

# THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN



**LONDON,**  
**DEAN AND SON,**  
31 LUDGATE HILL.—LATE 35 THREADNEEDLE ST.

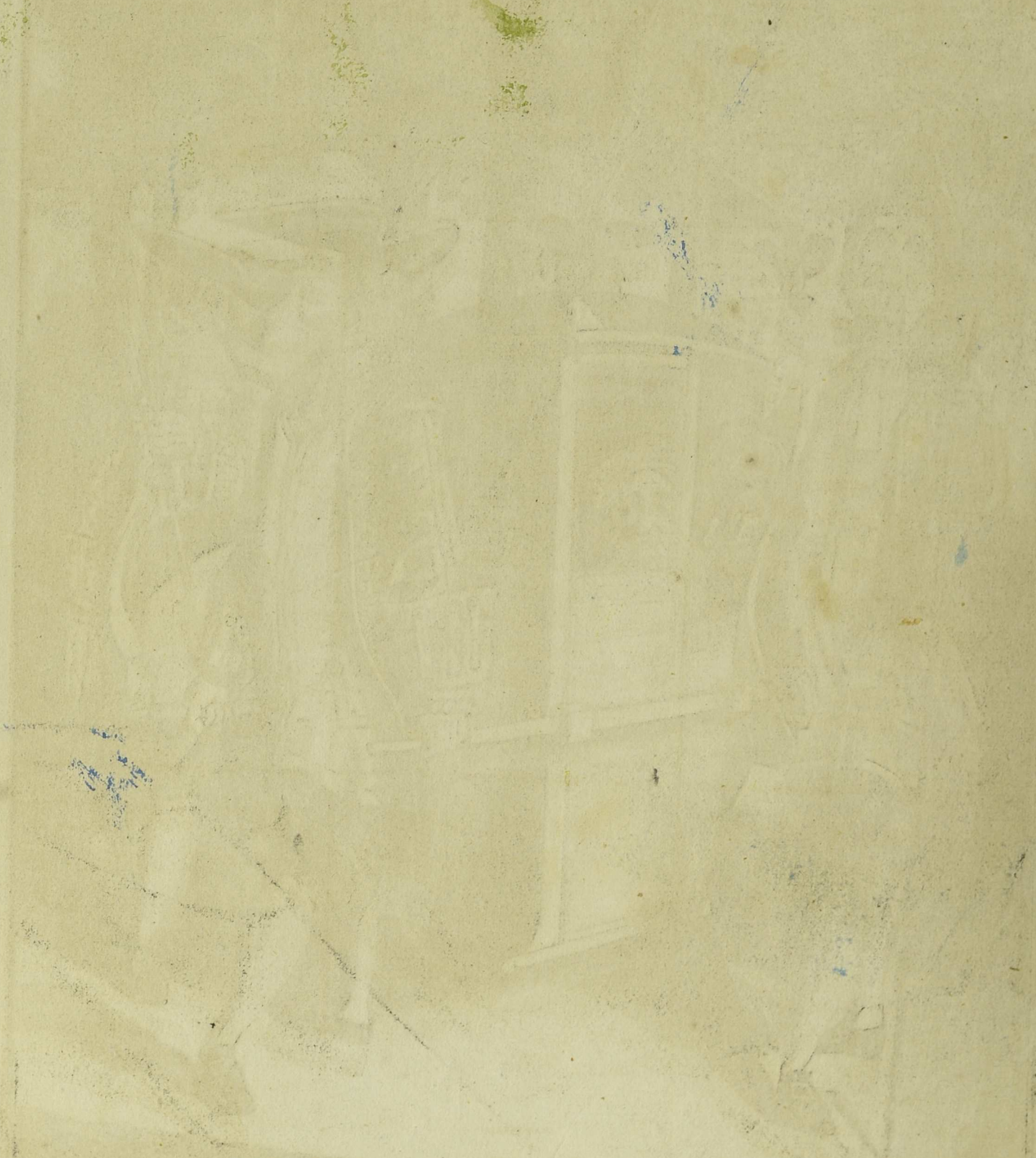
Lithographers, Printers, and Book and Print Publishers.

Three doors west of Old Bailey.



from the original

# THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN



LONDON:  
JOHN AND SON  
15, THE NEW LANE, ST. MARKS, LONDON, E.C.

Illustrations by J. H. and Son, and J. H. and Son, London, E.C.

