THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

From Tom Hood's Fairy Realms.

In that strange region, dim and grey, Which lies so very far away, Whose chronicles in press or rhyme Are dated "Once upon a time," There was a land where silence reigned So deep,—the sar it almost pained To hear the gnat's shrill charlon blow, Though he Sieep's herald is we know. Though he Sieep's herald is we know.
Scarce would you doem that caim profound,
Unbroken by the gheet of sound,
Had, like a sudden curtain, dropt
Upon a revel, instant stopt.—
That laugh and shout and merry rout
And hunting song had all died out.

Stricken to silence at a touch—
A single touch! It was not much!
I'll tell you how it came about.

What leving at agent.

A single touch! It was not much!

I'll tell you how it came about.

What bevies of pages
Of various ages
Princess l'rettipet's christening banquet engages!
They all look as desply important as sages.

What hundreds of cooks!
To judge by their looks.
They had written the very prefoundest of books.

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The invited guests begin to arrive:
With nobles and courtiers the scene is alive.
They huatle,
And hustle.
In rich dresses rustle:
The squeese for guest places is almost a tustle:
Precedence depends not on birth, but on muscle.
But they're none of them able
To reach the high table.
For the grave Major-Domo, perceiving the Babei.
A sufficient space clears
With the king's Musqueteers.
Because he well knows it will cost him his cars
If—when the time conces for the scope and the meats—The twelve fairy godinothers cannot find seats.

At last there's a bray
Of trivients.

If—when the time conces for the some and the meats—
The twelve fairy godinothers cannot find seats.

At last there's a bray
Of trumpets, to say
That His Majesty's Majesty's coming this way,
With his Ministers all in their gorgeous array,
And the Lords of his Council, a noble display,
And the theory who's as beautoous as blossoms in May.
With a great many more
I might briefly run o'er
If at pageants like this I were only ou foir.

The glittering procession
Makes stately progression
To the seats that the Musqueteers hold in presension
At the top of the hail:
White the visitors all
Are crowded to death, though the place is not small.
But from wall unto wall
Crasimed with short folks and tall,
Who, as chances befall.
And in various degrees
They suffer the squeeze.
All bawl, brawl, haul, insul, squall, call, fall, crawl, and sprawil.
The King's looking pleasant,

The King's looking pleasant,
Expecting a present—

Say knives, forks, and species that cost many a berant—
For his daughter and heiress
From each of the fairies;
(see gives the babe beauty,
Another cives health,
This a strong sense of duty,
That plenty of wealth.
Five, six, seven, eight, mue, ten
Add their presents, but when
Eleven have endowed her, the last of the dozen
Eays, "I really don't know what to give her, dear cousin,"
(Addressing the Queen,)
But the courses between
I shall hit upon something. I will not be mean;
So pray take your seals, for I'm not such a sinner
As, while I am thinking to keep you from dinner!"
The King has taken the highest place,
Beside him the Queen in her diamends and lace.
Each fairy godinether
Sits down by another.
And my lerd the Archischep is just saying grace.
When in comes a cook, with a very white face,
Who cries, as he straight up the hall rushes nimbly.

There's sitence in the hall
For half a minute. The King's looking pleasant.

who cries, as he straight up the hall rushes nimily.

"Please your Majesty, somebody's tell down the chimbley!"

There's sitence in the hall

For half a minute,

And not a word doth fall

From those within it:

When, lo!—No!—And yet it is so!

The sound of a foot comes heavy and rhow

Up the staircase from down below;

And a figure ill-grown.

Unattended, alone.

Walks straight through the guests to the foot of the throne.

And then with a squeak

Rising into a strick,

And eyes that with fury are terribly glistening.

Cries, "Pray, sir, why was not I asked to the christening?"

"Twas old Fairy Spite.

When they did not invite.

But 'mas really no joke

Her manners, which were not polite.

Sho led a bad life,

Was addicted to strife.

And besides—werst of all—she are peas with a knife!

But 'twas really no joke

Her wrath to provoke.

So in hopes to appease her His Majesty spoke.

And said, sore affrighted.

They both were delighted

To see her that day—

Quite charmed—in fact, they

Couldn't think how it was she had not been invited!

