



DAME WIGGINS of Lee  
Was a worthy old soul,  
As e'er threaded a needle,  
Or wash'd in a bowl:  
She held mice and rats  
In such antipa-ty;  
That seven fine cats  
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The rats and mice scared  
By this fierce whisker'd crew,  
The poor seven cats  
Soon had nothing to do;  
So, as any one idle  
She ne'er loved to see,  
She sent them to school,  
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Master soon wrote  
That they all of them knew  
How to read the word "milk"  
And to spell the word "mew."  
And they all washed their faces  
Before they took tea:  
"Were there ever such dears!"  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



He had also thought well  
To comply with their wish  
To spend all their play-time  
In learning to fish  
For stitlings; they sent her  
A present of three,  
Which, fried, were a feast  
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.