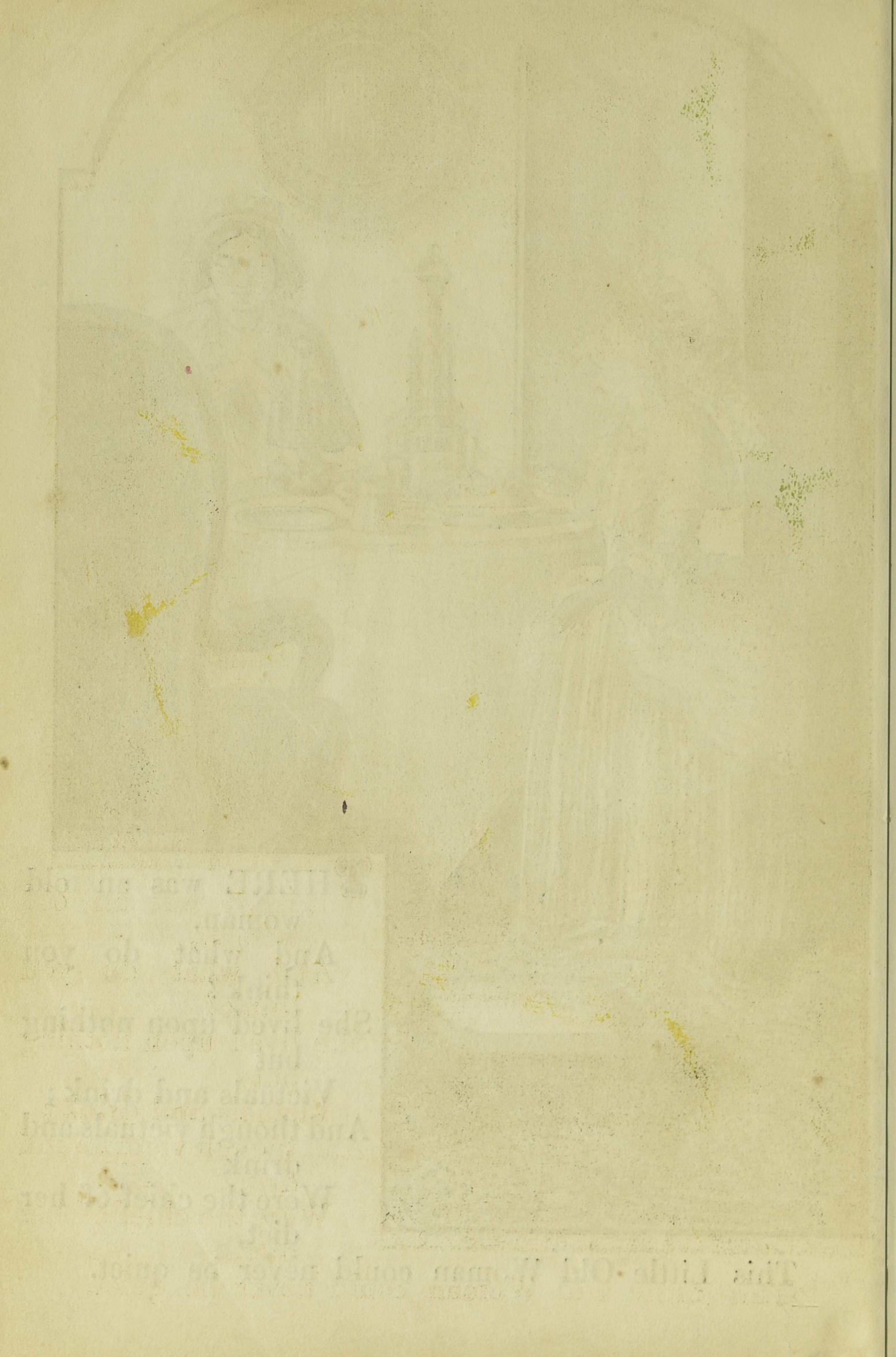




**T**HERE was an old  
woman,  
And what do you  
think?  
She lived upon nothing  
but  
Victuals and drink;  
And though victuals and  
drink  
Were the chief of her  
diet,

This Little Old Woman could never be quiet.













This Little Old Woman,  
(The story so goes,)  
Had nothing to wear  
but  
Abundance of clothes.  
And, oh! let me weep  
At the dismal news,  
She would have been barefooted, but for her shoes.





This Little Old Woman,  
'Twas always the case,  
Never looked in the  
glass,  
But she saw her own  
face;  
And what was still worse,  
Yet we vouch for its  
truth,

By growing so old, she had lost all her youth.













This Little Old Woman,  
The tale too declares,  
Had nothing to sit on  
But sofas and chairs.  
No place to repose in,  
At night but her bed;  
No pillows, but those made of down, for her head.





This Little Old Woman,  
We here may remark,  
Had no house to live in,  
But one in the park,  
And none to wait on her,  
Poor soul, but her  
maids,

With some livery servants, of different grades.









