And then the Fairy raised her wand, and touched the shabby
gown—
It turned to satin, trimmed with lace, and jewels, and swans-
down.
Her face was clean, her gloves were new, her hair was nicely
curled,
And on her feet were shoes of glass, the neatest in the world.
"Now, Cinderella, you may go ; but take care to return
Before the clock strikes twelve, or else you'll see your carriage
turn
Into a pumpkin once again, your horses into mice ;
Your coachman, footmen, will become rat, lizards, in a trice,
And you yourself the cinder-girl will once again become ;
So mind that when the clock strikes twelve you must be safe
at home."

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