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**"MIRROR, MIRROR, HANGING THERE,  
WHO IN ALL THE LAND'S MOST FAIR?"**

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Folk Tales from Grimm

A Dramatic Reader  
for Third and Fourth Grades

BY

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A. Flanagan Company  
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## FOREWORD

Within the last decade a notable thing has happened. The utility of dramatic readers has been proven. The question is now past the stage of experiment. On the contrary, owing to the highly beneficial results following their use, proven out by many of the foremost educators, books of this class are sought by libraries and schools alike. Pupils with this style of reading adopt a better inflection so naturally and in such degree that reading is becoming revolutionized. The days of the slow, monotonous tones of voice are disappearing. For because involuntary attention is a large factor, interest is intensified and the literary material becomes alive.

We are all egotists, and none more so than the children, who while they formerly enjoyed hearing the stories now delight in *being* the story, as each one must who assumes a character to read. In short, the dialogue form goes by the most direct route to the center of attention, and no person, child or adult, learns much until he attends to a matter. Again, the dramatic reader form is invaluable because it is neither possible nor desirable to have elaborate dramatizations with costumes and stage properties often, and because this reading matter secures some of the same interest as always inheres in the latter way, with the minimum of time and effort. 57636

Narrative and description will still have a place in the teaching of reading, and books largely composed of literature in these forms will probably give the greatest increase in the vocabulary. But when one wishes to train for thought expression in the most intense way now known, he must turn to dramatization and the dramatic readers for the readiest tools to use in getting such results. In these stories it has been attempted to keep the vocabulary for the most part simple, for two reasons. First, because the end most desired is the training of thought and emotion with their expression; and second, because diversion of thought from the story itself in order to master a great influx of new words would necessarily detract from the power of appeal made to the mind of the child. At this stage in school life the child has acquired a fund of words that has become a part of his own possessions. It is with these mainly then that we should deal in a problem of this sort, that the whole mind may so far as is possible be set free to think the thoughts, experience the feelings, and live the life of the stories.

It is hoped that this little volume will help to serve the need of the hour by bringing some of the most beloved of the Grimm collection of folk tales to the children in the present form.

Thanks are due Mrs. Clara J. Denton, the well-known author; Miss Cora M. Riggs, Principal Straight School; Miss May Quigley, head of the Juvenile Department of Ryerson Public Library, and Mrs. Ambrose C. Hindman, all of Grand Rapids, Michigan, for valuable suggestions.

E. A.

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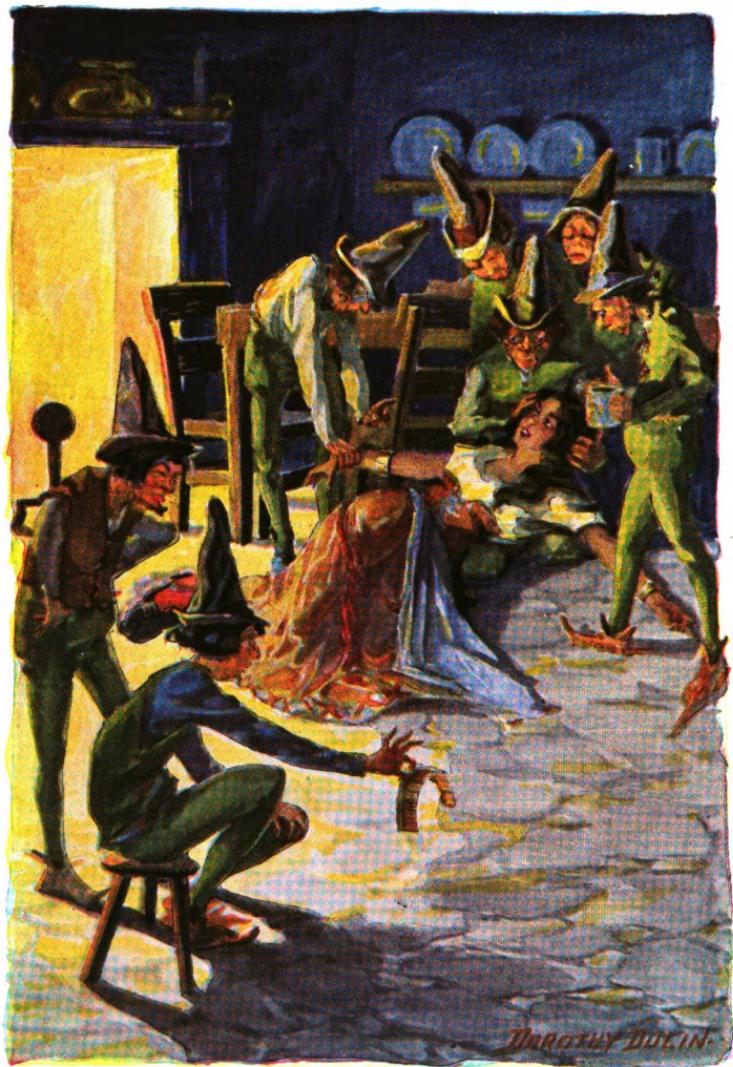


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Dorothy Doolin

"IT'S ALL ACCOMPLISHED BY THAT OLD WICKED QUEEN!"

# FOLK TALES FROM GRIMM

## A DRAMATIC READER

### SNOWDROP

THE GOOD QUEEN	FIRST DWARF	
THE WICKED QUEEN	SECOND DWARF	
THE PRINCE	THIRD DWARF	
SNOWDROP	FOURTH DWARF	
THE MIRROR	FIFTH DWARF	
THE HUNTSMAN	SIXTH DWARF	
SEVENTH DWARF		
FIRST PEDDLER	} THE WICKED QUEEN's SECOND PEDDLER <i>disguises</i> THIRD PEDDLER	
FIRST SERVANT		THIRD SERVANT
SECOND SERVANT		FOURTH SERVANT

### ACT I. THE CHILD

#### SCENE I

PLACE: *England.*

TIME: *more than three hundred years ago.*

[*The GOOD QUEEN embroiders in her morning room.*]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The words in brackets may be read by another pupil or by the teacher; the explanations in parentheses are for silent reading.

