

OLD WOMAN

And her Pig.

Price 6d. Coloured.

Published by G. Martin 6. Great St. Thomas Apostle

Price 6s Coloured.
DAME GRISKIN and HER PIG.
Published by G. Martin & Co. Great St. Thomas Apostle, London.



Dame Griskin and her pig,
Went to market in a gig,
For she vow'd there that day she would take it,
The pig it squeek'd out,
So she tied up its snout,
And his noise she then said he might make it.

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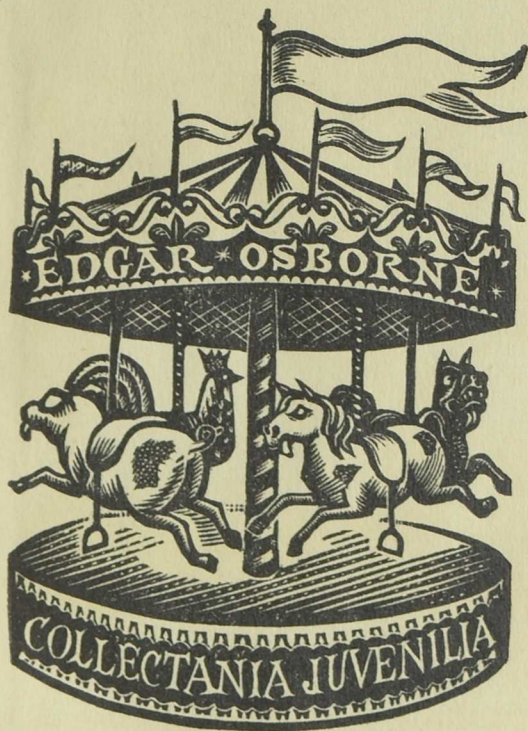
The sweep soon found her gig,
In got Griskin and pig,
And to market she trudg'd with her grunter ;
But the nag began kicking .
And Dame Griskin to whip him .
When the horse he set off like a hunter .

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But the pig was not dead,
For he rais'd up his head;
Began squalling much louder than ever.
Dame Griskin then cried,
I've undone what I tied,
And to please him I now will endeavour.

