

THE  
MOVING ADVENTURES  
OF  
OLD DAME TROT  
AND  
HER COMICAL CAT,

ATTRIBUTED TO THE PEN OF  
*THE DUTCHESS OF L\*\*\*\*.*

Illustrated with elegant Engravings after Sir Joshua.

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LONDON:  
Printed by and for  
W. AND T. DARTON, 40, HOLBORN HILL.

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1807.

In a Horn down

to

Harry Trufusis





OLD  
DAME TROT,  
*AND*  
HER COMICAL CAT.



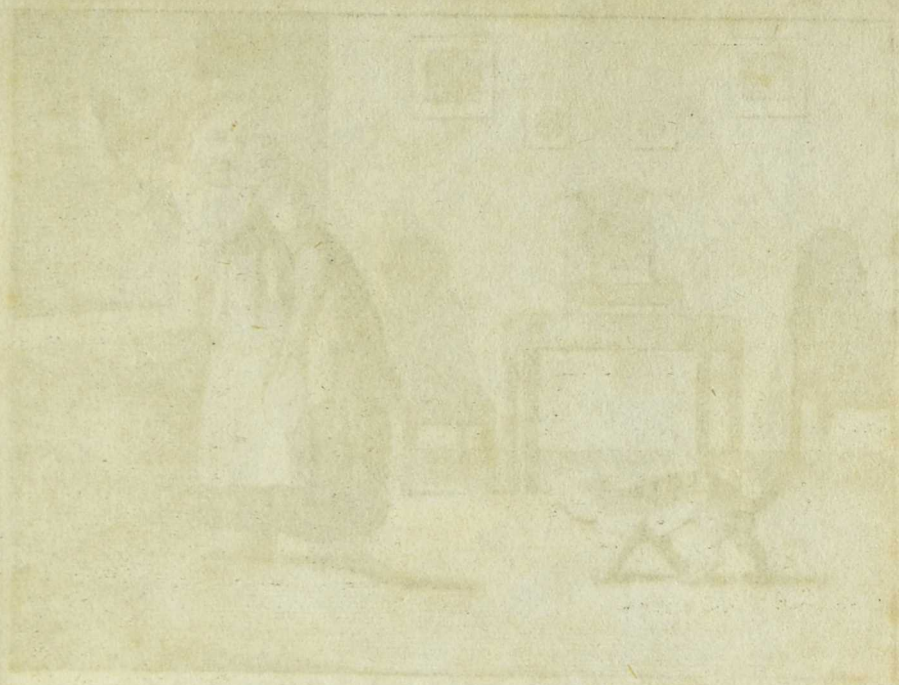
OLD DAME TROT,  
Going to the Fair,  
With her Cat on her shoulder,  
To see the Folks there.



DAME TROT and her cat,  
Sat down for to chat,  
The dame fat on this side,  
And Puss fat on that,  
Puss, says the dame,  
Can you catch a rat,  
Or a mouse in the dark?  
Purr, says the Cat.







ON BAKER STREET  
Some cold and hot  
Went to bed  
One kept in bed  
When he looked there was none  
The old man was gone  
The boys had been there before



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 butcher's,  
To buy her some meat,  
When she came back,  
She lay dead at her feet.









She went to the undertaker's,  
For a coffin and shroud,  
When she came back,  
Pufs fat 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,  
Pufs 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 apples,  
And sugar and spice,  
When she came back,  
PUSS was fidling to mice.





She went to buy her  
A new high-crowned hat,  
When she came back,  
PUSS was killing a rat.

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She went out to buy,  
Cap, neck-lace and frock,  
When she came back,  
She was riding poor shock.

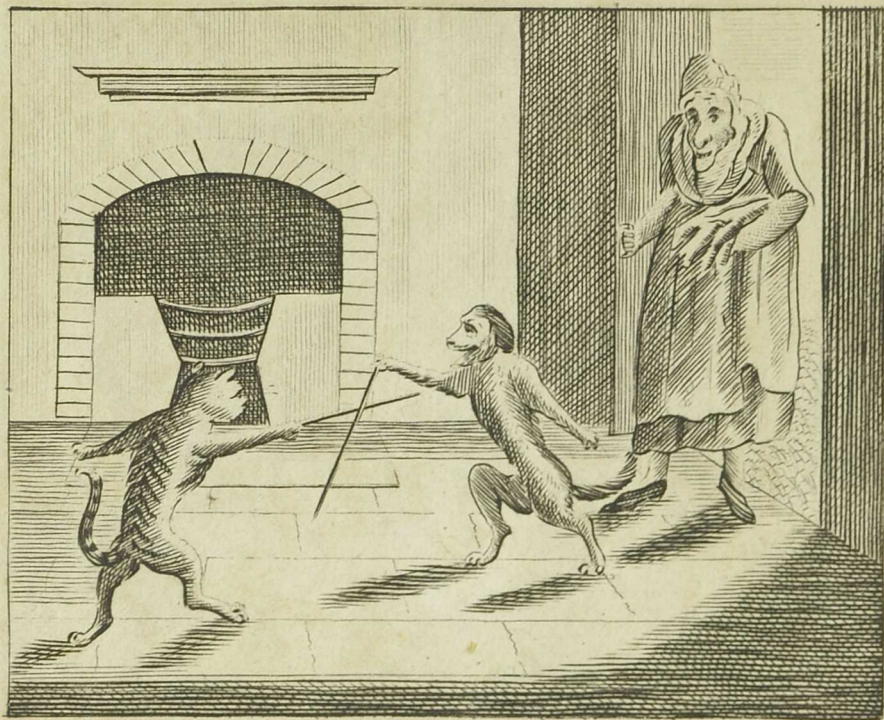


She went to buy slippers,  
Made of Spanish leather,  
When she came back,  
They were smoking together.









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



She went out for a fan,  
As the weather was hot,  
When she came back,  
PUSS was whipping a Top.









She trotted once more,  
To buy her a tart,  
When she came back,  
PUSS was dress'd very smart.





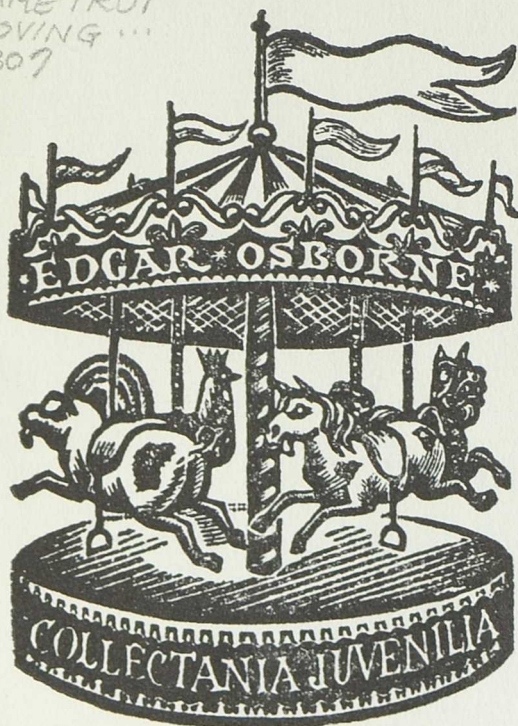
You look nice now your dress'd,  
Says little DAME TROT,  
PUSS court'sy'd and mewed,  
But further said not.



For look with how fond eyes  
Says this DAMNED THING  
It's countess and moved  
But further laid not

NR  
DAME TROT  
MOVING ...  
1807

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