

·WALTER·CRANES·PICTURE  
·BOOKS·RE·ISSUE·

# ·CINDER· ·ELLA·



·LONDON·&·NEW·YORK·  
·JOHN·LANE·

And then the Fairy raised her wand, and touched the shabby gown—  
It turned to satin, trimmed with lace, and jewels, and swans-down.  
Her face was clean, her gloves were new, her hair was nicely curled,  
And on her feet were shoes of glass, the neatest in the world.  
"Now, Cinderella, you may go ; but take care to return  
Before the clock strikes twelve, or else you'll see your carriage turn  
Into a pumpkin once again, your horses into mice ;  
Your coachman, footmen, will become rat, lizards, in a trice,  
And you yourself the cinder-girl will once again become ;  
So mind that when the clock strikes twelve you must be safe  
at home."



She promised, and with joyful heart she gained the palace hall,  
And danced, and laughed, and looked indeed the fairest of them all.  
The King's son danced with her, and praised her lovely shape and air ;  
All treated her as if she were the greatest lady there :  
But in good time she slipped away, and waited safe at home,  
In kitchen corner sitting till her sisters back should come ;  
And when they came they told her all about the stranger fair,  
And what she wore, and how she looked, and how she did her hair.  
Next night another ball was held—the sisters dressed, and went,  
And pretty Cinderella, too, by Godmother was sent.