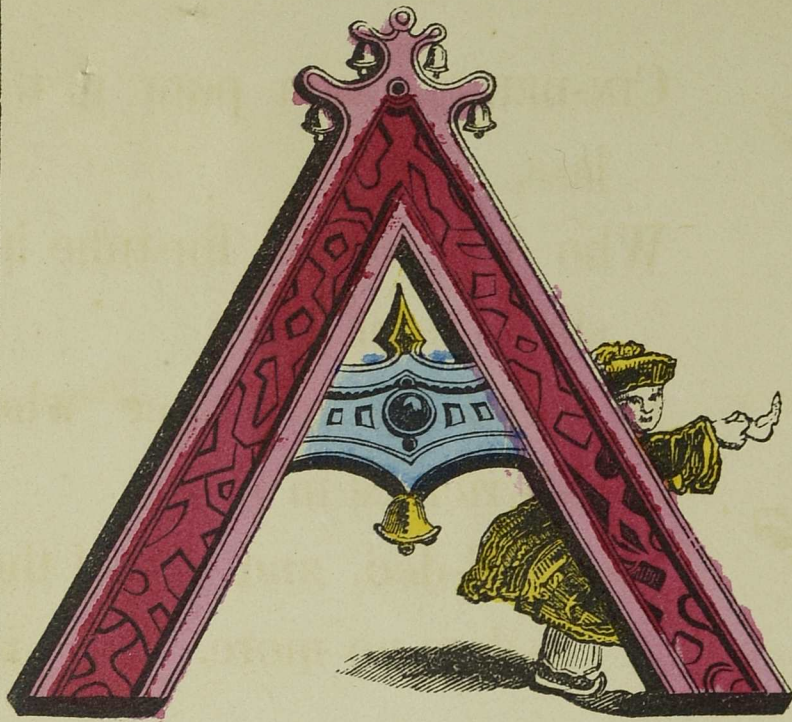


Roche J. Steves

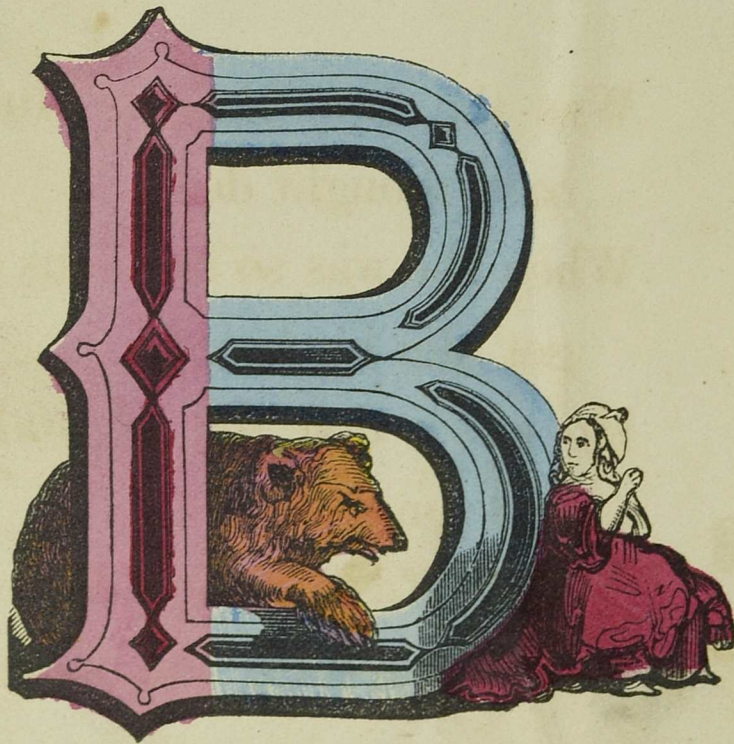


FAIRY

A B C



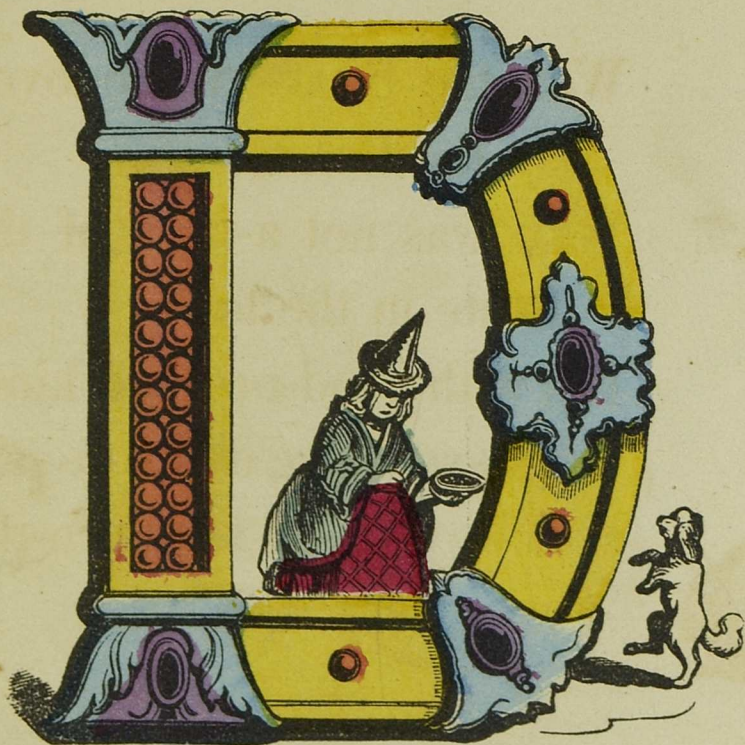
Was A-LAD-DIN, whose won-
derful lamp,
Made him a prince, though
a ve-ry great scamp;
He'd a Genius that serv'd him
thro' thick and thro' thin,
Or else he had never been
Prince A-lad-din.



Was the BEAU-TY, be-loved
by the Beast,
Who was not a-fraid of the
Brute in the least;
But with good-ness and kind-
