

THE  
COMIC ADVENTURES  
OF  
OLD DAME TROT,  
AND HER CAT:

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LONDON:  
JOHN HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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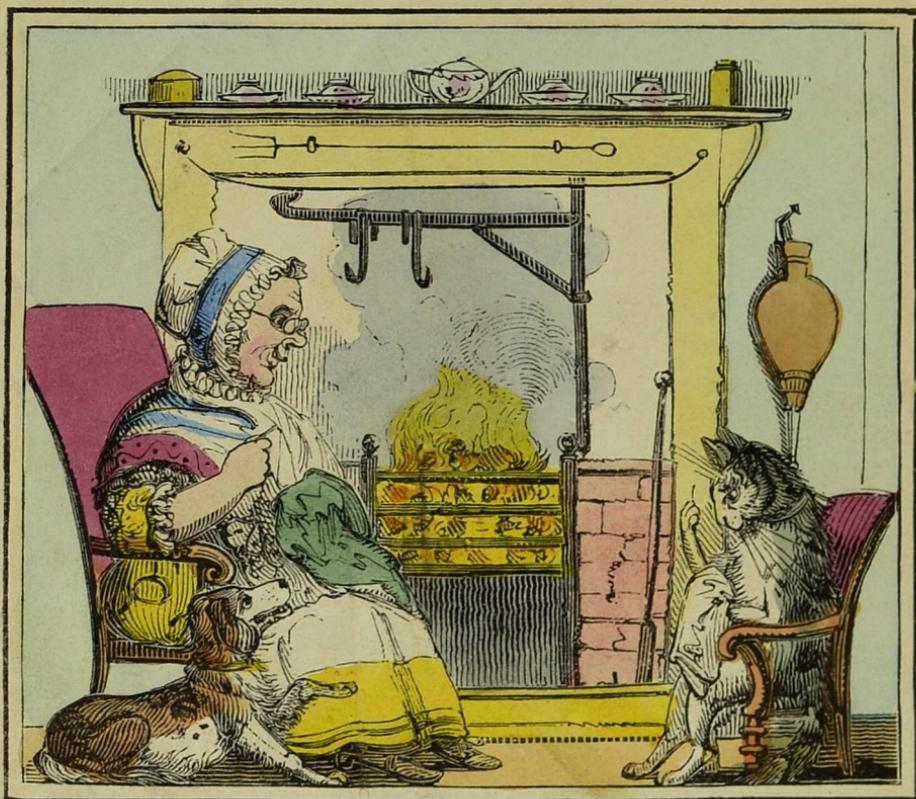
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LONDON:  
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1836.





