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LONG
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RECORD



24
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BOOK

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Walt Disney

PRESENTS

The Story of
**BLACK
BEAUTY**

Based on the book by Anna Sewell

SEE the pictures
HEAR the record
READ the book

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Walt Disney presents

THE STORY OF

BLACK BEAUTY

Based on the book by Anna Sewell

BLACK BEAUTY

Words and Music by
CAMARATA and JOHNSON



THE PEARLIE'S SONG

Words and Music by
CAMARATA and JOHNSON

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STORY READER—

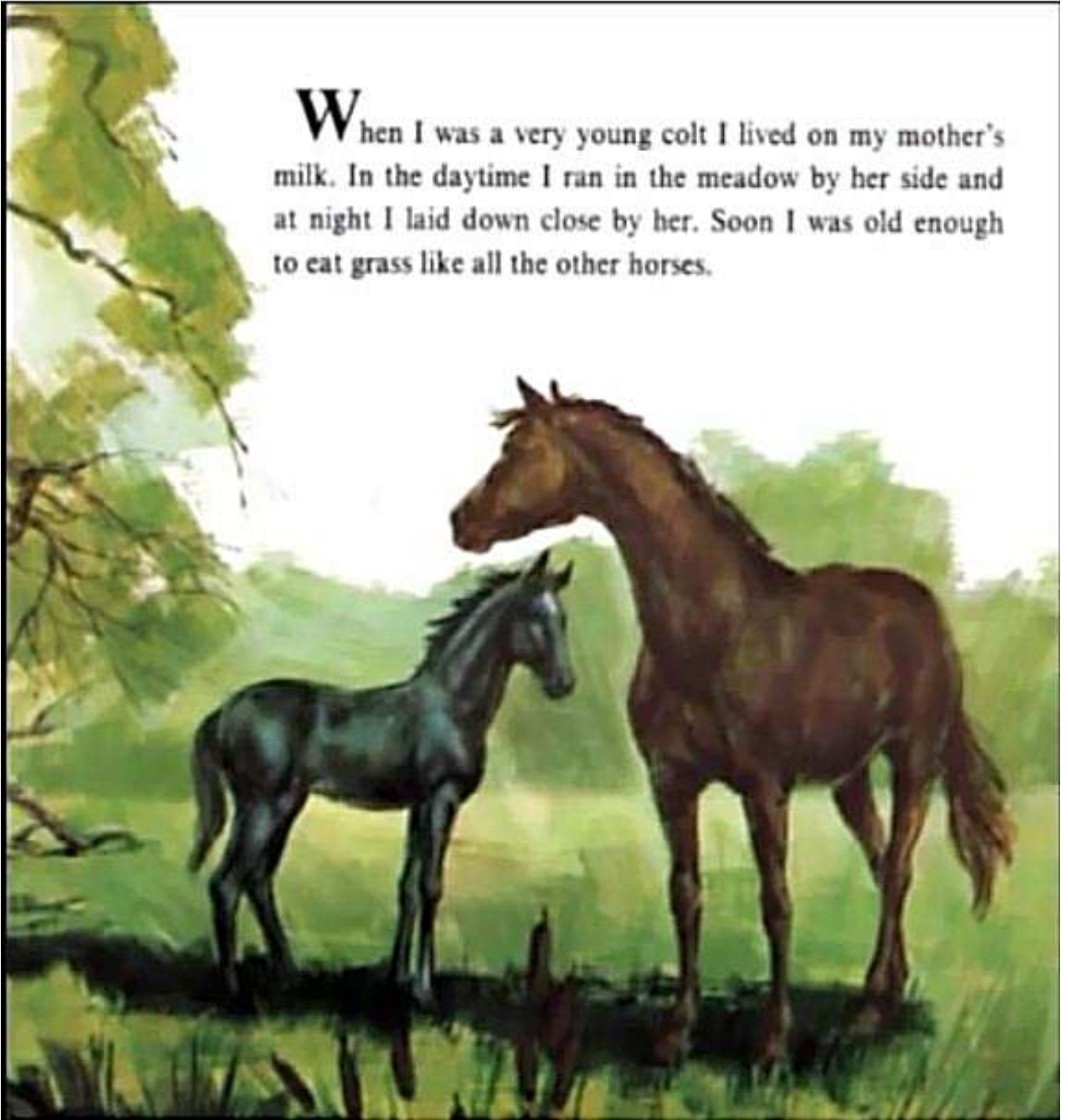
JEAN AUBREY

*This is a Walt Disney Original Little Long Playing record,
and I am your Disneyland story reader. I am going
to begin now to read the story of BLACK BEAUTY.
You can read along with me in your book. You will know
it is time to turn the page when Tinker Bell
rings her little bells like this ...*

LET'S BEGIN NOW:

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When I was a very young colt I lived on my mother's milk. In the daytime I ran in the meadow by her side and at night I laid down close by her. Soon I was old enough to eat grass like all the other horses.





