CINDERILLA;

OR THE

Little Glass Slipper.

YORK:

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

CINDERILLA.

HERE Cinderilla you may see,
A beauty bright and fair,
Her real name was Helena,
Few with her could compare,
Besides she was so very good,
So affable and mild,
She learned to pray and read her book
When she was quite a child.

Here her mother-in-law you see,
One of the worst of hags,
Who made her do all drudgery work,
And clothed her with rags;
And after she had done her work,
Her mother-in-law would tell her,
The cinders she might sit among,
And call'd her Cinderilla.

These are her two Sisters-in-law,
Both deformed and ordinary,
Altho' they dress as fine as queens,
Which you may think extraordinary;
But neither of them scarce can read,
Nor pray to God to bless 'em,
They only know to patch and paint,
And gaudily to dress 'em.

This is the King's fine gallant son,
Young, handsome, straight, and tall,
He invited all the ladies round
For to dance at a ball;
Which when the ugly sisters heard,
They dressed themselves so fine,
And off they set, being resolved
At this grand ball to shine.

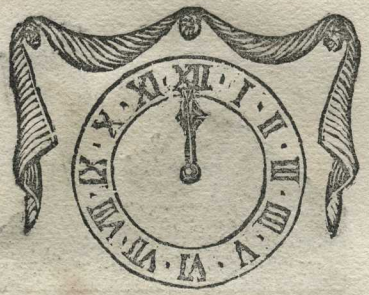
This is the Fairy you see here,
With a wand in her hand,
When Cinderilla christen'd was,
Her god-mother did stand;
And now she comes to lend her aid,
And her power is not small,
To help her god-daughter to go
To this fine Prince's ball.

This Coach was once a pompion,
By the fairy changed from that,
The footmen once were lizards green,
The coachman once a rat,
The horses too, were six small mice,
Chang'd by the fairy's wand,
Her rags were turn'd to costly robes,
The richest in the land.

The fairy, slippers made of glass,
To make her look the finer,
Then bid her go unto the ball,
But first this caution gave her;
That if she stayed past twelve o'clock,
Tho' out one minute more,
Her dress and equipage would change
To what they were before.

See Cinderilla with the Prince,
Dancing at the ball,
Tho' all were dressed gay and grand,
She did out-shine them all;
Her beauty likewise did excel
Them to a great degree,
Which made the Prince choose Cinderell
His partner for to be.

Now having danced with the Prince,
He led her to a place,
Where all the ladies at the ball,
Envied her handsome face ;
Her sisters too among the rest,
Civilities did shew her,
Their kindness she returned again,
But did not let them know her.



Dancing and chat the hours beguile,
The time flew swift away,
So fine the place, so kind the Prince,
She could not choose but stay ;
Behold the clock now striking twelve,
Out cinderilla run,
And happily got out of doors,
Just as the clock had done.

But in her haste to get away,
One of her slippers fell,
Which the young Prince picked up,
And it pleas'd him so well,
That straight he offered a reward,
It was ten thousand pound,
To any person that could tell
Where the owner could be found.

Now see her clothes all chang'd to rags,
That lately were so nice,
Her coach is now a pompion,
Her horses turned to mice,
Her coachman chang'd into a rat,
Her footmen lizards are,
She cannot ride, so home she runs,
Being in despair.

The sisters came soon after her,
All dressed in their glory,
And unto Cinderilla told,
What they knew of the story ;
Next morning too a herald came,
And thus aloud he cried,
That she who could the slipper wear,
Should be the Prince's bride.

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And now the sisters tried in vain
The slipper to get on ;
Said Cinderilla, let me try,
Dear sisters, when you've done ;
She try'd, and on it went with ease
To the foot of Cinderilla,
Said she, I think this slipper's mine,
See here, I've got the fellow.

And now her god-mother came in,
And touched her with her wand,
When, lo! her rags were turn'd to robes,
The richest in the land.
And then the Prince and she were wed,
And it is understood,
As she was fairest in the land,
So there was none so good.

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