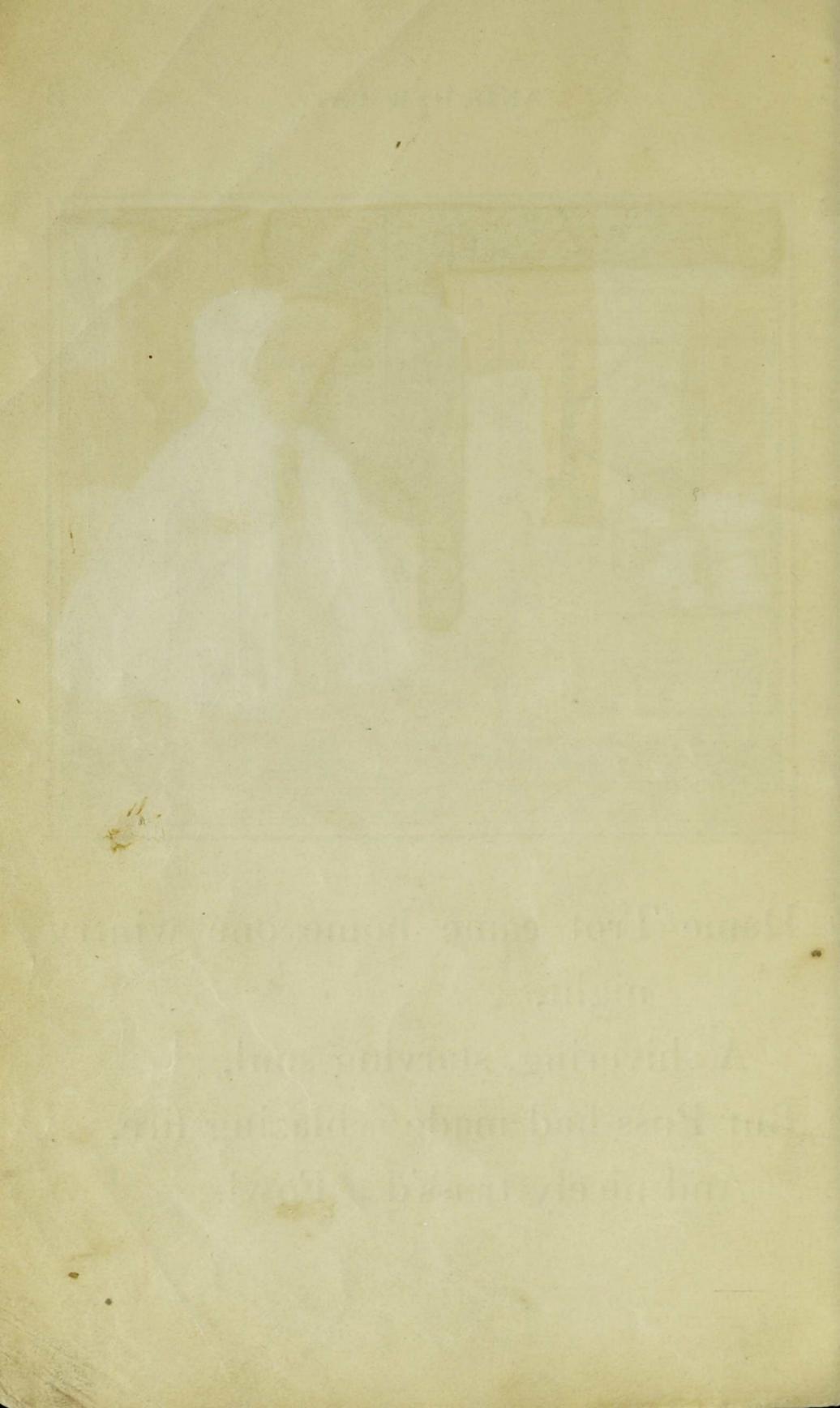


Here you behold Dame Trot, and  
here

Her comic Cat you see ;  
Each seated in an elbow chair  
As snug as they can be.



Dame Trot came home one wintry  
night,  
A shivering, starving soul,  
But Puss had made a blazing fire,  
And nicely truss'd a Fowl.





3

The piano was played, the boy was

class of

The teacher in place

he would be the best to write

and good, said her grace



The Dame was pleased, the Fowl was  
dress'd,  
The table set in place ;  
The wondrous Cat began to carve,  
And Goody said her grace.



The cloth withdrawn, old Goody  
cries,

“I wish we’d liquor too:”

Up jump’d Grimalkin for some wine,  
And soon a cork she drew.







The wine got up in Pussy's head :  
She would not go to bed ;  
But purr'd and tumbled, leap'd and  
danced,  
And stood upon her head.



Old Goody laugh'd to see the sport,  
As though her sides would crack ;  
When Puss, without a single word,  
Leap'd on the Spaniel's back.

