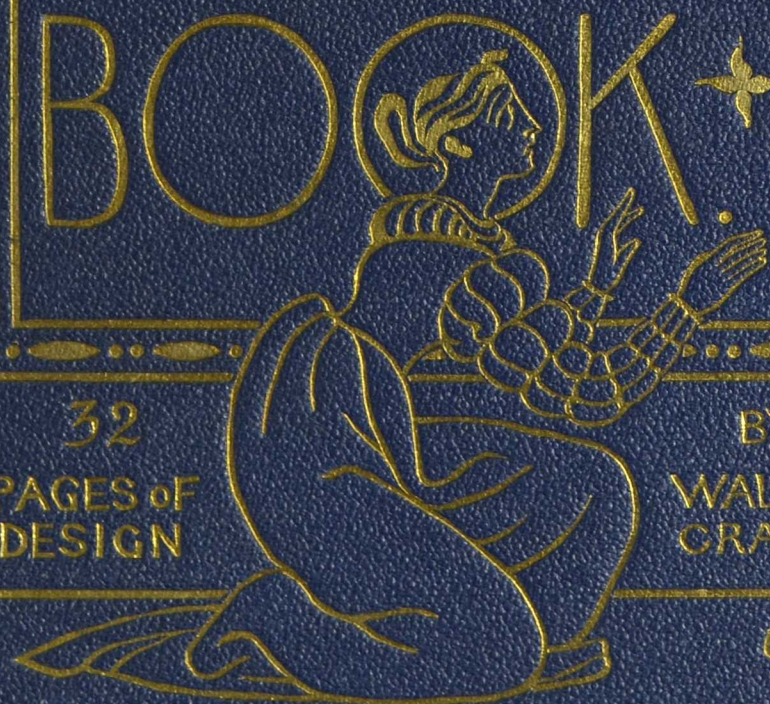


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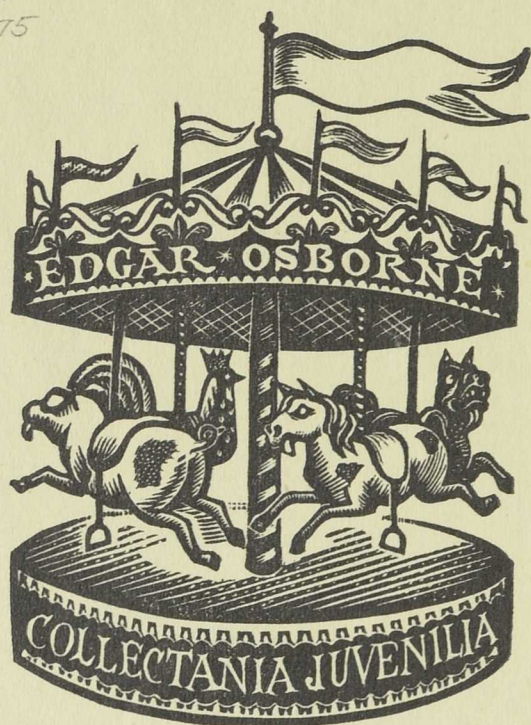
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# THE BLUE BEARD

## PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING

*BLUE BEARD*

*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*

*JACK AND THE BEANSTALK*

*THE SLEEPING BEAUTY*

WITH

THIRTY-TWO PAGES OF PICTURES BY WALTER CRANE

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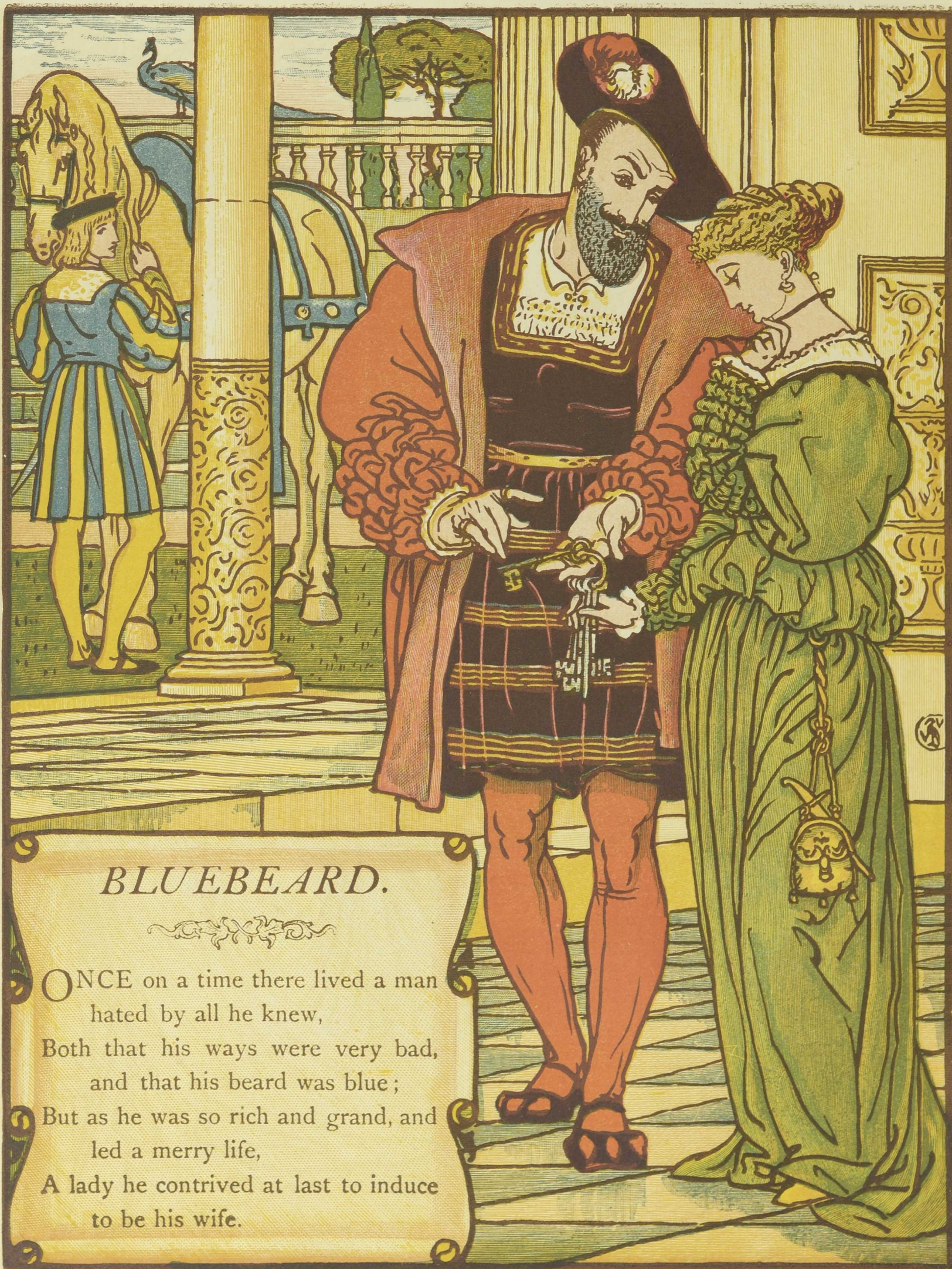












## *BLUEBEARD.*



ONCE on a time there lived a man  
hated by all he knew,  
Both that his ways were very bad,  
and that his beard was blue;  
But as he was so rich and grand, and  
led a merry life,  
A lady he contrived at last to induce  
to be his wife.