GOOD QUEEN. Oh! That was a sharp prick!  
How red the blood looks! (*Pausing.*) What  
wouldn't I give to have a child with brow as  
white as a lily, lips as red as blood, and hair as  
black as night!

[*Bells ring outside.*]

GOOD QUEEN. Do I hear bells?

[*She goes out.*]

#### SCENE II

PLACE: *the same.*

TIME: *two years later.*

[*The GOOD QUEEN dies after the birth of a child, SNOWDROP. Now there is a stepmother, the WICKED QUEEN, who rocks the cradle.*]

WICKED QUEEN. Well, you *are* pretty! But  
no one is as fair as I, little one. Isn't that so?  
I'll ask the mirror. *That* always tells the truth!  
(*Humming.*) Sometimes the men at court flatter,  
but my mirror NEVER does.

[*She speaks to a mirror on the wall.*]

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

MIRROR. You are most fair, my lady Queen,  
None fairer in the land I ween.

WICKED QUEEN (*tossing her head*). I thought  
so!

[*Goes out proudly.*]

## SCENE III

PLACE: *the same.*

TIME: *eleven years later.*

[*The WICKED QUEEN, alone, manicures her finger-nails.*]

WICKED QUEEN. My maid did not trim these very well, to-day.

[SNOWDROP *knocks.*]

WICKED QUEEN. Come.

SNOWDROP (*bowing low.*). Good morning!

WICKED QUEEN (*not looking up.*). Good morn-ing.

SNOWDROP. Mother dear, do you think I may have a drive into the country to-day? I should like it very much.

WICKED QUEEN (*absently.*). Yes, run along, child. If you don't bother me too much, you may.

SNOWDROP (*joyously.*). Oh, thank you, mother dear!

[SNOWDROP *withdraws.*]

WICKED QUEEN. Let us see what the mirror says to-day.

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

MIRROR. My lady Queen, you're fair 'tis true,  
But Snowdrop's fairer far than you.

WICKED QUEEN (*stamping angrily*). What? Say that again to me. I wish to be sure.

MIRROR. My lady Queen, you're fair 'tis true,  
But Snowdrop's fairer *far* than you.

WICKED QUEEN (*more angrily*). Snowdrop! Is it so! Well, I simply *won't have that!*

[*She rings and a huntsman appears, bowing low.*]

WICKED QUEEN. Take Snowdrop out into the woods and lose her. Never let me behold her face again.

[*The huntsman bows and retires.*]

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *the forest.*

TIME: *that afternoon.*

SNOWDROP. What a long, long way we have come. I'm *so* tired.

HUNTSMAN (*kindly*). Well, here's a good place to stop, I suppose. Let us rest here a minute.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

HUNTSMAN. Do ye feel rested now, Snowdrop?

SNOWDROP. Yes.

HUNTSMAN. Well, then ye must run to the nearest cleared land,— that way (*pointing*) —

and make haste to get there before nightfall. God have mercy on ye, little girl (*stretching his arms heavenward*). The Queen told me to lose ye here in the wood, and if I had refused (*drawing his finger across his throat with a grimace*). Don't be afraid, child. I'll be near here a long time, till ye're out to the clearin'.

SNOWDROP (*anxiously*). Which way shall I run?

HUNTSMAN (*pointing*). This way, and (*falling to his knees*) may heaven have mercy on ye, child.

SNOWDROP. Good-by, dear Huntsman.

HUNTSMAN (*sorrowfully*). Good-by.

[*He walks in the opposite direction, shaking his head.*]

## ACT II. THE DWARFS

### SCENE I

PLACE: *the dwarfs' house in the forest.*

TIME: *later that afternoon.*

[SNOWDROP *taps on the door, then peeps into the dwarfs' house. No one is home.*]

SNOWDROP. What a cosy little house!

[*She goes inside.*]

I'm so hungry!

[*She tastes the food at each plate.*]

This is too hot.

This is too cold.

This is too salty.

This is a little sour.

This is too thick.

This is too sweet.

This is *just right!*

[*She eats at this place, then rises.*]

I'm so tired.

[*She goes to the seven beds.*]

This is too long (*trying it*).

This is too short.

This is too hard.

This is too soft.

This is too lumpy.

This is too cold.

This is *just right!*

[*She lies down and sleeps. Presently the dwarfs return.*]

FIRST DWARF. Who has been sitting in my little chair? [*He looks at it searchingly.*]

SECOND DWARF. Who has been eating my little loaf?

THIRD DWARF. Who has been tasting my porridge?

FOURTH DWARF. Who has been eating from my little plate?

FIFTH DWARF. Who has been using my little fork?

[*He picks it up.*]

SIXTH DWARF. Who has been cutting with my little knife?

[*He feels the edge.*]

SEVENTH DWARF. Who has been drinking from my little glass?

ALL (*surprised*). H——m!

[*Each begins searching with his candle. They come to the beds.*]

FIRST DWARF. Somebody has been lying in my bed!

FIVE OTHERS. Somebody has lain in *our beds*, too!

SEVENTH DWARF. Hist! Softly (*almost whispering*). Come here! Look!

ALL (*softly*). Goodness gracious! What a beautiful child!

SEVENTH DWARF. How shall I manage to sleep? I can't waken her.

FIRST DWARF. I have it! We'll let you sleep an hour with each of us. That will finish the night.

[*Others nod.*]

SEVENTH DWARF. Precisely so. I'll do that. Thank you!

[*In the morning the FIRST DWARF wakes the others who stretch and yawn. SNOWDROP rises in a fright. The dwarfs walk toward her frankly.*]

SECOND DWARF. What is your name?

SNOWDROP. I am Snowdrop.

THIRD DWARF. Why did you come to our little house?

SNOWDROP. Oh, my mother was a queen. But she died, and my stepmother, the new queen, was not kind to me. She hated me. I'm afraid it was all because she thought me more beautiful than herself. Then afterward she sent a huntsman into the woods with me and ordered him to lose me. I ran and ran until I came to your little house.

[*The dwarfs parley together in whispers.*]

FIRST DWARF. Will you remain and be house-keeper for us, cook, make the beds, do the washing, sew and knit? If you perform this well, and keep everything clean and neat you shall want for nothing.