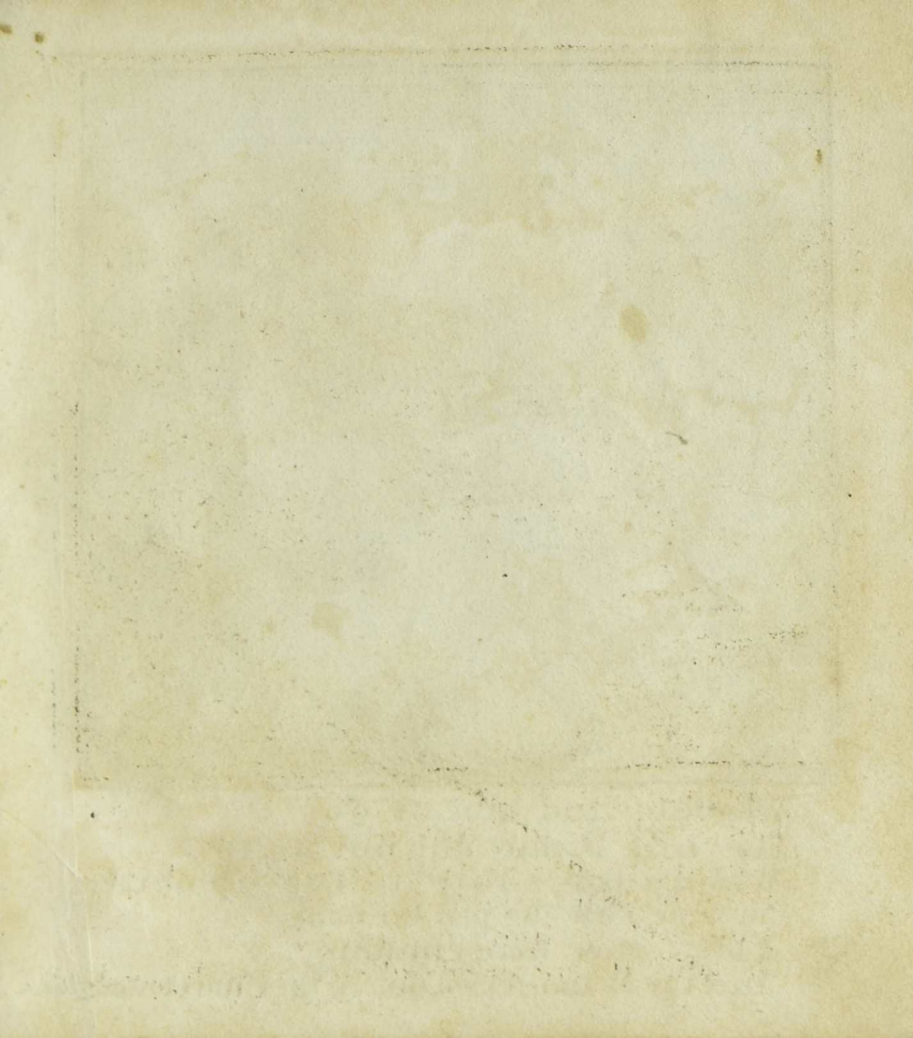
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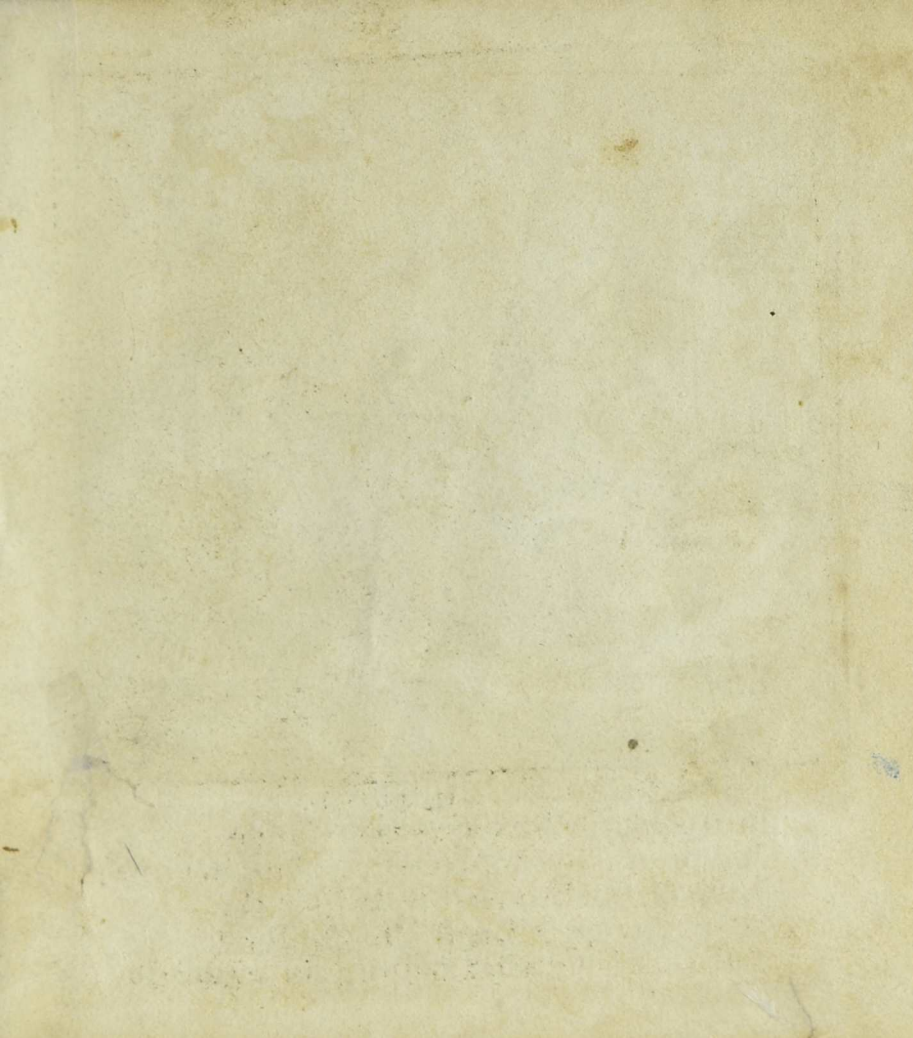


So the pig she took out,
Let him walk all about;
Thought by stretching his legs he'd be quiet.
But the pig ran away,
Horse and gig went astray:
And a dog old Dame Griskin did fly at.





Where to find him or go,
 The old Dame did not know;
 When poor sooty got up to look round
 Sweep^y saw the pig coming, ^{him}
 A mob after him running,
 And the Dame cried out—o they have found him.

