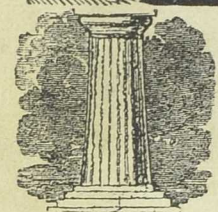
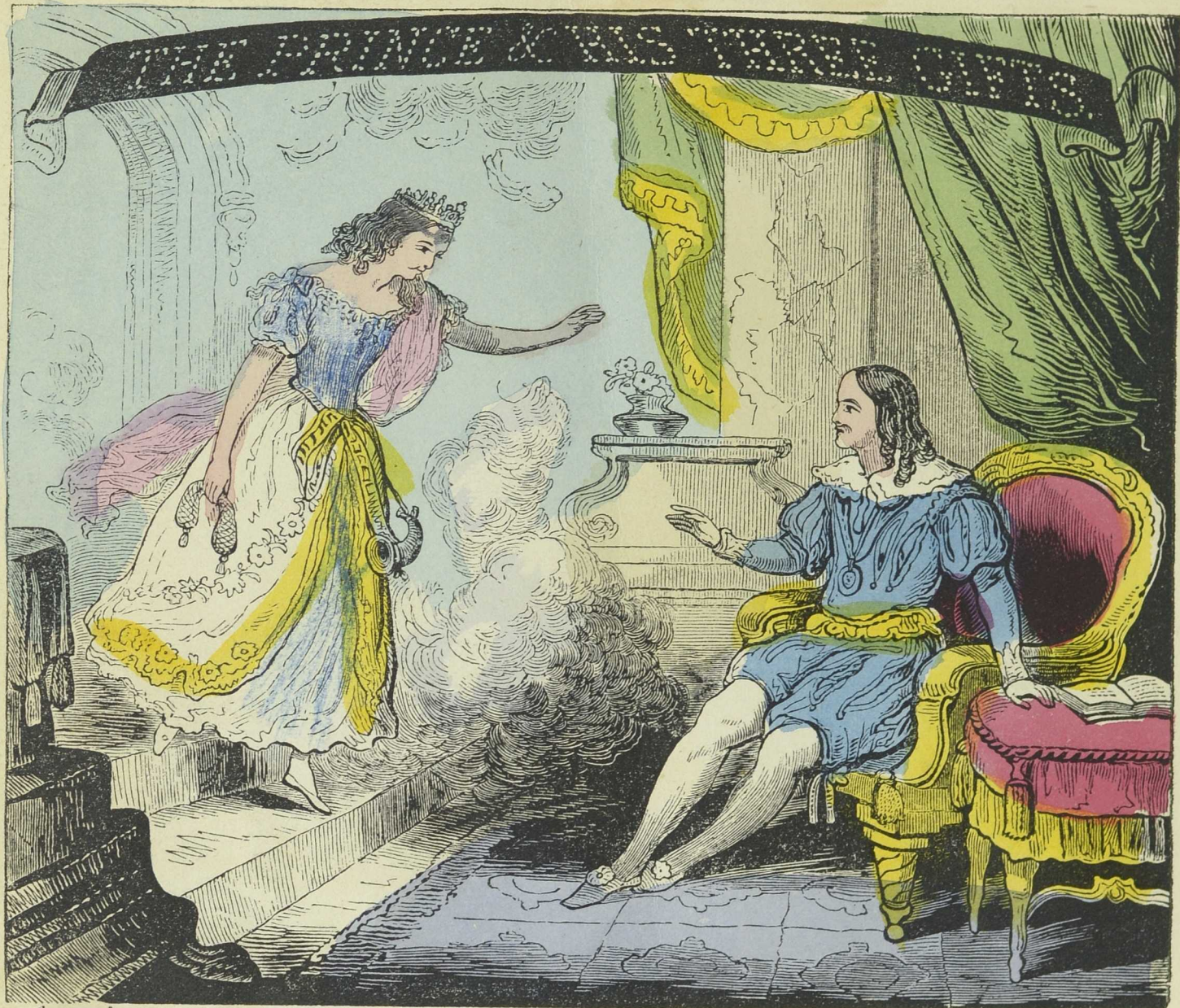


