

# *Lawkamecyme*

Joseph Jacobs

English

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*Easy*  
*1 min read*

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell.  
She went to the market her eggs for to sell;  
She went to the market, all on a market-day,  
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar, whose name was Stout,  
He cut her petticoats round about;  
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,  
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this old woman first did wake,  
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;  
She began to wonder, and she began to cry—  
“Lawkamecyme, this is none of I!”

“But if it be I, as I do hope it be,  
I’ve a little dog at home, and he’ll know me;  
If it be I, he’ll wag his little tail,  
And if it be not I, he’ll loudly bark and wail.”

Home went the little woman, all in the dark;  
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;  
He began to bark, so she began to cry—  
“Lawkamercyme, this is none of I!”

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