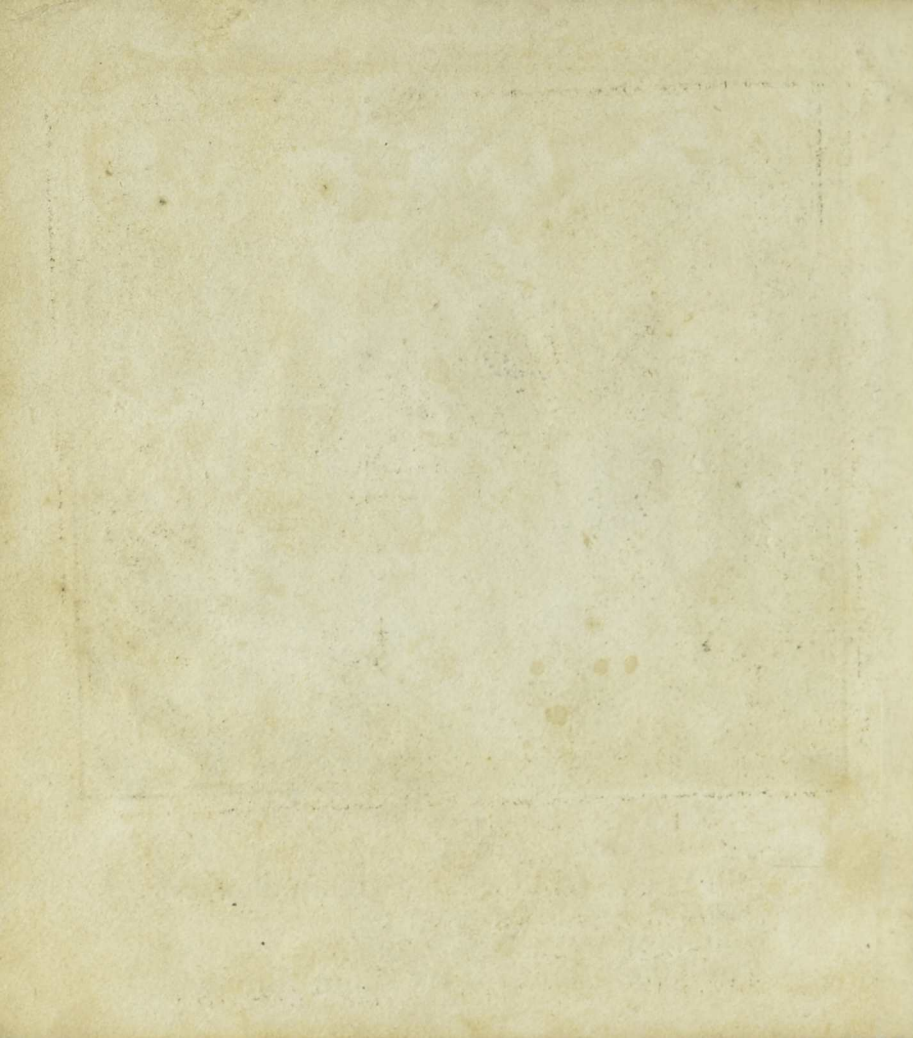




The pig run through the town,
Knock'd a chimney sweep down,
And poor sooty lay sprawling in trouble,
Dame Griskin soon follow'd;
Stop my pig loud she hallo'd
And fell over the sweep in a puddle.