Shricked Spite, "Silence, gaby!

Let's look at the baby."

The Queen, in a tremble,

Her fears to dissemble,

Said, "Here is the daring—papa she'll resemble.

You'd like, p'rhaps, to take her.

But please not to wake her,

But please not to wake her,

"Sleeps!" said Spite, "dees she really? I'll make her

Of sleep, ma'am, have plenty"

"He she touches a pindle before she is twenty!

"For if she does a heavy sleep

Shall over all your palace creep,

And you, with your whole court, shall been

She sleeps."

"If she touches a spindle before she is twenty?
"For if she does a heavy sleep
Shall over all your palace creep,
And you, with your whole court, shall keep
Buried in leaden fotters deep!"
"Unti!"—here Fairy Number Twelve,
Who, as we knew, was forced to shelve
Her gift because the banquet waited.
Broke in and capped what Spite had stated—
"Until a prince shall come to wake
The Sleeping Beauty, and so break
The spell wherewith old spite in vain
Would her young life for are enchain!"
The King sent heralds through the land

The King sent heralds through the land Proclaiming spindles contraband, Prenouncing penalties and poin "Gainst distails, treadles, rocks, and skeins. And se to spin Became a sin; Wheels were bewied out, and looms came in.

Time's, wonted peace

Alma's wonted peace
Is not a rapid race:
Itis motto seems to be "Festina lente."
But yet he passed away,
Until at length the day
Approached on which the Princess would be twenty.
What proparations!
What proparations!
What busy times for people of all stations!

What scouring out of rooms
With mops and brooms!
What scouring to and fro of hurried grooms!
No loisure, not the least,
For man or beast,
Because His Majesty had fixed a feast—
Acres of eatables and seas of ale,
A banquet that should make all others pale,
E'en those of Heliogabalus, deceased—
To celebrate the day his child was quite
Beyond the malice of old Fairy Spite!
It was a scene of hustle and intrusion

It was a scene of bustle and intrusion,
And vast profusion—
No wonder the Princess, so meek and quiet.
Should run away from all the dust and riot.
No wonder the Princess—no soul aware,
Even of those who had her in their care—
Stole from her room, and up a winding stair,
Up to the highest turret's tipmost top.
Without or let or stop,
Went to enjoy the scenery and air!
In a room at the top of the tower that day

Wont to enjoy the scenery and air!
In a room at the top of the tower that day
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
An old dame span, with never a stay,
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
The wool was as white as the driven snow.
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
And she sang, "Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
The Princess looked in at the door and said—
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!—
"What bonny white wool, and what bonny white thread!"
Merrily, merrily turned the wheel!
"Come hither, then, fair one, and make the wheel!
Said ugly old Spite, who sang, "Merrily, oh!
Merrily turn the wheel!"
She turns the wheel and wakes its busy hun,

Merrily turn the wheel?"

She turns the wheel and wakes its busy hum,
She twists the white wool with her white fingers;
She hears them call her, but she will not come:
Charmed with the toy, in that small room she lingers.
The wheel runs swiftly and the distaff's full.
She takes the spindle—heedless of who calls her.
Two tiny drops of blood fall on the wool.
And all that cruel Spite foretold befalls her!

On one and all. Did sudden slumber fall!

The steed that in the palace courtyard cropt—
The very bird upon the roof that hopt—
The cook who mincement for the banquet chopt—
The cook who mincement for the banquet chopt—
The gardener who the fruit tree's branches lopt—
The huntsman who his beaded forehead mopt—
The gay young lover who the question popt—
The councilor who fain the state had propt—
The councilor who fain the state had propt—
The king, his measures anxious to adopt—
The toper who his beak in Rhenish sopt—
The toper who his beak in Rhenish sopt—
The scullion wiping up the sance he slopt—
The purblind peer who is in the fountain flopt—
The purblind peer who is in the fountain flopt—
The lester who that fail with mirth had topt—
Stopt!

And over all there came a change.

And over all there came a change:
A silence terrible and strange
Enwrapt the place;
While thickets dense of thorn and brier
Grow round it till the topmost spire
They did efface.

