The second day 'twas the same;
But the third a messenger
Came in from the mountains to the queen,
And told this tale to her:
That, riding under the forest boughs,
He came to a tiny, curious house;
Before it a feeble fire burned wan,
And about the fire was a little man;
In and out the brands among,
Dancing upon one leg, he sung:
"*To-day I'll stew, and then I'll bake,*
To-morrow I shall the queen's child take;
How fine that none is the secret in,
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin!"

The queen was overjoyed,
And when, due time next day,
The dwarf returned for the final word,
She made great haste to say:

"Is it Conrade?" "No,"—he shook his head.
"Is it Hans? or Hal?" Still "No," he said.
"*Is it Rumpelstiltskin?*" then she cried.
"A witch has told you," he replied,
And shrieked and stamped his foot so hard
That the very marble floor was jarred;
And his leg broke off above the knee,
And he hopped off, howling terribly.

He vanished then and there,
And never more was seen!
This much was in *his* dreadful name—
It saved her child to the queen.
And the little lady grew to be
So very sweet, so fair to see,
That none could her loveliness surpass;
And her eyes — they were as gray as glass!