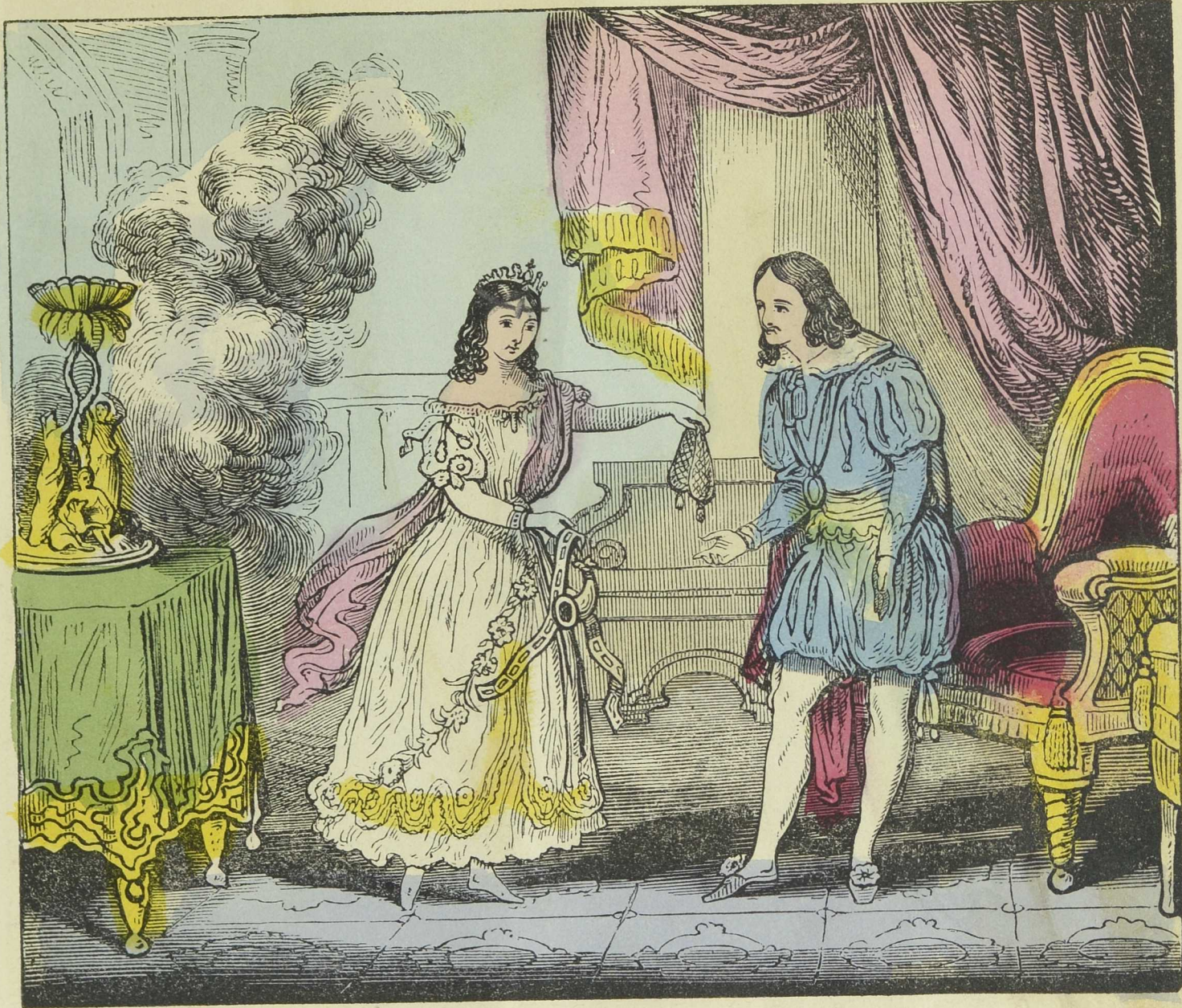


THE
PRINCE
AND HIS
THREE GIFTS.

LONDON:
THOMAS DEAN AND SON, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.



