

THE  
RENOWNED HISTORY  
OF  
**DAME TROT**  
AND  
**HER CAT.**



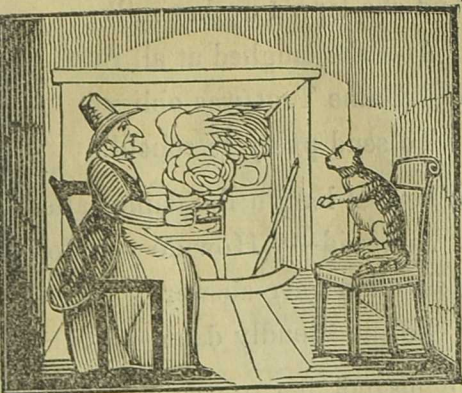
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BANBURY:  
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DAME TROT in her cottage,  
And her heroine view ;  
The dame says, “ Your servant ! ”  
Her pet favourite—“ Mew ! ”

Dame Trot was the speaker,  
Pussy sat in the chair ;  
She talk’d of their travels,  
Just to drive away care.



The comical goody  
 Was no more and no less  
 Than Grimalkin's teacher,  
 The feline governess :  
 Tho' the cat was oft deaf,  
 When most kindly Trot spoke,  
 Leap'd on tables and shelves,  
 Plates and China-ware broke :

And she lapp'd up her milk,  
And she laughed at all rule,  
Till Dame Trot was obliged  
To send pussy to school.

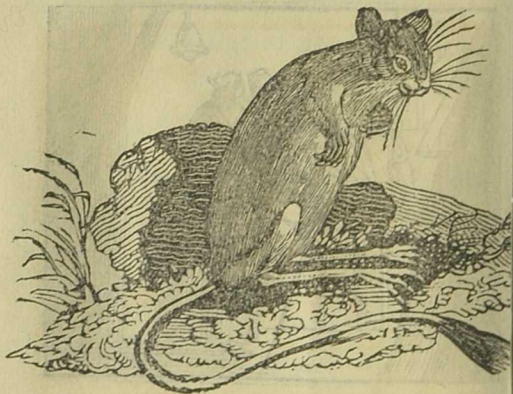
Where at length the dame called,  
And said—"How do you do?"  
Grimalkin gave answer  
To the friendly dame—"Mew!"

Dame took her to market  
Where puss rode pick-a-back,  
To purchase their dinners,  
'Fore to school puss went back.

The dame chose pigeon-pie,  
And for puss milk and lights,  
And she bought ale and wine,  
And they view'd all the sights.



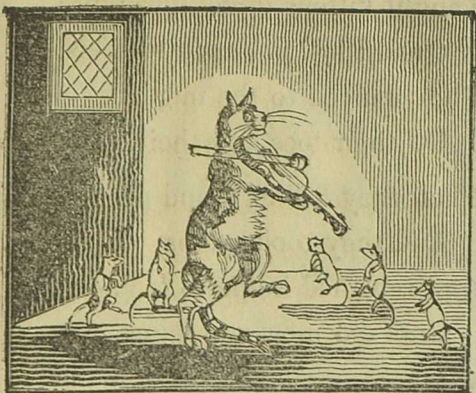
Puss learned better manners  
 At the school, by degrees ;  
 Pupils stitched, learnt lessons,  
 Were as busy as bees.  
 Dame pleased, once invited  
 All the scholars to dine,  
 Off a dish of fine fish  
 And some gooseberry wine.



The toast that she gave them,  
As they gobbled the sprats,  
Was—" Good health and long life  
To the nation of cats ! "

But one respectable  
Grey-whiskered fine cat,  
In the midst of the feast,  
Smelt a mouse or a rat.





So, without asking leave,  
 To the garden she ran,  
 And received a fat mouse  
 From the hand of a man.

Milk and fish were removed,  
 They then left in a trice ;  
 For diversion and fun,  
 Pussy fiddled to mice.

