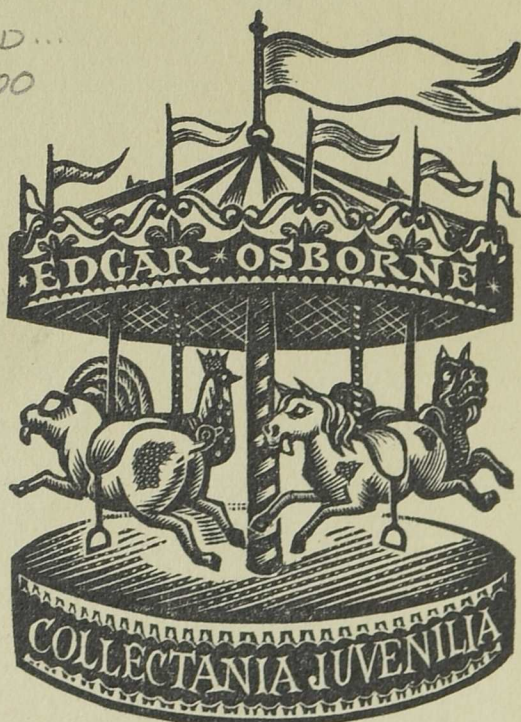


THE OLD WOMAN
AND HER PIG.

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OLD WOMAN ...
1900

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1900



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J. H. Bailey.

From M. O. B.

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THE OLD WOMAN

AND

HER PIG.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

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THE DAISY.

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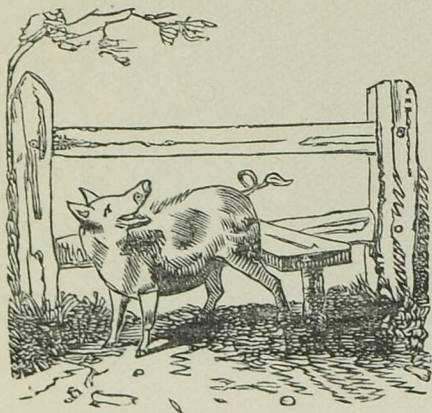
THE CROCUS.

THE THREE WISHES.

THE OLD WOMAN

AND

HER PIG.



BIRMINGHAM :

CORNISH BROTHERS, 37, NEW STREET.

1900.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

An Old Story in a New Dress.



FINDING THE SILVER PENNY.

A LITTLE old woman, who lived in a
house,
Too small for a giant, too big for a
mouse,—



BUYING THE PIG.

Was sweeping her chambers, (though she
had not many,)

When she found, by good fortune, a bright
silver penny !

Delighted she seized it, and, dancing a jig,
Exclaim'd, " With this money I'll purchase
a pig."

So saying, away to the market she went,
And the fruits of her fortunate sweeping
she spent

On a smooth-coated, black-spotted, curly-
tailed thing,

Which she led off in triumph, by means
of a string,



FIG WON'T GO OVER THE STYLE.

But how shall I paint her vexation and
 toil,
 When, in crossing a meadow, she came to
 a stile,
 And found neither threats nor persuasions
 would do
 To induce Mr. Piggy to climb or creep
 through!

She coax'd him, she strok'd him, she patted
his hide,

She scolded him, threaten'd him, thump'd
him beside ;

But coaxing, and scolding, and thumping
proved vain,

Whilst the evening grew dark, and 'twas
likely to rain.



“PLEASE DOG BITE FIG.”

The dame, out of patience, now cried, in
a fright,
To a dog which came up, “Pray, give
Piggy a bite,
“ And over the stile, Sir, compel him to go,
“ Or here I may stay till ’tis midnight,
you know.”

This request Mr. Bow-wow, of course must
have heard,

But he silently stood, without saying a
word.

“Well, well,” said the dame, “I’ll be even
with you,—

“Unkindness like this you may happen to
rue.”



“PLEASE STICK BEAT DOG.”

Then pausing and anxiously looking around,
She saw a stout crab-stick lie flat on the
ground.

“Kind stick,” she exclaim’d, “I entreat
you to flog

“This cruel, regardless, unmannerly dog,

“Who will not bite Piggy, though plainly
you see

“My pig will not stir, and there’s no
home for me.”

No reply made the stick, not a blow
would it strike,

But crab-stick and cur remained silent
alike.



“ PLEASE FIRE BURN STICK.”

“ Well, this is provoking ! but yonder’s a fire,

“ And now,” said old Goody, “ I’ll have my desire.”

The flame she saluted, and cried, “ Pray be quick,

“ Assist a poor woman, and burn this vile stick,

“For ’twill not beat yon dog, though the
cur will not bite

“My pig; and I here may remain all the
night.”

