

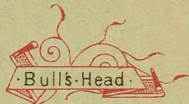


BEAUTY
AND THE
BEAST

With D & J Golman's Compl's of the Season

J. & J. COLMAN

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MANUFACTURERS

108. Cannon St, London. E.C.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ONCE long ago, there lived a man, who had three daughters
fair,

The first had black, the second brown, the youngest golden
hair,

And though they all were handsome, no one could fail to see
That the youngest of the maidens was the prettiest of the
three.

And so she was called Beauty, therefore, the other two,
Of their pretty youngest sister each day more jealous grew.
Now on a day it came to pass, that these three maidens heard
That their father, who had ships at sea, great losses had
incurred,

And therefore to his daughters' grief, he sold his house in town,

That he might pay his creditors, and keep his fair renown.

When the two eldest heard the news, they said they'd rather die

Than go and live with cows and sheep, and then began to cry ;

But Beauty said, " Dear Father, I think you are quite right,
And I will do my very best to make things nice and bright."

So spite of lamentations on the elder sisters' part,

For a cottage in the country, next day they had to start.

Beauty tried to cheer her sisters, but found it was no good,

For both continued in a cross and discontented mood ;

They daily laid in bed till noon, and as no maid they kept,

Beauty had all the work to do, whilst her two sisters slept.



One day, news came, that a fine ship that was reported lost,
Had sailed into the harbour, damaged, and tempest tossed ;
The merchant was, of course, much pleased, on hearing this
report,

And said, " that he would go next day, and see the ship in
port."

The elder sisters' first thought was, we shall go back to town,
And so they asked their father to bring them each a gown ;
He said, " He'd see ! " and then asked Beauty if she needed
clothes,

But she replied " No father dear, I should prefer a rose."
The father smiled at Beauty as she made this sweet request,
And said, " To bring her what she wished, he'd surely do
his best."

He then kissed his three daughters, and bidding them farewell,

Started upon his journey, hoping 'twould turn out well,
He reached the port in safety, but when he saw the ship,
Wished that he'd never been induced to undertake the trip.
The cargo was so damaged, it would have cost him more
Than it was worth to pay the men to carry it ashore.
So mounted on his faithful nag, he sadly homeward sped,
And did not notice heavy clouds were gathering overhead.
But suddenly a thunderclap burst on the merchant's ear,
A flash of lightning followed, his horse started with fear.
The storm grew loud, and furious, the thunder fairly roared,
The clouds were by the lightning riven, the rain in torrents
poured ;

In vain he strove to keep the road that through the forest
lay,

In spite of all his efforts, at last he lost his way.

He feared that in the forest, he'd have to spend the night,
When through the trees some distance off, he saw a gleam
of light ;

He swiftly rode towards it, keeping it well in view,
And almost at each step he took, the light in brilliance grew,
It led him through the storm and rain, deep in the dismal
wood.

Until at last, in front of him, a lordly mansion stood.

He rode up to the mansion gate, but could make no one hear
So entered in the courtyard, yet saw no one appear ;

He then got off his horse, who quite unbidden made his way
Through a wide open stable door and helped himself to hay.



Leaving his horse, he to the house admittance sought to gain,
That he might to the master his presence there explain.
The house door stood wide open, and so he entered in,
But in the spacious hall no living creature could be seen.
A blazing fire was on the hearth, a dainty supper set,
And so he thought he'd warm himself as he was tired and
wet ;

He waited, but as no one came, the weary man at last,
With hunger almost fainting, thought he would break his fast ;
He helped himself to the nice things that on the table stood,
Then drank a glass or two of wine which he found very good ;
And having supped, he crossed the hall, and saw a door that
led

Into a spacious chamber in which there was a bed.
So he undressed, got into it, and soundly slept all night
And when he woke next morning the sun was shining bright.

Recalling his adventures to his mind, he quickly rose
And lying by his bedside saw a new suit of clothes,
When dressed he passed into the hall, and there found breakfast laid,

So guessed that in a fairy's house, throughout the night he'd stayed.

When he had finished breakfast, he to the garden went,
And there he found the morning air, all redolent with scent.
For every pathway in it, was hedged to left and right
With lovely bushes bearing fine roses red and white.
No sooner did he see the flowers that Beauty loved the best
Than he began to gather some, remembering her request ;
But hardly had he plucked a flower when a most awful sound
Arose, which made him wish himself ten fathoms underground ;

And when an ugly beast appeared, who said, "Do you suppose,

Ungrateful man, that I shall let you take away my rose?
I've boarded, clothed, and fed you, and in return you try
To steal what I most value, therefore you'll have to die."

The merchant was so terrified, he fell upon his knees,
And by an explanation sought the monster to appease.
So he commenced, "Kind Sir," but here the monster said,
"The least

You can do is to speak the truth, so please to call me beast."
And when the Beast had heard the tale, he said, "If this be
true

I'll take one of your daughters, if she'll come instead of you,
But ere you go to fetch her you solemnly must swear,
That you'll return; and if you don't, of my just wrath
beware."

So he swore as the beast required, then with a heavy heart,
Said on his homeward journey at once he'd like to start,
The Beast raised no objection but said to his surprise,
"You'd better take the rose you've plucked, see at your
feet it lies."

