



TOM HE WAS A PIPER'S SON

Tom he was a piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was young,
And all the tunes that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away,"
"Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my topknot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and the boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him
prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Dolly and the cow danced the Cheshire round,
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran 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 the eggs were all broke,
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and played them a tune.
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.