In vain to the flame did our sweeper appeal
For her sufferings it would not, or perhaps
could not, feel.



“PLEASE WATER QUENCH FIRE.”

An opposite element next caught her eye,
And its friendly assistance she therefore
would try.—

“Dear water,” she said, “do extinguish
this fire,

“Which will not (although ’tis my ardent
desire)

“Consume yonder crab-stick, which,
obstinate too,

“With beating that cur will have nothing
to do;



“ PLEASE OX DRINK WATER.”

“ And the dog, as ill-natured, you see, as
the rest,

“ Refuses to bite this young obstinate
beast ;

“ So here I’m compelled, most reluctant,
to stay,

“ And here may remain till the break of
the day.”

The water regardless of all that was
said,

Lay perfectly still,—not an effort was
made.

So next to an ox her attention she turn'd,
And telling him how her entreaties were
scorned,

By the dog, by the stick, by the flame,
and the flood,

She said, "I beseech you, great Sir, be so
good,

"As to drink up this water, which, every
one knows,

"Could have put out the fire with ease,
if it chose:

"Oh grant me this favour—do pity my
plight,

"Or here in the fields I must stay all the
night!"

The ox was unmoved, not an eye would he
turn,

Though no flood would extinguish, no fire
would burn,

No crab-stick would give Mr. Bow-wow a
blow,

Nor would he compel the pig forward
to go.

Then kindling with rage Piggy's mistress
cried out,

"Oh! here comes a man, he'll avenge me
no doubt."

So once more relating her pitiful story,

She said, "In the death of that ox I
should glory;



“PLEASE BUTCHER KILL OX.”

“Now therefore, good butcher, the animal
kill ;

“I’ll thank you, I’ll bless you ; indeed,
Sir, I will.”

The butcher, however, continued his way,
Without even deigning one sentence to
say.

Goody trembled with rage ; yet she
ventured to hope

A friend was at hand, when she saw a
new rope.



“PLEASE ROPE HANG BUTCHER.”

So now with clasp'd hands, mournful voice,
and bent knees,

She said, “Hang that butcher, good rope,
if you please ;

“For, though 'tis his lawful vocation each
day,

“An ox the barbarian refuses to slay.”

She paused for an answer; but hard was
her lot,

No help, nor a word of reply could be
got.



“PLEASE RAT GNAW ROPE.”

A veteran rat at this moment drew near,
 And quietly stood her entreaties to hear.
 So curtseying low,—“I entreat,” said the
 dame,
 “By your grandfather’s beard and your
 grandmother’s fame,

“ By the conquests your father and uncles
have won,

“ And the deeds which both you and your
brethren have done,

“ That your worship will not disappoint
my fond hope,

“ But graciously gnaw and destroy yonder
rope,



“PLEASE CAT KILL RAT.”

“Which, spite of a moving and melting
harangue,

“Refuses that obstinate butcher to hang.”

But ah! in the rat no assistance was found,
And Goody's last hope seemed to fall to
the ground.

But now kind dame Fortune at length
interfered,

And a fierce-looking cat in a moment
appear'd ;

A cat which was hungry, and ready to
slay,

For supper, whatever might come in his
way.

No sooner had, therefore, old Goody
repeated

The slights with which all her petitions
were treated,

Than Mr. Grimalkin, espousing her cause,
Seiz'd the ill-natured rat in his terrible
claws ;

“O spare me!” he squeaked, “and the rope I’ll destroy;”

But when he began his sharp teeth to employ,

The rope to hang up the cross butcher prepar’d;

And the butcher, that moment, most terribly scar’d,

At the head of the ox aim’d a death-giving blow;

But submission is better than death we all know:

So away, at full speed, the wise animal ran

To drink up the water.—The water began

The flame to extinguish: but now 'twas
the turn

Of the fire the ill-natured crab-stick to
burn.

“Hold, hold,” said the stick, “I am going
to flog,

“Most soundly that obstinate cur of a
dog.”



PIGGY HOME AT LAST.

“But, Sir,” said the dog, in a terrible
fright,

“The old lady’s pig I’m preparing to
bite.”

This proved to be true, and his bite was
severe :

“Oh, oh !” cried the pig, I must not
remain here ;”

So over the stile he thought proper to
get,

And Goody no more had occasion to fret ;

For the pig to his sty was now easily
led,

And she put him a trough, and clean
straw for a bed :



THE OLD WOMAN GOING TO BED.

Then fasten'd the door and wish'd him
good night.

The pig gave a grunt, as he could not
speak right.

The old dame went into her neat little
house,

And is now safe in bed, and as snug as a
mouse.

THE END.