SNOWDROP. Yes, gladly will I do that.

FIFTH DWARF. But beware of your step-mother! She will soon be aware that you are here, and *whatever* you do, don't permit any one to come into the house. We're to be gone all day digging gold in the mountains.

[*They turn back at the doorway.*]

ALL. Good-by, Snowdrop.

SNOWDROP. Good-by.

### SCENE II

PLACE: *dressing room of Wicked Queen.*

TIME: *one week later.*

WICKED QUEEN (*putting powder on her face*).  
What a stupid blundering creature is Marie!  
I can do this better myself (*powdering more*).  
Let's see what the mirror says this time.

(*To the mirror.*)

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

MIRROR. My lady Queen, you're fair 'tis true,  
But Snowdrop's fairer far than you;  
Snowdrop who dwells with the seven little  
men  
Is as fair as you, as fair again.

WICKED QUEEN (*very angrily*). Snowdrop  
again! IS that so! Next time I'll go myself.

### SCENE III

PLACE: *the dwarfs' house.*

TIME: *three days later.*

[SNOWDROP, alone, is placing a flower on the  
table when the WICKED QUEEN comes disguised  
as a peddler.]

PEDDLER (*calling*). Fine wares to sell! Fine wares to sell!

SNOWDROP (*peeping out*). Good day, mother.

(SNOWDROP *opens the door*.)

What have you to sell?

PEDDLER. Good wares; fine wares; laces of every description.

SNOWDROP (*aside*). Surely I may let this honest woman in.

(*To the PEDDLER*.)

Come inside.

PEDDLER (*seating herself*). Good gracious, child, what a figure you have! Let me try this girdle on you.

[*It is a magic girdle. The one wearing it seems to be dead.*]

SNOWDROP. Well, you may.

(SNOWDROP *falls*.)

PEDDLER (*bending over her*). NOW we shall see who is the prettier!

[*The WICKED QUEEN leaves and soon the dwarfs return.*]

FIRST DWARF (*alarmed*). What's this? Look here!

ALL. O——h!

[*The SIXTH DWARF rubs SNOWDROP's hands and the THIRD DWARF fans her.*]

SECOND DWARF. Let's unfasten that girdle.

(SNOWDROP moans and the dwarfs help her up.)

THIRD DWARF. It's that wicked stepmother!

FOURTH DWARF. Little Snowdrop, we must immediately go away again to labor, and you must be *sure, SURE* (*shaking a finger at her playfully*) to admit no one into the house.

SNOWDROP. I don't think I *could* forget this time.

ALL. Good-by, Snowdrop!

SNOWDROP. Good-by!

[She is left alone.]

Oh, I wish the dwarfs didn't have to remain away all day. It's rather *lonesome*. But I must go to gather sticks.

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *the Wicked Queen's palace.*

TIME: *a day later.*

[*The WICKED QUEEN approaches the magic mirror.*]

WICKED QUEEN. Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

MIRROR. My lady Queen, you're fair 'tis true,  
But Snowdrop's fairer far than you;  
Snowdrop who dwells with the seven little  
men,  
Is as fair as you, as fair again.

WICKED QUEEN (*in a great rage*). *Hah! HAH!*  
Is it Snowdrop yet? *HAH!*

## SCENE V

PLACE: *the dwarfs' house.*

TIME: *three o'clock one afternoon.*

[*The WICKED QUEEN is in a different disguise.*]

PEDDLER. Splendid wares for sale! Splendid  
wares for sale!

SNOWDROP (*looking through a small crack in  
the doorway*). You must go away, for I may not  
let any one in.

PEDDLER. But surely you are not forbidden  
to peep out.

(SNOWDROP *opens the door.*)

PEDDLER. Will you buy this comb?

SNOWDROP. How much is it worth?

PEDDLER (*standing on the threshold*). It is a  
real tortoise shell, but I need the money so  
much you may have this magnificent thing for  
a song,— only two pence.

SNOWDROP (*aside*). I think I have that much  
left.

(*Looks in purse.*)

Yes! and that is all!

PEDDLER. Now I'll show you how to place it in your hair properly. There!

(SNOWDROP falls.)

Hah! *I have you this time!*

[*The WICKED QUEEN leaves and the dwarfs come home.*]

FIFTH DWARF. Oh brothers! POOR Snowdrop!

ALL (*running up*). POOR Snowdrop!

[*As before they resuscitate her by withdrawing the magic article.*]

FIRST DWARF. Well, tell us about it, poor little Snowdrop.

SNOWDROP. An old woman came to-day, but I said "I may not let you in." Then she said there could be no harm if I *looked*, and when I did the comb was so pretty I bought it. She put the comb into my hair and I was conscious of nothing more.

SIXTH DWARF. It's all accomplished by that old Wicked Queen!

SEVENTH DWARF. Please do not let any one in the next time. We were thoroughly scared about you. That wicked stepmother of yours must be doing this. Well,—good-by, Snowdrop.

ALL. Good-by, Snowdrop.

SNOWDROP. Good-by. (*After they leave.*) What

good little men they are! They seem as fond of me as if they were my brothers. Surely one ought to keep the house very tidy for them.

[*She hums, then suddenly speaks again.*]

SNOWDROP. But I left the cakes in the oven. Ha! Ha! They must be well baked by this time!

#### SCENE VI

PLACE: *Wicked Queen's palace.*

TIME: *a month later.*

WICKED QUEEN (*pleasantly*). Ah, me! This is certainly a lovely gown. The folds in the train are so graceful. (*Stroking the cloth.*) But now for the *magic mirror*. *That* is the one I am most interested in.

[*She walks across the room to it.*]

WICKED QUEEN (*pausing*). Now surely I shall hear a different story.

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

MIRROR. My lady Queen, you're fair 'tis true,  
But Snowdrop's fairer *far* than you,  
Snowdrop who dwells with the seven little  
men,  
Is as fair as you, as fair again.

WICKED QUEEN (*pulling her own hair and pounding her fists.*) HUH! HUH!

