

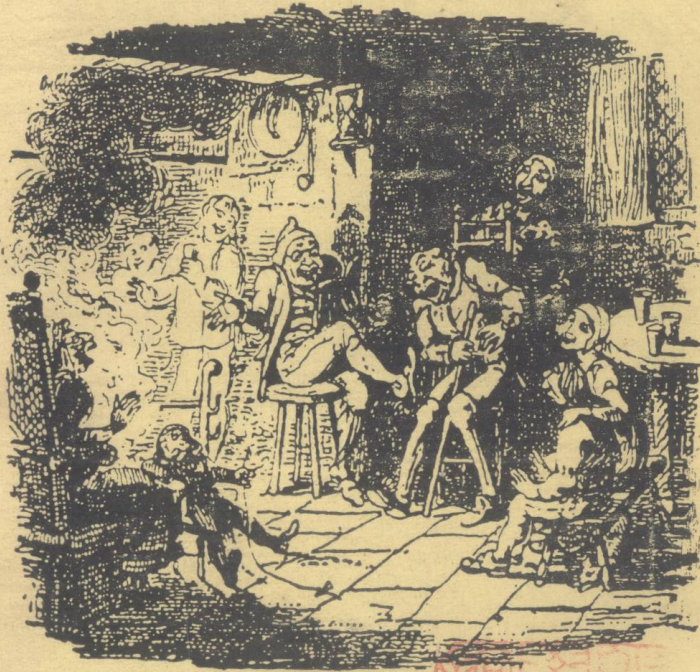
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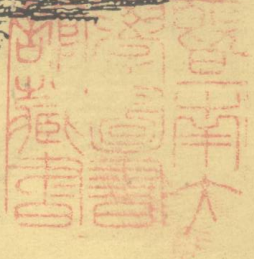
Grimms' Fairy Tales

WITH TWENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK



George Cruikshank del.



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GRIMMS' FAIRY TALES

Everyone loves a good fairy tale. Here is a wonderful selection from the Grimm brothers – a treasure-trove of magical stories to inspire the imagination. Less familiar tales such as 'King Grisly-Beard', 'The Queen Bee' and 'Cat-Skin' take their well-deserved place beside old favourites like 'The Golden Goose', 'Rumpel-Stilts-Kin' and 'Hansel and Gretel'. All will transport you to mysterious faraway lands, inhabited by giants and dwarfs, princesses and witches, birds and beasts.

It was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Germany was a mass of small kingdoms ruled by dukes and princes who lived in castles on the shores of lakes or in beautiful dark forests, that Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm set about collecting all the old tales still told. Some stories had been handed down by word of mouth for hundreds of years. Each is recorded in the fashion characteristic of its particular district, yet all are similar in spirit to fairy tales told the world over.

The value of the Grimms' marvellous collection was quickly recognized. Soon after the second volume was published in 1815, an English translation was carefully prepared, championed by Sir Walter Scott. The stories were warmly received and widely read in Great Britain, where they are immensely popular to this day.

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HANS IN LUCK

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, 'Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages.' And the master said, 'You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome.' Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket-handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. 'Ah!' said Hans aloud, 'what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how.' The horseman heard this, and said, 'Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?' 'Ah!' said he, 'I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly.' 'What do you say to changing?' said the horseman; 'I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver.' 'With all my heart,' said Hans: 'but I tell you one thing, - you'll have a weary task to drag it along.' The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, 'When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry "Jip!"'

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried 'Jip'. Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the

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roadside; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopt it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, 'This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!' 'Well,' said the shepherd, 'if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse.' 'Done!' said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. 'If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?' When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer: then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. 'I can find a cure for this,' thought he, 'now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;' so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheel-barrow. 'What is the matter with you?' said the butcher as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, 'There

drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast good for nothing but the slaughter-house.' 'Alas, alas! said Hans, 'who would have thought it? If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it, it would at any rate make some sausages.' 'Well,' said the butcher, 'to please you, I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow.' 'Heaven reward you for your kindness!' said Hans as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheel-barrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening; 'Feel,' said he, 'how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!' 'You're right,' said Hans as he weighed it in his hand; 'but my pig is no trifle.' Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. 'Hark ye,' said he, 'my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horsepond.'

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. 'Good man,' cried he, 'pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose.' 'I ought to have something into the bargain,' said the countryman; 'however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble.' Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way home-

wards free from care. 'After all,' thought he, 'I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!'

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissor-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing

O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blythe, so merry as I?

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, 'You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it: - but where did you get that beautiful goose?' 'I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it.' 'And where did you get the pig?' 'I gave a cow for it.' 'And the cow?' 'I gave a horse for it.' 'And the horse?' 'I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that.' 'And the silver?' 'Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years.' 'You have thriven well in the world hitherto,' said the grinder; 'now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made.' 'Very true: but how is that to be managed?' 'You must turn grinder like me,' said the other; 'you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; - will you buy?' 'How can you ask such a question?' replied Hans; 'I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? there's the goose!' 'Now,' said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, 'this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it.'

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart: his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, 'I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing that I want or wish for comes to me of itself.'

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since day-break; he was hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no farther, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. 'How happy am I!' cried he: 'no mortal was ever so lucky as I am.' Then up he got with a light and merry heart and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

AN honest farmer had once an ass, that had been a faithful servant to him a great many years, but was now growing old and every day more and more unfit for work. His master therefore was tired of keeping him and began to think of putting an end to him; but the ass, who saw that some mischief was in the wind, took himself slyly off, and began his journey towards the great city, 'for there,' thought he, 'I may turn musician.'

