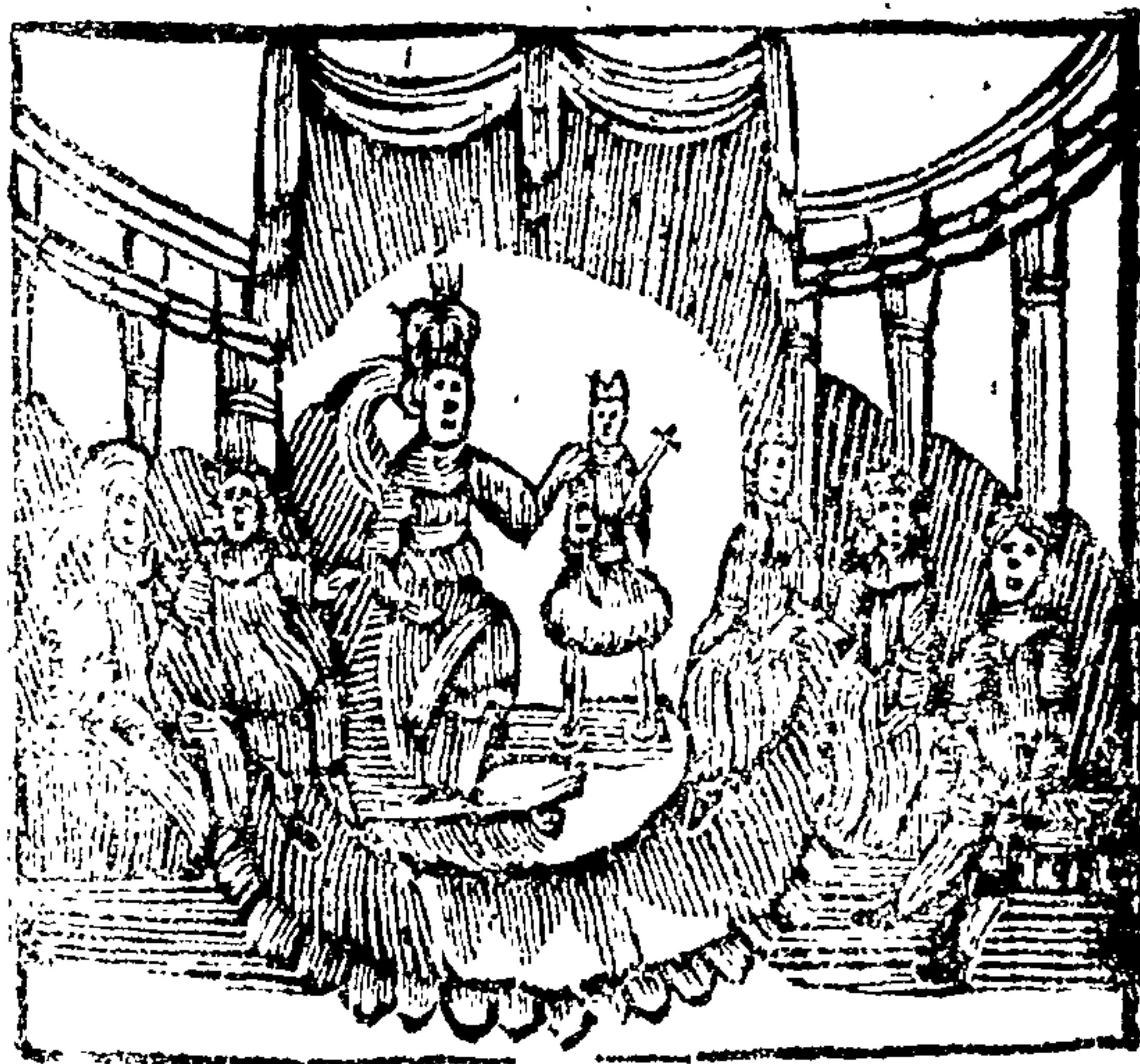
Wherein is declared.

His Marvellous Acts of **MANHOOD,**

Full of Wonder and Merriment.



P A R T the **F I R S T.**



Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-
Yard, London.

The First Part of the
Life of TOM THUMB.



Of the Parentage, Birth, and 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 that this valiant 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 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, though it might be
 No bigger than his Thumb.

Of this old Merlin then foretold,
 How he his wish should have;
 And to 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 plowman'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 goblins grim
 Unto the christening came.

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

His hat made of the oaken leaf,
 His shirt a spiders webb,
 Both light and soft for his fine limbs,
 Which were so finely bred

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

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

Thus like a valiant gallant he
 Adventures forth to go
 With other children in the street
 His pretty pranks to show.

Where for counters, pins, and points
 And cherry stones did pay,
 All he among the gamestees young
 Had lost his stock away.