By the Bark be careful no

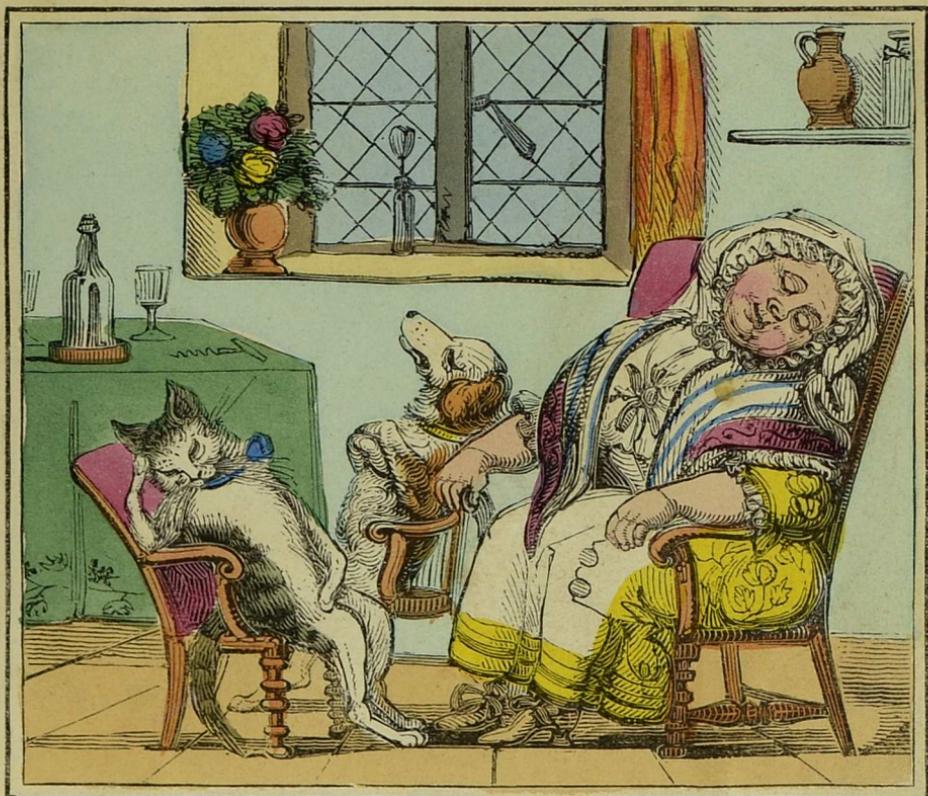




“Ha, ha! well done!” old Trot ex-claims,

“My Cat, you gallop well;”

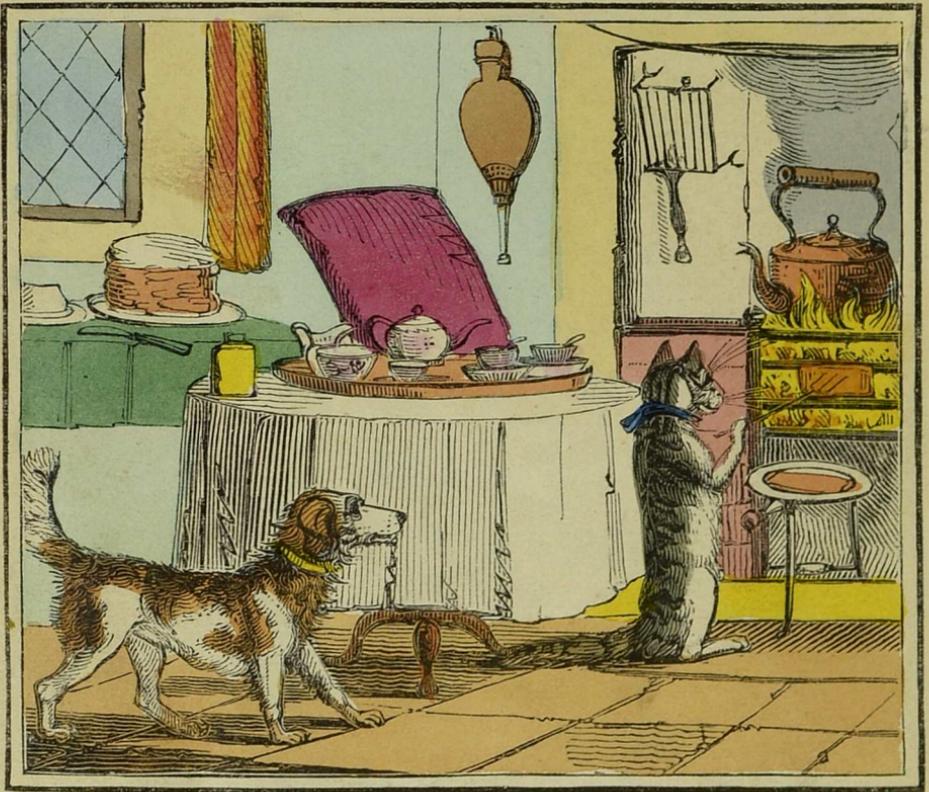
But Spot grew surly, growl'd and bit,  
And down the rider fell.



Now Goody sorely was fatigued,  
Nor eyes could open keep,  
So Spot, and she, and Pussy too,  
Agreed to go to sleep.