nessso chang'd him, 'tis said
That he turn-ed to a gen-tle-
man, very well bred.

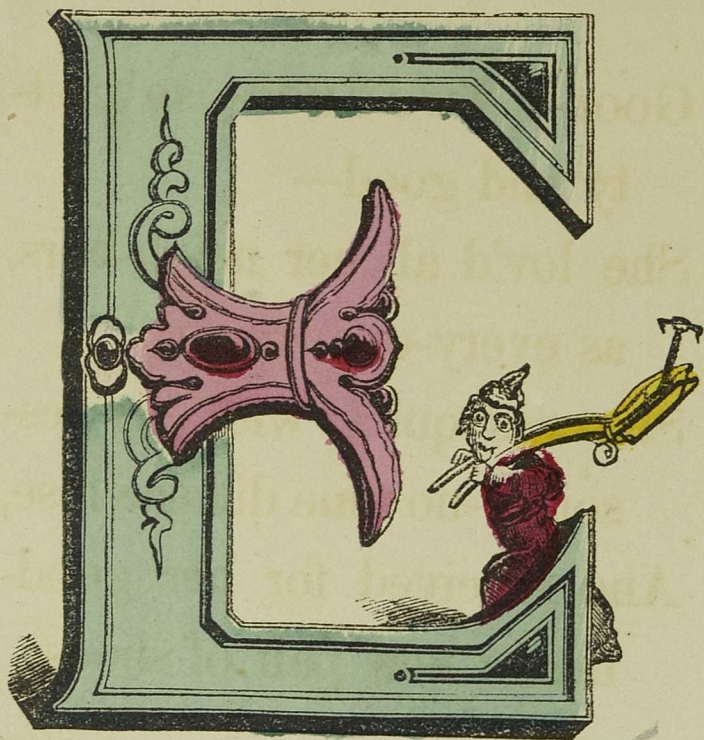


CIN-DER-EL-LA, a poor lit-tle
lass,
Who danced into for-tune in
slip-pers of glass;
Be-loved by a prince who
had rich-es in store,
She wed-ded, and sift-ed the
cin-ders no more.



Was the DOG Mo-ther Hub-
bard thought dead,
When she was so anx-ious to
get him his bread;
He was a dog full of fro-lic
and fun,
And danc'd like a sylph when
his sham-ming was done.