For a month after the wedding they  
lived and had good cheer,  
And then said Bluebeard to his wife,  
“I’ll say good-bye, my dear;  
“Indeed, it is but for six weeks that I  
shall be away,  
“I beg that you’ll invite your friends,  
and feast and dance and play;  
“And all my property I’ll leave con-  
fided to your care:  
“Here are the keys of all my chests,  
there’s plenty and to spare.











"But this small key belongs to one small  
room on the ground-floor,—

"And this you must not open, or you  
will repent it sore."

And so he went; and all the friends  
came there from far and wide,

And in her wealth the lady took much  
happiness and pride;

But in a while this kind of joy grew  
nearly satisfied,











And oft she saw the closet door, and longed  
to look inside.

At last she could no more refrain, and turned  
the little key,

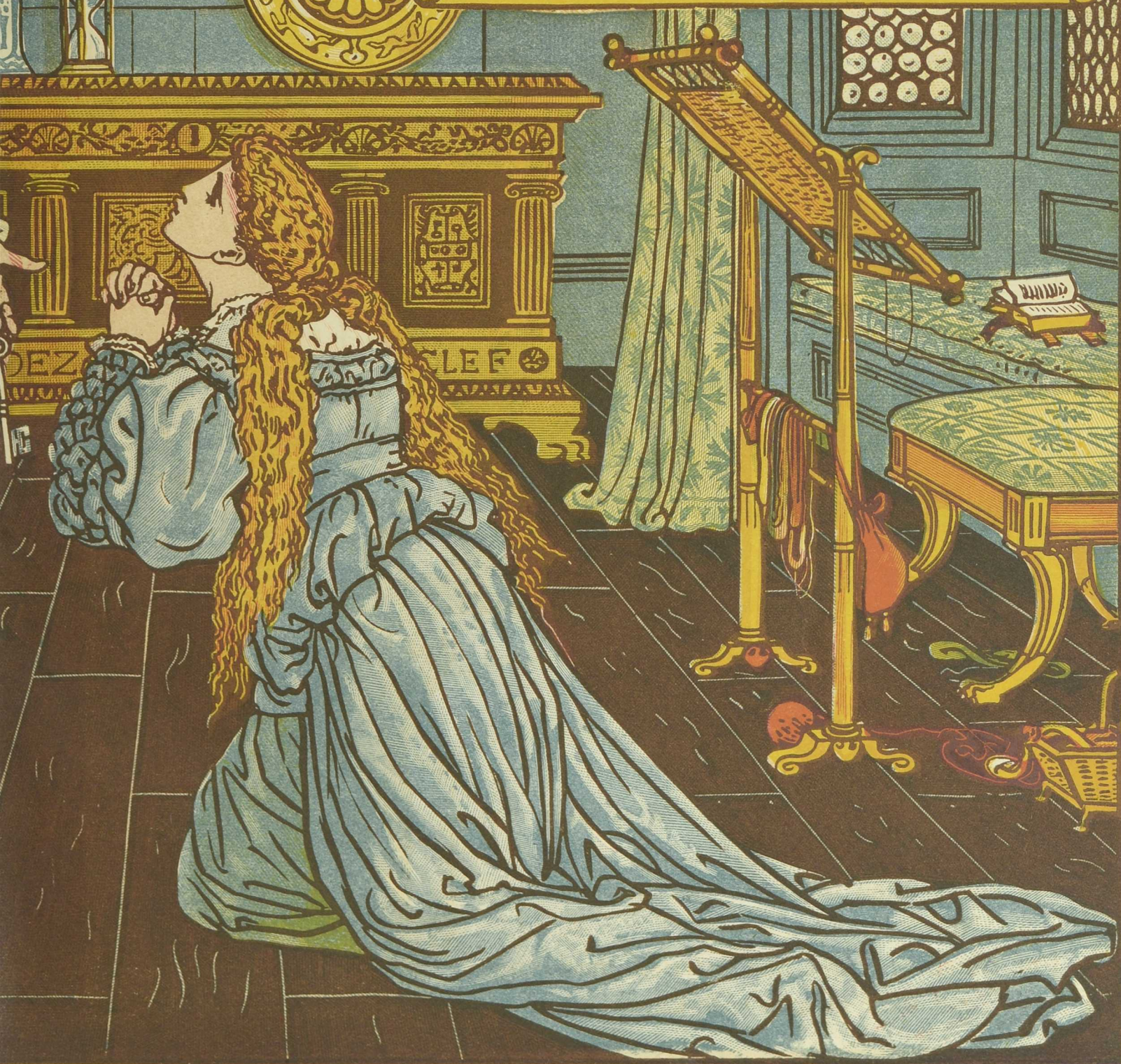
And looked within, and fainted straight the  
horrid sight to see ;