As time went on, my coat grew fine and soft and was shiny black. I had one white foot and a white star on my forehead. When I was four years old it was time for my breaking in. That means teaching a horse to wear a saddle and bridle and to carry a rider on his back.

My master's kind words and gentle ways taught me to wear my bit and bridle. Next came the saddle. My master put it on very gently. Finally, he got on my back and rode me round the meadow. I soon became accustomed to it and was rather proud.

Then a blacksmith nailed iron shoes to my hoofs. It didn't hurt, but it made my feet feel stiff and heavy.





A horse never knows who may buy him. It's all a chance. I was most fortunate in my second master, Squire Gordon of Birtwick. It was the Squire's wife who named me Black Beauty. It was a good name and I was determined to live up to it.

My life at Squire Gordon's was very pleasant. The Squire kept many horses, but my best friend was my neighbour in the next stall, Merrylegs. He was a fat little grey pony with a thick mane and tail.

My other good friend was a horse named Ginger.



The best days of all at Squire Gordon's were Sundays in the summertime, when we would be turned out into the pasture to do whatever we liked, to gallop, or lie down, to roll over on our backs or to nibble the sweet grass.



One night I had eaten my hay and was lying down in the straw fast asleep, when suddenly I heard the Squire's voice shouting, "Wake up, Beauty! You must go well now if you ever did. My wife is very ill. You must take me as fast as you can to fetch Dr. White." He was on my back in a minute and we were off.



“Now, Beauty, do your best!” And do I did. I needed no whip nor spur. I galloped as fast as I could lay my feet to the ground. After an eight-mile run we came to the town. Squire Gordon roused the doctor and said, “My wife is very ill, Doctor. You must go to her at once or I’m afraid she may die.”

But the doctor replied, “The worst of it is that my horse has been out all day and is quite done up. What is to be done? Can I have your horse?”

Then the Squire said, “Black Beauty has come at a gallop all the way and I had hoped to rest him here, but you may take him. He will go ‘til he drops.”

Our way back was very hard, but I did my best and soon had the doctor at Squire Gordon’s house. My legs shook under me and I steamed all over. But the new stable boy didn’t put my warm blanket on me and he gave me a pail full of cold water to drink. It was exactly the wrong thing to do. Soon I began to shake and tremble, and turned deadly cold; my legs ached and I felt sore all over.





For the next few days, I was very ill. Then the Squire came to visit me. "My poor Beauty," he said. "My good horse, you saved your mistress's life, but you almost lost your own."

My mistress was never really well again, and the Squire had to move to a warmer climate. This meant that I had to be sold together with all the Squire's horses.





My new home was a grand place in the country, where the head groom was a man named Reuben Smith. It was his doing that lead me into great misfortune.

One day he rode me into town and went drinking in the taverns. When he returned to me he didn't notice I



had a loose nail in one of my front shoes, and so off we went for home at a gallop. Going full speed over the stony roads caused my shoe to become loose 'til finally, it came off. Then I stumbled and fell very hard on both my knees. Reuben Smith was flung off and killed.



When my knees were healed enough I was turned out into a small meadow for a month of rest. One day my master came to examine me. "This horse is ruined," said my master. "We will have to sell him at the horse fair."



At the horse fair near London I was bought by a gentle, small man. His name was Jerry Barker, a London cabbie.

This led to a life in the great city of London as a cab horse which was very exciting for me. Jerry was a good driver and soon he and I understood each other as well as a horse and man can do. It was hard work but I didn't mind it.





It was summer when I first came to London, but when winter came, Jerry became sick. Then a bad thing happened on Christmas Day. We took a gentleman and his lady to a party and waited to return them to their home. It was a long wait in the bitter cold. Jerry and I were half frozen and by the time we got home, Jerry was very ill. He was in bed for two weeks and almost died. When he recovered, the doctor said he must give up his cab and move to the country; so it was another sad parting for me.



I was sold to a corn dealer and driven by the foreman, who was a cruel man, always whipping and overloading the horses. The overloading was hard on me, as I was now becoming an old horse, not at all the strong Black Beauty of my youth. One day my load was heavier than usual and part of the road was up a steep hill. I used all my strength but was continually obliged to stop. The foreman laid his whip on me. I struggled to keep going, but then my feet slipped and I fell heavily on my side to the ground. This made the foreman even more furious. He laid the whip on me shouting, "Get up! Get up!" As I struggled to regain my feet, I heard a lady say, "Please . . . please . . . don't whip your horse anymore."



There were two ladies and they came over and stroked my head. They were very angry at the foreman. As I looked at the ladies, they seemed somehow familiar to me; and in a flash I realized it was Miss Jessie and Miss Flora, daughters of Squire Gordon.

As they petted me, they recognized my markings. "Black Beauty," they said, "what a way to find you."

Together we all went back to the corn dealer, and Miss Jessie and Miss Flora bought me from him. So it was that I came back to my old home at Birtwick. I have now lived in this happy place for a year since my return. My work is easy and pleasant. I often stand under the trees in the orchard, as I used to, and imagine that my old friends are there with me, and I am happy and content.

