

To General Tom Thumb : O little tiny Thumb, o little tiny Thumb, a precious little birch is pickling for your b---

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TO GENERAL TOM THUMB.

O little tiny Thumb,
O little tiny Thumb,
A precious little birch
Is pickling for your b—.
Toby is in pickle,
I swear it by great Jove,
To tease a little pet,
An am'rous little cove,
~~who gives~~ each lady lip,
And glories in the act;
Indeed, it is too true,
A reg'lar, noted fact.

O Tommy Thumb,
O Tommy Thumb,
Why kiss the ladies
For a shilling?
'Tis true your life,
And portrait small,
With buss receipt,
Is very killing.
But if a kiss
Just two foot high
Is worth to ladies
A fair shilling,
What would a six-
Foot prime salute
Be worth to Tom,
So very killing?
Look out, dear Tom,
The two-foot high,
You're making husbands
Grudge a shilling;
They're jealous, Tom,
As I'm alive,
Of your fine form, *Penny Satirist*.
So very killing. *Sept 28 1844.*

They say, dear Tom,
That you have made
Twice fifty-five pounds
To a shilling,
Not in a week,
But in a day,
Through buss receipts,
So very killing.
Now, tiny Thumb,
Dear tiny Thumb,
Leave off those tricks, tho'
Worth a shilling;
Consider, Tom,
That jealous men
Are apt to be
So very killing!
O! slight this not,
Or you may rue
Those buss receipts sold
For a shilling.
Remember, Tom,
That editors
Dislike receipts
So very killing.
Think on your coach
And ponies small,
Your little fortune,
Gained by shillings,
All those to lose,
And more besides,
If you'll not mend
Your mode of killing.

Dear ladies' pet,
Pray don't forget.
W. JONES.