For there upon the floor was blood, and on  
the walls were wives,

For Bluebeard first had married them, then  
cut their throats with knives.



And this poor wife, distracted, picked the key  
up from the floor,  
All stained with blood ; and with much fear  
she shut and locked the door.  
She tried in vain to clean the key and wash  
the stain away  
With sand and soap,—it was no use. Blue-  
beard came back that day ;  
At once he asked her for the key,—he saw  
the bloody stain,—











*"You have been in the closet once,  
and you shall go again!"*

*"O spare me, spare me! give me  
time, nor kill me hastily!"*

*"You have a quarter of an hour,—  
then, madam, you must die!"*

*"O sister Anne, go up, go up, and  
look out from the tower ;*

*"I'm dead unless my brothers come  
in a quarter of an hour!"*

And Anne looked once, and Anne  
looked twice, and nothing saw  
abroad,

But shining sun and growing grass,  
and dust upon the road.













"Come down!" cried Bluebeard, "time is up!" With many a sigh and moan, She prayed him for a minute more; he shouted still, "Come down!"


"O sister Anne, look out, look out! and do you nothing see?"

"At last I see our brothers two come riding hastily."

"Now spare me, Bluebeard,—spare thy wife!" but as the words were said,







And just as Bluebeard's cruel blade was  
descending on her head,  
In rushed the brothers with their swords,—  
they cut the murderer down,  
And saved their sister's life, and gained  
much glory and renown ;  
And then they all with gold and plate and  
jewels rare made free,  
And ever after lived content on Blue-  
beard's property.











# RED RIDING HOOD.

A LONG time ago, in a house near a wood,  
As most pretty histories go,  
A nice little girl lived, called Red Riding Hood,  
As some of us already know.

One day said her mother, "Get ready, my dear,  
"And take to your Granny some cakes,  
"And a pot of fresh butter to soothe her and  
"Ask after her pains and her aches." [cheer;





Out set Riding Hood, so obliging and  
sweet,  
And she met a great Wolf in the wood,  
Who began most politely the maiden to  
greet,  
In as tender a voice as he could.

He asked to what house she was going,  
and why;  
Red Riding Hood answered him all:  
He said, "Give my love to your Gran; I  
will try  
"At my earliest leisure to call."













Off he ran, and Red Riding Hood went on her way,  
But often she lingered and played,  
And made as she went quite a pretty nosegay  
With the wild flowers that grew in the glade.











But in the meanwhile the Wolf went, with a grin,  
At the Grandmother's cottage to call ;  
He knocked at the door, and was told to come in,  
Then he eat her up—sad cannibal !  
Then the Wolf shut the door, and got into bed,  
And waited for Red Riding Hood ;  
When he heard her soft tap at the front door, he said,  
Speaking softly as ever he could :











‘Who is there?’ ‘It is I, your dear grand-  
child; I’ve brought  
“Some butter and nice little cakes.”  
“Pull the bobbin, my child, and come in,  
as you ought;  
“I’m in bed very bad with my aches.”