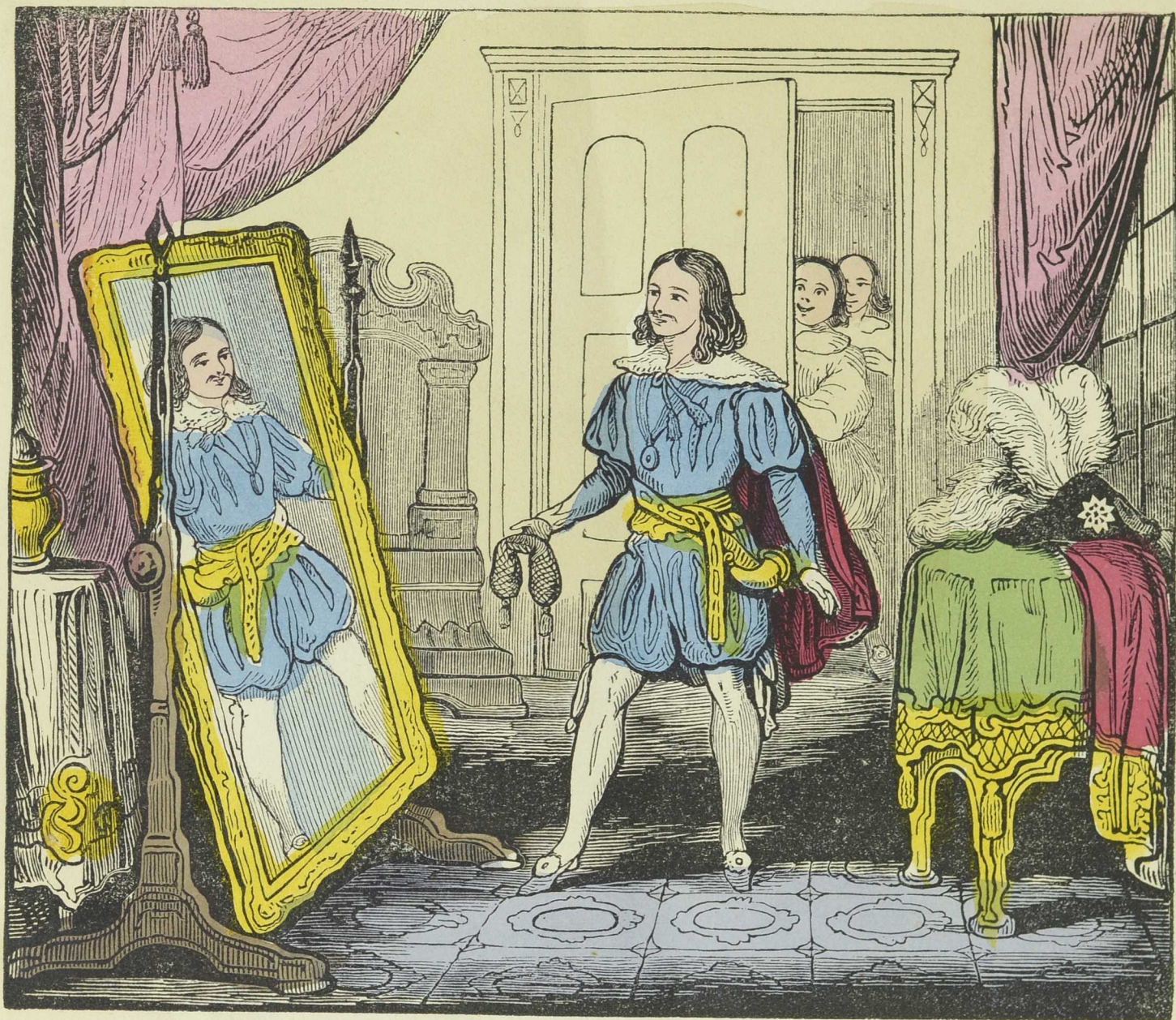
T was once on a time, that a Prince with a name
As long as my arm, and with titles the same,
(Though with scarcely a penny to pay for his hack,
And with only the clothes he had got on his back,)
To court a young Princess, came trotting afar,
Having gained the consent of her pa and her ma.
But the Princess was proud, so she turned up her nose
At a prince without pence, with but one suit of clothes,
Although by her parents she oft had been told,
That Merit was better than silver and gold.
Now the Prince returned home, scarce an hour had been,
When pop through the casement a fairy stepped in,
Saying "Listen to me, for I know all your woes,
And will punish the Princess who turned up her nose."



The Fairy he thanked, and she said "Here, behold!
Is a purse always full both of silver and gold:
You may give to the poor, you may spend what you will;
If you use it but rightly, the faster 'twill fill;
And here is a bugle,—you need only sound,
And thousands of soldiers will spring from the ground,
Ready and willing to serve night and day;
Then, by waving your hand, you may send them away;
And here is a belt, with a magic thread in it,
Will take you wherever you'd go, in a minute.
You have borne your ill-treatment so well, I can see,
Of these choice fairy gifts, you deserve the whole three:
But keep them a secret, whatever you do,
For they'll serve other folks just as freely as you."



Then she bowed her head with a smile in her eye,
And was gone, and the prince said, "Thank you, good by."
And now quite delighted, instead of forlorn,
He took on the hat, took the purse, and the horn,
No poor fast labor, and now with such wealth,
He could scarcely believe that he was his own self;
He went in the press just to make it quite sure,
And there, sure himself, just the same as when poor
He thought he had made a wonderful gift at his side,
He was not pulled up like the prince, with pride,
Then to go but once more, again off he set,
And now you shall hear what adventures he met;
For the prince, level gold, and a rich tailor chose,
So great as his shirt and turned up her nose.