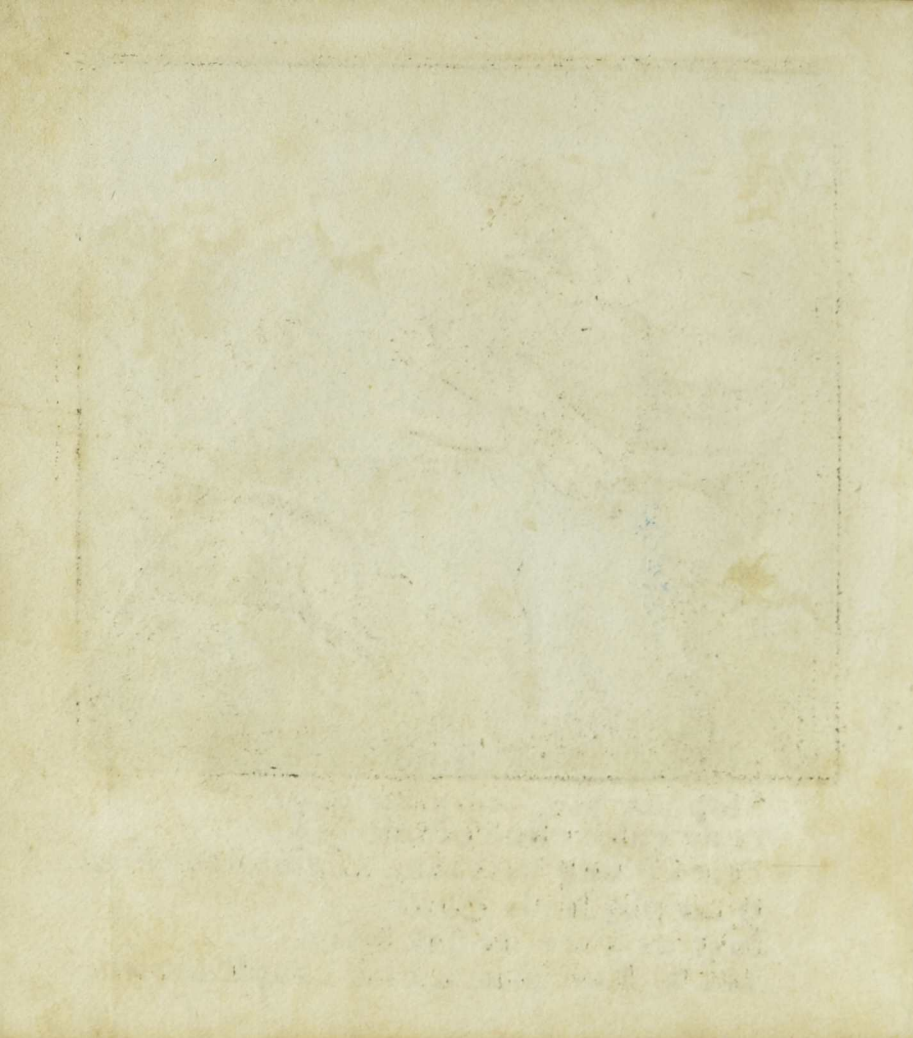


The folks laughd at the rig,
Of the sweep and the pig;
And to comfort Dame Griskin all tried,
Imight now have my pig,
Safe and snug in my gig
Cried the Dame but his snout I mied.



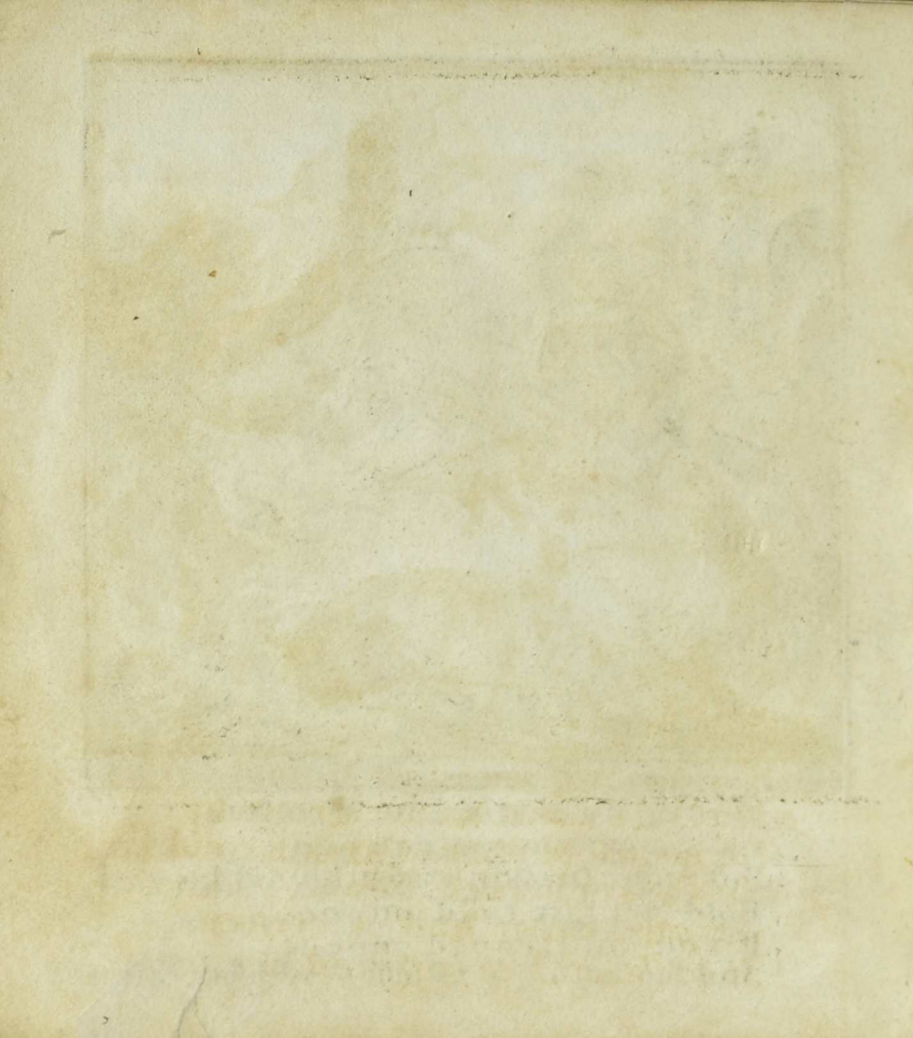


Stop my pig, stop my pig,
Pray take care of my gio;
Cried Dame Griskin, I'm ruin'd for ever;
O my pig he is gone,
Just as sure as I'm born;
And to find him again I shall never.