When she entered the room, the old Wolf  
hid himself  
Very carefully (such was his plan):  
“Put your basket and things, little dear,  
on the shelf,  
“And come into bed to your Gran,”













The obedient child laid her down by the side  
Of her Grandmother dear (as she thought);  
But all at once, "Granny!" Red Riding Hood  
cried,  
"What very long arms you have got!"  
He answered, "The better to hug you, my child."  
"But, Granny, what very large ears!"

"The better to hear you," the voice was still  
But the poor little girl had her fears. [mild,  
"Grandmother, you seem to have very large  
"The better to see you, I trow." [eyes!"  
"What great teeth you have got!" and the  
wicked Wolf cries,  
"The better to eat you up now!"





Red Riding Hood shrieked, and—bang!  
off went a gun,  
And shot the old Wolf through the  
head;  
One howl and one moan, one kick and  
one groan,  
And the wicked old rascal was dead.

Some sportsman (he certainly was a dead  
shot)  
Had aimed at the Wolf when she  
cried;  
So Red Riding Hood got safe home—  
did she not?  
And lived happily there till she died.
















## *Jack and the Bean-stalk.*

IN the days of good King Alfred  
lived a widow with her son ;  
She was kind, and he was idle, so  
at last their wealth was done,  
Nothing left remaining but a cow,  
which must be sold for bread ;  
Jack, who was to sell, exchanged  
her, and got only beans instead,—  
Beans, which when his angry mother  
saw, she flung away in scorn :  
Think how great her Jack's sur-  
prise was, when, on getting up  
next morn,





He perceived the beans had sprouted,—grown so very tall and high,  
That the topmost of their branches  
seemed to lose itself in sky.  
“I must climb,” cried Jack, delighted,  
“it seems strong enough to bear;”  
When his mother would prevent him,  
no remonstrance would he hear.  
Up he goes among the branches,  
easy as a winding stair;  
Climbing on for hours, he reaches  
desert lands and bleaker air.  
Was no sight or sound to cheer him,  
and he very hungry grew;  
As he wandered, sick and weary, an  
old woman came in view:  
She was old, her garments tattered,  
and half blind she seemed, and  
lame,













But she asked of Jack his business,  
and how he in that land came.  
Jack then told her all his hist'ry,  
though it presently appeared  
She knew rather more than he did,  
and some mysteries she cleared,  
As to who his father was, and how  
he lost his life and wealth,  
Through the baseness of a giant,  
who disposed of him by stealth,  
Making off with all his riches; "In  
this very land," said she,  
"Lives he,—all is yours, and you  
must claim your property.  
I will help you,—I'm a Fairy;  
turn directly to the right;  
If with speed you journey on,  
you'll reach his house before  
the night."











On he went, and reached the gi  
not at home ;  
Wife permitted Jack to enter, as  
Meat and drink she gave him al  
house,  
And at last she hid him, lest he  
spouse,  
Who, on entering, loudly stated  
meat,  
But was by his wife persuaded  
(Grieved I am that it consisted  
And when he his supper ended  
hen,  
Who a golden egg produced  
"Lay !"  
When the giant fell asleep, Jack s



's house, and found him

call so far he'd come;  
showed him over all the

tempt the hunger of her

at he plainly smelt fresh

etly his meal to eat,

ely of the flesh of men);

it was brought a splendid

ene'er the giant shouted

ed the hen and ran away.









Down the bean-stalk home he hastened, and  
upon the magic pelf  
Long he lived, his mother also, till at last he  
found himself  
Quite inclined for greater riches, as he knew  
an easy road ;  
Up he climbed the bean-stalk ladder, and  
returned with *such* a load!  
But the giant nearly wakened with the bark-  
ing of a dog,—  
(Very lucky 'twas for Jack, that way of sleep-  
ing like a log).















Bags of gold and silver Jack took  
home, but still his mind did lean  
Towards another prize, and journey  
up the lucky stalk of bean.

