

*The Old Pig
and her two Children*

P. 1307

Drawer 14



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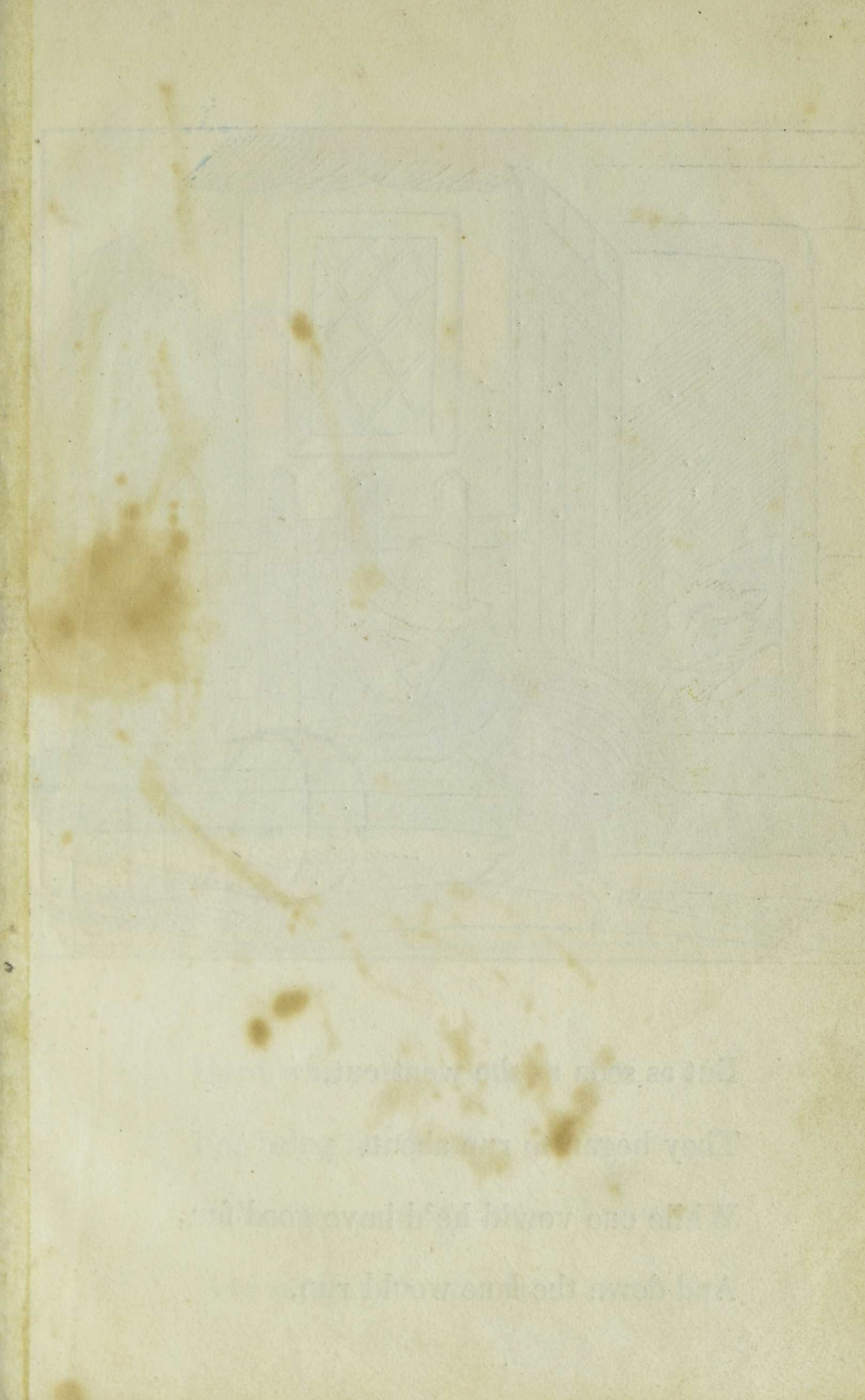
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The Old Pig and her two Children.

James Barlow



Here's the pig that went to market,
With her little cloak and basket ;
She has left her young behind,
Bidding them her house to mind.





But as soon as she went out,
They began to run about,
While one vow'd he'd have good fun,
And down the lane would run.



Hard was master piggy's fate,
For being obstinate ;
A butcher passing, chanc'd to see,
And with the truant bold, made free.

And with the top-out hold, made free.
A further passing, through to see,
For being chaste and
Hard was made of paper to be.

And pig too late, learnt to be wise,
To the Fair he bore his prize,
Heedless of his great alarm;
Taking pig beneath his arm,



Taking pig beneath his arm,
Heedless of his great alarm ;
To the Fair he bore his prize,
And pig too late, learnt to be wise.

