

MARKS'S EDITION.

THE
HISTORY OF
DAME CRUMP
AND HER LITTLE WHITE PIG.



LONDON.

Printed and Published by S. MARKS and SONS,
72, Houndsditch, Bishopsgate Street.

THE
HISTORY OF
DAME CRUMP
AND HER LITTLE WHITE PIG.



Little Dame Crump
with her little hair broom,
One morning was sweeping
her little bed room.

When casting her little
grey eyes on the ground,
In a little sly corner
a penny she found.



Odd bobs! cried the Dame
while she started with surprise,
How lucky I am!
bless my heart what a prize!

To market I'll go
and a pig I will buy,
And little John Gibbins
shall make him a sty.



So she washed her face clean,
and put on her gown,
Then locked up her house
and set off for the town.

Where to market she went
and a bargain she made,
For a little white pig
the penny she paid.



When she purchased the pig
she was puzzled to know,
How they both should get home,
if the pig would not go.

So fearing that piggy
might play her a trick
She drove him along
with a little crab stick.



Piggy ran till he came
to the foot of a Hill,
Where a little bridge stood
o'er the stream of a Mill,

Where he grunted and squeaked
and no further would go,
O fie little pig
to serve little Dame so.



Now she went to the Mill
where she borrowed a sack,
Which she popped the pig in
and took on her back.

Piggy cried to get out
but the little Dame said,
If you won't go by fair means
you must then be made.



She soon to the end
of her journey had come,
And was mightily pleased
when she got piggy home

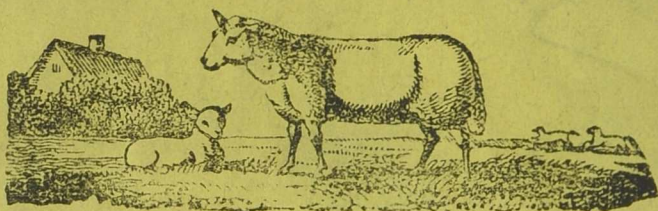
So she carried the pig
to his nice little sty,
and made him a bed
of clean straw snug and dry.



With a handful of peas
little pig she then fed,
Then she put on her nightcap
and went into bed,

Having first said her Prayers
then she put out the light,
And being quite tired
we'll bid her good night.

POETRY.



THE SHEEP.

Ob-serve the lit-tle spor-tive LAMBS
Graze thro' the meads be-side their dams;
And hear the old ones' bleat-ing cry,
Which each LAMB knows its mo-ther by.

When thro' the field they've dai-ly stroll'd,
At night they're shel-ter'd in the fold,
And in the morn-ing freed a-gain,
To range once more the fields and plain.

The wool, which on the SHEEP is borne,
Is year-ly by the farm-er shorn,
And then is dy-ed of va-ri-ous hue,
As green and black, and brown and blue.

And from the SHEEP's rich wool-ly fleece
Was made mam-ma's new cloth pe-lisse,
Your fa-ther's coat and waist-coat too,
And what, my boy, is worn by you.

The SHEEP, when dead, we eat as food,
'Tis mut-ton then, and ve-ry good:
Its skin is us'd your books to bind---
How use-ful, then, the SHEEP we find.