

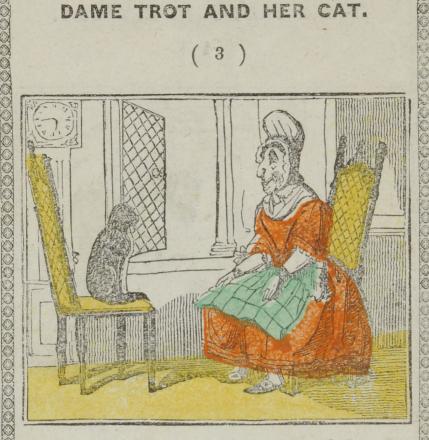


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THE Old Dame went to Brook-Green Fair,

And Puss accompanied her there; When they arrived upon the ground, Great was the noise which did abound; Music and dancing had begun, The Fool was striving to make fun; "Look yonder, Tib," the Old Woman said,

'The Fool is dancing with the Maid !"



When they had reach'd home from the fair,

They each sat down upon a chair, And chatted until late at night, O'er things they'd view'd with great delight.

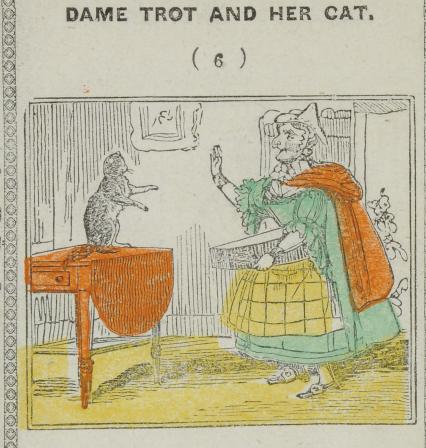
"Old Dame," said Tib, "can't you and I Dance well as they? come, let us try." Then they with glee did caper round, 'Till each fell prostrate on the ground.





The following day Dame Trot went out To purchase them a dish of Trout;
But when she home return'd again,
No tongue can tell her grief and pain;
For, when she had unlock'd her door,
She found Tib dead upon the floor:
She spread her hands, and groan'd and sigh'd,

And wish'd that she with Tib had died.



"We'll both," said she, "lie in one grave;

A decent funeral Puss shall have."
So she for her a coffin bought,
Which to her home with tears she brought;
But when she saw Tib sat upright,
To her it was a joyous sight;
Her heart, but recently so sad,

Was then beyond all measure glad.

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The following day to Puss she said,
" I'll purchase you a cake of bread;
You're fond of that and milk, I know;
I'll fetch you some warm from the cow."

TROT AND HER CAT

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Internet of the figure of the

DAME

When she brought in the jug of milk, She found Tib sewing crimson silk ! One like her surely ne'er was known, I ne'er knew one, I frankly own.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

The Dame was fill'd with vast surprise,
And scarcely could believe her eyes,
On seeing Tib sit down to spin,
When she went in once with some gin.
Spirits she lov'd, as well as ale,

With which she did herself regale, And would for days together rant, Not minding then what Tib did want.

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Dame Trot, on waking once from sleep, Heard music, and made haste to peep From whence the charming sound did rise;

When she beheld, with great surprise, Her favourite Tib,quite clean and nice, Sat fiddling to a group of mice, While each danc'd round with greatest

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A sight like which I ne'er did see!

glee,—



Dame Trot took Puss a frock one day,And found her riding upon Tray."Fie, Tib," said she, "you ought to walk;

Your riding Tray will make folk talk: Of all your race you are the oddest; I'd have you be a little modest: Look here! I've bought a frock so fine For you! get drest, and then we'll dine."

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The Dame bought for her, of a Jew, A pair of shoes of purple hue,

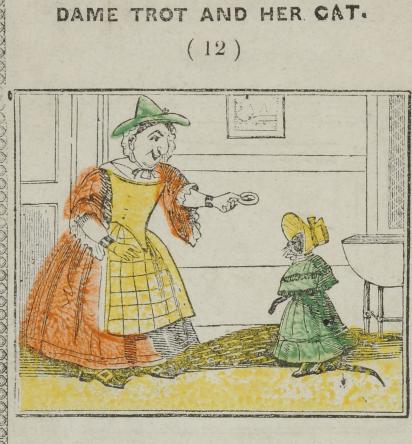
DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(11)

And hasten'd home with greatest glee. Where she with wondering eyes did see

Both Tib and Tom sat down to smoke ; When Tib exclaim'd all in a joke, "Walk in, Dame Trot, pray do walk in, And let us taste your Holland gin !"

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On taking Tib a cherry Tart, The Dame found her drest up quite smart,

In tippet, frock, and Leghorn bonnet, Which made her glad, depend upon it. And now the story's at a close; You thought it droll, I do suppose; But I don't vouch it as a truth : It's all a fiction, writ for youth.

WILLIAM WALKER, PRINIER, OTLE?