

AIRMONY

*The Fairy*  
*Green Fairy Book*



Illustrated

EDITED BY ANDREW LANG

**THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK**

001/1011

# *Green Fairy Book*

*edited by*

**Andrew Lang**



**AIRMONT PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.**  
**22 EAST 60TH STREET NEW YORK 10022**

003432

**An Airmont Classic**  
*especially selected for the Airmont Library*  
*from the immortal literature of the world*

**THE SPECIAL CONTENTS OF THIS EDITION**

©, Copyright, 1969, by  
Airmont Publishing Company, Inc.

**PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA**  
**BY THE RYERSON PRESS, TORONTO**

**PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**  
**BY THE COLONIAL PRESS INC., CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS**

# *The Green Fairy Book*

edited by Andrew Lang

An enchanted ring, a magic snuff-box, a proud princess turned into a snake, and a good prince changed into a bluebird by a wicked queen. Wishes granted, the evil punished, the just rewarded for their virtue. These are the stories in *The Green Fairy Book*. Who can fail to be fascinated by "The Story of the Fisherman and his Wife," in which a fish, saved from the hook, grants the bewildered and poor fisherman anything he may desire? Or who can forget the humble soldier who, deserted by the princess he has saved, has a way to cleverly even the score?

The stories come from France, England, Germany and Russia. They are folk tales told from one generation to the next, passed down for many years until they have reached us. Now we no longer see the world in the same way that these stories do, nor do we believe in spells and supernatural creatures such as fairies, witches, genies, dwarfs and elves. (Or perhaps we do.) Nonetheless, we love these tales and the world they are about, for it is a world of danger, imagination and excitement where the wave of a wand can weave a magic spell or a magic kiss break one. It all begins with those special words, which upon a time. . . ."



## CONTENTS

<i>The Blue Bird</i> . . . . .	11
<i>The Half-Chick</i> . . . . .	38
<i>The Story of Caliph Stork</i> . . . . .	43
<i>The Enchanted Watch</i> . . . . .	56
<i>Rosanella</i> . . . . .	62
<i>Sylvain and Jocosa</i> . . . . .	69
<i>Fairy Gifts</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Prince Narcissus and the Princess Potentilla</i> . . . . .	82
<i>Prince Featherhead and the Princess Celandine</i> . . . . .	98
<i>The Three Little Pigs</i> . . . . .	113
<i>Heart of Ice</i> . . . . .	119
<i>The Enchanted Ring</i> . . . . .	149
<i>The Snuff-box</i> . . . . .	158
<i>The Golden Blackbird</i> . . . . .	164
<i>The Little Soldier</i> . . . . .	170
<i>The Magic Swan</i> . . . . .	189
<i>The Dirty Shepherdess</i> . . . . .	194
<i>The Enchanted Snake</i> . . . . .	199
<i>The Biter Bit</i> . . . . .	208
<i>King Kojata</i> . . . . .	217
<i>Prince Fickle and Fair Helena</i> . . . . .	230
<i>Puddocky</i> . . . . .	237
<i>The Story of Hok Lee and the Dwarfs</i> . . . . .	244
<i>The Story of the Three Bears</i> . . . . .	250
<i>Prince Vivien and the Princess Placida</i> . . . . .	255
<i>Little One-eye, Little Two-eyes, and Little Three-eyes</i> . . . . .	279



## Contents

<i>Jorinde and Joringel</i>	. . . . .	288
<i>Allerleirauh; or, the Many-furred Creature</i>	. . . . .	291
<i>The Twelve Huntsmen</i>	. . . . .	298
<i>Spindle, Shuttle, and Needle</i>	. . . . .	302
<i>The Crystal Coffin</i>	. . . . .	306
<i>The Three Snake-leaves</i>	. . . . .	313
<i>The Riddle</i>	. . . . .	318
<i>Jack my Hedgehog</i>	. . . . .	323
<i>The Golden Lads</i>	. . . . .	330
<i>The White Snake</i>	. . . . .	336
<i>The Story of a Clever Tailor</i>	. . . . .	341
<i>The Golden Mermaid</i>	. . . . .	345
<i>The War of the Wolf and the Fox</i>	. . . . .	355
<i>The Story of the Fisherman and his Wife</i>	. . . . .	360
<i>The Three Musicians</i>	. . . . .	370
<i>The Three Dogs</i>	. . . . .	377

**THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK**





## THE BLUE BIRD

*very, very*      *Jim*

Once upon a time there lived a King who was immensely rich. He had broad lands, and sacks overflowing with gold and silver; but he did not care a bit for all his riches, because the Queen, his wife, was dead. He shut himself up in a little room and knocked his head against the walls for grief, until his courtiers were really afraid that he would hurt himself. So they hung feather-beds between the tapestry and the walls, and then he could go on knocking his head as long as it was any consolation to him without coming to much harm. All his subjects came to see him, and said whatever they thought would comfort him: some were grave, even gloomy with him; and some agreeable, even gay; but not one could make the least impression upon him. Indeed, he hardly seemed to hear what they said. At last came a lady who was wrapped in a black mantle, and seemed to be in the deepest grief. She wept and sobbed until even the King's attention was attracted; and when she said that, far from coming to try and diminish his grief, she, who had just lost a good husband, was come to add her tears to his,

since she knew what he must be feeling, the King redoubled his lamentations. Then he told the sorrowful lady long stories about the good qualities of his departed Queen, and she in her turn recounted all the virtues of her departed husband; and this passed the time so agreeably that the King quite forgot to thump his head against the feather-beds, and the lady did not need to wipe the tears from her great blue eyes as often as before. By degrees they came to talking about other things in which the King took an interest, and in a wonderfully short time the whole kingdom was astonished by the news that the King was married again—to the sorrowful lady.

Now the King had one daughter, who was just fifteen years old. Her name was Fiordelisa, and she was the prettiest and most charming Princess imaginable, always gay and merry. The new Queen, who also had a daughter, very soon sent for her to come to the Palace. Turritella, for that was her name, had been brought up by her god-mother, the Fairy Mazilla, but in spite of all the care bestowed upon her, she was neither beautiful nor gracious. Indeed, when the Queen saw how ill-tempered and ugly she appeared beside Fiordelisa she was in despair, and did everything in her power to turn the King against his own daughter, in the hope that he might take a fancy to Turritella. One day the King said that it was time Fiordelisa and Turritella were married, so he would give one of them to the first suitable Prince who visited his Court. The Queen answered:

“My daughter certainly ought to be the first to be married; she is older than yours, and a thousand times more charming!”

The King, who hated disputes, said, “Very well, it’s no affair of mine, settle it your own way.”

Very soon after came the news that King Charming, who was the most handsome and magnificent Prince in all the country round, was on his way to visit the King. As soon as the Queen heard this, she set all her jewellers, tailors, weavers, and embroiderers to work upon splendid dresses and ornaments for Turritella, but she told the

King that Fiordelisa had no need of anything new, and the night before the King was to arrive, she bribed her waiting woman to steal away all the Princess's own dresses and jewels, so that when the day came, and Fiordelisa wished to adorn herself as became her high rank, not even a ribbon could she find.

However, as she easily guessed who had played her such a trick, she made no complaint, but sent to the merchants for some rich stuffs. But they said that the Queen had expressly forbidden them to supply her with any, and they dared not disobey. So the Princess had nothing left to put on but the little white frock she had been wearing the day before; and dressed in that, she went down when the time of the King's arrival came, and sat in a corner hoping to escape notice. The Queen received her guest with great ceremony, and presented him to her daughter, who was gorgeously attired, but so much splendour only made her ugliness more noticeable, and the King, after one glance at her, looked the other way. The Queen, however, only thought that he was bashful, and took pains to keep Turritella in full view. King Charming then asked if there was not another Princess, called Fiordelisa.

"Yes," said Turritella, pointing with her finger, "there she is, trying to keep out of sight because she is not smart."

At this Fiordelisa blushed, and looked so shy and so lovely, that the King was fairly astonished. He rose, and bowing low before her, said—

"Madam, your incomparable beauty needs no adornment."

"Sire," answered the Princess, "I assure you that I am not in the habit of wearing dresses as crumpled and untidy as this one, so I should have been better pleased if you had not seen me at all."

"Impossible!" cried King Charming. "Wherever such a marvellously beautiful Princess appears I can look at nothing else."

Here the Queen broke in, saying sharply—

“I assure you, Sire, that Fiordelisa is vain enough already. Pray make her no more flattering speeches.”

The King quite understood that she was not pleased, but that did not matter to him, so he admired Fiordelisa to his heart's content, and talked to her for three hours without stopping.

