Dame Trot HER COMICAL CAT. Price Gd. Coloured. Publishelin G. Marbin G. Great S* Thomas Aposto

DANIE TROT and her comical CAT.



Price 6 d colourd.

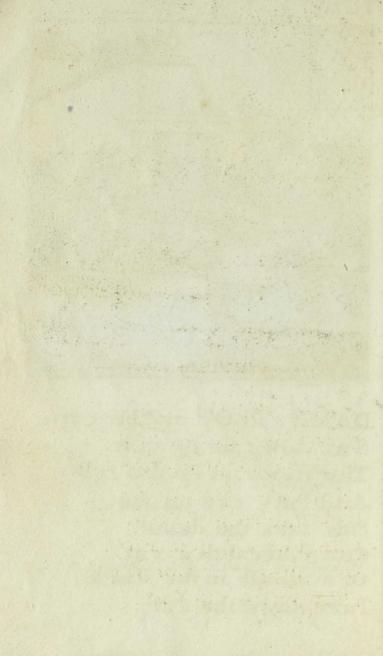
Old DAME TROT,
Going to the Fair,
With her Car on her shoulder,
To see the Folks there.

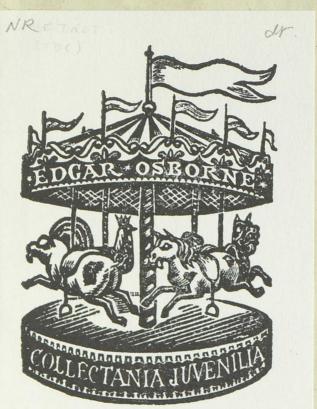
Published by G. Martin 6. Great S. Thomas Apolle.

Julia Dolber



DAME TROT and her cat,
Sat down for to chat.
The dame fat on this fide.
And Pufs sat on that,
Pufs, fays the dame.
Can you catch a rat,
Or a moufe in the dark,
Purr says the Cat.





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Old DAME TROT

Some cold fish had got,

Which for pussey,

She kept in store,

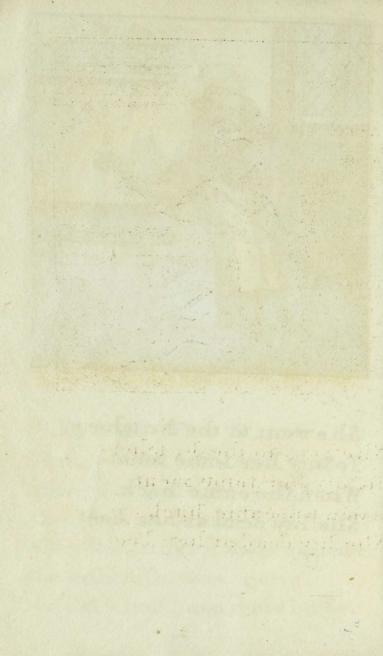
When she looked there was none,

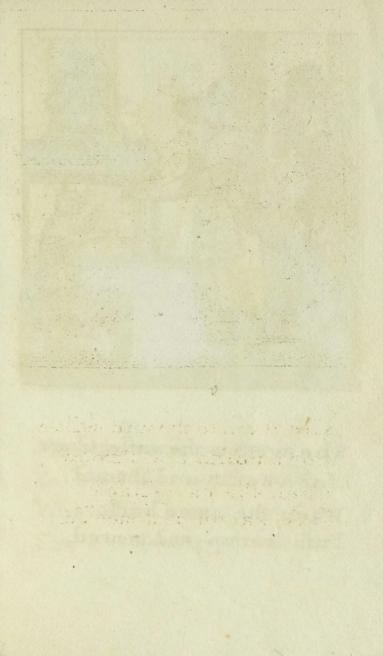
The cold fish was gone,

For Puss had been there before.



She went to the butchers, To buy her fome meat, When she came back She lay dead at her Feet.







She went to the undertakers.

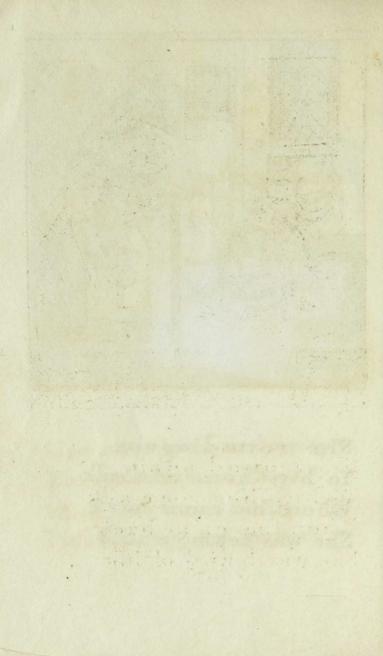
For a coffin and throud;

When the came back

Puls sat up and mewed.



She trotted again,
To buy her some milk,
When she came back
She was sewing of silk.

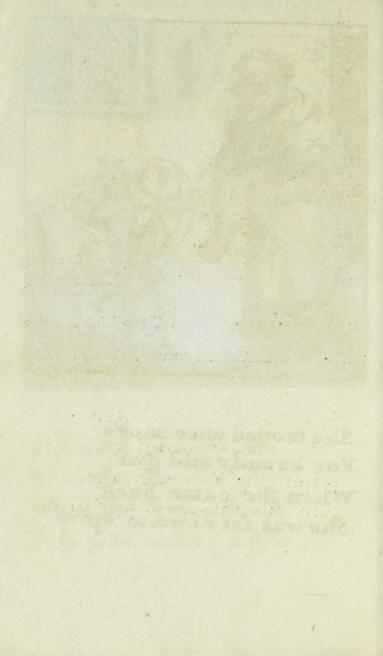


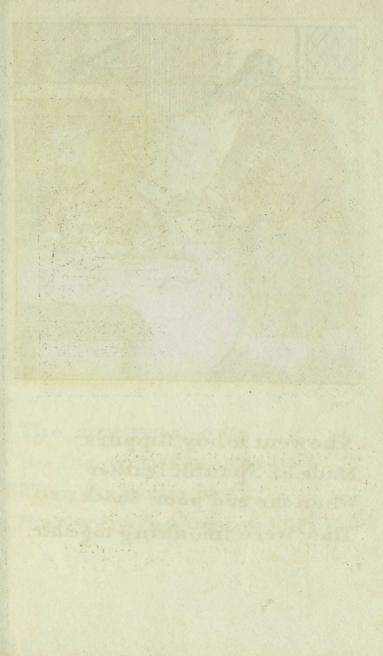


She went for some Ale,
Because she was dry,
When she came back
Puss was making a pye.



She trotted once more,
For brandy and gin,
When she came back,
She was sat down to Spin.







She went to buy flippers,
Made of Spanish leather,
When she and poor Shock,
They were smoaking together.



The fire was out.
So she went for some fuel.
When she came back.
They were sighung a duel.