Taught kittens quick hornpipes,  
Quadrilles, polkas, and reels,  
They danced to the music

On their toes and their heels.

Then they frolick'd and played,  
And they took a long walk ;  
And returned home to tea :—

Cats did mew and dame talk.

Said a knowing old mouse,

“ Now the cats are away,  
As the old saying is,

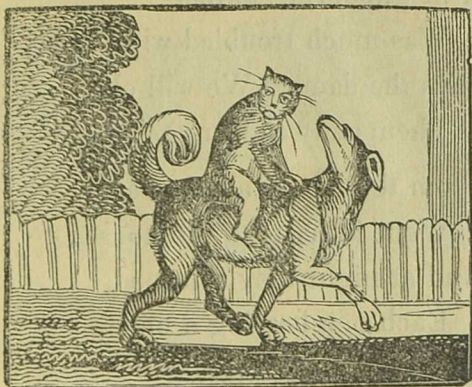
All the mice go to play : ”—

A cat and her kittens

Crept slily around,  
And carried poor mousey

From her sport at a bound.





Then puss mounted Dog Ball,  
And she had a long ride,  
Through the park and the grove,  
Without bridle to guide.

Saw the Queen and the Prince,  
Heard the Princesses scoff;  
But all of 'em wondered  
Pussy was not thrown off.

A neighbouring farmer

Was much troubled with mice ;

Says the dame “ We will clear

Them away in a trice.”

From the school all the cats

Went in haste to the house ;

And at night they returned,

Each one bearing a mouse :

The farmer was pleased

That the mice were all gone ;

And he said—“ My fine cats,

For what you have done,

Here take home a fine ham,

I will send you some game ;

And give my best respects

To the worthy old dame.”



When Hodge and his waggon  
 Near dame's cot were espied,  
 She determined to give  
 All the cats a fine ride :

Grimalkin and ladies  
 In the waggon, of course,  
 While the gentlemen cats  
 Mounted each his own horse ;

Went to visit the farm,

And to smell the new hay :

Men, dame, and the farmer,

Gave a hearty huzza !

Said he, “ Dame, lets treat them,

Milk and food that is nice ;

For the cats have destroyed

All the rats and the mice.”

They entered the dairy,

And each cat had her fill ;

And cleared all the vermin

From the barn and the mill.

Grimalkin then mounted

Her high charger Dog Ball,

To shew to the farmer

How she'd ride round the hall.



While the cats began dancing,  
 And Grimalkin to play ;  
 As merry as kittens,  
 On a Midsummer day :

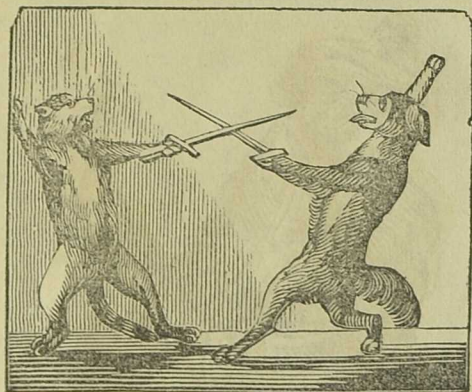
Master, mistress, and maids,  
 And the men 'gan to sing ;  
 The sons and the daughters  
 Made the old farm-house ring.

In the midst of the mirth,  
And the dance all around,  
A most dreadful mishap  
All their jolity drowned.

Puss at length was thrown off,  
And this caused some high words :  
Dog Ball and Grimalkin  
Then both drew their swords ;  
And a duel was fought,  
And I cannot tell what,  
Would have ended the strife,  
But the stick of Dame Trot.

She scolded them soundly,  
As to Trot-house were led ;  
Good beating she gave them,  
And she sent them to bed.





Next morning beg'd pardon,  
 Grimalkin and Dog Ball,  
 And peace and harmony  
 Reigned in Trot-house hall.

Good feeling continued,  
 And the dame could tell that  
 She went to the kitchen,  
 And saw Ball feed the cat.



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