

OLD DAME TROT
AND
HER COMICAL CAT.



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DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

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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 !”

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(3)



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.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(4)



“ Look here, my Puss !” said Old Dame Trot,—

“ These fish will suit you, will they not ?

I know that you are fond of fish,—
I’ll cook them nicely in a dish ,
Then you and I on them will dine,
And then we’ll take a glass of wine,
And afterwards we’ll both walk out ”

“ We will !” said Puss, and jump’d about.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(5)



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.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(6)



“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.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(7)



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.”

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.

(8)



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.

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(9)



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
glee,—

A sight like which I ne'er did see!

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(10)



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.”

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(11)



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

DAME TROT AND HER CAT.

(12)



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.