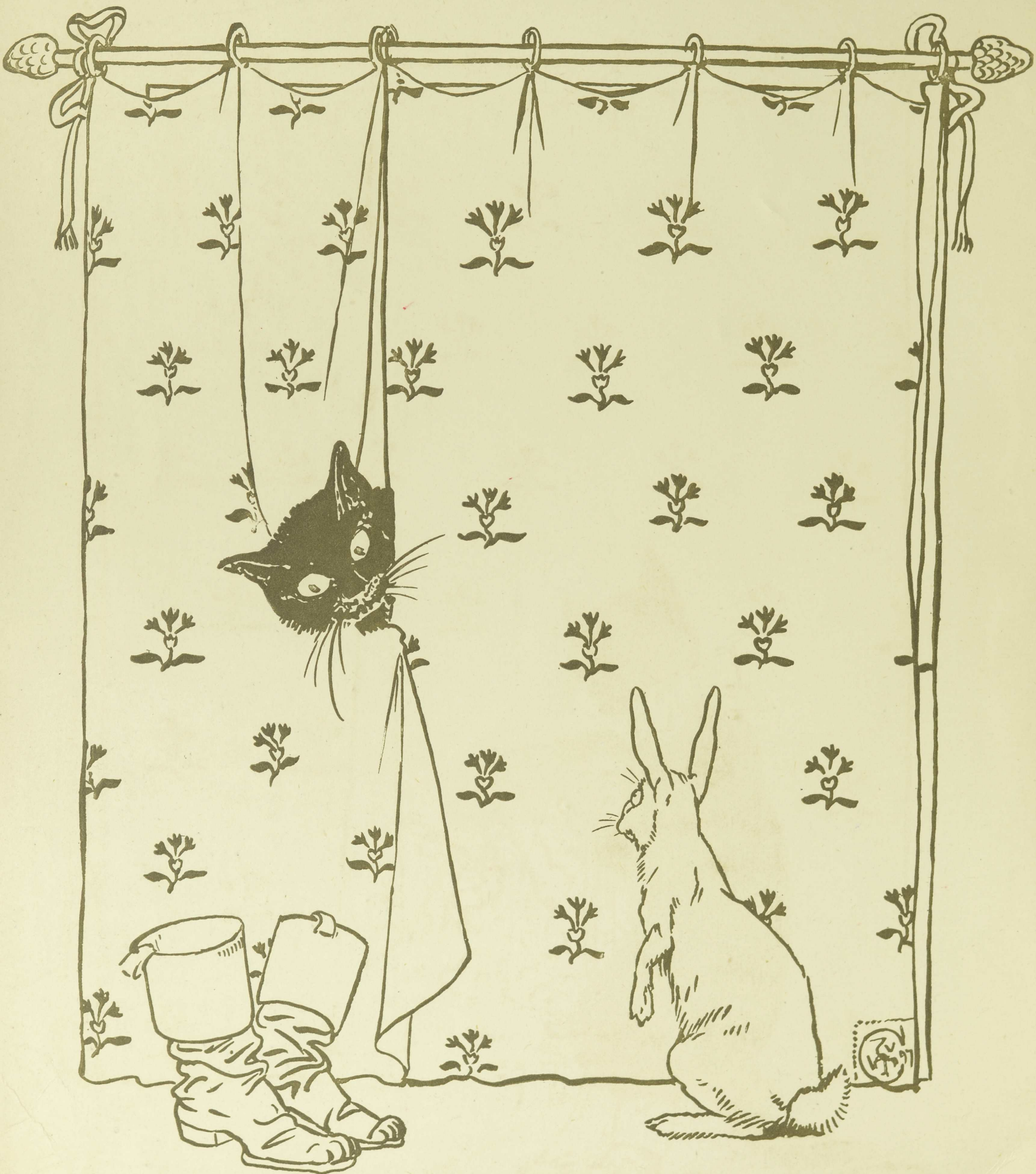


WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE
BOOKS: RE-ISSUE

PUSS
IN
BOOTS

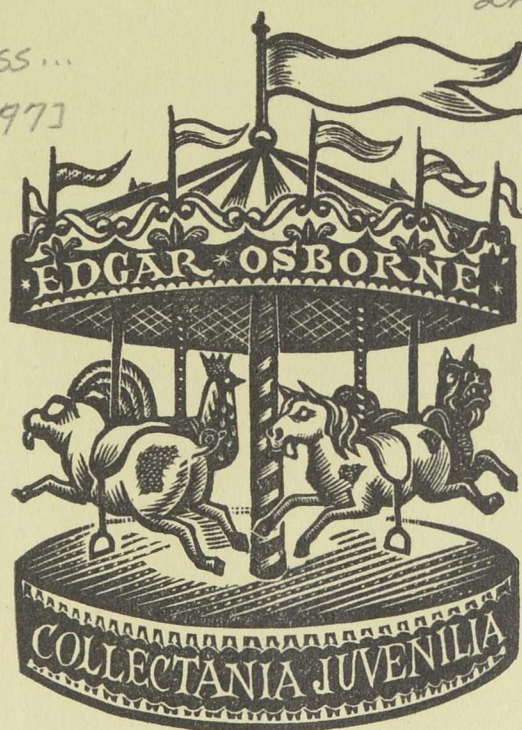


LONDON & NEW YORK
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PUSS...
[1897]



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MABEL OSBORNE



PUSS IN BOOTS.

