

**TOM THUMB; A  
BURLETTA, ALTERED  
FROM HENRY FIELDING**

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Tom Thumb; a burletta, altered from Henry Fielding by Kane O'Hara & George Cruikshank

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**KANE O'HARA & GEORGE CRUIKSHANK**

**TOM THUMB; A  
BURLETTA, ALTERED  
FROM HENRY FIELDING**





Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!

# TOM THUMB;

A Burletta,

ALTERED FROM HENRY FIELDING,  
BY KANE O'HARA.

WITH DESIGNS  
BY  
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:  
JOSEPH THOMAS, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL;  
AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT.

—  
MDCCLXXXVII.

TOM THUMB, to whose exploits we have listened with delight in our childhood, and witnessed on the stage with laughter and amusement in our later years, is a hero whose origin is enveloped in equal obscurity with that of many others of old and later time; rival nations contend for the honour of his birth, and rival antiquaries advance their several theories respecting him with equal confidence and pertinacity.

The Author of "*Tom Thumb his Life and Death*," 8vo. 1690, asserts him to have been of British origin :

" In Arthur's Court, *Tom Thumb* did live,  
A man of mickle might,  
The best of all the table round,  
And eke a doughty knight."<sup>\*</sup>

And the erudite Commentator on that work, (*edit.* 1711,) takes the same side of the question; but the learned namesake of our Hero, TOM HEARNE, degrades him to the rank of a dwarf in the court of King Edgar.† Mr. E. Taylor,‡ with greater probability, traces him to the Däumling, or Little-Thumb, of the Northern nations, and considers him to have formed one of that hardy band of the descendants of Odin, whom Hengist and Horsa led into Britain. Leaving the decision of this important national question to the very learned, *The Society of Antiquaries*, and *The Royal Society of Literature*, we proceed to the history of the drama founded on his exploits.

The muse of Fielding, a name sacred to genius, first presented him before the world as a dramatic hero in 1730, in burlesque of the then favourite tragedies, filled with turgid and bombast speeches, and vapid declamations. To encounter these and drive them from the stage, no weapon was so proper as ridicule; and, wielded by such a hand, none was more effective. The putting into the mouths of Arthur and his mock Court the same speeches parodied, or slightly altered, had the most ludicrous effect, and immediately succeeded in opening the eyes of the public to the glare and tinsel by which they had been dazzled. The genuine wit and satire in the piece, kept it a favourite long after the purpose which called it forth was answered; and, as altered by O'Hara, it is still deservedly popular with the play-going public.

The pencil of the Artist has in these times the power which

\* Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 8vo. 1791.

† Benedictus Abbas, *Appendix ad Professionem*, p. LV.

‡ *German Popular Stories*, vol. i. notes.

in days of yore was ascribed to the wand of the Enchanter Merlin—by it TOM THUMB is again called into an existence, which promises to be lasting as the well-earned fame of his facetious historian, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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*Dramatis Personæ, Costume and Stage Directions.*

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- KING ARTHUR**—Antique square-skirted royal embroidered suit, flowing wig, three-cornered hat with feathers, red stockings rolled over, high-heeled shoes, with square toes and buckles, sword, gauntlet, belt, and baton.
- TOM THUMB**—Flesh legs and arms, Roman breast-plate, shirt, &c., the dress studded with steel, helmet with plume of feathers, belt, sword, red sandals, &c.
- MERLIN**—Large black gown, high black cap and belt, all with cabalistic characters, grey wig, and long beard.
- LORD GRIZZLE**—Antique velvet court suit, satin waistcoat, scarlet stockings, square-toed shoes with buckles, three-cornered hat, belt, and sword.
- NOODLE and DOODLE**—Antique court dresses, &c.
- GHOST of GAFFER THUMB**—Smock frock, white face, grey wig, and countryman's hat.
- QUEEN DOLLALOLLA**—Full antique court satin dress, wig fully curled, powdered and ornamented with various coloured flowers, embroidered stomacher, hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, &c.
- HUNCAMUNCA**—Embroidered antique court dress, &c.
- GLUMDALCA**—Full hooped satin dress, silver breast-plate, and helmet with plume of feathers, &c.
- FRIZALETTA, PLUMANTE, and LADIES OF THE COURT**—Antique court dress.

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*R. means Right.—L. Left. C. Centre.*



# T O M T H U M B .

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Palace yard.*

*Enter DOODLE on the right, and NOODLE on the left—after a long obeisance, they embrace.*

#### DUET.

DOOD. Sure such a day,  
So renowned, so victorious—  
Such a day as this was never seen ;  
Courtiers so gay,  
And the mob so uproarious—  
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

NOOD. Arthur to Doll  
Is grown bobbish and uxorious ;  
While both she and Huncamunca tipple, talking  
tawdry,  
Even Mr. Sol,  
So tifted out, so glorious,  
Glitters like a beau in a new birth-day embroidery.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day,  
Of jubilee, cajollery ;  
A day we never saw before,  
A day of fun and drollery.

NOOD. That you may say,  
 Their majesties may boast of it;  
 And since it never can come more,  
 'Tis fit they make the most of it.

DOOD. Oh, 'tis a day, &c.

NOOD. That you may say, &c.

DOOD. Sure such a day, &c.

NOOD. Courtiers so gay, &c.

DOOD. Yes, Noodle, yes:—to-day the mighty  
 Thumb

Returns triumphant. Captive giants swarm  
 Like bees behind his car. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

NOOD. These trumpets speak the King at levee, I go.

DOOD. And I also—to offer my petition.

NOOD. Doodle, do.

[*Exeunt DOODLE. R. NOODLE. L.*]

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SCENE II.—*Inside of the Palace.*

*The KING and QUEEN seated on a throne. Lord GRIZZLE, Courtiers, and Attendants. DOODLE and NOODLE apart. They all come forward.*

KING. Let no face but a face of joy be seen;  
 The man who this day frowns, shall lose his head,  
 That he may have no face to frown withal—  
 Smile, Dollalolla!

DOOD. (*kneeling*) Dread liege  
 This petition—

KING. (*dashes it away*) Petition me no petitions,  
 sir, to-day;

To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk,  
And this, our Queen, shall be as drunk as we.

QUEEN. Is't so? why then perdition catch the  
failers,

Let's have a rouse and get as drunk as tailors.

AIR.

What though I now am half seas o'er,  
I scorn to baulk this bout—  
Of stiff rack punch fetch bowls a score,  
'Fore George, I'll see them out.

What though, &c.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,  
T' indulge in vulgar sips;  
No drop of brandy, gin, or rum,  
Should pass these royal lips.

But, sir, &c.

*Chorus.*—Rum ti iddity, row, row, row,  
If we'd a good sup, we'd take it now.

KING. Though rack, in punch, ten shillings were  
a quart,  
And rum and brandy be but half-a-crown,  
Rather than quarrel, thou shalt have thy fill.

[*Flourish of trumpets.* L.

NOOD. These martial sounds, my liege, announce  
the general.

KING. Haste we to meet, and meetly to receive  
him. [*Martial music.*

L. *Enter TOM THUMB, Soldiers, and GLUMDALCA  
in chains.*

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Thomas Thumb!  
Thou tiny hero—pigmy giant queller!  
What gratitude can thank away the debt