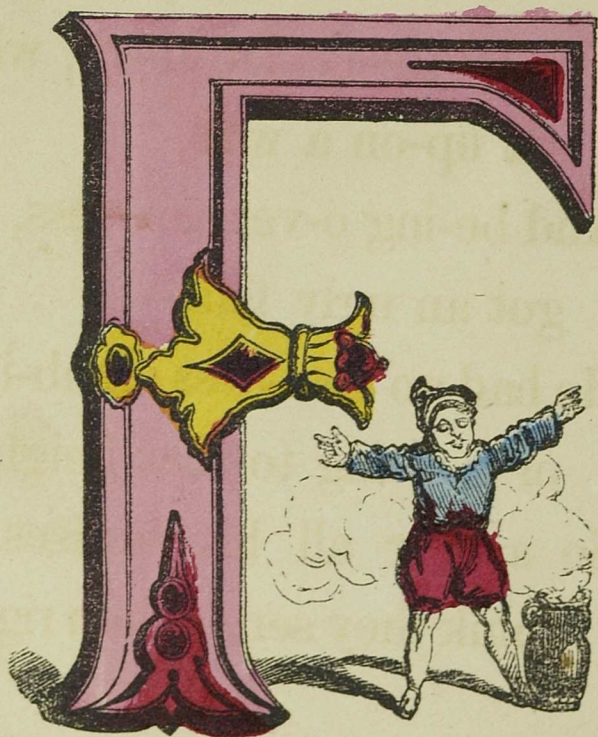
37131 054 888 441



Was the ELF, with his won-
drous Plough—

We wish we could get such
an-o-ther just now—

Who gave to the farm-er a
har-vest of gold,
And bread to the poor for a
tri-ple was sold.



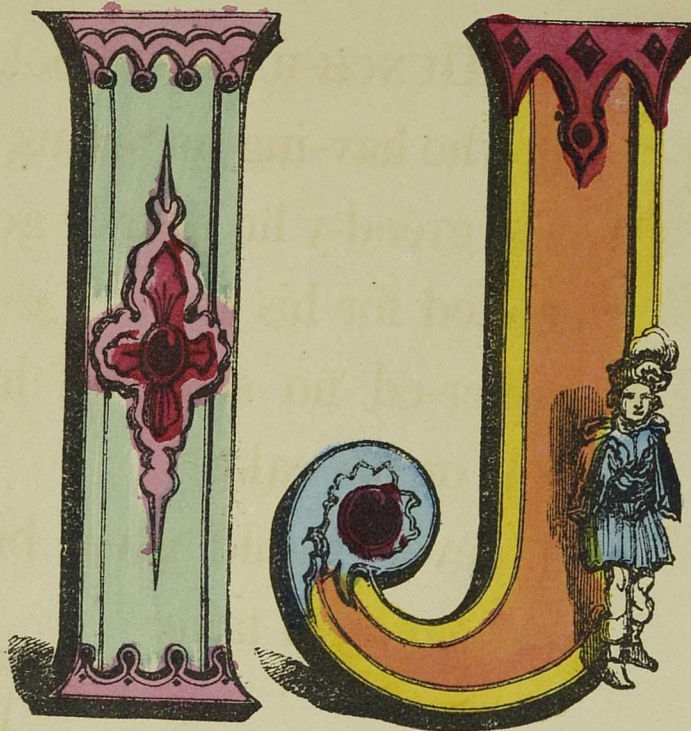
Was the FISH-ER-MAN, who
had a catch,
That proved ra-ther more than
the poor fellow's match;
He bot-tled the Genius and
sealed him up tight,
And brought him to terms,
which set him all right.



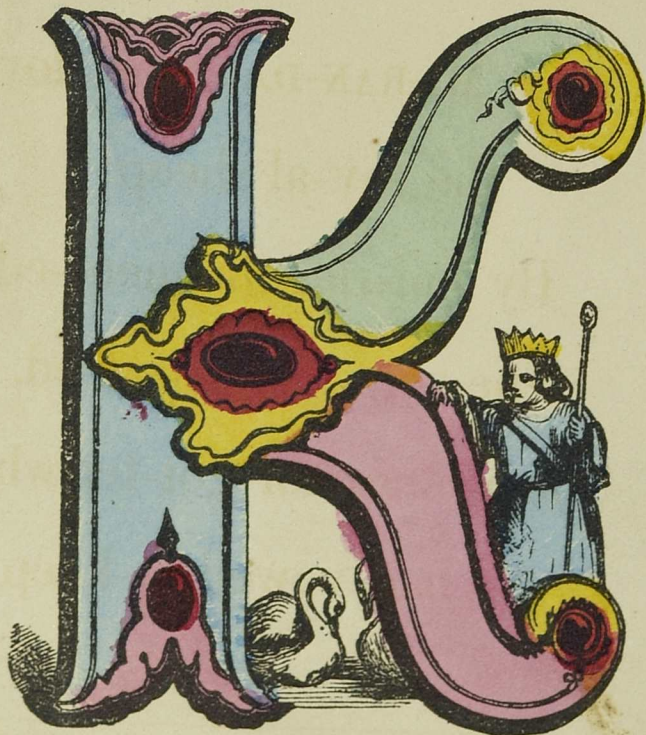
GOOD-Y TWO-SHOES, so pret-
ty and good—
She lov'd all her neigh-bors,
as every-one should;
She was quick with her les-
sons—no time did she lose,
And received for her good-
ness a new pair of shoes.