The merchant took it, thanked the Beast, then from the
castle rode,

And without further accident he reached his own abode.

The eldest girls at once remarked on his new suit of clothes,
Whilst from his button hole he took a lovely damask rose
Which looked as fresh, as though it had that moment left
the tree,

And handing it to Beauty said, "I've kept my word you
see,

But little do you guess what it has cost my word to keep,"
And then he told his story, and the maids began to weep.

But Beauty dried her eyes and said, "Crying will do no good,

I will go for my father to the Beast in the wood."

The eldest sister said, "Of course, 'tis the least you can do, We should not have been in this plight, had it not been for you."

But here the merchant interposed, "Nay, it would break my heart,

With my beloved daughter in this sad way to part."

But with such zeal and eloquence did the sweet maiden plead,

That finally her father to all she wished agreed.

And so he took his daughter to the castle the next day,

Then leaving her with many tears, he sadly rode away.

When he was gone, poor Beauty, feared lest the Beast should be

Blacker than he was painted, but thought she'd wait and see,

But as she sat at supper, she almost screamed with fright,
When the Beast she so much dreaded, suddenly came in
sight :

He said, " Pray don't be frightened, I know I'm very plain
But I should like to look at you, if I may here remain "

Beauty replied, " Sir, Beast, you know that you are master
here,

And 'tis not in my power, with your wish to interfere."

Then said the Beast, " Nay, if you will, the Mistress you
can be,

For, Beauty dear, I love you, say, will you marry me ?"

Beauty replied, " Oh no, Sir Beast, indeed I'd rather die !"

And so the Beast just walked away, heaving a dreadful sigh.

So weeks passed on, and when each night the Beast to supper
came,

And asked her the same question, her answer was the same ;



Then when he nightly left her with that heart-rending sigh,
She was so sorry for him, she felt inclined to cry ;
Now, one night Beauty told the Beast, " How happy she
should be,

If but for one brief moment, her father she could see."
And when the Beast saw Beauty was very much distressed,
He said at once, " Sweet maiden, I will grant your request."
When Beauty heard the promise, for joy she scarce could
speak,

But when the Beast said sadly, " I'll let you stay a week ;
I cannot spare you longer," she saw it gave him pain
To part with her, and so she promised she'd be back again
Before the week was over : the Beast then kindly said,
" Put this ring on your table before you go to bed,
And then to-morrow morning in your old home you'll wake,
Whilst you are there, please keep the ring, and wear it for
my sake,

Then on the night you should return, just lay the ring you've
worn

Beside you when you go to rest, 'twill bring you back 'ere
morn."

When Beauty woke at home next morn, as the Beast had
foretold,

She quickly rose and dressed herself as in the days of old,
Then she ran to her father's room, who scarcely could
refrain

From shedding tears of joy on seeing Beauty home again ;
He scarcely could believe it true, for he had never ceased
To mourn for her, since that sad day, he'd left her with the
Beast.

Her sisters hearing Beauty's voice, jumped quickly out of bed
And were surprised—and not quite pleased—to see she was
not dead ;

Then Beauty told them that the Beast was very kind indeed,
And that before she left him, it had been quite agreed
She should return within a week, and so she could not stay,
However much she wished to, beyond the appointed day,
But her sisters were so jealous that they made up their mind
To make her stay beyond the time, hoping that she would
find

The Beast so very angry, when too late she got back,
That he would either kill her, or beat her blue and black ;
So they persuaded Beauty, who did not like to seem
Unkind, but on the following night, she had an awful
dream,

The Beast lay dying on the lawn, and waking in a fright,
Determined that she'd put the ring beside her bed that night.
She did, and so awoke next morn in the house in the wood,
Then rushed off to the grassy lawn as fast as e'er she could ;



When she got there, she saw, alas ! her dream had proved too true,

The Beast lay on it cold and stiff, she knew not what to do ;
So in despair, she cried " Dear Beast, if you will come to life,

I promise I will marry you, and be your faithful wife."

And suddenly from off the grass, there rose a youth who said,

" The Beast is gone for ever, and I am here instead,
I am a Prince, and for some years have lived beneath a spell,
Which only could be broken by a maid who loved me well ;
The task you have accomplished, because you did not mind
Marrying a plain husband, as long as he was kind.

By some wise man, perhaps you know, it has been said of old,

That things which glitter brightly, are not all made of gold,

And for the self-same reason, a casket that is plain,
May though we ne'er discover it, the brightest gems
contain."

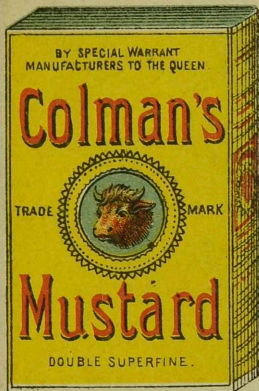
Now while the Prince was speaking, the roses white and red
Seemed suddenly to fall to earth from off their leafy bed,
They were transformed to courtiers and by the Prince they
stood,

For they with him had been bewitched in the enchanted
wood,

And Beauty's father all at once stood by his daughter's side,
But when she for her sisters asked, he quietly replied,

"Nay, my dear, they must stay at home until they mend
their ways,

And then, perhaps, I'll let them come and stay here a few
days."



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