

# DAME FIDGET AND HER SILVER PENNY.

VERIFIED BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

A WEE, wee woman  
Was little old Dame Fidget,  
And she lived by herself  
In a wee, wee room,  
And early every morning,  
So tidy was her habit,  
She began to sweep it out  
With a wee, wee broom.



To sweep for the cinders,  
Though never were there any,  
She whisked about, and brushed about,  
Humming like a bee ;  
When, odd enough, one day  
She found a silver penny,  
Shining in a corner,  
As bright as bright could be.

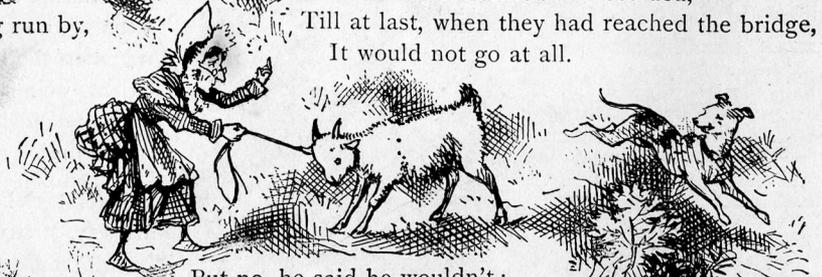


She eyed it, she took it  
Between her thumb and finger ;  
She put it in the sugar bowl  
And quickly shut the lid ;  
And after planning over carefully  
The way to spend it,  
She resolved to go to market  
And to buy herself a kid.



And that she did next day ; but, ah,  
The kid proved very lazy !  
And it moved toward home so slowly  
She could scarcely see it crawl ;  
At first she coaxed and petted it,  
And then she stormed and scolded,  
Till at last, when they had reached the bridge,  
It would not go at all.

Just then Dame Fidget saw a dog run by,  
And whistled to him,  
And cried : — “ Pray dog bite kid,  
Kid won't go !  
I see by the moonlight  
'Tis almost midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
Half an hour ago ! ”



But no, he said he wouldn't ;  
So to the stick she pleaded : —  
“ Pray stick beat dog, dog won't bite kid,  
Kid won't go !



I see by the moonlight  
'Tis almost midnight,  
And time kid and I were home  
Half an hour ago ! ”