## SCENE VII

PLACE: *the dwarfs' house.*

TIME: *half a year later.*

[*The WICKED QUEEN in a third disguise, knocks.*]

SNOWDROP (*through the tiniest crack*). I may not let any one in. The dwarfs have forbidden me.

WICKED QUEEN. Are you afraid of being poisoned? See! I will cut this apple into halves. I'll eat the white cheek, and you may eat the red.

[SNOWDROP yields; she falls; the WICKED QUEEN departs; the dwarfs return.]

ALL. Oh! oh! oh!

[*After trying unsuccessfully to revive her they prepare a bier with a black pall.*]

FIRST DWARF (*pausing*). I suppose we ought to bury her.

[*The others nod.*]

SIXTH DWARF. But she looks *alive!*

SEVENTH DWARF. Impossible to hide her away in the black ground!

FOURTH DWARF. Let us bury her in a glass coffin on the summit of the pine hill and set one



"I WILL CUT THIS APPLE INTO HALVES."

of ourselves to watch it every day, and every night.

*[All nod.]*

**SECOND DWARF.** Let us put golden letters on the coffin to say she's a royal princess.

**FIRST DWARF** (*solemnly*). So be it.

**THE DWARFS** (*each in turn*). So be it.

**FIRST DWARF.** Now, little brother, draw the pall entirely over her, and we must march.

*[They depart with bent heads.]*

## SCENE VIII

**PLACE:** *the Wicked Queen's palace.*

**TIME:** *later that afternoon.*

[*The WICKED QUEEN walks about humming gaily, then goes to the magic mirror.*]

**WICKED QUEEN.** Now we shall see!

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

**MIRROR.** You are most fair, my lady Queen,  
None fairer in the land, I ween.

**WICKED QUEEN** (*delighted*). What's that? Let me hear it again, *dear mirror*.

Mirror, mirror, hanging there,  
Who in all the land's most fair?

**MIRROR.** You are most fair, my lady Queen,  
None fairer in the land, I ween.

**WICKED QUEEN** (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
ha! ha! ha! I'm going straight off to bed to get  
my beauty sleep,— for even a queen must have  
*that*, you know.

## ACT III. THE PRINCE

## SCENE I

**PLACE:** *the dwarfs' house.*

**TIME:** *after five months.*

**PRINCE** (*knocking*). Good morrow, friend.

FOURTH DWARF (*bowing*). Good Morrow, Prince! Will you come inside?

PRINCE (*entering the house*). This is the house of the seven dwarfs?

FOURTH DWARF (*standing*). Yes, Prince.

PRINCE. I saw your brother on the crest of the hill where the Princess lies in a glass casket. I asked your brother to let me take the coffin away, but he told me to come to the house and ask you.

FOURTH DWARF (*offering a chair*). If you will remain a few moments my brothers will be home. I should have no right to decide for the five who are in the mountains digging gold. Ha! here they come!

PRINCE. Good Morrow, friends.

DWARFS (*in concert*). Good Morrow, Prince!

[*The dwarfs remove their caps.*]

PRINCE (*without rising*). I have just been to the top of the hill yonder and there I saw the Princess in the glass casket, watched over by one of you.

SECOND DWARF. Yes, Prince, we guard her in turn, by night and by day.

PRINCE. She is a very beautiful Princess, and I desire to know what you would sell the casket for?

FIRST DWARF (*stoutly*). Why, all the gold in the world couldn't buy her from us. *That's FINAL.*

DWARFS (*in chorus*). *That's FINAL.*

PRINCE (*rising*). Well, the fact is, I am very much in love with her. I don't see how I shall be able to live with no glimpse of that beautiful face every day. Why, she looks as if she could speak! Will you *give* her to me? I am-a royal prince myself, you must remember.

ALL. Yes, yes.

[*The dwarfs converse in whispers.*]

FIRST DWARF. Well, Prince, we believe that you do truly love the Princess, dead though she be, and since love owns what gold cannot buy, we surrender the casket to you. The body of the Princess has been *sacred* with us.

ALL. SACRED.

PRINCE (*bowing*). It shall be sacred with me. I thank you heartily. Farewell (*waving his hand*).

ALL. Farewell.

## SCENE II

PLACE: *the pine hill.*

TIME: *same day.*

[*The PRINCE, with four servants in livery, is*

*taking the body to the palace. The PRINCE follows behind the bier wrapped in thought.]*

FIRST SERVANT (*stumbling*). Hi! there.

OTHER SERVANTS (*dropping the bier and standing at a distance*). Oh!

[*The apple falls from the lips of SNOWDROP, who moves.*]

PRINCE (*snatching away the pall*). Have a care!

SNOWDROP (*sitting up and rubbing her eyes*). Oh, dear me! Where am I?

PRINCE (*delighted*). You are with me! Princess Snowdrop! Do you remember the old woman with the apple?

SNOWDROP (*faintly*). Yes.

PRINCE. Well, that was the Wicked Queen. She tried to hurt you for the third time with the magic apple. When the dwarfs could not waken you they put you in a glass coffin on the top of this hill. Your name and title were placed in golden letters on the top. One of the dwarfs always watched by your coffin by night and by day, for they could not bear to bury you. Then, I came by, and (*falling on his knees*) OH, DEAR PRINCESS SNOWDROP, you were so lovely I lost my heart. I could not live without you (*reaching arms out toward SNOWDROP*).

Then I went down and offered to buy your body from the dwarfs, but they refused. I told them how I thought I could not endure to live without you, for love of you, and they had pity on me. They gave freely to love what all my kingdom could not buy. Oh, Snowdrop! I prize you more than any one in the *whole wide world*. Will you come with me to my father's palace and be my bride?

SNOWDROP (*after a pause, shyly*). Yes, Prince.

PRINCE (*to servants*). You follow us with that pall. We don't care to see it now. (*After a moment.*) Do you hear the bluebird singing, Snowdrop? He must be rejoicing too because I found you.







