

OLD DAME TROT

AND HER

WONDERFUL CAT.



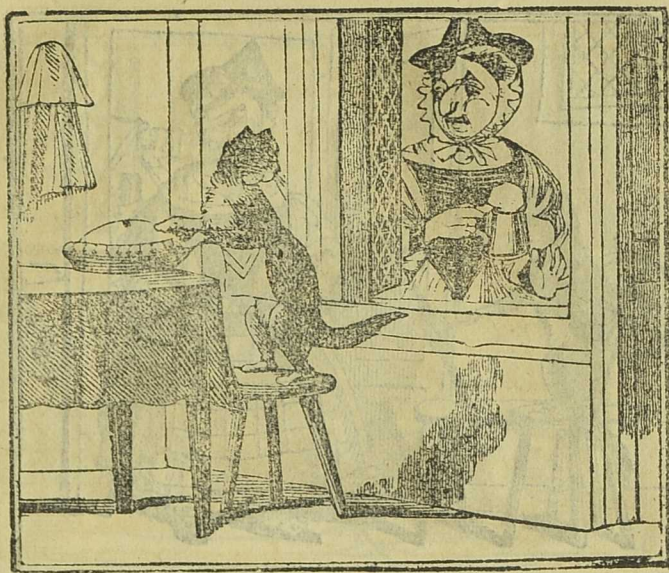
WALKER AND SON, PRINTERS, OTLEY.

OLD DAME TROT.



Next day old Madam Trot went out
To purchase them a dish of Trout ;
But when she home return'd again,
No one can tell her grief and pain ;
For, as she enter'd at her door,
She found Tib dead upon the floor !
Lifting her hands, she loudly sigh'd,
And wish'd that she had also died.

OLD DAME TROT.



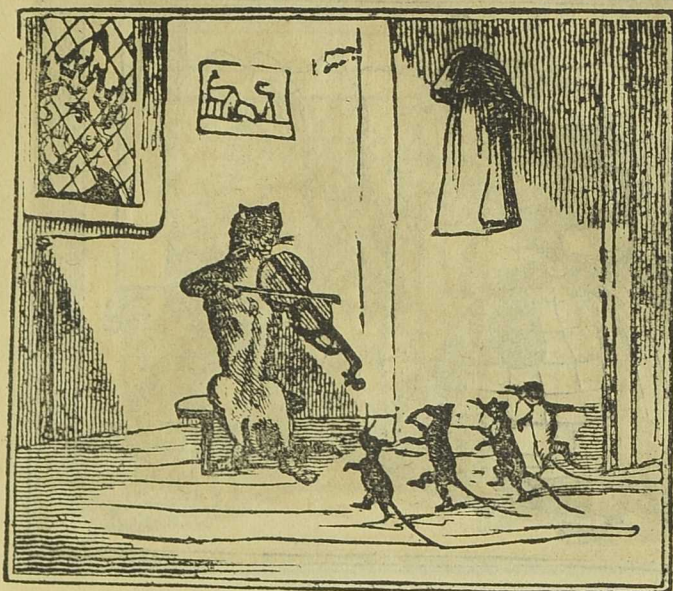
I heard it said that Old Dame Trot
Was what some people call a sot;
Her bloated face will tell you so;
She to the tavern oft did go.
One day she got some ale when dry,
And found Tib making a veal pie,
Which tasted well I do declare,—
I would not wish for better fare!

OLD DAME TROT.



But she was fill'd with vast surprise,
And scarcely could believe her eyes,
On seeing Tib sit down to spin,
When she had bought a pint of gin.
Spirits she drank, as well as ale,
With which she did herself regale,
And would for days together rant,
Not caring what her Tib did want

OLD DAME TROT.



Dame Trot, on waking from a sleep,
Heard music, and then took a peep
To see from whence it did arise;
When she beheld to her surprise,
Her pretty Tib, quite clean and nice,
Sat fiddling to a group of mice,
Dancing around with merry glee,
A sight like which I ne'er did see!

OLD DAME TROT.



Dame took to puss a frock one day,
And found her riding upon Tray.
O Tib, said she, you ought to walk,
Your riding Tray will cause a talk :
Of all your race you are the oddest ;
I wish you were a little modest :
For you I bought this frock so fine :
So, get you drest, and let us dine.

OLD DAME TROT.



The Dame bought for her, of a Jew,

A pair of shoes of purple hue,

And hurried home in greatest glee,

Where she in wonder great did see

Tibby and Tom sat down to smoke ;

When Tib exclaim'd all in a joke,

Walk in, Dame Trot, oh, do walk in,

And let us taste your Holland gin !

OLD DAME TROT.



On taking Tib a Cherry Tart,
She found her drest up very smart,
In tippet, frock and Leghorn bonnet,
Making her glad depend upon it.
And now the story's at a close ;
You think it droll, I do suppose :
But I don't vouch it as a truth ;
It's all a fiction writ for Youth.