The pig now tried to shun her,
Once more to out run her ;
But Dame Griskin caught hold of his ears ;
Hold him fast call'd out one,
If you dont you're undone,
And the boys gave Dame Griskin three cheers.



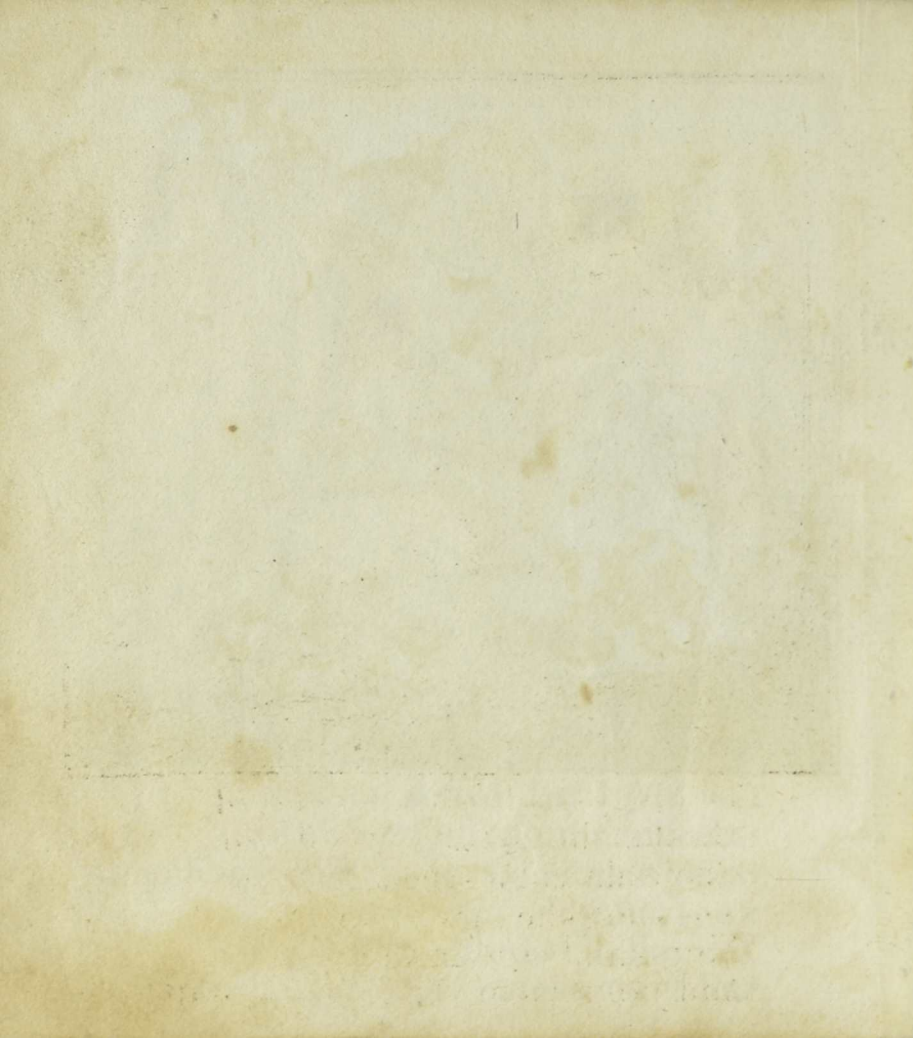


Now the pig was fast bound,
And laid down on the ground:
For no longer Dame Griskin could fag
So she set herself down,
Gave the sweep half a crown,
To look for her gig and her nag.

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The pig laid down his head;
Griskin thought he was dead.
Grew alarm'd lest no one there would buy it;
So said she my dear pig;
You shall ride in my gig;
And your snout I no longer will tie it.





Now the pig he was sold,
And her sad story told,
To the people who only laugh'd at her;
So she mounted her gig,
Left behind her dear pig,
And came back as if nothing the matter.

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