"THE PIGS WILL BE ALL RIGHT IF LEFT TO THEMSELVES"

## THE SIX SERVANTS

KING	PRINCE
FIRST SERVANT or FATTY	
SECOND SERVANT or LISTENER	
THIRD SERVANT or LONGLEGS	
FOURTH SERVANT or SHARP EYE	
FIFTH SERVANT or ICE-FIRE	
SIXTH SERVANT or LONGSIGHT	
QUEEN	
PRINCESS	
LANDLORD'S WIFE	
FIRST MAN	
SECOND MAN	

### SCENE I

PLACE: *the King's chamber.*

TIME: *long ago.*

[*The PRINCE enters and bows before his father.*]

KING. Speak, my son.

PRINCE. Father!

KING. What is your heart's desire?

PRINCE. I wish to go and try my luck at  
guessing the riddle.

KING. What? For the hand of the Princess?

PRINCE. Yes, father.

KING. You know that if you fail to guess it, the penalty is death, by order of the Queen?

PRINCE. Yes, father, but yet I wish to go.

KING. You know that scores have gone before you and never returned?

PRINCE. Yes, sire.

KING. Where did you ever see this Princess that you should care about her?

PRINCE. I saw her at last year's tournament. I never saw any one that seemed so lovely, and I cannot forget her.

KING (*impatiently*). What folly! No! You shall not go!

PRINCE. Father!

KING. I have said it. No son of mine shall take that risk. Those who go, only die.

PRINCE (*turning away*). Alas! alas!

## SCENE II

PLACE: *the Prince's chamber.*

TIME: *two years later.*

[*A Physician is just leaving by one door when the KING enters at another.*]

KING (*very gently*). Good morning, my son!

PRINCE (*faintly*). Good morning.

KING. How do you feel to-day?

PRINCE. Oh, fairly well, father. Don't worry about me.

KING. But I do. You are as pale as ashes.

PRINCE. Well, what of it?

KING. The doctors too have spoken of you again. Since there is no hope of a cure by their means, go now and try your fortune in your own way. I know not how else to restore you, but I am afraid you will come to a wretched end like many another before you.

PRINCE (*sitting up*). Do you really mean, father, that you consent to my going?

KING. Of course I do. This is no joke, and no riddle either.

PRINCE (*jumping out of bed*). Now this *is* a wonder! I feel better even now!

### SCENE III

PLACE: *a roadside*.

TIME: *middle of the forenoon*.

[*The PRINCE is beginning his journey alone.*]

PRINCE. How now? What's this? Is it a hill or a man? Man, to be sure! How fat! I never saw such a monster called a man before.

[*He draws nearer.*]

FIRST SERVANT (*rising*). If you need any one to attend you take me into your service.

PRINCE (*curiously*). What could I do with such a strange fellow as you?

FIRST SERVANT. Ah, ha! That does not matter. If I were a thousand times more strange looking I might still be able to help you.

PRINCE. Well, that's so. Perhaps I shall need you. Come along. Your name shall be Fatty.

FATTY. I come.

PRINCE (*looking ahead*). Hello! There's another man. And lying on the grass! (*Coming up alongside.*) What, may I ask, are you doing there?

SECOND SERVANT. I am listening.

PRINCE. What for, if I may be so bold?

SECOND SERVANT. I hear all that is going on in the world around. Nothing escapes me.

PRINCE. What do you hear *now*, for instance?

SECOND SERVANT. I hear the crickets drying their feet on the grass blades, and the flies wiping their trunks after a breakfast of milk and honey.

PRINCE (*doubtfully*). You do?

SECOND SERVANT. I do.

PRINCE. Tell me, then, what is happening at the court of the old Queen who has such a beautiful daughter.

SECOND SERVANT. I hear the whistling of a sword in the air. It is about to cut off the head of a man who didn't guess the riddle.

PRINCE. Come with me. I need you.

[*They journey two miles together.*]

PRINCE (*whistles*). What is this?

FIRST SERVANT. It looks to me like a pair of feet.

SECOND SERVANT. And a pair of mighty long legs after them.

PRINCE. And away over there is the head. (*Coming up.*) Hey, there! What a length you are!

THIRD SERVANT. You don't see much. Why! If I stretch myself I am taller than the tallest mountain in the world.

PRINCE. Can you make yourself stiff?

THIRD SERVANT (*merrily*). As a poker.

PRINCE (*whistles*). You'd make a pretty good bridge, and (*half to himself*) we may need a bridge yet before we cross this difficulty.

By the way! How would you like to come along with my company?

THIRD SERVANT. I should be only too glad to serve you.

PRINCE. We'll have to call you Granddaddy Longlegs.

THIRD SERVANT (*merrily*).

Heigh ho!  
Off I go  
A mile at a stride,  
For the world is wide.

PRINCE. Not so fast, my good friend. Let us keep up with you.

THIRD SERVANT. As you will.

[*Soon they meet a man with a bandage over his eyes.*]

PRINCE. What's the matter with you? Have you sore eyes that you cover them up in that way?

FOURTH SERVANT. I wear a bandage not for the sake of my eyes, but to protect the things I look at.

PRINCE. How is that?

FOURTH SERVANT. My sight is so keen it splits things in two.

PRINCE. Well, you certainly are a wonderful fellow! Hope you won't look at me with the bandage off, for I want to keep skin and bones together for this journey.

FOURTH SERVANT. Do you go far?

PRINCE. Only about forty leagues more. I am going to try at guessing that riddle for the Queen.

FOURTH SERVANT. You are?

PRINCE. Indeed I am. I shall certainly try it.

FOURTH SERVANT. Well then you must have courage. Would that I were going with you. There must be some fun ahead.

PRINCE. Come along, Sharp Eye.

[*They go on and find another man shivering with the cold on a warm day.*]

PRINCE. What makes you freeze when the sun is so warm?

FIFTH SERVANT. Alas! I am so different from any one else. The hotter it is the colder I feel. Ice would be too hot, and fire too cold.

PRINCE. Whew! (*After a pause*). Do you like to see odd things happen?

FIFTH SERVANT. Nothing better.

PRINCE. Well, then, if you have nothing pressing to do, come along. With this company we ought to make a *few* odd things happen.

FIFTH SERVANT (*looking them over*). To be sure! To be sure!

[*They next meet a man craning his neck to look all around.*]

PRINCE. What, please, are you looking at so eagerly?

SIXTH SERVANT. I have such clear eyes that I can see very far away; in fact, quite around the world!

