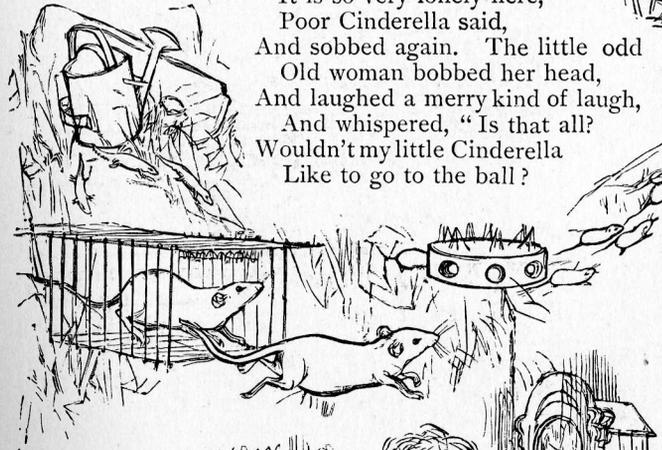
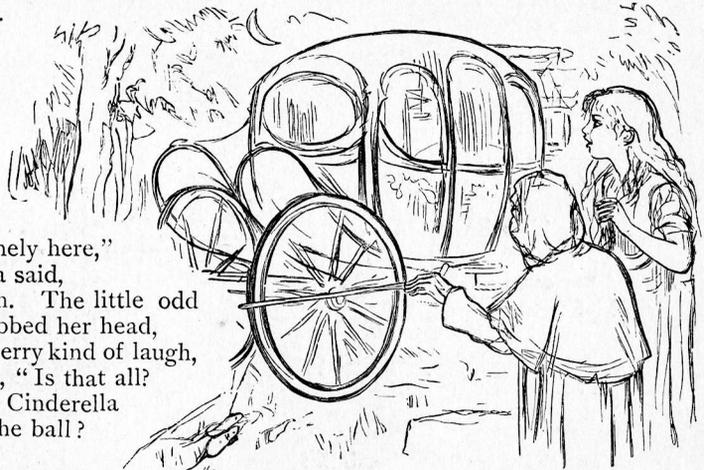


CINDERELLA.

And sobbed as if her heart would break.
Hot tears were on her lashes,
Her little hands got black with soot,
Her feet begrimed with ashes,
When right before her, on the hearth,
She knew not how nor why,
A little odd old woman stood,
And said, "Why do you cry?"

"It is so very lonely here,"
Poor Cinderella said,
And sobbed again. The little odd
Old woman bobbed her head,
And laughed a merry kind of laugh,
And whispered, "Is that all?
Wouldn't my little Cinderella
Like to go to the ball?"



"Run to the garden, then, and fetch
A pumpkin, large and nice ;
Go to the pantry shelf, and from
The mouse-traps get the mice ;
Rats you will find in the rat-trap ;
And, from the watering-pot,
Or from under the big, flat garden stone,
Six lizards must be got."

Nimble as crickets in the grass
She ran, till it was done,
And then God-mother stretched her wand
And touched them every one.
The pumpkin changed into a coach,
Which glittered as it rolled,
And the mice became six horses,
With harnesses of gold.

One rat a herald was, to blow
A trumpet in advance,
And the first blast that he sounded
Made the horses plunge and prance ;
And the lizards were made footmen,
Because they were so spry ;
And the old rat-coachman on the box
Wore jeweled livery.

And then on Cinderella's dress
The magic wand was laid,
And straight the dingy gown became
A glistening gold brocade.
The gems that shone upon her fingers
Nothing could surpass ;
And on her dainty little feet
Were slippers made of glass.