This Little Old Woman,  
I'm sorry to tell,  
Had always bad health,  
When she was not  
quite well.  
And hard was her lot,  
For they tell me that  
she

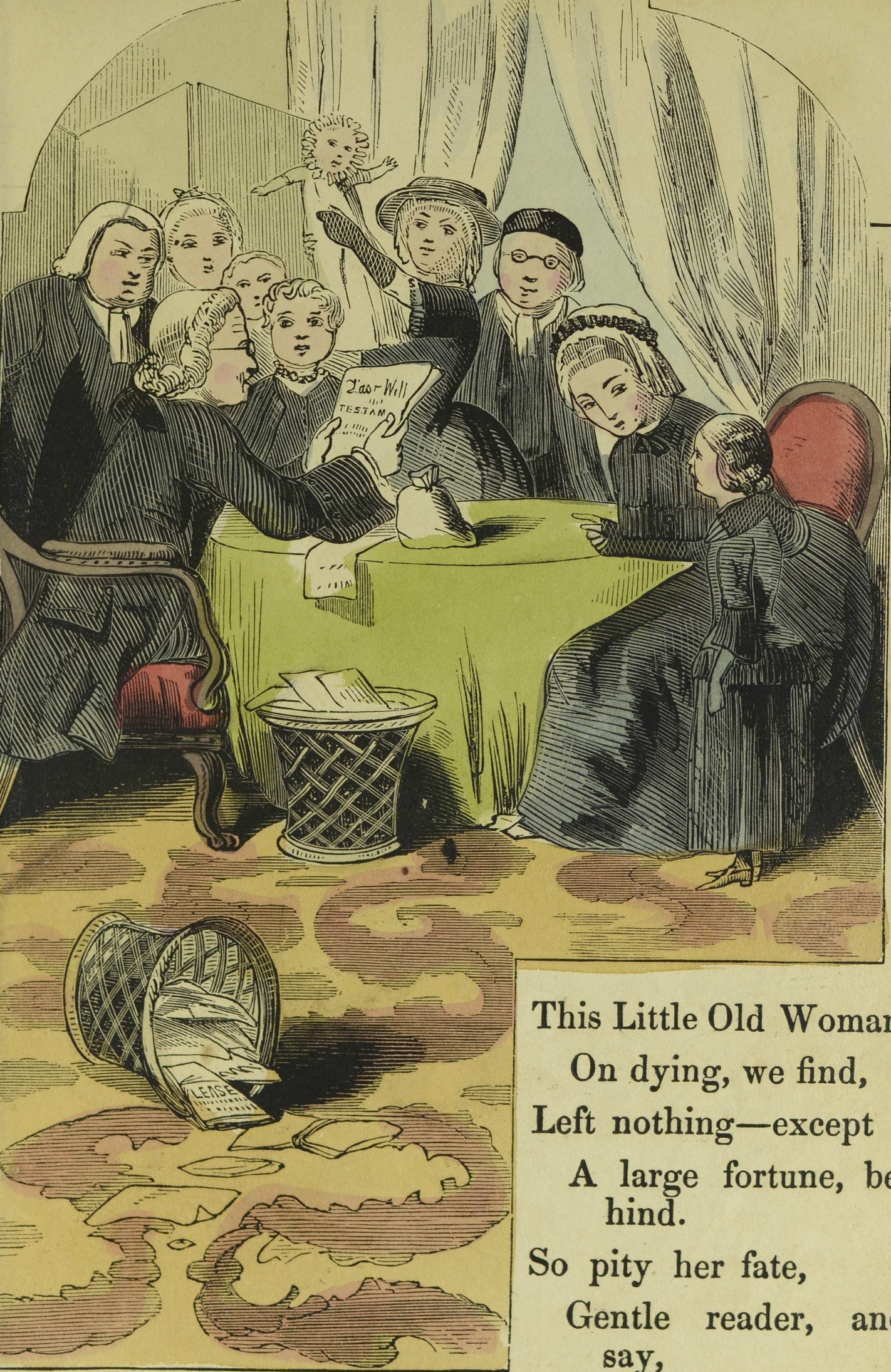
Was ever in want, when she wanted her tea.



The Little Old Woman  
I'm sorry to tell  
That always had health  
When she was not  
Quite well.  
And had a lot of  
For they tell me that

It was in winter when she wanted her feet





This Little Old Woman,  
On dying, we find,  
Left nothing—except  
A large fortune, be-  
hind.

So pity her fate,  
Gentle reader, and  
say,

Such women are not to be found every day.



This Little Old Woman  
On days we find  
Left nothing—except  
A large round  
A kind

So pity her pain  
Gentle reader, and

Such women are not to be found every day