

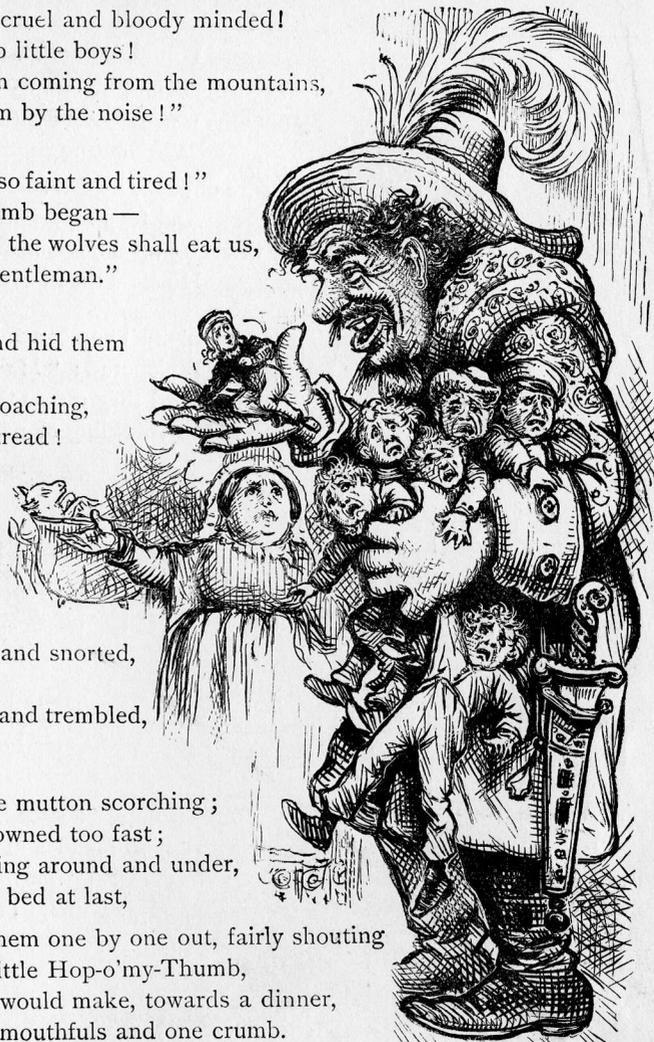


"An Ogre lives here, cruel and bloody minded!
He eats up little boys!
Run, run! I hear him coming from the mountains,
I know him by the noise!"

"But we can't run, we are so faint and tired!"
Hop-o'-my-Thumb began —
"Tis all the same whether the wolves shall eat us,
Or your good gentleman."

And so she took them in, fed them, and hid them
All underneath her bed;
And in a minute more they heard approaching,
Tramp! tramp! an awful tread!

It was the Ogre coming home; his supper
Was steaming nice and hot, —
Two calves upon a spit, ten rabbits roasting,
A whole sheep in the pot.



He banged the door wide open, sniffed and snorted,
Then, in a dreadful voice,
Roared out, while his poor wife stood by and trembled,
"I smell seven little boys!"

In vain she told him 'twas the mutton scorching;
The veal had browned too fast;
He searched the house, peering around and under,
And reached the bed at last,

Then dragged them one by one out, fairly shouting
At little Hop-o'-my-Thumb,
Saying the lads would make, towards a dinner,
Six mouthfuls and one crumb.

"O, leave them till to-morrow!" cried the woman;
"You've meat enough to-night."
"Well, so I have," he said, "I'll wait a little.
Ah! ugh! they're plump and white."

Now it so chanced the Ogre had seven daughters,
And all slept in one bed,
In a large room, and each wore for a nightcap
A gold crown on her head.

And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, when all the house was quiet,
Into their chamber crept,
And the gold head-bands for himself and brothers
Stole from them while they slept.

