A CONTINUATION

OF

TOM THE PIPER'S SON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
EIGHT WHIMSICAL ENGRAVINGS.

PART THE SECOND.

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MISS PUSS in her pattens did make a great clatter,
Says she bless my heart what can be the matter;
But TOM play’d a tune so airy and light,
That PUSS was kept dancing from morning till night
Once a DOG got a SOW fast hold by the ear,
The Sow squal’d out murder and TOM being near;
He played them a tune and they did not dance bad:
Considering the little caperings they had.
Poor PUG had just put on his best Sunday wig,
TOM struck up a tune and the Monkey a jig;
He danced seven hours as I have heard tell,
You may judge for yourself if he did not well.
Tom met with a miller in a sad dirty place,
Where he made him to dance
he had so little grace;
He danced in the dirt till he danced himself down:
He was allover mud from the sole to the crown.
Some little time after TOM slept on some hay,
The very same Miller 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 him T O M'S art,
To make people dance with a sorrowful heart;
Beg'd he'd send him abroad where he might teach a dance,
To N.BONAPARTE the Emperor of France.
Says TOM I am willing to set off to France,
First give me my Pipe I'll teach BONEY a dance,
They gave him his pipe he began for to play;
And the Miller and Mayor went dancing away.
TOM went over to France with a light merry heart,
To play a great tune to the small BONAPARTE,
He soon made master BONEY dance down from his throne,
Took away his large sword and now he's come home.