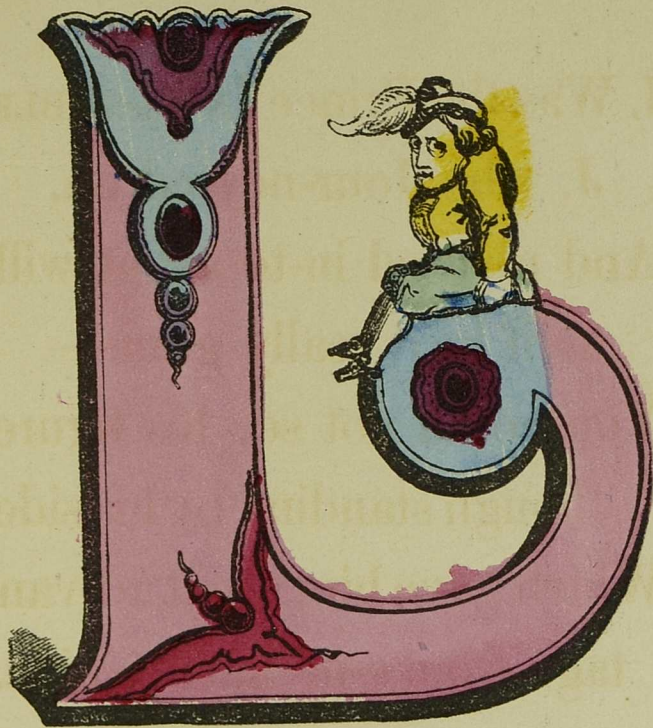
For HUMP-TY DUMP-TY, who
sat up-on a wall,
And be-ing o-ver care-less, he
got an ugly fall—
He had no busi-ness climb-ing,
or get-ting to that height,
So as for all his bruises, I
think they served him right.



I. Was the Prince IN-VI-SI-BLE,
J. who Jour-ney-ed on,
And melt-ed in-to air at will,
as if he'd really gone—
You could not see his figure,
though standing by his side,
Which gave him great ad-van-
tage, from e-ne-mies to hide.



