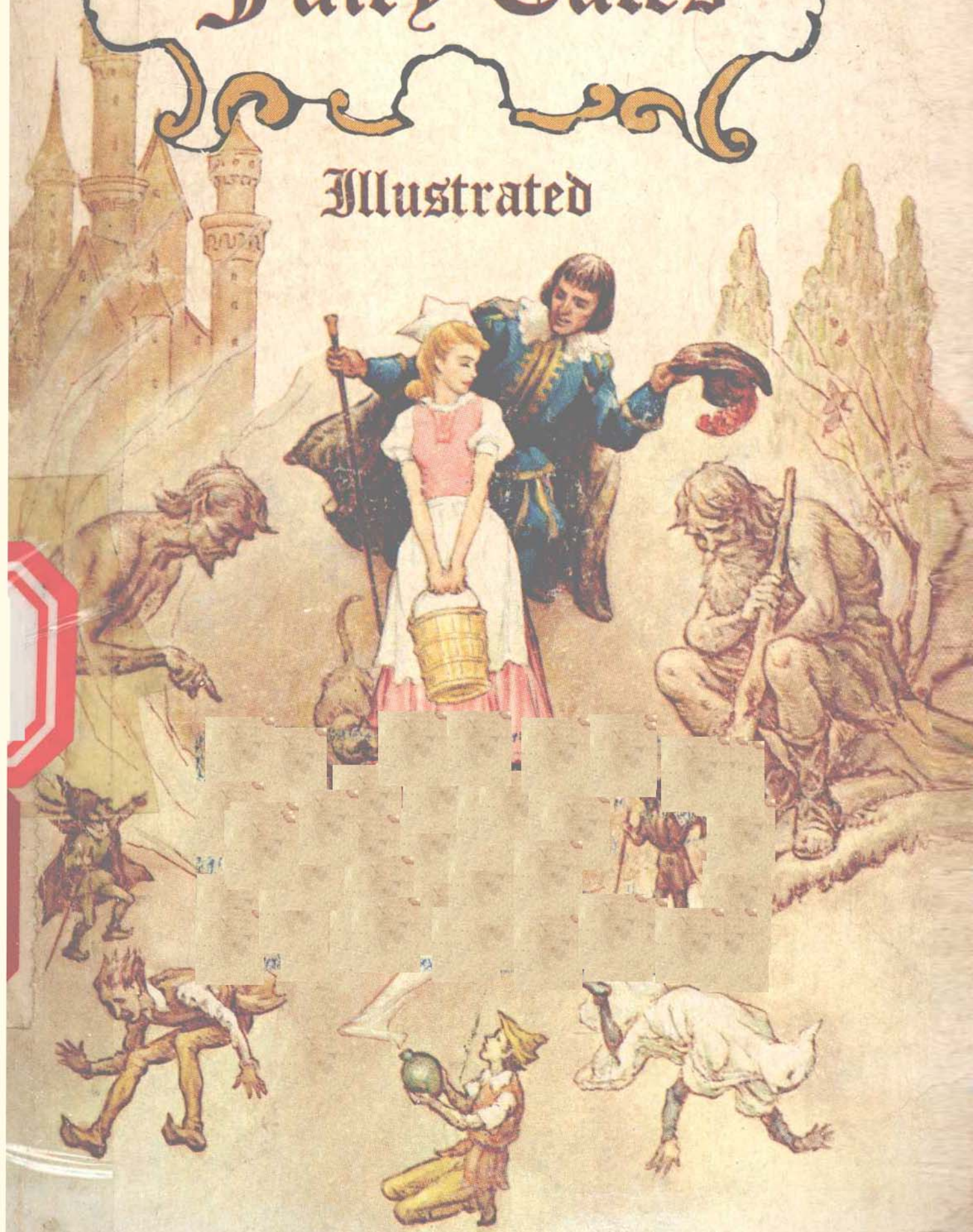


# Grimm's Fairy Tales

Illustrated



I 576.88  
G 711

① Grimm, Jacob 1785-1863

②

**Grimm's  
Fairy Tales**

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

**THE SPECIAL CONTENTS OF THIS EDITION**

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ISBN: 0-8049-0168-6 GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

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## *Preface*

For more than a century the stories so lovingly collected by the Brothers Grimm have been the delight of children, and of others who, whatever their age, will always be children at heart.

Jacob Grimm was born in 1785, his brother Wilhelm a year later. Their father died while they were still lads, and they learned only too well that "the wolf at the door" may be more than a fable. All through their lives they were the best of friends, living together, and sharing the same studies and hobbies. On leaving school, they became greatly interested in German and Danish folk-lore, and spent much of their time wandering about the country, gleaning from peasants and the simpler townspeople a rich harvest of legends, which they would write down as nearly as possible in the words in which they were told. The first collection was published in 1812; other stories were gradually added, until there were more than two hundred. Some, it may be noted, are found in various forms in many languages, and have doubtless come to us from a period long before there were any books at all.