Yet he could soon the same renew,
 When as most nimbly he
 Would dive into the cherry bags,
 And there partakers be.

Unseen, unfelt, 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 him quite,
 For which they were severely whipt.
 At which he laugh'd outright.

While Tom Thumb restrained was
 From this his sport and play,

And by his Mother after that,
Compell'd at home to stay.

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



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



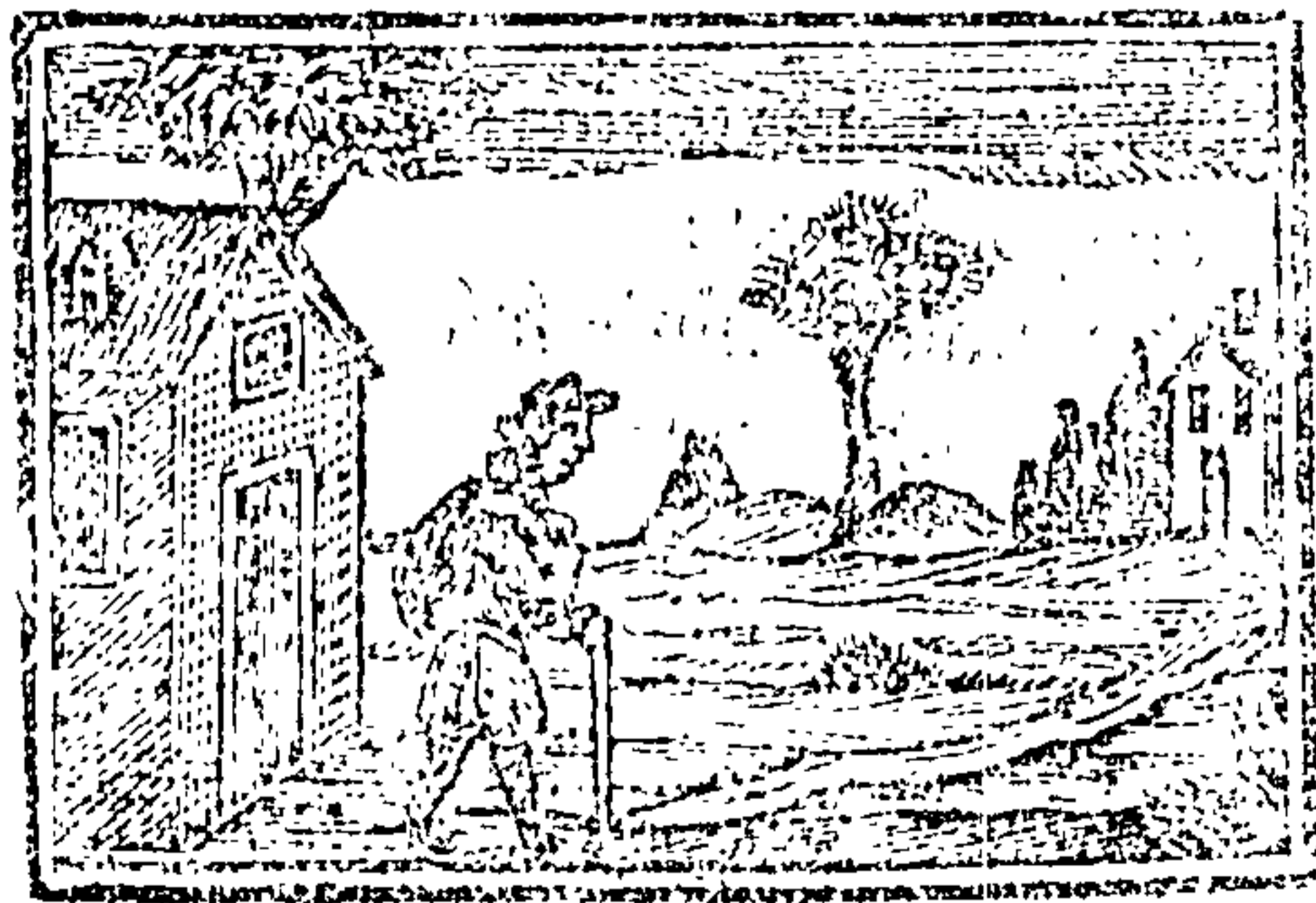
The fat the candle for to light
 Upon the pudding bowl,
 which there is unto this day,
 A pretty story told.

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 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 tumbl'd 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 trait,
 And gave it at the door
 To a 'inker, which from thence
 He in his budget bore.

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

At which the Tinker began to run,
 And would no longer stay,
 But cast both bag and pudding too
 Over the hedge away.

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

Until such time his mother went
 To miking of 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 the night
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 cow's meat.