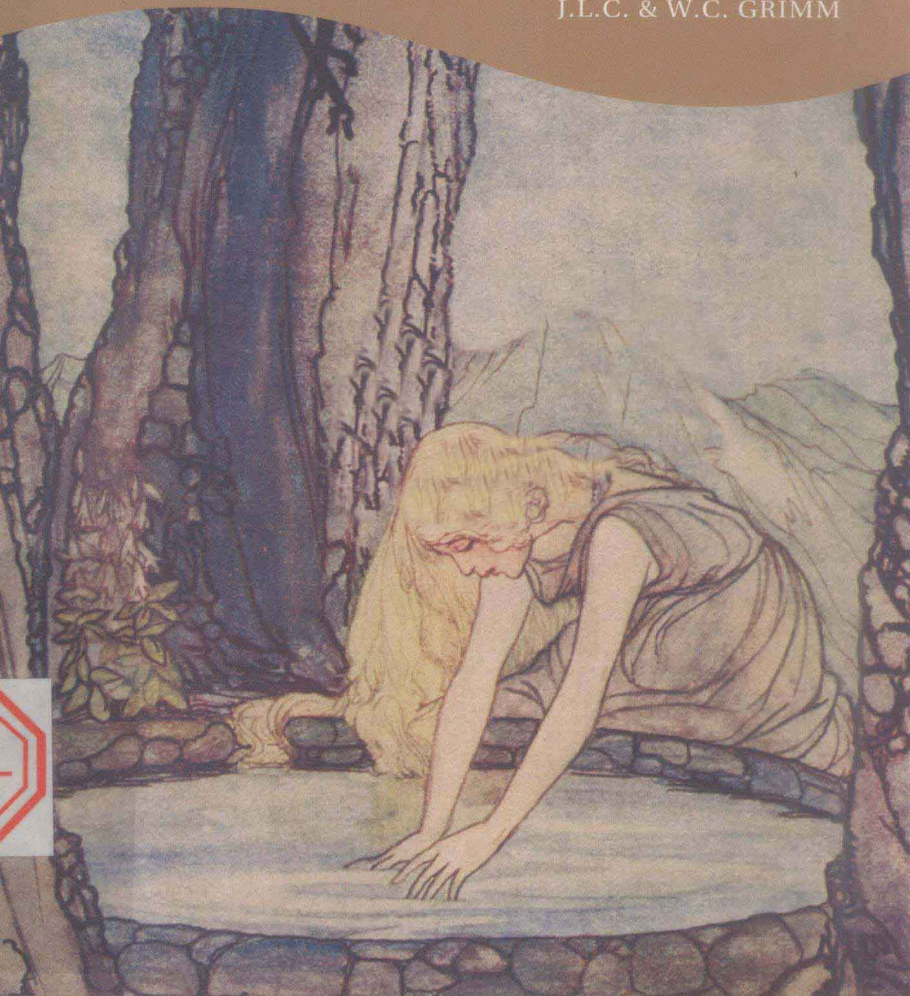


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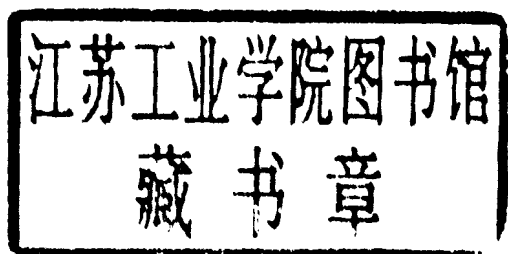
Grimm's Fairy Tales

J.L.C. & W.C. GRIMM



Complete and Unabridged

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES



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J. L. C. & W. C. GRIMM



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The Rabbit's Bride



HERE was once a woman who lived with her daughter in a beautiful cabbage-garden; and there came a rabbit and ate up all the cabbages. At last said the woman to her daughter, 'Go into the garden, and drive out the rabbit.'

'Shoo! shoo!' said the maiden; 'don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!'

'Come, maiden,' said the rabbit, 'sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.' But the maiden would not.

Another day, back came the rabbit, and ate away at the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter, 'Go into the garden, and drive away the rabbit.'

'Shoo! shoo!' said the maiden; 'don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!'

'Come, maiden,' said the rabbit, 'sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.' But the maiden would not.

Again, a third time back came the rabbit, and ate away at the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter, 'Go into the garden, and drive away the rabbit.'

'Shoo! shoo!' said the maiden; 'don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!'