It was a solemn place. I ween.
Wrapt in its shroud of sombre green.
So hushed and still:
The fall of every leaf you heard.
Nor was there in its shades a bird
To cheep and trill.

But that embowered pile did seem A cloud from some fantastic dream— Some visioned place: Its towers were clothed in misty sheen. And slumbering forests seemed to lean About its base.

About its base.

Down by the river that runs through the wood
The horns are gaily winding.
Tra-la-la-la! Thut music good
Denotes the red deer's incling!
Tra-la-la-la!
La-la! is-la!
The echos repeat
The music sweet
That tells of the red deer's finding!
He's outridden his friends. It's a very queer case—Where can be bave got? What's the name of the place!
He'll never be able his steps to retrace!
Meanwhile each lengthening shadow shows

Meanwhile each lengthening shadow shows That day is drawing to a close. In two more hours the glowing sun Will down the western heavens run, And quench its glories manifold In you bright sea of molten gold.

Before him that dense thicket vast and dim Spreads out its awful silence and seclusion. And none is near to tell its tale to him And scare intrusion.

His step is light on the luxuriant sod.
From the green blades a thousand dew-drops spurning.
Little he dreams that path has never been trod
By foot returning.

So on he fares, through sunshine and through shade,
By paths that ne'er before were trod by mortal,
To where the dusky forest's green areade
Leads to a portal,

On either hand rise lofty stems: above, the branches mingle:
And, as a glimpse of blue shuts in the end of some green dingle.
Framed in an arch of greenery where that long alley closes
He sees a flight of steps, a gate o'ergrown with truaut roses,
And some one who beside the gate in that warm sunshine dozes.

Was ever there found A sleeper so sound? He thumps him and shakes him.

But that never wakes him:

Not kick, tweak, or pinch
Can stir him an inch.
So he left that inveterate sleeper to snore
While he ventured on farther the place to explore.

Swift across the court

Now the young Prince trips.
Sees around a sallyport

Hounds asleep in slips;
Huntsmen bold, returned from sport.
All prepared to blow a mort.
Snoring, horns to lips!

Snoring, horns to lips!

He draws near; there is no one to bar his way.

E'en the steeds are too sleepy to utter a "nay."

While each single hound

In the pack. I'll be bound.

Is so sound there's no chance of his making a sound.

Though not wanting in bark, since he's closely bound round With branches of creepers:—but then they are boughs.

That are not of the sort to be followed by "wows."

One huntsman would have an ugly fall

If he were not i cheld by the palace wall.

Whence a stray branch o woodbine, in pitying scorn for him.

Another one, dropt

Off soundly, is propt

By a buttress that stands where his steed by chance stopt.

Two men in the doorway.

Two men in the doorway
Appear in a poor way.
So closely they're bound
And wound

And working
Around:
Their feet in fetters, their temples crowned
By the snake-like stems in their various inclinings.
That they must appear
To the Prince I fear. Sleeping partners in some branch department of Twining's. Past grooms as unawakened as sad sinners, Past screws of hunters sound as Derby winners, Past hounds as fast—no less— As the express,
Through Bedfordshire into the land of Nod.
The young Prince trod.

And ever and anon,
As he passed on,
In room, in hall, on stair,
Here, there, and everywhere,
He came on sleepers sleeping with the air
Of folks at active work by sleep o'ertaken,
Whom nothing could awaken;
Not even being—like physic with a sediment
That to its being swallowed's an impediment—
Well shaken! And ever and anon,

All these the Prince passed by with stealthy tread

*As on he sped.

Until he reached the grandest room of all.

The banquet-hall.

Where on the board a mighty feast was spread.

Where on the board a mighty feast was spread.
But since the day when first that cloth was laid. Time had strange havoe made
With dish and dainty on the board arrayed;
Ifad played strange tricks
With those—some five or six—
People of station
Who had been favoured with an invitation
To dinner with the ruler of the nation;
In short, to no conclusion harsh to jump, any
Person of taste
Had thought the King disgraced,
Not only by his room, but by his company.
The King—with half-way to his line the backer.

The King—with half-way to his lips the beaker, And head half turning to the latest speaker—Pressing o'er his banquet, slumbered there-amid, Like the first Pharaoh sleeping in his pyramid; While the Prime Minister, acute and wise. Still saw what must be done with fast-shut eyes, And, as behoved him in the royal presence. Kept nodding to his Sovereign acquiescence.

