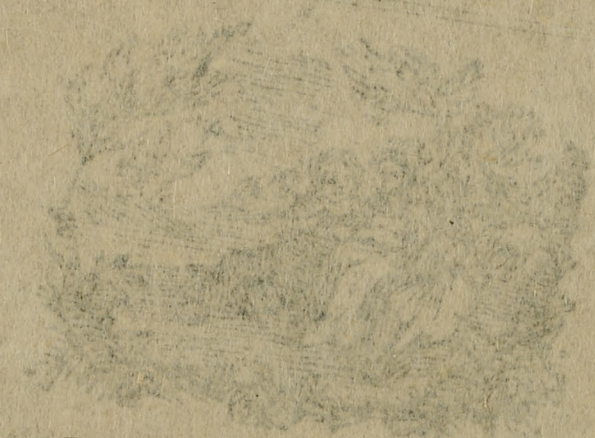


OLD WOMAN
OF STEPNEY,
AND
Dame Trot.



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

OLD WOMAN
OF
STERNY.
Dancing Trol.



Printed by W. J. Johnson, No. 21, Market Lane, London, E.C.







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.

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





OLD DAME TROT.

Old Dame Trot
Some cold fish had got,
Which for Pussy
She kept in store,
When she looked
There was none,
The cold fish was gone,
For Miss Pussy
Had been there before.
She trotted again,
To buy her some milk,
When she came back,
She was sewing of silk.
She went to buy her
Cap, necklace, and frock,
When she came back
She was riding poor Shock.



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.

London:—Printed and Published by
W. S. JOHNSON, 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE,
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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OD WOMNOF STEPNEY.

She had ngt so far
As half y to her hut
When tak she was,
And intrison put.

Wile shet in her celi,
All her ts set about,
To find oia method
Low shmight get out.

She puzzle her brain,
Till sheound out a way
In which e did escape,
On thatvery fine day.

She cut te plum tree
Coss of from her nose,
And madea scarecrow
Drest up in her clothes.

9



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.





OLD WOMAN OF STEPNEY.

They both met in a field,
But no seconds they brought;
So they both drew their swords,
And like brave soldiers fought.

They fought for an hour,
Both equally well,
When—who would have thought it?
Lord Cockagee fell!

The old woman went home,
Crowned with victory;
And again on her nose
There grew a plum tree.

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