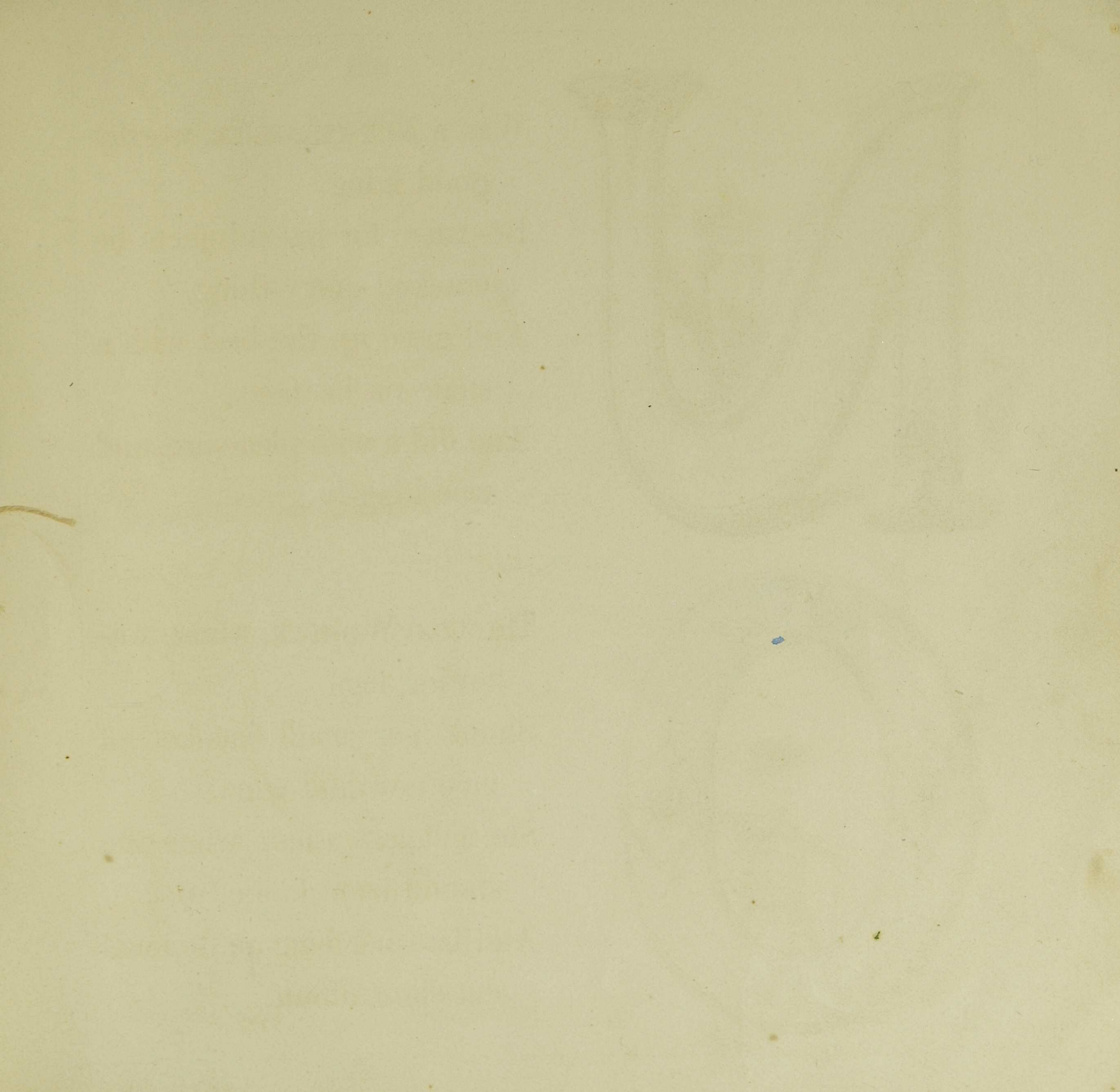
Was the KING, with his swans
so white,
That swam on the wa-ters of
dancing light;
He wav-ed his wand o'er the
ti-ny waves,
And they o-beyed him as wil-
ling slaves.

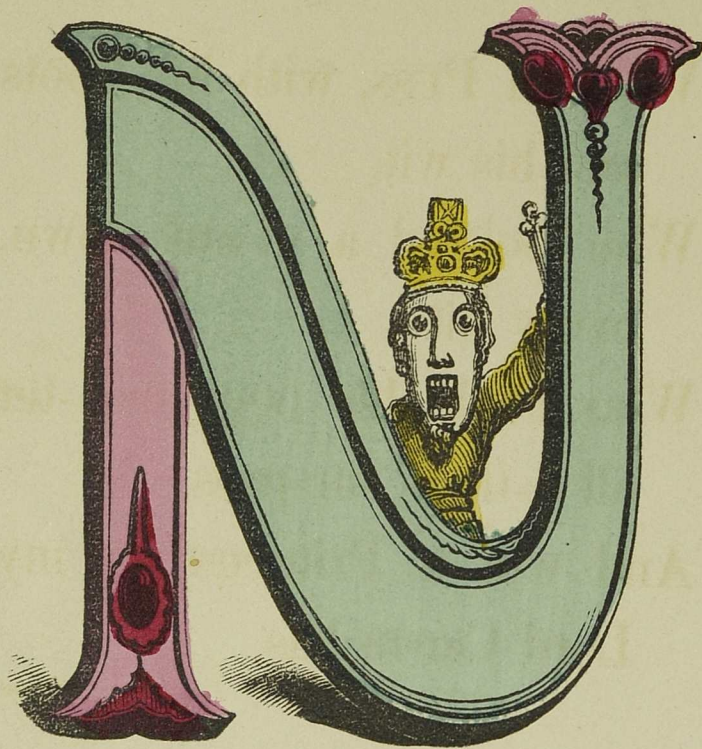


LIT-TLE HUNCH-BACK SO CROOK-
ed, who hav-ing no brains,
Was so greed-y he near-ly got
choked for his pains.
He offer-ed no share of his
fruit or his cake,
And never would give, but
was eager to take.