The Queen was in despair, and so was Turritella, when they saw how much the King preferred Fiordelisa. They complained bitterly to the King, and begged and teased him, until he at last consented to have the Princess shut up somewhere out of sight while King Charming's visit lasted. So that night, as she went to her room, she was seized by four masked figures, and carried up into the topmost room of a high tower, where they left her in the deepest dejection. She easily guessed that she was to be kept out of sight for fear the King should fall in love with her; but then, how disappointing that was, for she already liked him very much, and would have been quite willing to be chosen for his bride! As King Charming did not know what had happened to the Princess, he looked forward impatiently to meeting her again, and he tried to talk about her with the courtiers who were placed in attendance on him. But by the Queen's orders they would say nothing good of her, but declared that she was vain, capricious, and bad-tempered; that she tormented her waiting-maids, and that, in spite of all the money that the King gave her, she was so mean that she preferred to go about dressed like a poor shepherdess, rather than spend any of it. All these things vexed the King very much, and he was silent.

“It is true,” thought he, “that she was very poorly dressed, but then she was so ashamed that it proves that she was not accustomed to be so. I cannot believe that with that lovely face she can be as ill-tempered and contemptible as they say. No, no, the Queen must be jealous of her for the sake of that ugly daughter of hers, and so these evil reports are spread.”

The courtiers could not help seeing that what they had

told the King did not please him, and one of them cunningly began to praise Fiordelisa, when he could talk to the King without being heard by the others.

King Charming thereupon became so cheerful, and interested in all he said, that it was easy to guess how much he admired the Princess. So when the Queen sent for the courtiers and questioned them about all they had found out, their report confirmed her worst fears. As to the poor Princess Fiordelisa, she cried all night without stopping.

"It would have been quite bad enough to be shut up in this gloomy tower before I had ever seen King Charming," she said; "but now when he is here, and they are all enjoying themselves with him, it is too unkind."

The next day the Queen sent King Charming splendid presents of jewels and rich stuffs, and among other things an ornament made expressly in honour of the approaching wedding. It was a heart cut out of one huge ruby, and was surrounded by several diamond arrows, and pierced by one. A golden true-lover's knot above the heart bore the motto, "But one can wound me," and the whole jewel was hung upon a chain of immense pearls. Never, since the world has been a world, had such a thing been made, and the King was quite amazed when it was presented to him. The page who brought it begged him to accept it from the Princess, who chose him to be her knight.

"What!" cried he, "does the lovely Princess Fiordelisa deign to think of me in this amiable and encouraging way?"

"You confuse the names, Sire," said the page hastily. "I come on behalf of the Princess Turritella."

"Oh, it is Turritella who wishes me to be her knight," said the King coldly. "I am sorry that I cannot accept the honour." And he sent the splendid gifts back to the Queen and Turritella, who were furiously angry at the contempt with which they were treated. As soon as he possibly could, King Charming went to see the King and Queen, and as he entered the hall he looked for Fiordelisa, and every time anyone came in he started round to see who it



was, and was altogether so uneasy and dissatisfied that the Queen saw it plainly. But she would not take any notice, and talked of nothing but the entertainments she was planning. The Prince answered at random, and presently asked if he was not to have the pleasure of seeing the Princess Fiordelisa.

"Sire," answered the Queen haughtily, "her father has ordered that she shall not leave her own apartments until my daughter is married."

"What can be the reason for keeping that lovely Princess a prisoner?" cried the King in great indignation.

"That I do not know," answered the Queen; "and even if I did, I might not feel bound to tell you."

The King was terribly angry at being thwarted like this. He felt certain that Turritella was to blame for it, so casting a furious glance at her he abruptly took leave of the Queen, and returned to his own apartments. There he said to a young squire whom he had brought with him: "I would give all I have in the world to gain the good will of one of the Princess's waiting-women, and obtain a moment's speech with Fiordelisa."

"Nothing could be easier," said the young squire; and he very soon made friends with one of the ladies, who told him that in the evening Fiordelisa would be at a little window which looked into the garden, where he could come and talk to her. Only, she said, he must take very great care not to be seen, as it would be as much as her place was worth to be caught helping King Charming to see the Princess. The squire was delighted, and promised all she asked; but the moment he had run off to announce his success to the King, the false waiting-woman went and told the Queen all that had passed. She at once determined that her own daughter should be at the little window; and she taught her so well all she was to say and do, that even the stupid Turritella could make no mistake.

The night was so dark that the King had not a chance of finding out the trick that was being played upon him,