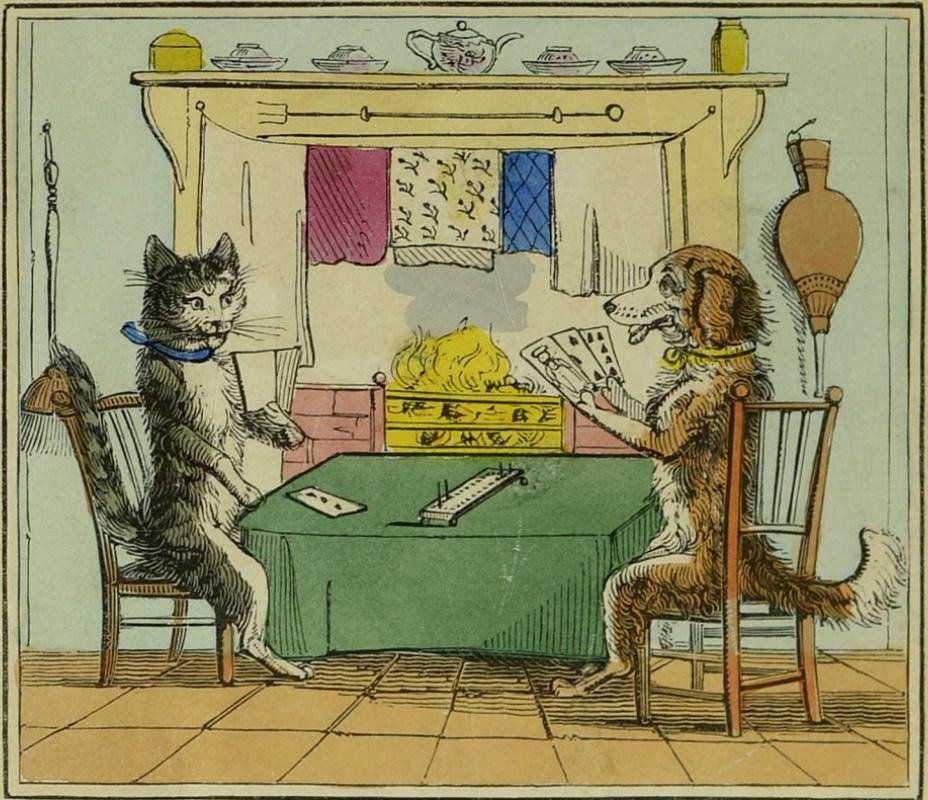
Next morning Puss got up betimes,  
The breakfast-cloth she laid ;  
And ere the village clock struck eight,  
The tea and toast she made.



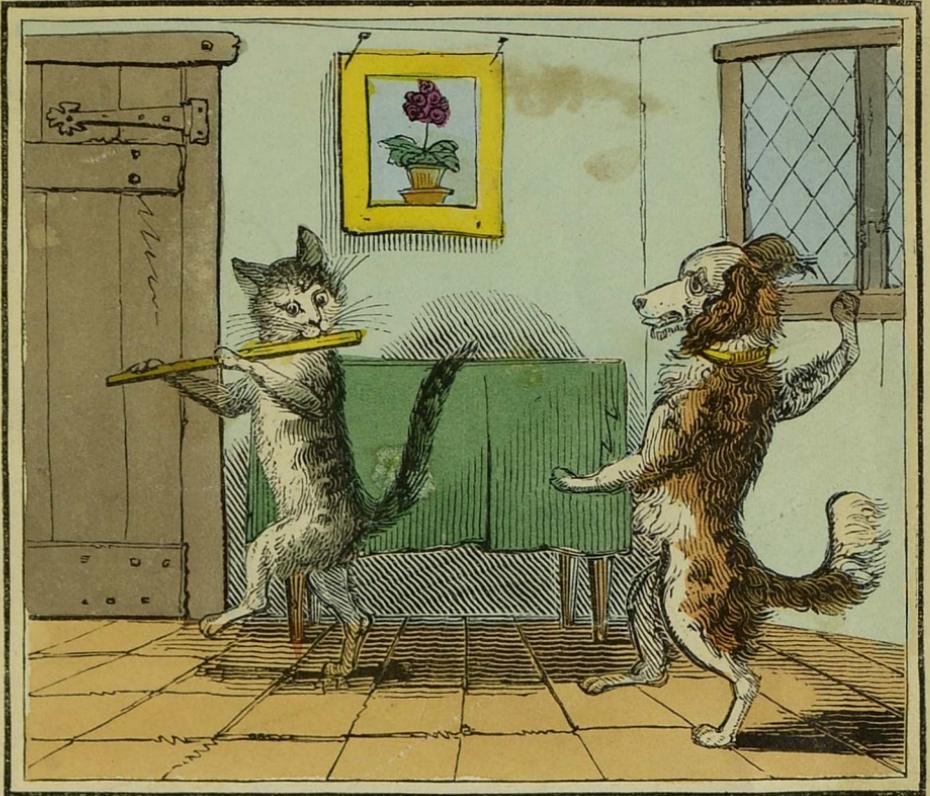
Goody awoke and rubb'd her eyes,  
And drank her cup of tea ;  
Amazed to see her Cat behave  
With such propriety.