A MILLER lay dying,—he made his last will;
He left his three sons his cat, ass, and mill:
To the eldest the mill, to the second the ass;
The third had the cat, and he cried out, “Alas!
I must starve now, unless I take Pussy to eat!”



“No, Master,” said Puss, “give me boots to my
feet—
A pair of top-boots—and please leave me alive,
And you shall just see how we’ll flourish and
thrive.”

So the Puss put on boots, and he started abroad,
And caught a fine rabbit just near the high-road,
Which he took to the palace, and gave to the
King:

"This I from the Marquis of Carabas bring."
Again Puss went hunting, and carried the prey
To the King, with the Marquis's duty, each day.



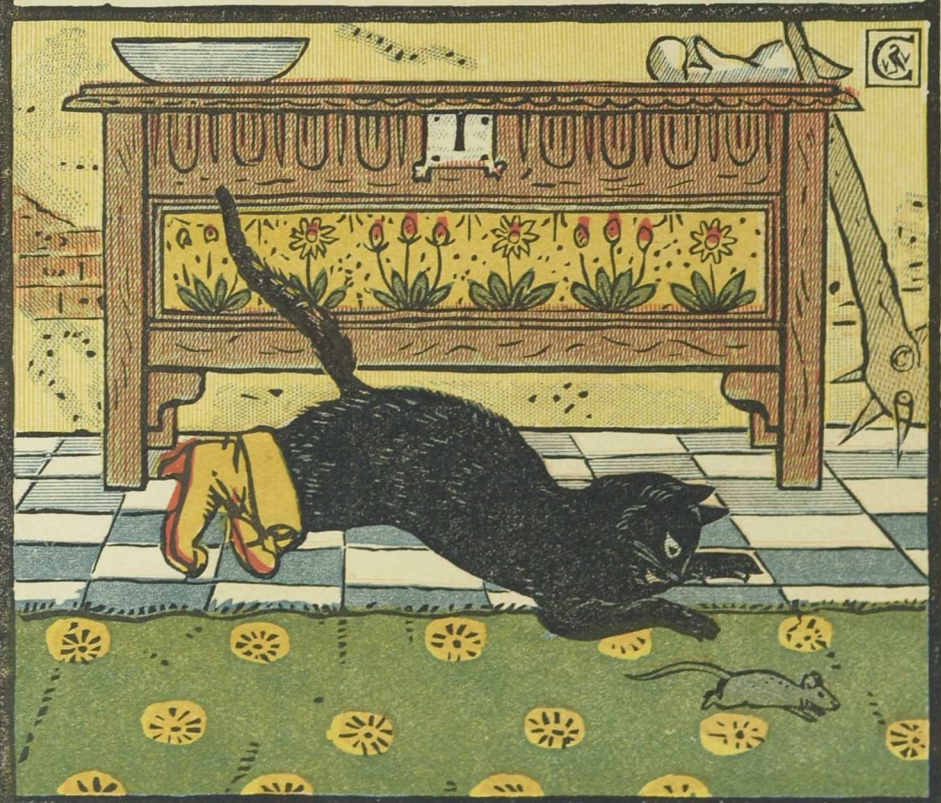


One morn, said the Cat to his Master, "I pray
You to go and to bathe in the river to-day;
The Marquis of Carabas, too, you must be,
And leave all the rest of the business to me."
Now, while the King down by the river passed by,
He heard dismal cries of—"Help! help! or he'll die!
The Marquis of Carabas drowns!—O my master!"
The King sent his guards to avert the disaster.
The Miller's son finds himself pulled out, and drest
In all that his Majesty had of the best;





At last he arrived at a castle so grand,
Which belonged to an Ogre, as well as the land;
Puss conversed with the Ogre, who said that he
could
Assume any shape that he chose—bad or good,
Great or small—as he'd show; and the Ogre, so
fussy,
Turned into a mouse, and was swallowed by Pussy.
At this moment his Majesty's carriage was heard;
Puss hurried down stairs, and he shortly appeared
At the door, flung wide open before they could ring:
The Marquis of Carabas welcomes the King!"





The Miller's son thus became lord of the place,
And he feasted the King with much grandeur
and grace.

After dinner, his Majesty, smiling and bland,
Said, "Marquis of Carabas, give us your hand;
And if there is aught that seems goodly of ours—
Yes, even our daughter—dear Marquis, 'tis
yours."

So the Miller's son married the Princess next day,
And Puss was a groomsman, in top-boots so gay;
For the Marquis of Carabas owed him his life—
His lands and his corn-fields—his castle and wife.