This selection comprises most of the more popular stories, especially those suitable for younger children.



## *The Frog-Prince*

In the good old times, when wishes often came true, there lived a King whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun himself, who had seen so much beauty, wondered at her every time he kissed her face.

Close to the King's castle was a dark forest, and in the forest under an old lime tree was a well; here on warm days the royal child used to come and sit on the bank by the cool water. When she was bored she took a golden ball, threw it in the air and caught it again, and that was her favorite amusement.

It happened once that the Princess's golden ball, instead of falling into the little hands she held out to catch it, rolled along the ground into the water. The child followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared, and the well was deep, so deep that you couldn't see the bottom. Then she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, as if nothing could comfort her; and as she wailed someone called out, "Why, Princess, what's the matter? You cry loudly enough to move a stone to pity." She looked round to see where the voice

came from, and beheld a frog poking his fat, ugly head out of the water.

"Ah! is it you, old water-splasher?" she said. "I am crying because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

"Well, don't cry any more," answered the frog. "I can help you. What will you give me if I fetch your toy for you?"

"Anything you like, dear frog," she said: "my clothes, my pearls and precious stones, or even the gold coronet I wear."

The frog answered:

"Your clothes, your pearls, your precious stones, your gold coronet—I don't want any of them; but if you'll love me and let me be your chum and playmate, sit by you at the table, eat off your little gold plate, drink out of your little goblet, and sleep in your little bed; if you'll promise all this, I'll dive down and get your golden ball."

"Very well," she said. "I'll promise anything you like if you'll only bring back my ball." She thought to herself, "What nonsense the foolish frog talks! He can only sit in the water and croak to other frogs, and can't be the chum of any human being."

So the frog ducked his head and sank. In a little while he rose to the surface with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The Princess was so delighted at seeing her pretty plaything again that she picked it up and ran off.

"Stop! stop!" shouted the frog; "take me with you; I can't run so fast."

But it was no use; croak as loud as he would, she took no notice and ran home, where she soon forgot all about the poor frog, who was obliged to descend into his well again.

The next day, when the Princess had just sat down to table with the King and all the court, and was eating off her little gold plate, *splish, splash, splish, splash* was heard, and something hopped up the marble stairs, knocked at the door, and called, "Youngest Princess, let me in!" She ran to the door to see who was outside, and as she opened it saw the frog seated there. She slammed the door violently, and hurried back to her place in a great fright. The King observed that her heart was beating quickly, and said:

"Child, why are you frightened? Is there a giant at the door come to carry you off?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "it isn't a giant, but a nasty frog."

"What does the frog want with you?"

"Oh, dear father, yesterday, when I was in the forest playing by the well my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog fetched it for me, and because he asked me, I promised he should be my companion, but I never thought he could come so far out of his water. Now he is outside, and wants to come in here." Meanwhile there was another knock at the door, and a voice called:

"Open the door, my Princess, dear,  
Open the door to thy true love here!  
Remember the promise you yesterday made  
By the deep well cool in the lime tree's shade."

Then the King said, "You must not break your promise, so go and let him in."

She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in, followed her to her chair, and called out, "Lift me up to you."

She shuddered, but the King ordered her to do as she was asked. The frog was not content with being on the chair, and wanted to get onto the table. When there he said, "Push your little gold plate nearer, so that we may eat together." The Princess did so, but it was easy to see that she did not like it. The frog ate with relish, but she could hardly get down a morsel. At last he said, "I have eaten till I am satisfied. Now I am tired; take me to your little room, have your silk bed turned down, and we will lie down and go to sleep."

The Princess began to cry at the thought of the cold frog whom she daren't touch sleeping in her pretty, clean bed.

The King grew angry with her and said, "Those who have helped us in our need are not to be despised afterwards."

So she lifted the frog with two dainty fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him down in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to the bedside, and said, "I am tired, I want to go to bed too. Lift me up, please, or I'll tell your father." Then she really flew into a passion, took him up, and flung him with all her might against the wall.

"Now you can go to sleep if you like, you nasty, ugly frog."

But when he fell to the ground he was not a

frog any longer, but a Prince with beautiful, smiling eyes, and, according to her father's wishes, he became her dear chum and playmate. He told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked old witch, and no one had the power to release him from the well but the little Princess, and tomorrow they would travel back to his kingdom together. They fell asleep, and when the sun was up the next morning, a carriage with eight white horses drew up at the door. The horses had white plumes nodding on their heads, and gold harness, and behind stood the servant of the young Prince, the faithful Henry, who had been so grieved when his master was turned into a frog that he had put three bands of iron round his heart to prevent its breaking from sorrow and grief.

The carriage was to take the young Prince back to his own kingdom, and the faithful Henry helped in his master and the Princess, and stationed himself behind again. They hadn't gone far before they heard a crack as if something were breaking. Again, and yet again, a crack was heard on the road, and each time the royal couple thought something in the carriage had burst, but it was only the iron bands springing from Henry's heart, because he was so overjoyed at his master's happiness.



