MY SON TOM.

Lehman & Duval Lith.ts

A Comic Ballad,

Sung with unbounded applause

by

Mr BURTON

Written by

Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.r

PHILADELPHIA

FIOT, MEIGNEN & Co *Publishers & importers of Music & Musical instruments No 217 Chesnut Street.*

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MY SON TOM.

Sentimentally.

mf fp piu f Cres

My Son's a youth of tal_ents rare, You

f sf. sfp sfp p dol: fp

really ought to know him; But he blushes so when peo_ple stare, That he seldom lets me

p ten. sfp sfp p fp f cres:

show him! To school he ne_ver yet was sent, Nor yet to Oxford College; So

f p f p

all are in as_tonishment Where Tom pick'd up his knowledge. My Tom's a youth of

ad lib: pp dim rf

sfp col: voce p pp rfz sf

talents rare, You real_ly ought to know him; But he blushes so when

peo_ple stare, That he seldom lets me show him. My Tom! Tom!

dolce. dim: ten:

Tom! You real_ly ought to know him; But he blushes so when

ten: cres

peo_ple stare, That he sel_dom lets me show him.

piu

cres

My son tom.

2d VERSE.

But Tom's a mi_nor re_collect, (But nine_teen next No_
Cres_cen_do.
_vem_ber!) And so, of course, one can't expect, Big books he should re_member: With
cle_ver boys, if peo_ple force Their minds, 'tis ru_i_nation; So
ad lib:
I let na_ture take her course, A fig for e_du_ca_tion.
My Tom's a youth of &c.

3rd VERSE.

By instinct Tom picks up at once, The things that others
cres_cen_do.
stu_dy, My Husband storms, and calls him Dunce, He should not do so should he! Some
talk about the books they've read, And each is thought a wise one, Tom
ad lib:
makes all out of his own head Re_marks that quite sur_prize one.
My Tom's a youth of &c.

4th VERSE.

Tom wears no stock, no long tail'd coat, Un_fit for boys of
cres_cen_do.
his age; A jacket, and an o_pen throat, Best suit his form and vis_age: Here
af_ter when the fair, and gay, My darling is pur_su_ing; I'm
ad lib:
sure he will not fail to say "Twas all my Mother's do_ing!"
My Tom's a youth of &c.