There was a princess,
You might understand

Her story too well,
For it is of men.

The sun loved her face,
Her beauty was rare.

Content by herself,
Her afternoons spent.

She sat by the woods,
Bright ball in her hand.

Tossed up to the sky,
It fell right back down

Through the girls fingers,
Down into a well.

Her cries of despair
Were heard by a frog.

He popped his head up
And offered his aid,

Requiring cost:
“Dear, Princess, I say—

Let me dine by you,
Rest in your silk sheets.

Love me dear Princess,
I’ll bring back your toy.”

The girl did not care,
She agreed to this,

But with toy in hand
She broke her promise.
The frog in a rage
Hopped to the castle,

Demanding the girl
Honor her promise.

The king was angered
He’d taught her better:

“To honor your word
Is the only way.

Take up the good frog,
I must command you.”

The princess did so,
Though she felt disgust.

As she lay in bed,
The frog asked to join:

“You promised me this,
Now do as I say.”

The girl no longer
Could stand his demands,

And locked him away
In her bedside trunk.

When the morning light
Filtered through the drapes,

She opened the trunk
And there lay a man,

He opened his mouth,
But could only croak.

Now the Princess knew,
She couldn’t have it all:

A handsome mute man,
Or a talking frog.