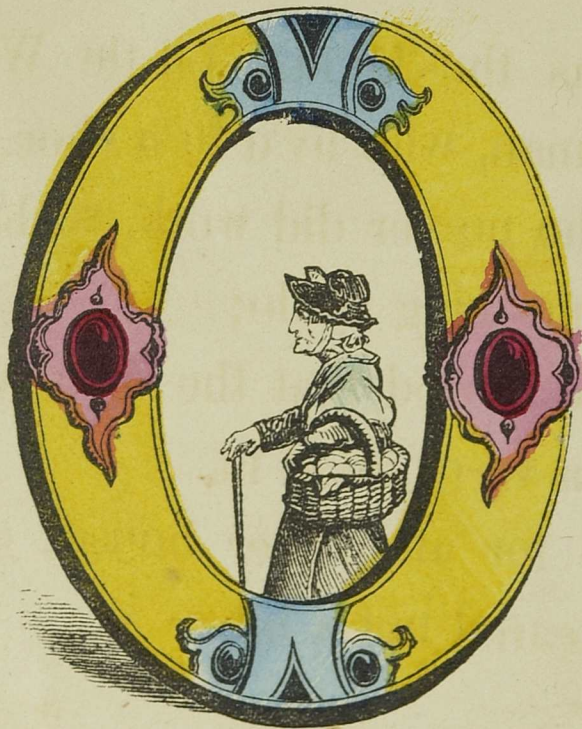


Was MI-RAN-DA, who loved
the roy-al sheep;
By Fai-ries tor-ment-ed,
She sore-ly re-pent-ed,
The promise for-got-ten which
she had vowed to keep.





Was a NUT-CRACK-ER, worthy
good King,
Be-cause for his sub-jects he
cracked every-thing,
And gave up the best with a
smile on his face,
And did it with plea-sure, and
true king-ly grace.



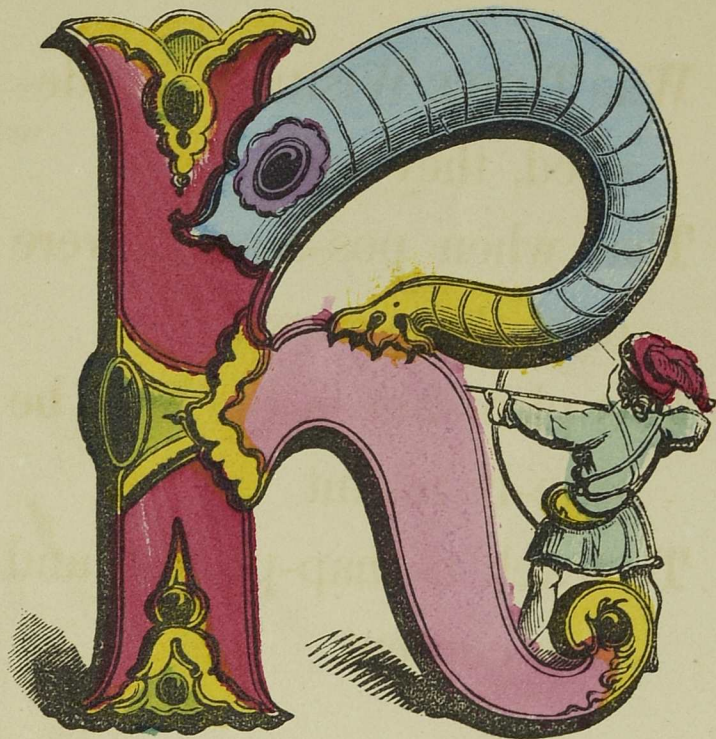
The OLD WO-MAN, whose tot-
ter-ing legs
Shook her small bas-ket of
nice new-laid eggs;
She fell fast asleep when she
should have looked out,
And had her long petti-coats
cut short about.



