

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

4 *Little Man and Little Soul*

A Ballad.

*To the tune of "There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid."*

Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Charles Abbot.

*arcades ambo*

*et cant-are pares.*

There was a little Man and he had a little Soul,  
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,  
"Whether it 's within our reach  
"To make up a little Speech,  
"Just between little you and little I, I, I, 5  
"Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,  
Peeping from her little hole,  
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,  
"But, if it 's not uncivil, 10  
"Pray tell me what the devil,  
"Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,  
"Must our little, little speech be about?"

The little Man lookt big,  
With the assistance of his wig, 15  
And he called his little Soul to order, order, order,  
Till she feared he 'd make her jog in  
To jail, like Thomas Croggan,  
(As she was n't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, ward her,  
As she was n't Duke or Earl, to reward her. 20

The little Man then spoke,  
"Little Soul, it is no joke,  
"For as sure as Jacky Fuller loves a sup, sup, sup,

“I will tell the Prince and People  
“What I think of Church and Steeple, 25  
“And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,  
“And my little patent plan to prop them up.”

Away then, cheek by jowl,  
Little Man and little Soul  
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle, tittle, tittle, 30  
And the world all declare  
That this priggish little pair  
Never yet in all their lives lookt so little, little, little,  
Never yet in all their lives lookt so little!

*1813*

(From *Thomas Moore's Complete Poetical Works*. Collected by  
Himself. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1895)