

Cinderella

Once upon a time an orphan – Cinderella was her name,  
Lived in a house where her stepmother and ugly sisters reign,  
She was kind and caring and did not deserve,  
To spend all day doing their chores – what a nerve!

One day an envelope dropped onto the mat,  
“It looks important,” said Cinders, “I wonder what’s in that?”  
“An invite to the Prince’s Summer Ball,” the sisters cried,  
“But you’re not invited, it’s only for us,” they lied.

All dressed in their finery, they left Cinders behind,  
Saying, “You’ve so many chores, we know you won’t mind!”  
Sadly, Cinders flopped in the chair, she had worked so hard,  
Then all of a sudden a bright light lit the yard.

“Yoohoo, Cinders, it’s me,” a friendly voice called,  
“You need to get ready to go to the ball.”  
Cinder’s fairy Godmother entered with a puff,  
Waving her wand she created lots of posh stuff.

Carriage and horses came from pumpkin and rats,  
There was even a footman wearing a very fine hat.  
Cinder’s rags were now a beautiful gown,  
She was without doubt the prettiest girl in town.

“Off you go,” said the fairy, “You’re a wonderful sight,  
Just remember you must be back before midnight.”  
Cinders arrived at the ball to gasps of, “Who’s she?”  
But the Prince saw her first and said, “Please dance with me.”

They twirled and they swirled on the dance floor for hours,  
But then twelve bells struck so Cinders fled the Prince’s towers.  
All the Prince had left was a lonely glass slipper,  
He pledged to search and search for the foot to fit her.

Said the Prince, “We must set out without delay,  
I want to find my pretty love, today.”  
They went through the kingdom knocking on every door,  
But no-one’s foot fit and there was only one more.

The two ugly sisters dashed out to meet the Prince,  
“Let me try!” “No me!” They squabbled which made the Prince wince,  
Too big were their feet for that most dainty shoe,  
“These are the last,” said the Prince, “Now what shall I do?”

But there was one more, she asked, “Please can I try?”  
“You? Don’t be silly,” the three women said with a sigh.  
Cinders sat on the chair, in her rags she was dressed,  
Her foot slipped in the shoe and you know the rest!

Cinders married her Prince, the very next day,  
The stepmother and sisters changed their bad ways.  
They all dwelled in a palace full of laughter,  
And they all lived happily ever after.