PRINCE. When will the wonders ever cease? Look at my company. Here are Fatty and Listener, Longlegs and Sharp Eye, as well as Ice-fire. Will you too join us? We shall probably find much to see and more to do.



"WHEN WILL THE WONDERS EVER CEASE?"

SIXTH SERVANT. With all my heart. Nothing pleases me more.

PRINCE. I go to guess the riddle at the palace of the Queen.

SIXTH SERVANT (*merrily*).

A riddle,  
A fiddle,  
A fig for the riddle.

Who guesses that riddle  
Will dance on a griddle.

PRINCE. How so, Longsight?

SIXTH SERVANT. I know not that, but perhaps Ice-fire can help you, if he likes nice chilly red-hot things like griddles and fire.

PRINCE. Let us hope he may help when the time comes. And now, *away!*

ALL. AWAY! AWAY!

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *the Queen's palace.*

TIME: *two weeks later.*

PRINCE. If you will let me marry your daughter I'll guess the riddle.

QUEEN (*much pleased with her new victim*). What is your name?

PRINCE. That I may not tell. But you may count upon it that I will do as I say.

[*The PRINCE guesses the riddle correctly.*]

QUEEN. Now I'll set you three tasks to do. If you perform all, the Princess shall be your wife.

PRINCE. What must I do?

QUEEN. You must fetch for me a ring I dropped in the Red Sea. It must be here to-morrow.

PRINCE. Very well. To-morrow!

[*The PRINCE finds the six servants to talk it over with them.*]

PRINCE. The task is no easy one. I must bring a ring from the bottom of the Red Sea. What do you think about that?

LONGSIGHT. That is easy.

PRINCE. How is it easy?

LONGSIGHT. I'll see where it lies. (*He looks.*) There! See it! It hangs on a jagged stone.

LONGLEGS. If I could but see it I would bring it to you, my good Prince.

PRINCE. Thank you.

FATTY. To see it? Is that all? I'll help you here. I'll lie down on my back, hold my mouth open, and let the Red Sea run in till it is as dry as a meadow.

re mi re mi  
re mi re mi re mi re do  
lee-roo-lee-roo-lee-roo-lee-roo-lee-ray!

LONGLEGS (*returns singing*). Tee-roo-lee-roo-

PRINCE. What! Is it possible? Is that the very ring?

LONGLEGS. Exactly the same. Give me something hard to do. This is too easy! (*Sings as before.*)

[*The PRINCE takes the ring to the QUEEN.*]

PRINCE. Your Majesty, here is the ring.

QUEEN (*surprised*). What! Let me see! Yes, it is the very same. You have done the first task well, but you have two others, remember. The next is this: Do you see those three hundred oxen grazing yonder in the meadows before the palace gate?

PRINCE. Yes, your Majesty.

QUEEN. You must eat all those oxen,— bone, horn, flesh, hair. It must be finished by this time to-morrow.

PRINCE (*after thinking a moment*). May I have permission to invite any guests to the banquet? For it is not pleasant to eat alone.

QUEEN. You may have one guest and only one.

PRINCE. It shall be so.

[*The PRINCE returns to tell it to the six servants.*]

PRINCE. I wish one of you to dine with me. There isn't much to do. Only to eat three hundred oxen by this time to-morrow. I may take only one guest.

FATTY. Invite me.

42 FOLK TALES FROM GRIMM

PRINCE. Good! No sooner said than done.

EATTY. (*at supper*). Won't the Queen stare though when she hears of this? Pass me another ox. It makes a juicy mouthful.

[*Next morning the PRINCE goes to the QUEEN.*]

PRINCE. The deed is done. The cattle in the meadow are no more.

QUEEN. Are you quite sure?

PRINCE. Quite.

QUEEN. Well! No one ever before got so far as that.

PRINCE. Then I am pleased with myself.

QUEEN. Now, you shall do the third task. This evening I will bring my daughter to you. You may visit until twelve o'clock. I shall come at that hour. If my daughter is not in this room then, your suit is lost.

PRINCE (*aside*). That is easy. I'll keep awake. (*Then aloud.*) Very well, you may trust me. I'll stay awake.

QUEEN. Don't be too sure about that! Many have failed. What! Have you not heard?

PRINCE. Yes, your Majesty. (*Goes out.*)

[*The PRINCE tells the six servants.*]

PRINCE. The Queen says I must sit with the Princess till twelve o'clock, and that if the

Princess is not there when she comes my head shall be forfeited.

**SHARP EYE.** Let me go with you, Prince.

**PRINCE.** Why? What could you do?

**SHARP EYE.** I can see like a cat in the dark. I'll watch outside your door that the Princess neither passes out, nor anybody else, until the stroke of midnight.

**PRINCE.** I'll grant you leave to do it.

**LONGLEGS.** I'd like to go too.

**PRINCE.** How could you help?

**LONGLEGS.** When you are both seated, and if the light is dim I'll steal in and coil myself in an immense circle around the outer edge of the room. Then I'll know when any one passes in or out.

**PRINCE.** Thank you. I am delighted you thought of it.

**FATTY.** And me, too,— take me.

**PRINCE.** What are you good for in this difficult business?

**FATTY.** I could stand in the doorway so that not a living person could pass me.

**PRINCE.** Splendidly thought out! We shall be a great company. Let's all go.

**ALL.** We go!

## SCENE V

PLACE: *the palace hall.*

TIME: *a quarter before twelve.*

PRINCE (*awaking suddenly*). What! ho! Strike a light.

[SHARP EYE makes a light.]

PRINCE. Why! we must all of us have been asleep. And where, oh, where is the Princess? Oh miserable man! I am lost!

LISTENER. Be quiet and I will hear where the Princess is. (*After a moment.*) Yes! there she is three hundred miles from here in a cave, bitterly weeping.

PRINCE. Poor child!

LONGLEGS. So! Now it is *my* time to help. Golden opportunity! I'll be there, never fear, in a few strides.

SHARP EYE. I'll go with you to split the rock.

LONGLEGS. Here, Sharp Eye! Climb upon my back and I'll have you there in a hurry.

SHARP EYE. How long is "a hurry"?