Then she bade him farewell, with a smile in her eye,
And was gone, ere the Prince could say "Thank'y, good by."
And now quite delighted, instead of forlorn,
He put on the belt, took the purse, and the horn.
So poor just before, and now with such wealth,
He could scarcely believe that he was his own self;
So he looked in the glass just to make it quite sure,
And saw 'twas Himself, just the same as when poor.
For though he'd such wonderful gifts at his side,
He was not puffed up, like the Princess, with pride.
Then to try her once more, again off he set,
And now you shall hear what adventures he met:
For the Princess loved gold, and a rich suitor chose,
So again at his offer she turned up her nose.



But before she could show him outside of the door,
With shining bright guineas, he strewed the whole floor;
The sight of such riches quite altered the case,
And down came her nose into its right place.
She praised and caressed him, and made such a fuss,
That he told her the tale of the magical purse;
Then she snatched it away,—and again with proud scorn
She turned up her nose; but the Prince blew the horn;
The doors fly wide open, and in quickly come
The soldiers well armed, and with trumpets and drum,
And then said the Prince, “Now, my Army you see,
Your Highness will perhaps give that purse back to me.”
Then she made quite a joke of what she had done,
Pretending she meant it just only in fun.



Had the Prince now been wise, he'd have looked on coolish,
But being in love, he behaved very foolish;
And thinking the Princess still spoke what she felt,
He told her the use of the horn and the belt.
The next thing she said, "Pray let me see
How this horn and this belt will look upon me.
She put them both on, and took up the purse,
Then, in order to make her bad conduct still worse,
She called in the soldiers who waited about,
And straight from the palace they drove the Prince out;
Ashamed of his folly, he wandered away,
For many a mile, and for many a day;
'Till hungry and weary, and thirsty was he,
So he sat down, one eve, 'neath a shady fig tree.



The Prince ate a fig, and he jumped up in haste,
For he found his nose growing quite down to his waist;
He ran to a fountain that near had its rise,
And, drinking, his nose soon returned to its size.
“A good thought!” said the Prince; “I think I can tell
What’s meant by this fruit, and this magical well:
Where dames are found proud, ’stead as merry as grigs,
I’ll give them a taste of these nose-growing figs;
And thus I will punish that king’s scornful daughter;”
So he gathered some figs, and he bottled some water.
Then in old patched-up clothes, and a grey beard and wig,
To the Princess he hobbled, and sold her a fig.
The Princess chose the largest; and thought it so nice
That she eat it all up, giving no one a slice;

The Prince rose & he, and he jumped up in haste,
For he found his nose growing quite down to his waist;
He ran to a fountain that near had its rise,
And, drinking, his nose soon returned to its size.
"A good thought," said the Prince: "I think I can tell
What's a cure by this trial, and this magical well.
When dances are found proud, and as merry as rings,
I'll give them a taste of these nose-growing things.
And thus I will punish that lady's scornful laughter,
So he gathered some flowers, and he bottled some water.
Then in old patches-up clothes, and a grey beard and wig,
To the Prince he did bring, and sold for a thing.
The Prince chose the largest, and thought it so nice,
That he ate it all up, giving no one a slice.



And thus she was punished, as soon she well knew,
Not only for pride, but for greediness too;
To turn up her nose she was no longer able,
For it laid in her lap, and turned under the table.
The doctors all came, but she grew worse and worse,
So of what use to her was the magical purse?
Or the horn? or the belt? For no where could she go;
And her nose to the soldiers she never would show.
And now she repented the part she had chose,
When proud and conceited, she turned up her nose;
So when a whole year was in punishment past,
As a lame one-eyed doctor, the Prince came at last.
Said he, "I'd a dream, that seemed to disclose
A sure and quick method of curing your nose:



I thought at my feet you a penitent knelt,
And into my hand put a purse, horn, and belt.”
“Did you so?” cried the Princess, “then here are all three,
And in shame and true sorrow I now bend my knee.”
Then he gave her the water, and said, “I suppose,
If I asked for your hand, you would turn up your nose.”
Said the Princess, “That sin and that folly is o’er,
And though you’re half blind, lame, old, too, and poor!
To prove I speak truth, I’ll now be your bride.”
Then the Prince his disguise threw quickly aside;
And the Princess again upon her knees fell,
His pardon to beg, ere he bid her “Farewell!”

But ’tis said, the Prince staid,—for when sorrow is true,
To FORGIVE and FORGET is just what we should do.

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