The Treasurer and Chancellor of Exchequer Was bolt upright, as trim as a three-decker. For raising coin and borrowing he was meant. And nobody could ever say he leant

To right or left,
E'en when of sense bereft.
The Secretary, Foreign and Domestic,
Upright did less stick.
And, being long accustomed to indite,
Inclined to right.
The young Prince gazed

Inclined to right.

The young Prince gazed
Upon the scene amazed.

He shouted: not a single head was raised—
No single sound upon the silence broke—
Nobody spoke—
All heads alike were bowed.

He shouted loud
As one who wishes to outroar a crowd:
But not a word
He heard—
No creature stirred.

No creature stirred.

At last tired out,
Of vain attempts by shout,
And even shake, to rout
From their deep sleep the slumberers about
The banquet-table.—
Whether he'd be able
Ever to wake them, feeling quite in doubt.
The Prince made up his mind
To leave them all behind.
And see if some one waking he could find.
And so passed on through halls and quiet cloisters.
But everywhere found people mute as oysters
And sound as tops.
But yet he never stops.
Though neither man nor woman, girl nor boy stirs.

But still the Prince his onward course pursued,

But yet he never stops.
Though neither man nor woman, girl nor boy stirs.
But still the Prince his onward course pursued,
 Half fearing to intrude.
 As each fresh chamber doubtfully he stept in.
 In tiring-rooms he views
The ladies' maids so tired they're in a snooze,
 Then for a change
Through sleeping-rooms he'll range.
Which by some contradiction very strange
 Appear the only rooms that are not slept in.
 Yet onward still he strays
 All undecided,
 And yet his steps are guided:
For round his head on airy pinion plays
 A band of Fays,
 Who lead him forward still by devious ways.
Last he reached a silent chamber,
 Where through all the woodbine's chamber.
 And the jasmine's silver stars,
 Glowed the glorious sun's intrusion—
 Misty golden bars.
Touching all with amber.
But—or e'er that room he entered
Where the magic all was centred.
For a space, in wonder, dumbly
Gazed he on that figure comely
Sleeping in the snowy bed.
Where the sunshine splendour shed
From the casement's pictured pane
Crimson, blue, and yellow stain
In a variegated rain.
Drawn by her sweet lips' perfume.
As a bee to golden broom.

Drawn by her sweet lips' perfume.
As a bee to golden broom.
When the braes are all in bloom.
Stole the Prince across the room. Stole the Prince across the room.

Every step he nearer set,
Oped the eyes of violet—
Oped a little—wider yet!—
Till the white lids, quite asunder,
Showed the beauties hidden under—
Showed the soft eyes, full of wonder,
Opening, towards him turned—
Till their radiance bent upon him
From his trance of marvel won him:
And his beaut hurned

From his trance of marvel won him:
And his bosom burned
With the passion to ontpour
All his soul her feet before.
Careless it she spurned.
So that he might only tell
That he loved her—and how well!
Now through the palace woke the stir of life;
Both fork and knife
Were in the banquet-hall with vigour plied.
While far and wide
Awoke so great a riot after the quiet.
It seemed as if the household was at strife.
Many hile the red sun set. And yet.

Awoke so great a riot after the quiet.
It seemed as if the household was at strife.

Meanwhile the red sun set. And yet
The household did not into order get:
All was surprise and wonder.
Error and blunder.
The fire was out, the cook was in a pet.
The feast was cold, the Queen was in a fret:
The huntars just returned, they thought, from hunting.
Felt it affronting
Their game should get so very high and mite-y:
The housemaid, seeing all the dust and dirt.
Felt hurt.
It drove her almost crazy—at least flighty.
But over all this din and turmoil seen
Uprose the silver moon.
And by its rays shed on the dewy grass.
Forth from the palace that young pair did pass.
And threaded the deep shades
In the areades
Of sombre forests that around them lay.
And so they took their way
To Fairyland, wherein, as legends say.
'Mid mirth and merry-making, song and laughter,
They married, living happy ever after—
And there, I'm told, they're living to this day!