After he had travelled a little way, he spied a dog lying by the road-side and panting as if he were very tired. 'What makes you pant so, my friend?' said the ass. 'Alas!' said the

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dog, 'my master was going to knock me on the head, because I am old and weak, and can no longer make myself useful to him in hunting; so I ran away: but what can I do to earn my livelihood?' 'Hark ye!' said the ass, 'I am going to the great city to turn musician: suppose you go with me, and try what you can do in the same way?' The dog said he was willing, and they jogged on together.

They had not gone far before they saw a cat sitting in the middle of the road and making a most rueful face. 'Pray, my good lady,' said the ass, 'what's the matter with you? you look quite out of spirits!' 'Ah me!' said the cat, 'how can one be in good spirits when one's life is in danger? Because I am beginning to grow old, and had rather lie at my ease by the fire than run about the house after the mice, my mistress laid hold of me, and was going to drown me; and though I have been lucky enough to get away from her, I do not know what I am to live upon.' 'O!' said the ass, 'by all means go with us to the great city; you are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as a musician.' The cat was pleased with the thought, and joined the party.

Soon afterwards, as they were passing by a farmyard, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might and main. 'Bravo!' said the ass; 'upon my word you make a famous noise; pray what is all this about?' 'Why,' said the cock, 'I was just now saying that we should have fine weather for our washing-day, and yet my mistress and the cook don't thank me for my pains, but threaten to cut off my head tomorrow, and make broth of me for the guests that are coming on Sunday!' 'Heaven forbid!' said the ass; 'come with us, Master Chanticleer; it will be better, at any rate, than staying here to have your head cut off! Besides, who knows? If we take care to sing in tune, we may get up some kind of a concert: so come along with us.' 'With all my heart,' said the cock: so they all four went on jollily together.

They could not, however, reach the great city the first day; so when night came on, they went into a wood to sleep. The ass and the dog laid themselves down under a great tree, and the cat climbed up into the branches; while the cock, thinking that the higher he sat the safer he should be, flew up the very top of the tree, and then, according to his custom, before he went to sleep, looked out on all sides of him to see that every thing was well. In doing this, he saw afar off something bright and shining; and calling to his companions said, 'There must be a house no great way off, for I see a light.' 'If that be the case,' said the ass, 'we had better change our quarters, for our lodging is not the best in the world!' 'Besides,' added the dog, 'I should not be the worse for a bone or two, or a bit of meat.' So they walked off together towards the spot where Chanticleer had seen the light; and as they drew near, it became larger and brighter, till they at last came close to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

The ass, being the tallest of the company, marched up to the window and peeped in. 'Well, Donkey,' said Chanticleer, 'what do you see?' 'What do I see?' replied the ass, 'why I see a table spread with all kinds of good things, and robbers sitting round it making merry.' 'That would be a noble lodging for us,' said the cock. 'Yes,' said the ass, 'if we could only get in:' so they consulted together how they should contrive to get the robbers out; and at last they hit upon a plan. The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock screamed; and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had

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now no doubt that some frightful hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could.

The coast once clear, our travellers soon sat down, and dispatched what the robbers had left, with as much eager-



ness as if they had not expected to eat again for a month. As soon as they had satisfied themselves, they put out the lights, and each once more sought out a resting-place to his own liking. The donkey laid himself down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself upon a ma-

behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth before the warm ashes; and the cock perched upon a beam on top of the house; and, as they were all rather tired with their journey, they soon fell asleep.

But about midnight, when the robbers saw from afar that the lights were out and that all seemed quiet, they began to think that they had been in too great a hurry to run away; and one of them, who was bolder than the rest, went to see what was going on. Finding every thing still, he marched into the kitchen, and groped about till he found a match in order to light a candle; and then, espying the glittering fiery eyes of the cat, he mistook them for live coals, and held the match to them to light it. But the cat, not understanding this joke, sprung at his face, and spit, and scratched at him. This frightened him dreadfully, and away he ran to the back door; but there the dog jumped up and bit him in the leg; and as he was crossing over the yard the ass kicked him; and the cock, who had been awakened by the noise, crowed with all his might. At this the robber ran back as fast as he could to his comrades, and told the captain 'how a horrid witch had got into the house, and had spit at him and scratched his face with her long bony fingers; how a man with a knife in his hand had hidden himself behind the door, and stabbed him in the leg; how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club, and how the devil sat upon the top of the house and cried out, 'Throw the rascal up here!' After this the robbers never dared to go back to the house: but the musicians were so pleased with their quarters, that they took up their abode there; and there they are, I dare say, at this very day.

THE GOLDEN BIRD

A CERTAIN king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. These apples were always counted, and about the time when they began to grow ripe it was found that every night one of them was gone. The king became very angry at this, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another of the apples was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch; and at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at first would not let him, for fear some harm should come to him: however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree to watch. As the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling noise in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son jumped up and shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm; only it dropped a golden feather from its tail, and then flew away. The golden feather was brought to the king in the morning, and all the council was called together. Every one agreed that it was worth more than all the wealth of the kingdom: but the king said, 'One feather is of no use to me, I must have the whole bird.'

Then the gardener's eldest son set out and thought to find the golden bird very easily; and when he had gone but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting; so he took his bow and made ready to shoot at it. Then the fox said, 'Do not shoot me, for I will give you good counsel; I know what your business is, and that you want to find the golden bird. You will reach a village in the evening; and when you get there, you will see