

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
COMIC NURSERY TALES
IN HUMOROUS VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649396948

Beauty and the beast. Comic nursery tales in humorous verse by Albert Smith

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALBERT SMITH

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
COMIC NURSERY TALES
IN HUMOROUS VERSE**

COMIC NURSERY TALES

IN HUMOROUS VERSE:

BY

Gilbert A. A'Beckett, F. W. N. Bayley, Albert Smith, F. P. Palmer,
and the Author of the "Comic Latin and Comic
English Grammars."

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY CHAM, ALFRED CROWQUILL, AND LEECH.

EIGHTEENPENCE EACH.

BLUE BEARD,
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
RED RIDING HOOD,
HOP O'MY THUMB.

PUSS IN BOOTS,
SLEEPING BEAUTY,
JACK THE GIANT KILLER,
CINDERELLA,
TOM THUMB.



LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXIV.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY ALBERT SMITH.

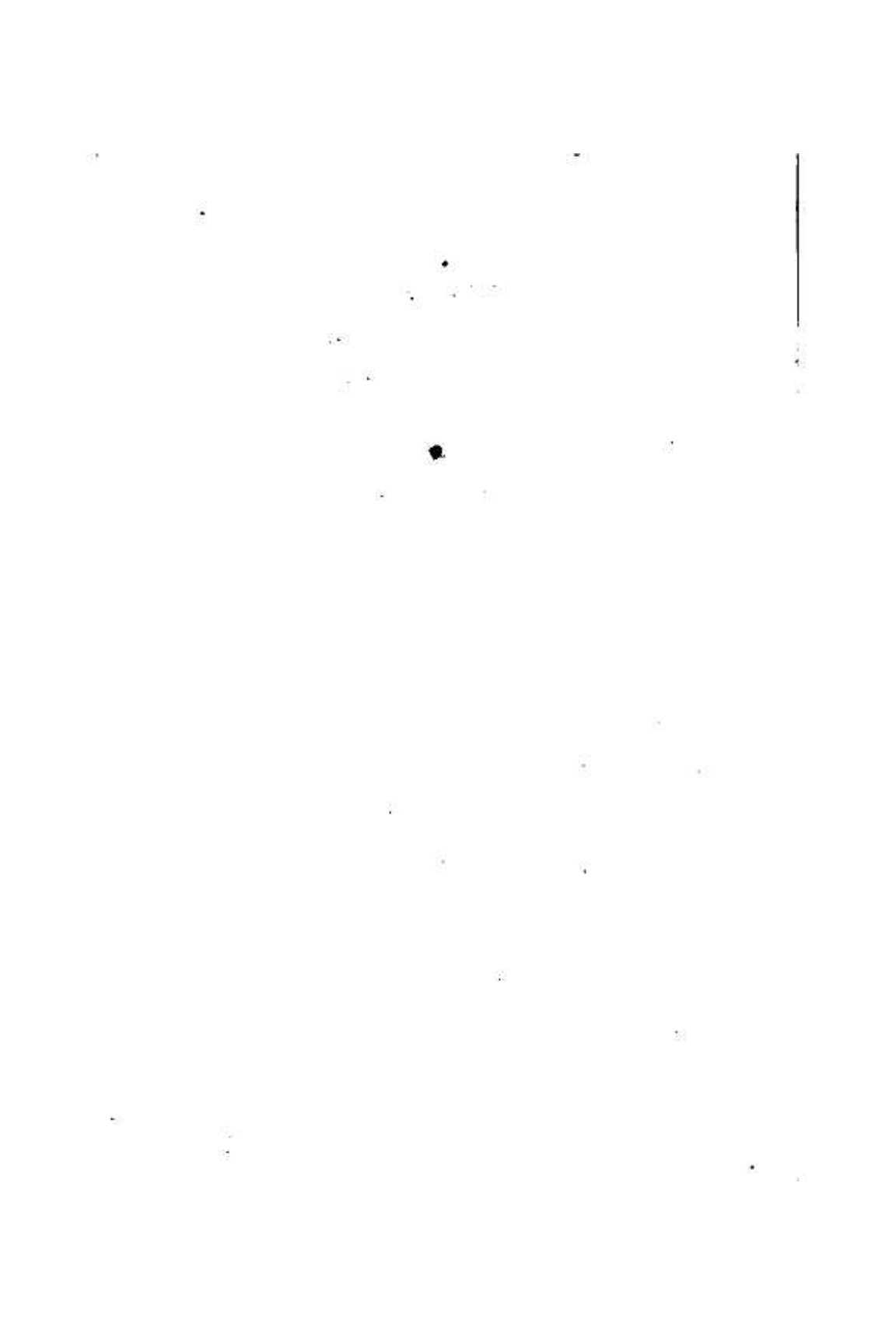
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

EIGHTEENPENNY EDITION.



LONDON:

WM S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.





BEAUTY
AND THE BEAST.

OF THE MERCHANT.—HIS FAMILY.—AND FAILURE.

Oh! a glorious epoch is "once on a time,"
And especially suited for legends in rhyme;
When, if the events with the dates do not chime,
Or we make a mistake in the season or clime,
We need not allow it our couplets to tease;
For if habit or costume do n't fall in with ease,
We can dress up our heroes however we please;
And scorning the fashions of head, waist, or foot,
Can laugh at Strutt, Meyrick, and Planché to boot.

Well, "once on a time," then,—a long while ago,—
There lived a great Merchant. We've nothing to shew
Whereabouts, when, or how: for, in fact, we don't know.

As regards him the chroniclers merit all blame,
For Froissart and Holinshed pass by his name ;
Even Doomsday do n't tell to what lands he laid claim,
Though Fairburn and Catnach both speak of his fame ;
And through their traditions, from what we can glean,
A very great merchant he seems to have been.

The warehouse was built, where his commerce he plied,
In some tall narrow lane leading out of Cheapside ;
But to live there himself he had far too much pride,
And the smoke of the city he " could n't abide."
So each day, at four, he laid traffic aside,
And his books to the care of a clerk did confide,
In a snug first-class seat on the railway to glide ;
And then from the station a short pleasant ride
Through lanes fresh and green, in the sweet summer tide,
Took him down his manor, and park fair and wide.

But, dearer than all his broad lands and domains,
He studied the markets and counted his gains
For a triad of daughters—three beautiful girls,
With gay smiling faces, and long sunny curls.
And when he arrived from the city at night,
As they kissed their dear father with guileless delight,—