The breakfast ended, Trot went out  
To see old neighbour Hards ;  
And coming home, she found her Cat  
Engaged with Spot at cards.



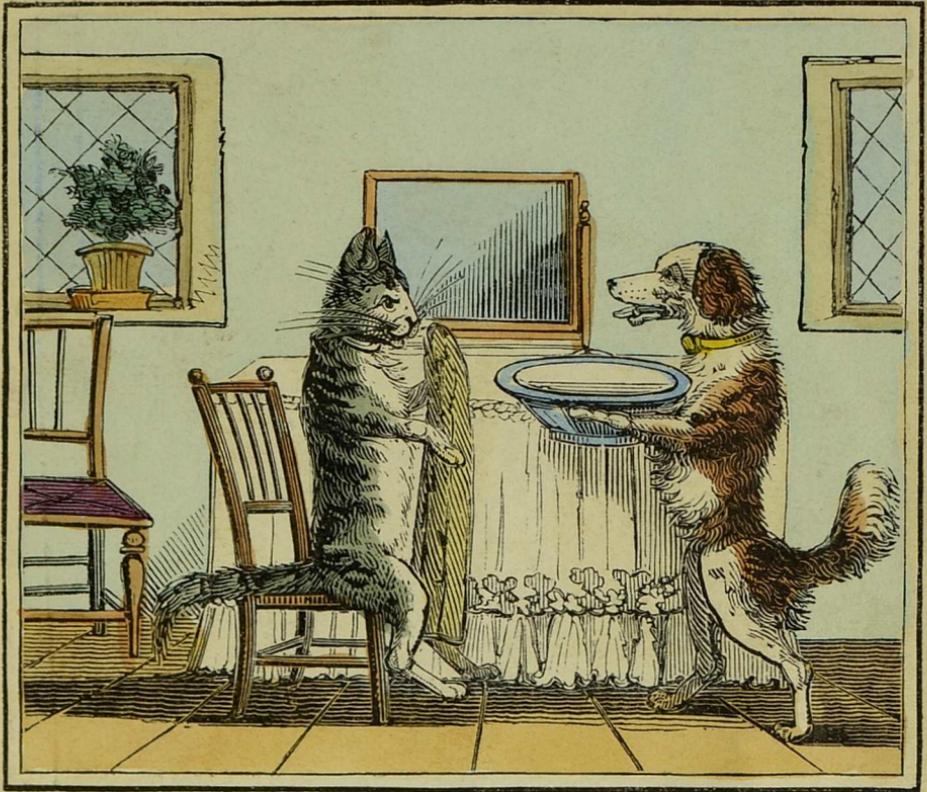
Soon after this, as she came in,  
(It happen'd quite by chance,)  
Pussy was playing on the flute,  
And teaching Spot to dance.







Another time the Dame came in,  
When Spot demurely sat  
Half lather'd to the ears and eyes,  
Half shaven by the Cat.



Grimalkin, having shaved her friend,  
Sat down before the glass,  
And wash'd her face, and dress'd her  
hair,  
Like any modern lass.