Hidden in his usual corner in the  
giant's house, he spied,  
Bought for that great man's amuse-  
ment, playing sweetly by his side  
While he slept, a golden harp, which  
Jack at once caught up, and ran,  
But the harp with human voice cried,  
"Master, master, stop this man!"  
But so tipsy was the giant, though  
he tried to run and bawl,  
That, with all his pains, he could not  
stop the flight of Jack at all.





Down the road and down the bean-  
stalk swiftly ran and clambered  
Jack,

Joy was in his manly bosom, and  
the harp upon his back.

Down the giant scrambles after  
Jack, but little does *he* reckon,—  
With an axe he cuts the bean-  
stalk, and the giant breaks his  
neck.

After this, I need not tell you,  
Jack resolved to settle down,  
Stay at home, climb no more bean-  
stalks, be respected in the town.















## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

LONG, long ago, in ancient times, there lived a King and Queen,  
And for the blessing of a child their longing sore had been;  
At last, a little daughter fair, to their great joy, was given,  
And to the christening feast they made, they bade the Fairies seven—





The Fairies seven, who loved the land—that they the child might bless ;  
Yet one old Fairy they left out, in pure forgetfulness,  
And at the feast, the dishes fair were of the reddest gold ;  
Aut when the Fairy came, not one for her, so bad and old.  
Angry was she, because her place and dish had been forgot,  
And angry things she muttered long, and kept her anger hot,













Until the Fairy godmothers their gifts and wishes gave :  
She waited long to spoil the gifts, and her revenge to have.  
One gave the Princess goodness, and one gave her beauty rare ;  
One gave her sweetest singing voice ; one, gracious mien and air ;  
One, skill in dancing ; one, all cleverness ; and then the crone  
Came forth, and muttered, angry still, and good gift gave she none ;









But said, that in the future years the Princess young should die,  
By pricking of a spindle-point—ah, woeful prophecy!  
But now, a kind young Fairy, who had waited to the last, [are past;  
Stepped forth, and said, “No, she shall sleep till a hundred years  
“And then she shall be awakened by a King’s son—truth I tell—  
“And he will take her for his wife, and all will yet be well.”

[In vain in all her father’s Co  
In vain in all the country-si  
For in a lonely turret high,  
There lives an ancient wom  
The Princess found her out  
Alas! the spindle pricked he





the spinning-wheel's forbid  
 the spindles sharp are hid;  
 up a winding stair, [care.  
 who still turns her wheel with  
 day, and tried to learn to spin;  
 and—the charm had entered in!

And down she falls in death-like sleep: they lay her on her bed,  
 And all around her sink to rest—a palace of the dead!  
 A hundred years pass—still they sleep, and all around the place  
 A wood of thorns has risen up—no path a man can trace.  
 At last, a King's son, in the hunt, asked how long it had stood,  
 And what old towers were those he saw above the ancient wood,









An aged peasant told of an enchanted palace, where  
A sleeping King and Court lay hid, and sleeping Princess fair,  
Through the thick wood, that gave him way, and past the thorns that drew  
Their sharpest points another way, the King's son presses through.  
He reached the guard, the court, the hall,—and there, where'er he stept,  
He saw the sentinels, and grooms, and courtiers as they slept.