'Come, maiden,' said the rabbit, 'sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit-hutch.'

And then the girl seated herself on the rabbit's tail, and the rabbit took her to his hutch.

'Now,' said he, 'set to work and cook some bran and cabbage; I

am going to bid the wedding guests.' And soon they were all collected. Would you like to know who they were? Well, I can only tell you what was told to me; all the hares came, and the crow who was to be the parson to marry them, and the fox for the clerk, and the altar was under the rainbow. But the maiden was sad, because she was so lonely.

'Get up! get up!' said the rabbit, 'the wedding folk are all merry.'

But the bride wept and said nothing, and the rabbit went away, but very soon came back again.

'Get up! get up!' said he, 'the wedding folk are waiting.' But the bride said nothing, and the rabbit went away. Then she made a figure of straw, and dressed it in her own clothes, and gave it a red mouth, and set it to watch the kettle of bran, and then she went home to her mother. Back again came the rabbit, saying, 'Get up! get up!' and he went up and hit the straw figure on the head, so that it tumbled down.

And the rabbit thought that he had killed his bride, and he went away and was very sad.





Six Soldiers of Fortune



HERE was once a man who was a Jack-of-all-trades; he had served in the war, and had been brave and bold, but at the end of it he was sent about his business, with three farthings and his discharge.

‘I am not going to stand this,’ said he; ‘wait till I find the right man to help me, and the king shall give me all the treasures

of his kingdom before he has done with me.’

Then, full of wrath, he went into the forest, and he saw one standing there by six trees which he had rooted up as if they had been stalks of corn. And he said to him, ‘Will you be my man, and come along with me?’

‘All right,’ answered he; ‘I must just take this bit of wood home to my father and mother.’ And taking one of the trees, he bound it round the other five, and putting the faggot on his shoulder, he carried it off; then soon coming back, he went along with his leader, who said, ‘Two such as we can stand against the whole world.’

And when they had gone on a little while, they came to a huntsman who was kneeling on one knee and taking careful aim with his rifle.

‘Huntsman,’ said the leader, ‘what are you aiming at?’

‘Two miles from here,’ answered he, ‘there sits a fly on the bough of an oak tree, I mean to put a bullet into its left eye.’

‘Oh, come along with me,’ said the leader; ‘three of us together can stand against the world.’

The huntsman was quite willing to go with him, and so they went on till they came to seven windmills, whose sails were going round briskly, and yet there was no wind blowing from any quarter, and not a leaf stirred.

'Well,' said the leader, 'I cannot think what ails the windmills, turning without wind.' And he went on with his followers about two miles farther, and then they came to a man sitting up in a tree, holding one nostril and blowing with the other.

'Now then,' said the leader, 'what are you doing up there?'

'Two miles from here,' answered he, 'there are seven windmills; I am blowing, and they are going round.'

'Oh, go with me,' cried the leader, 'four of us together can stand against the world.'

So the blower got down and went with them, and after a time they came to a man standing on one leg, and the other had been taken off and was lying near him.

'You seem to have got a handy way of resting yourself,' said the leader to the man.

'I am a runner,' answered he, 'and in order to keep myself from going too fast I have taken off a leg, for when I run with both, I go faster than a bird can fly.'

'Oh, go with me,' cried the leader, 'five of us together may well stand against the world.'

So he went with them all together, and it was not long before they met a man with a little hat, and he wore it just over one ear.

'Manners! manners!' said the leader; 'with your hat like that, you look like a jack-fool.'

'I dare not put it straight,' answered the other; 'if I did, there would be such a terrible frost that the very birds would be frozen and fall dead from the sky to the ground.'

'Oh, come with me,' said the leader; 'we six together may well stand against the whole world.'

So the six went on until they came to a town where the king had caused it to be made known that whoever would run a race with his daughter and win it might become her husband, but that whoever lost must lose his head into the bargain. And the leader came forward and said one of his men should run for him.

'Then,' said the king, 'his life too must be put in pledge, and if he fails, his head and yours too must fall.'

When this was quite settled and agreed upon, the leader called the runner, and strapped his second leg on to him.

'Now, look out,' said he, 'and take care that we win.'