LONGLEGS. Oh, about three seconds.

Heigh ho!

Off we go

A mile at a stride,  
For the world is wide.

Ah! here we are!

## SCENE VI

PLACE: *the same room of the palace.*

TIME: *twelve o'clock.*

QUEEN (*grandly*). Where is my daughter?

PRINCE. Here, your Majesty.

QUEEN (*surprised*). Ah! You seem to be one who can do things. (*Pausing.*) I suppose I must keep my promise. But you must prove that you care for my daughter.

PRINCE. How else shall I prove it?

QUEEN. You or one of your company must sit in a bonfire all day.

PRINCE. Anything more?

QUEEN. No. Is not this requirement enough?

PRINCE. To-morrow!

QUEEN (*stiffly*). To-morrow.

## SCENE VII

PLACE: *the palace courtyard.*

TIME: *evening.*

ICE-FIRE (*shivering*). Bu-w-w-w-w-w-w! Here I've had to sit in this jolly cold place all the day. And look at the flames all round. Ha! most people would think it uncomfortably warm, but not so I. *I'm different, do you see?*

SERVANTS. We see.

PRINCE. My good fellow, let me lend you a hand to lift you out of such a trying position. In a bonfire all day for me! I assure you, dear Ice-fire, I'm much obliged to you.

ICE-FIRE. Oh, that's nothing at all. I'm *happy* when I'm doing something strange.

ALL. Why, how is that?

ICE-FIRE. Because the other fellows can't do it, you know.

PRINCE. I tell you solemnly, good servants, good friends of mine, I shall never forget what I owe you for helping me out of this.

SIX SERVANTS. You have indeed had your wish. We are glad we could help you. But now, as you need us no longer, we go to seek our fortunes.

PRINCE. If you must leave me, carry my thanks, full and heartfelt, along with you. My father's kingdom shall be your home whenever you are weary of wandering.

SIX SERVANTS. It was a pleasure to serve you. When we are weary with our world-faring your kingdom shall truly be our home.

PRINCE (*waving hand*). Good-by.

SIX SERVANTS (*in chorus*). Good-by.

## SCENE VIII

PLACE: *a village near the King's palace.*

TIME: *morning.*

PRINCE. What a glorious morning.

PRINCESS. Yes, indeed.

PRINCE (*thoughtfully*). It makes me long to do any kind of work to be in the country.

PRINCESS. Yes, I agree with you. It is very lovely here. I am delighted at the idea of living in your father's kingdom.

[*The PRINCE tests her.*]

PRINCE. Do you see that swineherd yonder?

PRINCESS. Yes.

PRINCE. That man is my father. We must get out of this carriage and help him. To-morrow the work will begin.

## SCENE IX

PLACE: *the country inn.*

TIME: *that same night.*

[*Enter the swineherd's wife who assists in the story of the swineherd.*]

LANDLORD'S WIFE. Here are clothes for ye to wear in the field to-morrow. The slippers have holes in the soles but ye won't mind that much after ye're used to workin' out of doors.

PRINCESS. Very well, you may put them in the closet.

LANDLORD'S WIFE. Tendin' pigs isn't like bein' a princess, eh?

PRINCESS. I beg you not to speak to me further about my husband's affairs.

LANDLORD'S WIFE. Workin' people always eat in the kitchen.

PRINCESS. Is that all? Then we shall manage.

LANDLORD'S WIFE (*to herself later*). I like her.

#### SCENE X

PLACE: *the field*.

TIME: *after eight days*.

[*Two men approach the PRINCESS.*]

FIRST MAN. Do you know who your husband is?

PRINCESS. Yes, he is a swineherd.

SECOND MAN. Is he at home?

PRINCESS. He is attending the fair to-day selling ribbons and laces.

FIRST MAN. You have a fine looking herd here. Is it not a difficult business for you to care for them?

PRINCESS. Yes, but when one has no more of a task than feeding swine it should be splendidly well done.

SECOND MAN. Your husband stopped at the palace yonder and sent us to bring you to him there. He says you must come immediately. The pigs will be all right if left to themselves.

## SCENE XI

PLACE: *the palace hall.*

TIME: *afternoon.*

[*The PRINCE is arrayed in royal robes and stands waiting.*]

PRINCESS (*not recognizing him*). My Lord, two men came to tell me my husband the swine-herd was at the palace and desired me to come to him without delay. Could you tell me where to find him?

PRINCE. Ah, little Princess, do you not know? *I am he!* And *you* are good and true. This palace is to be your home for the remainder of your life, for my father has granted me the kingdom. Now would you like to rest? To-night we shall have a grand feast, and all the most honorable folk in the kingdom are invited.

[*He rings a bell that calls a waiting woman.*]

PRINCE. Show the Princess her suite of rooms and her robes.

[*They withdraw.*]

PRINCE. How I wish my loyal friends, the

six servants, were here to make merry with us to-night! What good men! May heaven bless them wherever they fare to-night. Without their wonderful aid there would have been no beautiful Princess here to grace a throne and make a kingdom happy.





"YOUR HIGHNESS WILL PARDON ME"

## IRON JOHN

THE KING'S SON

THE KING, *his father*

THE STRANGE HUNTSMAN

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

THE KING, *her father*

THE GARDENER

THE ROYAL EQUERRY

THE COOK

IRON JOHN

### SCENE I

PLACE: *the palace courtyard.*

TIME: *morning.*

[Many have gone to the forest to search for a missing huntsman, but none have returned. Now a strange HUNTSMAN appears.]

HUNTSMAN (*bowing*). Sire, may I speak?

KING. Say on.

HUNTSMAN. I am willing to undertake the task of searching through the forest for those missing huntsmen, or of finding the monster who made them disappear.

KING. It is very dangerous.

HUNTSMAN. Yes, sire, but I know not fear.

KING (*shaking his head*). I think you would fare no better than the others. Of all the company I sent out to search, not a man has returned.

HUNTSMAN. Your Majesty, I will venture it at my own risk.

KING. Well, you must be truly a brave man. What do you propose to take with you?

HUNTSMAN. Two good trusty friends,—my dog and my gun.

KING. You ought to be a splendid marksman, going alone.