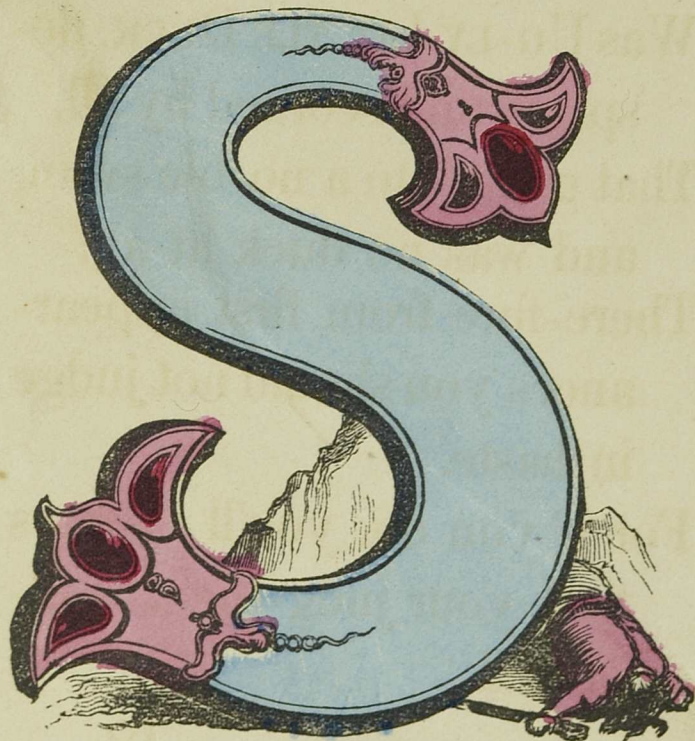
Was old Puss, with his boots
and his wit,
Who bolt-ed a gi-ant down,
every bit;
Who made his poor mas-ter
all o-thers sur-pass,
And win a Prin-cess as my
Lord Car-ra-bas.



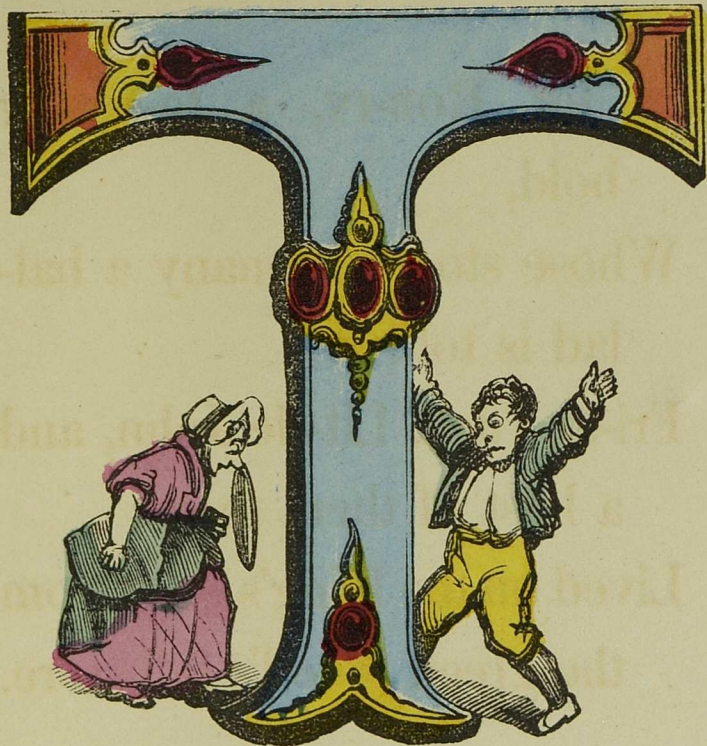
Was the QUEER Lit-tle Wo-
man, who liv'd in a shoe,
Who ne-ver did work, so had
no-thing to do;
She vowed that the shoe was
a ve-ry good fit,
So for all o-ther houses she
cared not a bit.



Is for ROB-IN, a fo-rest-er
bold,
Whose sto-ry in many a bal-
lad is told—
Fri-ar Tuck, Lit-tle John, and
a host of them more,
Lived on the King's deer from
the green wood's full store.



