

OLD WOMAN
OF STEPNEY,
AND
Dame Trot.



Printed by W. S. Johnson, 60, St. Martin's Lane
Charing Cross.



OLD DAME TROT,
AND HER
COMICAL
CAT.

Old Dame Trot,
She went to the Fair,
With the Cat on her shoulder,
To see the folks there.

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

"Purr," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr," says the Cat.

OLD DAME TROT,

AND HER
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Old Dame Trot,
She went to the Fair,
With the Cat on her shoulder,
To see the folks there.

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.





OLD DAME TROT.

She went to buy her
A new high crown'd hat,
When she came back,
Puss was killing a rat.

She went for some ale,
Because she was dry,
When she came back,
Puss was making a pie.

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

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





OLD DAME TROT.

“ You look nice, now you're dress'd”
Says little Dame Trot.
Puss curtsied and mewed,
But further said not.

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

Dame Trot then went out
To get her some bread,
But when she came back
Poor Pussy was dead.

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Charing Cross.



THE ADVENTURES
OF THE
OLD WOMAN OF STEPNEY.

There was an old woman who lived at Stepney,
And out of her nose there grew a plum tree.

All the children who knew her,
The plums they would steal,
But while fast asleep,
For fear them she should feel.

This old woman went
One fine day to the lawn
Of my Lord Cockagee,
And there shot a young fawn.

She tied up the hind legs
To the branch of her tree,
And so quitted the lawn
Of my Lord Cockagee.



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She tied up
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And so quitte
Of my Lord



OLD WOMAN OF STEPNEY

She had not got so far
As half way to her hut
When taken she was,
And into prison put.
While she sat in her cell,
All her wits set about,
To find out a method
How she might get out.
She puzzled her brain,
Till she found out a way
In which she did escape,
On that very fine day.
She cut the plum tree
Closs off from her nose,
And made a scarecrow
Drest up in her clothes.

7.

Decorative border with repeating floral and geometric patterns.



OLD WOMAN OF STEPNEY.

Then she fixed it up well,
With its back to the wall,
And behind the door she watched,
For fear it should fall.

Soon the jailor came in
With her water and bread,
And went up to the scarecrow,
While she quickly fled.

She ran all the way,
Till she got to the door
Of her hut, which she thought
She should never see more.

Then directly she entered,
She sat down to write
To my Lord Cockagee,
A bold challenge to fight.





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