It had been agreed that the one who should bring water first from a far distant brook should be accounted winner. Now the king's daughter and the runner each took a pitcher, and they started both at the same time; but in one moment, when the king's daughter had gone but a very little way, the runner was out of sight, for his running was as if the wind rushed by. In a short time he reached the brook, filled his pitcher full of water, and turned back again. About half-way home, however, he was overcome with weariness, and setting down his pitcher, he lay down on the ground to sleep. But in order to awaken soon again by not lying too soft he had taken a horse's skull which lay near and placed it under his head for a pillow. In the meanwhile the king's daughter, who really was a good runner, good enough to beat an ordinary man, had reached the brook, and filled her pitcher, and was hastening with it back again, when she saw the runner lying asleep.

'The day is mine,' said she with much joy, and she emptied his pitcher and hastened on. And now all had been lost but for the huntsman who was standing on the castle wall, and with his keen eyes saw all that happened.

'We must not be outdone by the king's daughter,' said he, and he loaded his rifle and took so good an aim that he shot the horse's skull from under the runner's head without doing him any harm. And the runner awoke and jumped up, and saw his pitcher standing empty and the king's daughter far on her way home. But, not losing courage, he ran swiftly to the brook, filled it again with water, and for all that, he got home ten minutes before the king's daughter.

'Look you,' said he; 'this is the first time I have really stretched my legs; before it was not worth the name of running.'

The king was vexed, and his daughter yet more so, that she should be beaten by a discharged common soldier; and they took counsel together how they might rid themselves of him and of his companions at the same time.

'I have a plan,' said the king; 'do not fear but that we shall be quit of them for ever.' Then he went out to the men and bade them to feast and be merry and eat and drink; and he led them

into a room, which had a floor of iron, and the doors were iron, the windows had iron frames and bolts; in the room was a table set out with costly food.

'Now, go in there and make yourselves comfortable,' said the king.

And when they had gone in, he had the door locked and bolted. Then he called the cook, and told him to make a big fire underneath the room, so that the iron floor of it should be red hot. And the cook did so, and the six men began to feel the room growing very warm, by reason, as they thought at first, of the good dinner; but as the heat grew greater and greater, and they found the doors and windows fastened, they began to think it was an evil plan of the king's to suffocate them.

'He shall not succeed, however,' said the man with the little hat; 'I will bring on a frost that shall make the fire feel ashamed of itself, and creep out of the way.'

So he set his hat straight on his head, and immediately there came such a frost that all the heat passed away and the food froze in the dishes. After an hour or two had passed, and the king thought they must have all perished in the heat, he caused the door to be opened, and went himself to see how they fared. And when the door flew back, there they were all six quite safe and sound, and they said they were quite ready to come out, so that they might warm themselves, for the great cold of that room had caused the food to freeze in the dishes. Full of wrath, the king went to the cook and scolded him, and asked why he had not done as he was ordered.

'It is hot enough there: you may see for yourself,' answered the cook. And the king looked and saw an immense fire burning underneath the room of iron, and he began to think that the six men were not to be got rid of in that way. And he thought of a new plan by which it might be managed, so he sent for the leader and said to him, 'If you will give up your right to my daughter, and take gold instead, you may have as much as you like.'

'Certainly, my lord king,' answered the man; 'let me have as much gold as my servant can carry, and I give up all claim to your daughter.' And the king agreed that he should come again in a fortnight to fetch the gold. The man then called together all the tailors in the kingdom, and set them to work to make a sack,

and it took them a fortnight. And when it was ready, the strong man who had been found rooting up trees took it on his shoulder, and went to the king.

'Who is this immense fellow carrying on his shoulder a bundle of stuff as big as a house?' cried the king, terrified to think how much gold he would carry off. And a ton of gold was dragged in by sixteen strong men, but he put it all into the sack with one hand, saying, 'Why don't you bring some more? this hardly covers the bottom!' So the king bade them fetch by degrees the whole of his treasure, and even then the sack was not half full.

'Bring more!' cried the man; 'these few scraps go no way at all!' Then at last seven thousand wagons laden with gold collected through the whole kingdom were driven up; and he threw them in his sack, oxen and all.

'I will not look too closely,' said he, 'but take what I can get, so long as the sack is full.' And when all was put in there was still plenty of room.

'I must make an end of this,' he said; 'if it is not full, it is so much the easier to tie up.' And he hoisted it on his back, and went off with his comrades.

When the king saw all the wealth of his realm carried off by a single man he was full of wrath, and he bade his cavalry mount, and follow after the six men, and take the sack away from the strong man.

Two regiments were soon up to them, and called them to consider themselves prisoners, and to deliver up the sack, or be cut in pieces.