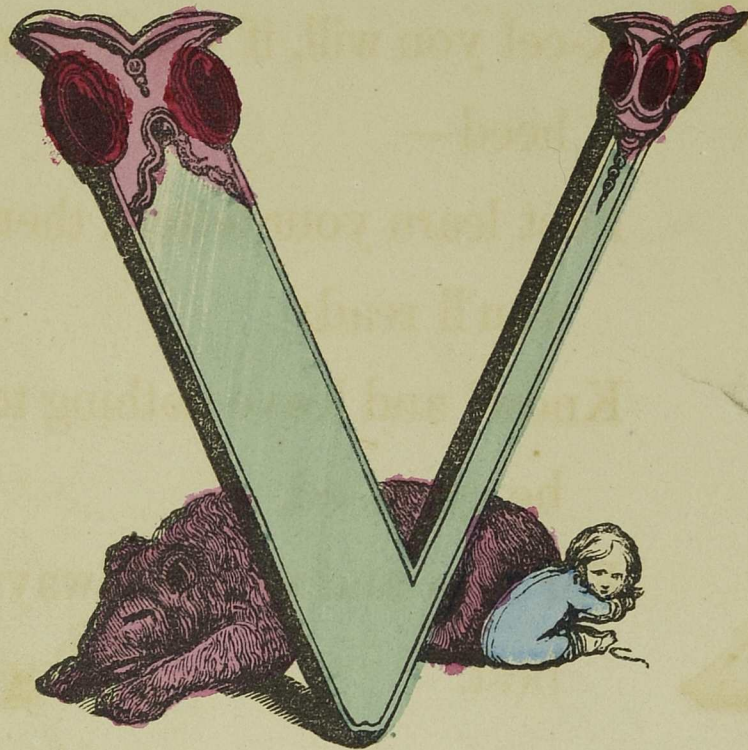
Was SIN-BAD (the Sail-or),
who roved on the sea,
To seek for ad-ven-ture, where
e'er it might be;
He feared not a ship-wreck,
nor storms—no, not he,
But quick-ly returned to his
dear-ly loved sea.



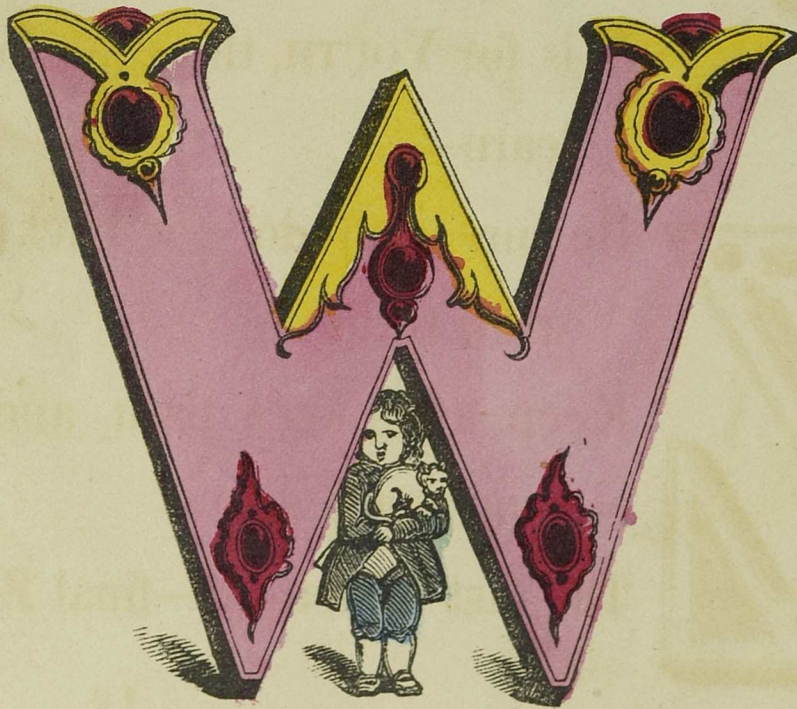
Was THREE WISHES, long de-
sired, they say,
That when pos-sess-ed were
only thrown away.
This plea-sant fa-ble must be
sure-ly meant
To teach us hap-pi-ness and
true content.



Was UG-LY LIT TLE DUCK, de-
spised and scorned by all,
That grew into a no-ble swan,
and was no duck at all.
There-fore from first appear-
ances you should not judge
in haste,
For if you do, you'll al-ways
find, your judg-ment is ill-
placed.



VAL-EN-TINE and OR-SON, a
tale both good and rare,
Where two de-sert-ed infants
were suckled by a Bear;
And one re-mained all naked
and in a sor-ry plight,
While his more lucky brother
be-came a no-ble knight.



IS WHIT-TING-TON, Lon-don's
Lord May-or;
Of ups and of downs he had
his full share.
A cat made the first of his
for-tune, in-deed,
But good-ness and hon-es-
ty help-ed him at need.



X-cel you will, if you'll take
heed—

First learn your letters, then
you'll read;

Know! and leave nothing to
be guess-ed,

For slow and sure is always
best.



Y is for YOUTH, the time to
learn—

Be sure you do not back-
ward turn;

Keep learn-ing's path, and
soon you'll see

The last of letters—final Z.



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