

**THE MAGIC CROOK,  
OR, THE STOLEN  
BABY: A FAIRY STORY**

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The magic crook, or, The stolen baby: a fairy story by Greville Macdonald

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**GREVILLE MACDONALD**

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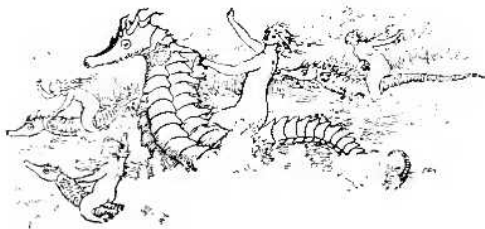
The Magic Crook  
or  
The Stolen Baby



CURDIE AND JONAS

The Magic Crock,  
or the  
Stolen Baby  
A Fairy Story  
By Greville MacDonaldd.M.D.

Illustrated by Arthur Hughes.



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## Dedications

To Miss Katharine King, aged 14

I WROTE this tale, sweet Maid, for your delight—  
A fairy tale, wherein a child may see  
How joy and pain are roses on one tree,  
Though one be sweet, the other cramped with blight.  
It tells of fairy play and goblin spite,  
How greed spoils everything, how love sets free  
The joy of lamb and bird and honey-bee,  
And tunes the music of their hearts aright.

Your Mother's truthful eyes give light to bear  
The grief and havoc wrought by things unkind ;  
Your Father's purposeful and steadfast mind  
Braves dragons that make weaker knights despair :  
Kitty ! these God-sent gifts they gave to you :  
Be happy, gentle, strong ; be fearless, true !

To Curdie, the Old-English Sheep-dog, an important  
Person in the Story, and belonging to  
Miss Katharine King

CURDIE ! once teaching the grass-cropping sheep  
With baas and sweet bells their bounds for to keep,  
Or watching the lambs—such an innocent spy !—  
When fed by their mothers, or leaping on high :  
Curdie ! beloved of fairy and maid—  
One eye white-clouded like moon's ambuscade,  
The other brown, starry, of nothing afraid—  
Seeking and finding the lambs that are strayed !

## Dedication

Curdie ! thou wise dog of winsomest ways,  
 Asking 'fore all things thy mistress's praise,  
 Yet wild for a scampering night on the doon,  
 When fairy folk summon to starlight or moon :  
     Curdie, thou wag ! but with never a tail,  
     Never a hope that can weary or fail,  
     Calling thy mistress with musical wail,  
     Pounding thy paws in beseeching assail !

Curdie ! thy mother, a kind shaggy bear,  
 Cuddled her puppies in wild rocky lair ;  
 Thy father, a prince among faëry hounds,  
 Leapt all the gates of humanity's bounds.

    Curdie ! right busy with black and pink nose,  
     Sniffing Puck's secrets wherever wind blows,  
     Finding lost sheep tumble-tangled in woes—  
     And rabbits in dozens—though nobody knows !

Curdie ! just tell us a tale built on truth—  
 Let it be moonshine, or nonsense, forsooth !  
 Tell us a tale of thy own doggie creed—  
 Of Love, the brave fairy in every kind deed :—  
 But Curdie just answers—with never a brag,  
 Lifting his wise head as proud as a stag,  
 Or solemn Crusader unfurling his flag—  
 “ I'd tell *such* a tale if I had one to wag ! ”

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