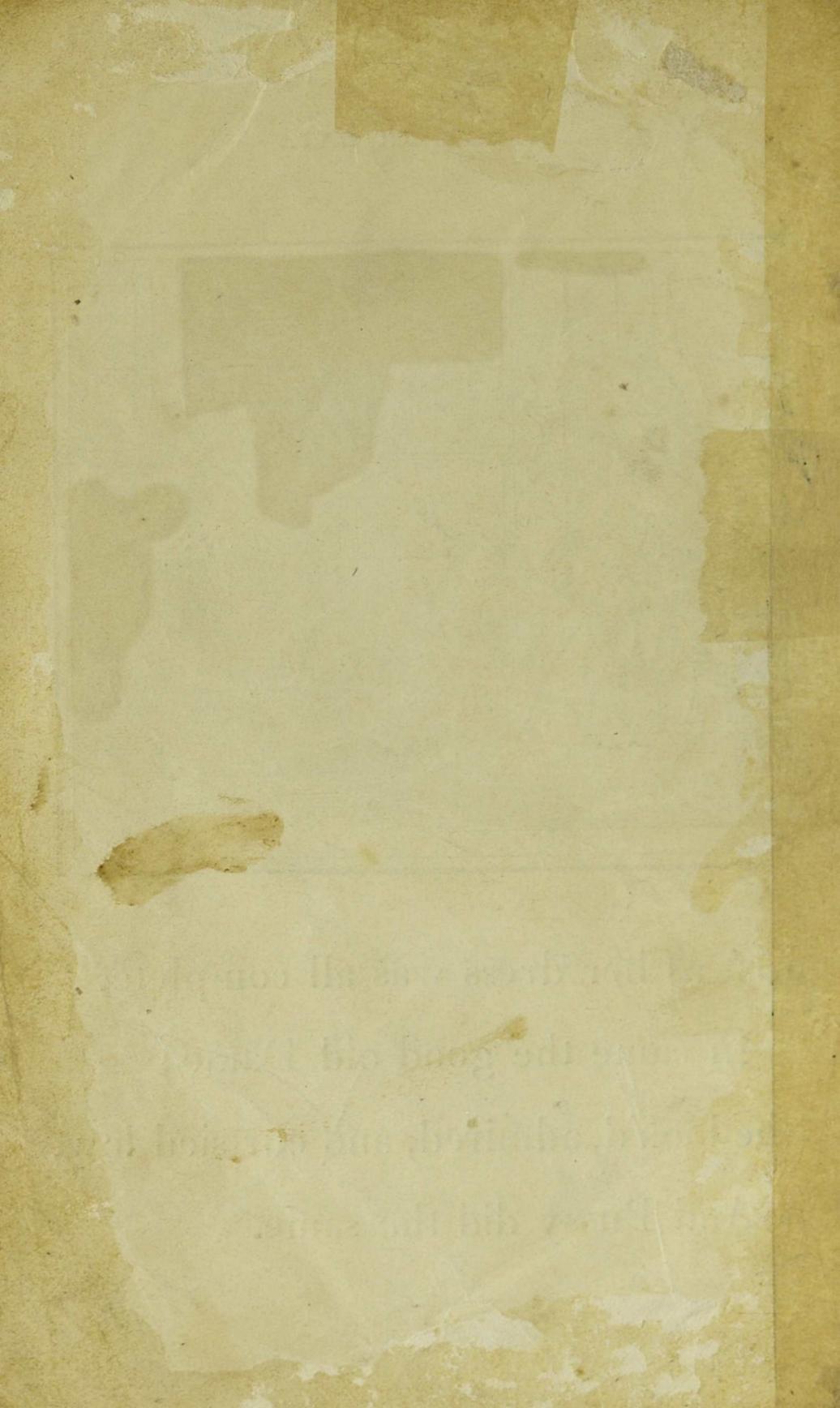




A hat and feather then she took,  
And stuck it on aside ;  
And o'er a gown of crimson silk,  
A handsome tippet tied.

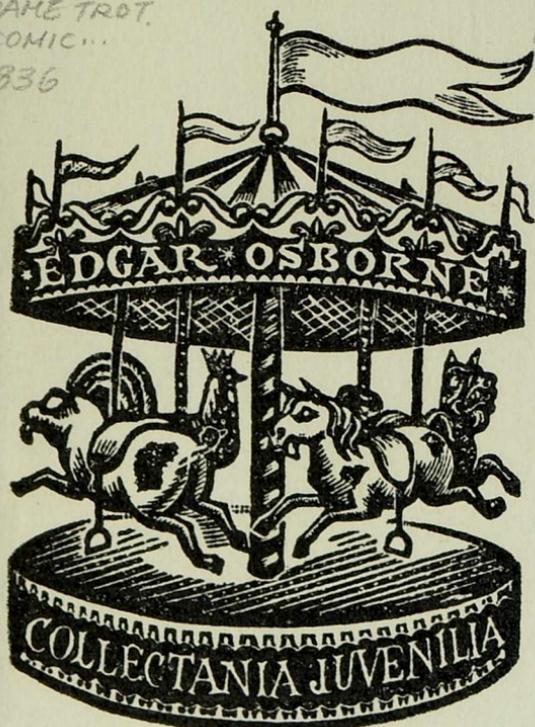


Just as her dress was all complete,  
In came the good old Dame ;  
She look'd, admired, and curtsied low,  
And Pussy did the same.



NR  
DAME TROT.  
COMIC...  
1836

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