They dressed themselves so fine in silks, and pearls, and
flowers, and lace,
Poor Cinderella hadn't time to wash her pretty face.
When they started for the ball, full of haughtiness and pride,
Poor Cinderella felt quite sad, and sat her down and cried.
She had not cried much longer than a quarter of an hour,
When a wonderful bright creature appeared upon the floor,
Looked compassionately on her, and said in accents mild,
"I am your Fairy Godmother, so cry no more, my child:
I know that you are sad, and that your sisters are unkind:
Now go and fetch for me the largest pumpkin you can find."
She went and fetched the pumpkin, and the Fairy shook her
wand,
And changed it to a splendid coach. with cushions rich and
grand.

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