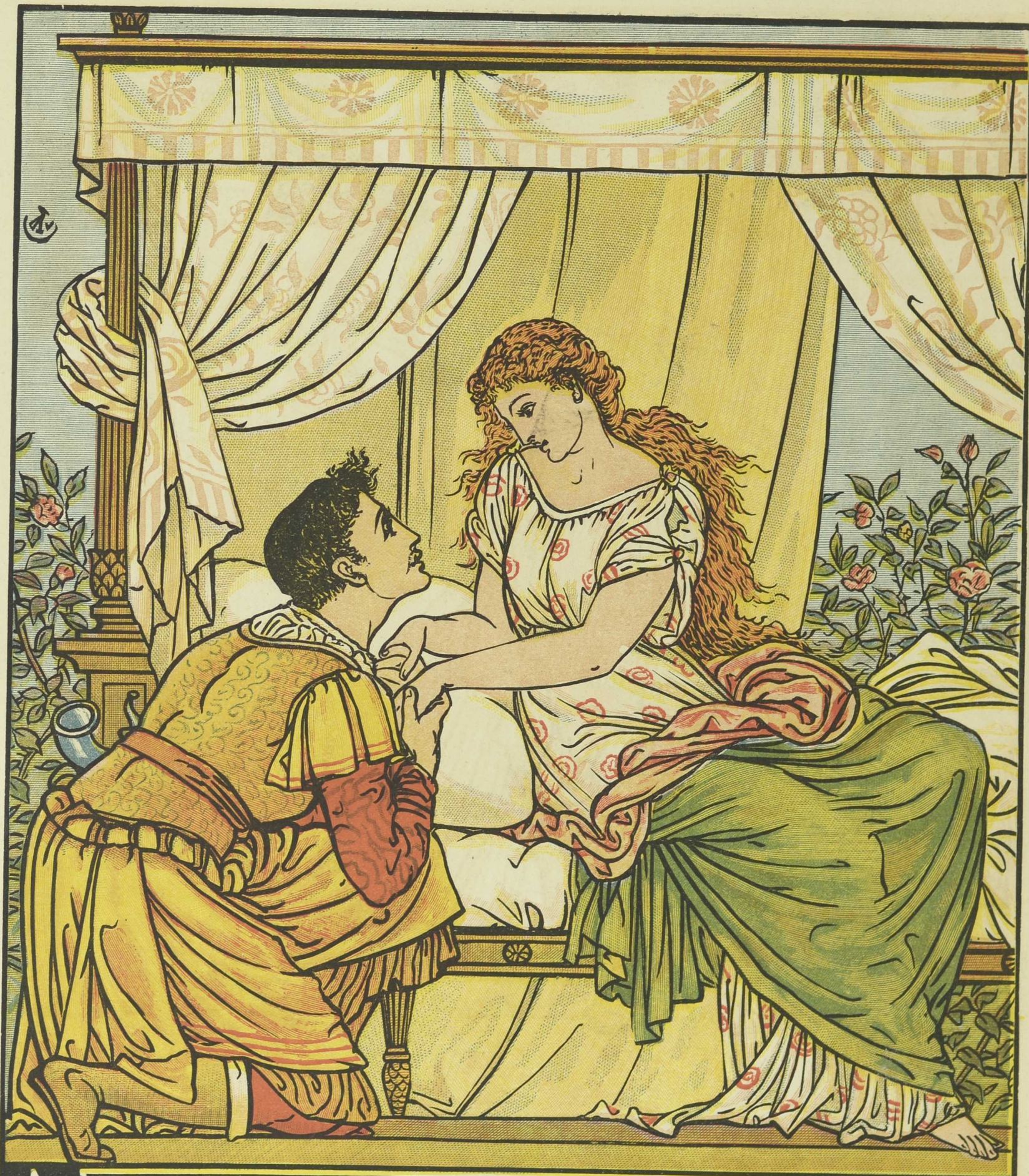






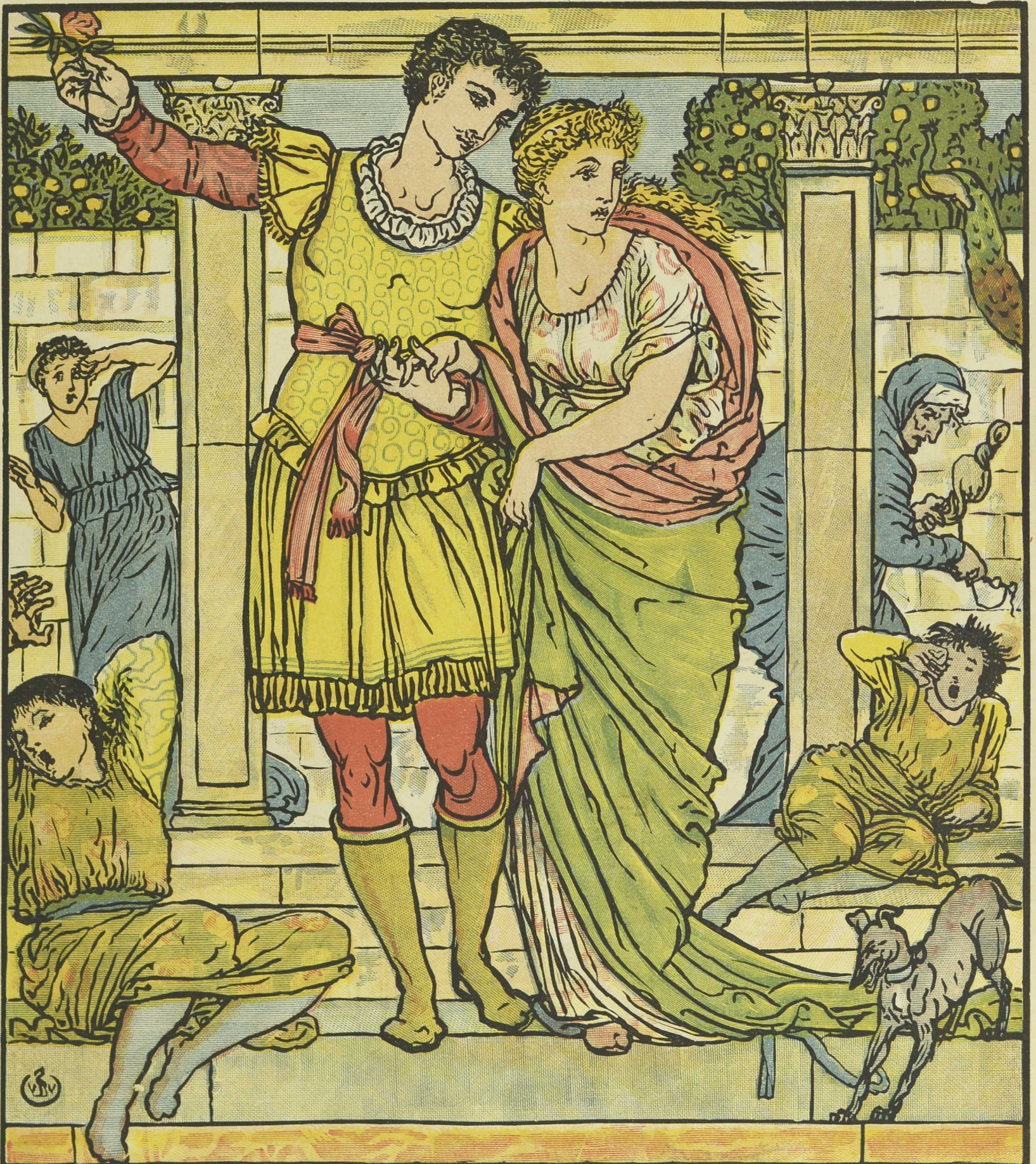






Ladies in act to smile, and pages in attendance wait;  
The horses slept within their stalls, the dogs about the gate.  
The King's son presses on, into an inner chamber fair,  
And sees, laid on a silken bed, a lovely lady there;  
So sweet a face, so fair—was never beauty such as this;  
He stands—he stoops to gaze—he kneels—he wakes her with a kiss.





He leads her forth ; the magic sleep of all the Court is o'er,—  
They wake, they move, they talk, they laugh, just as they did of yore,  
A hundred years ago. The King and Queen awake, and tell  
How all has happed, rejoicing much that all has ended well.  
They hold the wedding that same day, with mirth and feasting good—  
The wedding of the Prince and Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.



















