The Account

of the

OLD WOMAN

WHO SOLD FRUIT;

SHEWING HOW SHE GOT TIPSEY,

HER FRUIT STOLEN,

AND HER REFORMATION,

&c. &c.

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OLD WOMAN WHO SOLD FRUIT,

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AND HER REFORMATION &c.

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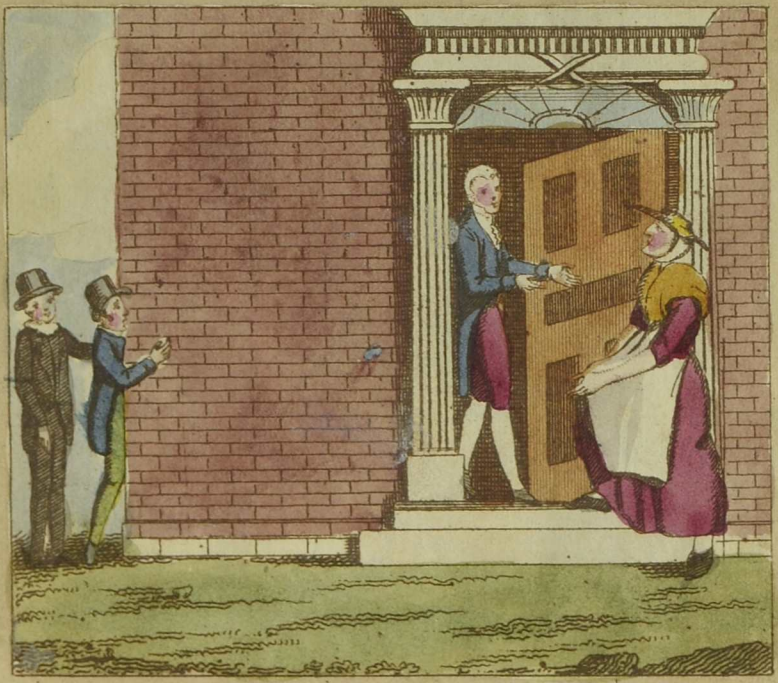
There once was an old woman, who sold fruit,
So nice and so ripe, it all palates did suit;
Her cherries were so red, and her plums were so blue,
That I should like to have some, and pray would not you:
So charming they did look, and so charming she did cry.
Come buy my nice fruit, come buy them, who'll buy.

This old woman got tipsy, upon a summer's day,
And there came by some naughty boys, who stole her fruit away;
Her Apples, and her oranges, her cherries red and black,
And well did they deserve, a good stick about their back:
But the foolish old woman, was full as bad as they,
For being asleep, and tipsy, all on a summer's day.

When this Old Woman woke, and miſs'd her little store,
She rav'd, she stamp'd, she storm'd, and I believe she swore,
Oh! hang these naughty boys, and simple me, she said,
That ever I should fall asleep, till I was safe in bed:
But if that I should ever be, as happy as before,
I'd keep myself quite sober, and fall asleep no more.

Then there came by another Woman, who sold posy's,
Of Primroses, of Violets, of Hyacinths, and Roses;
She thought this Old Woman, was crack'd in her head,
Pray what is the matter, poor Woman she said:
Oh! I'm ruin'd, and I'm robb'd, she cried of all my little store,
And now I must a begging go, about from door to door.

The flower Woman said, was there ever such a ~~*fool*~~, Silly
To be asleep and tipsey, so near a Boarding School;
For little boys for mischief, and little boys for play,
Would be sure to steal your fruit, and with it run away:
Go speak unto their master, and try to make them friends,
Perhaps the little Gentlemen, will make you some amends.



The Old Woman thought, this was very good advice,
So up unto the Master, she went all in a trice;
And when that she saw him, she dropt upon her knee,
And said kind Sir I pray you, take pity upon me:
A foolish, and a naughty Old Woman you behold,
Tho' all sorts of fine fruit, so lately 'twas I sold.

But being very negligent, and falling fast asleep,
I lost all my little stock, for which now sore I weep;
But if that these young Gentlemen, would pity my sad case,
A very trifling sum, would my losses all replace:
And then I should perhaps be, as happy as before,
For I would ever prudent act, and fall asleep no more.

The Schoolmaster turn'd him round, and view'd each trembling lad
And said I fear young Gentlemen, you've acted very bad;
And I am sorely vex'd and griev'd, to hear of this affair,
But give this poor Old Woman, what money you can spare:
And I charge you all in future, to guard against this crime,
For you will not come off so cheap, be sure another time.

The boys, then they all said, that they were very willing,
So some they gave a sixpence, and some they gave a shilling;
And some they gave a penny, according to their purse,
And the old woman blest her stars, that it turn'd out no worse:
The Master gave a reprimand, in hopes to make her better,
For which, no doubt she felt herself, his very humble debtor.

The next market day, this old woman, she was seen,
With apples, with their rosy cheeks, and gooseberries so green
And customers they came apace, which pleas'd her very well,
And all the fruit which she did buy, so quickly she did sell:
Now she is quite reform'd, as I have heard folks say,
And living in her stall again, unto this very day.

I hope that all Old Women, will a warning take by this,
And then they will keep sober, and never do amiſs;
And all the little boys, and girls, who read of these affairs,
Must be sure they never steal, either apples, plums, or pears;
And they shall be rewarded, as good children ought to be,
And another pretty new book, they very soon shall see.

Published by

EDWARD LANE,

54,

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FITZROY SQUARE;

AND

MAY BE HAD OF EVERY BOOKSELLER.

1807.