'Prisoners, say you?' said the man who could blow, 'suppose you first have a little dance together in the air,' and holding one nostril, and blowing through the other, he sent the regiments flying head over heels, over the hills and far away. But a sergeant who had nine wounds and was a brave fellow, begged not to be put to so much shame. And the blower let him down easily, so that he came to no harm, and he bade him go to the king and tell him that whatever regiments he liked to send more should be blown away just the same. And the king, when he got the message, said, 'Let the fellows be; they have some right on their side.' So the six comrades carried home their treasure, divided it among them, and lived contented till they died.



Clever Grethel



HERE was once a cook called Grethel, who wore shoes with red heels, and when she went out in them she gave herself great airs, and thought herself very fine indeed. When she came home again, she would take a drink of wine to refresh herself, and as that gave her an appetite, she would take some of the best of whatever she was

cooking, until she had had enough. 'For,' said she, 'a cook must know how things taste.'

Now it happened that one day her master said to her, 'Grethel, I expect a guest this evening; you must make ready a pair of fowls.'

'Certainly, sir, I will,' answered Grethel.

So she killed the fowls, cleaned them, and plucked them, and put them on the spit, and then, as evening drew near, placed them before the fire to roast. And they began to be brown, and were nearly done, but the guest had not come.

'If he does not make haste,' cried Grethel to her master, 'I must take them away from the fire; it's a pity and a shame not to eat them now, just when they are done to a turn.' And the master said he would run himself and fetch the guest. As soon as he had turned his back, Grethel took the fowls from before the fire.

'Standing so long before the fire,' said she, 'makes one hot and thirsty – and who knows when they will come! in the meanwhile I will go to the cellar and have a drink.' So down she ran, took up a mug, and saying, 'Here's to me!' took a good draught. 'One

good drink deserves another,' she said 'and it should not be cut short;' so she took another hearty draught. Then she went and put the fowls down to the fire again, and, basting them with butter, she turned the spit briskly round. And now they began to smell so good that Grethel saying, 'I must find out whether they really are all right,' licked her fingers, and then cried, 'Well, I never! the fowls are good; it's a sin and a shame that no one is here to eat them!'

So she ran to the window to see if her master and his guest were coming, but as she could see nobody she went back to her fowls. 'Why, one of the wings is burning!' she cried presently, 'I had better eat it and get it out of the way.' So she cut it off and ate it up, and it tasted good, and then she thought, 'I had better cut off the other too, in case the master should miss anything.' And when both wings had been disposed of she went and looked for the master, but still he did not come.

'Who knows,' said she, 'whether they are coming or not? they may have put up at an inn.' And after a pause she said again, 'Come, I may as well make myself happy, and first I will make sure of a good drink and then of a good meal, and when all is done I shall be easy; the gifts of the gods are not to be despised.' So first she ran down into the cellar and had a famous drink, and ate up one of the fowls with great relish. And when that was done, and still the master did not come, Grethel eyed the other fowl, saying, 'What one is the other must be, the two belong to each other, it is only fair that they should be both treated alike; perhaps, when I have had another drink, I shall be able to manage it.' So she took another hearty drink, and then the second fowl went the way of the first.

Just as she was in the middle of it the master came back. 'Make haste, Grethel,' cried he, 'the guest is coming directly!'

'Very well, master,' she answered, 'it will soon be ready.' The master went to see that the table was properly laid, and, taking the great carving knife with which he meant to carve the fowls, he sharpened it upon the step. Presently came the guest, knocking very genteelly and softly at the front door. Grethel ran and looked to see who it was, and when she caught sight of the guest she put her finger on her lip saying, 'Hush! make the best haste you can out of this, for if my master catches you, it will be

bad for you; he asked you to come to supper, but he really means to cut off your ears! Just listen how he is sharpening his knife!

The guest, hearing the noise of the sharpening, made off as fast as he could go. And Grethel ran screaming to her master. 'A pretty guest you have asked to the house!' cried she.

'How so, Grethel? what do you mean?' asked he.

'What indeed!' said she; 'why, he has gone and run away with my pair of fowls that I had just dished up.'

'That's pretty sort of conduct!' said the master, feeling very sorry about the fowls; 'he might at least have left me one, that I might have had something to eat.' And he called out to him to stop, but the guest made as if he did not hear him; then he ran after him, the knife still in his hand, crying out, 'Only one! only one!' meaning that the guest should let him have one of the fowls and not take both, but the guest thought he meant to have only one of his ears, and he ran so much the faster that he might get home with both of them safe.

