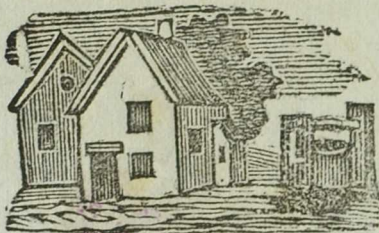


THE HISTORY
OF
DAME CRUMP.



BISHOP & CO.,
Printers, 101, Houndsditch, London.

THE HISTORY OF
LITTLE DAME CRUMP.



Little Dame Crump with her little hair
broom,
One morning was sweeping her little bed
room,
When casting her little grey eyes on the
ground,
In a little sly corner a penny she found.
Odds bobs! cried the Dame,
While she star'd with surprise,
How lucky I am!
Bless my heart what a prize,

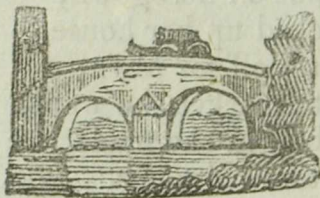
To market I'll go,
And a pig I will buy,
And little John Gibbons
Shall make him a stye.



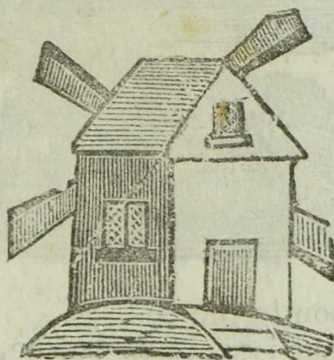
So she washed her face clean,
And put on her gown,
Then locked up her house,
And set off for town,
Where to market she went,
And bargain she made,
For a little white pig,
The penny she paid.



When she purchas'd the pig,
She was puzzled to know
How they both should get home
If the pig would not go ;
So fearing that piggy
Might play her a trick,
She drove him along
With a little crab stick.



Piggy ran till he came
To the foot of a hill,
Where a little bridge stood,
O'er the stream of a mill
When he grunted and squeak'd,
And no further would go,
O fie, little pig,
To serve little dame so.



Now she went to the mill,
Where she borrow'd a sack,
Which she popp'd the pig in,
And took on her back;

Piggy cried to get out,
But the little dame said,
If you wont go by fair means,
You then must be made.



She soon to the end
Of her journey had come,
And was mightily pleased,
When she got piggy home.
So she carried the pig,
To his nice little sty;
And made him a bed
Of clean straw snug and dry.



Whith a handfull of peas
 Little pig she then fed,
 Then she put on her nightcap,
 And went into bed,
 Having first said her prayers,
 Than she put out the light,
 And being quite tired,
 We will bid her good night.

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w x y z.

THE HISTORY OF
DAME CRUMP



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