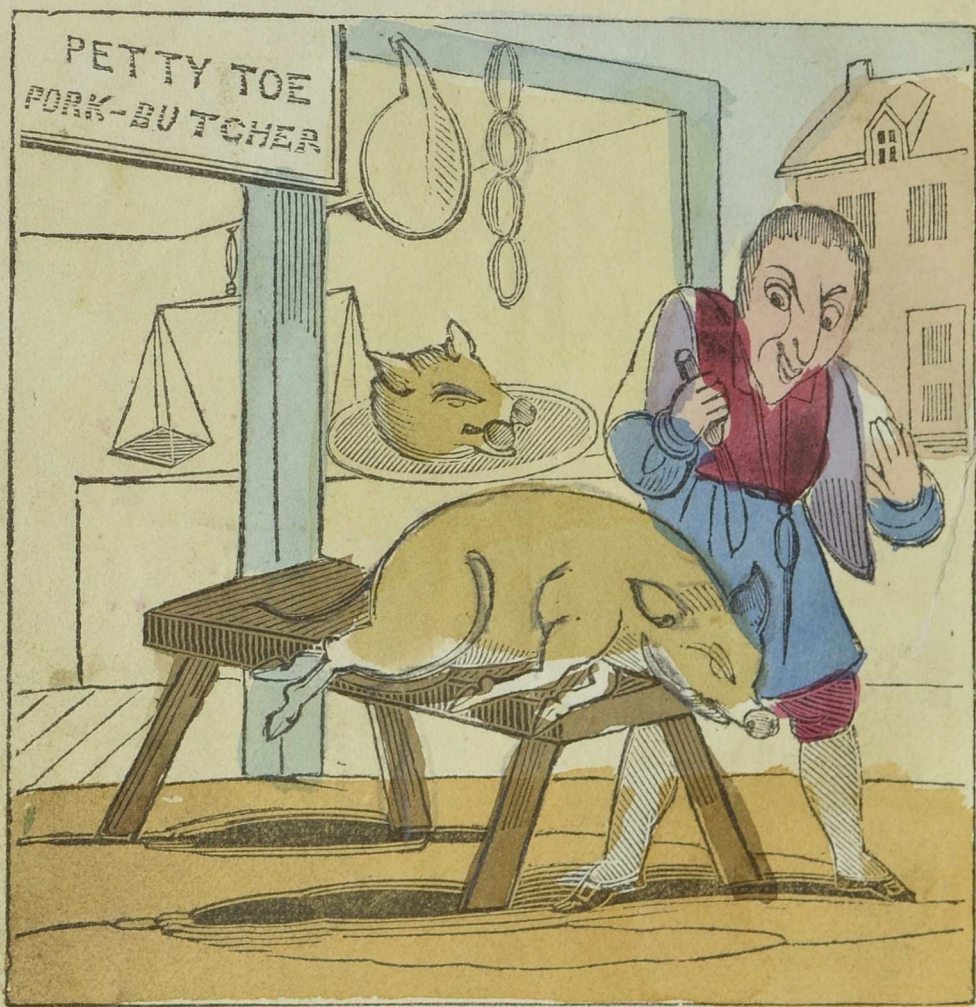


See here's the mountebank,
Pig is led now in the rank ;
Now the chase has just begun,
Pig is caught- the prize is won.

Pig is caught - the prize is won.
Now the chase has just begun.
Pig is led now in the ring
See here's the mountebank.

LETTER TOE
18-20-21

Now the dreadful hour is nigh
Poor master pig is doomed to die
Now the knife shines o'er his head
Now poor pig lies still and dead.



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Poor master pig is doom'd to die,
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Now poor pig lies still and dead.

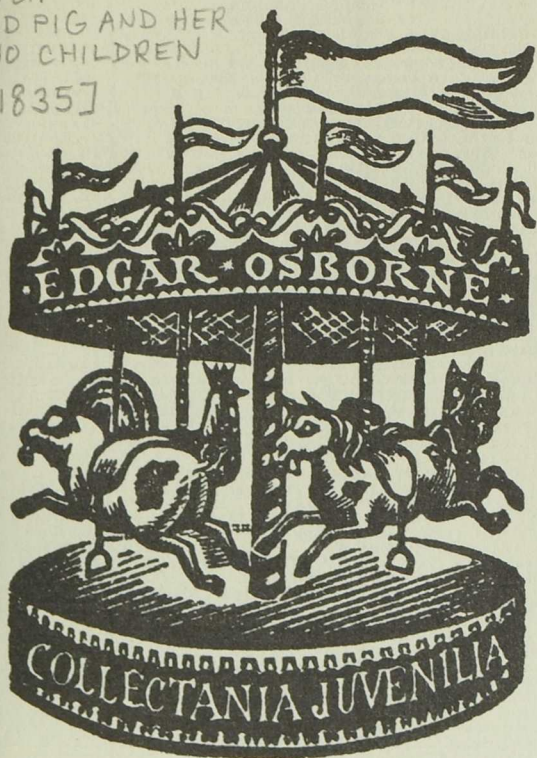


Meantime the old pig returns,
And from her good daughter learns,
How her foolish mate did stray,
Pig squeak'd softly, lack-a-day.



Now the paper tells the tale,
And both child and mother wail,
But their tears are shed in vain,
Nought can bring pig back again.

(P) dr
OLD PIG AND HER
TWO CHILDREN
[1835]



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