

OLD DAME TROT.



Old Dame Trot,
Going to the fair,

With her cat on her shoulder
To see the folks rhere.

Dame Trot and her cat,
Sat down to chat,
The dame sat on this side.
And she sat on that.

Puss, says the Dame,
Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark.
Purr, says the cat.

Now, old Dame Trot,
Some cold fish had got,
Which for Pussey
She kept in store,

But when she looked there,
The cold fish was gone,
For Pussy had
Been there before.

She went to buy apples,
And sugar and spice,
When she came back,
Puss was fiddling to mice.

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

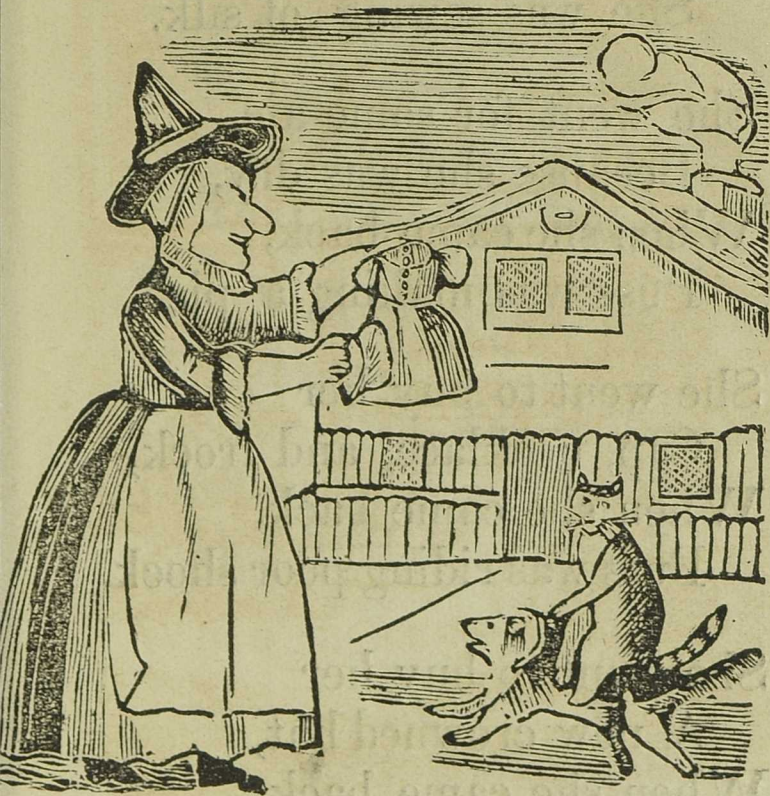
She trotted again,
To buy her come milk,

DAME TROT.



Dame Trot and her cat,
Sitting down to chat.

DAME TROT.



Dame Trot with the frock,
Finds Puss riding poor Shock.

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 pie.

She went to buy her
Cap, necklace, and frock,
When she came back,
Puss was riding poor shock.

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

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

You look nice now you are
dressed,
Says little Dame Trot.
Puss curtsied and mewed,
But further said not.



DAME TROT.



Dame Trot with things nice,
Finds Puss fiddling to mice.