HUNTSMAN. I'll vouch I can hit a mark, and no mistake.

KING. You may go. I wish you entire good luck in the venture.

HUNTSMAN. Thank you, sire.

[*The HUNTSMAN disappears.*]

## SCENE II

PLACE: *the same.*

TIME: *after two years.*

[IRON JOHN, captured by the HUNTSMAN in the deepest pool of the forest, is in a cage off the courtyard.]

KING'S SON (*playing in the courtyard*). Now

this is jolly! Bounds better than any ball I ever had before.

[*Tossing it again, it falls into IRON JOHN's cage.*] Hello! This is certainly *not* funny. Give me back my ball.

IRON JOHN. Were you speaking?

KING'S SON. Indeed I was.

IRON JOHN. What do you wish?

KING'S SON. My ball again.

IRON JOHN. Not till you open the door for me.

KING'S SON. No, I will not do that. The King has given strict orders not to meddle with your cage.

IRON JOHN (*smiling*). Then I keep the ball.

[*The KING'S SON goes away, but returns.*]

KING'S SON. I say, *please* give me back my ball.

IRON JOHN. Call me by my name.

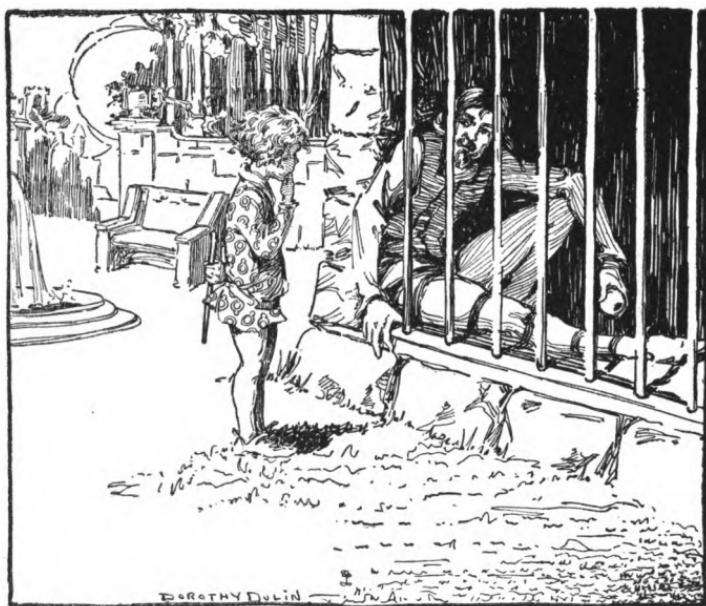
KING'S SON. What is your name?

IRON JOHN. It is Iron John.

KING'S SON. Very well. *Please*, Iron John, give me back my ball.

IRON JOHN. Let me out first.

KING'S SON. I cannot open the door even if I wished, for I have not the key.



"THEN I KEEP THE BALL."

IRON JOHN. It lies under your mother's pillow. You can get it there.

[*The King's Son forgets all but the ball.*]

KING'S SON. May I surely have it if I do let you out?

IRON JOHN. I promise you solemnly. You may have it.

[*The King's Son finds the key.*]

KING'S SON (*unlocking the door*). There!

IRON JOHN (*starting away*). A game of toss ball for you, but the woods for me!

KING'S SON. Oh, Iron John, do not go away or I shall be punished.

IRON JOHN. Punished! What for?

KING'S SON. For letting you out.

IRON JOHN. Why didn't you keep me in the cage?

KING'S SON (*wringing his hands*). Oh, I didn't think much about anything, but I wanted my ball. Father will be very, *very* angry. (*Sobbing*.) Oh! I don't know what to do.

IRON JOHN. Here! Climb to my shoulder and be off with me.

KING'S SON. Oh, I'm so scared!

IRON JOHN (*impatiently*). Come! Which will you do?

KING'S SON. I'll go.

### SCENE III

PLACE: *the heart of the forest*.

TIME: *evening*.

IRON JOHN (*setting the boy down*). You will never see your father and mother again; but I shall take good care of you, for you set me free, little chap. Therefore I have compassion on you. If you do all I bid you, you will fare well,

for I have gold and treasures more than you have dreamed of.

KING'S SON. I'll try to do as you bid me.

IRON JOHN. Well spoken. See that you perform as much as you promise.

KING'S SON. [At night.] Where shall I sleep?

IRON JOHN. Lie here on this moss. It will be soft, and fragrant too. Like the smell?

KING'S SON. Yes.

IRON JOHN. A good sign.

KING'S SON. Why do you say "A good sign"?

IRON JOHN. Because you like some of the things I like. We shall get on better together.

KING'S SON. I am tired.

IRON JOHN. Good night, then.

KING'S SON. Good night. Wish I could say it to mother too.

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *a well in the forest.*

TIME: *twilight.*

[*The KING'S SON sits by the magic well.*]

KING'S SON. What a queer old well this is anyway! A golden well! (*Peering in.*) And nothing must be permitted to fall in or touch the water. (*Holding up a finger.*) This finger, now. Just because I thrust it for a moment's time

down in the water when it was aching that day, it had to make my finger gold,— like this! Oh, wasn't Iron John vexed though! And then when I let a hair fall in *that* turned to gold too, and the water was polluted. This water is a curious thing.

[*He bends once more and his long hair tumbles into the well touching the surface.*]

KING'S SON. Oh, horror! What must be done now? At least I'll use my neck scarf to bind round my head. Oh, oh!

[IRON JOHN approaches.]

IRON JOHN. Come here. Well? Take that handkerchief off.

KING'S SON (*obeying*). I tell you, sir, I did not mean to let anything fall into the water.

IRON JOHN. But something FELL all the same, and it was against my order.

KING'S SON. I am very sorry.

IRON JOHN. Yes, you are sorry, but you have not *obeyed*. What did I tell you?

KING'S SON. That if it happened the third time I might not live with you. (*Raising his hands.*) But, oh PLEASE don't send me away! PLEASE DON'T. I didn't mean to do it.

IRON JOHN (*shaking his head*). You have not met the test, and you may not live with me

longer. Go into the world now and discover what it is to be poor. But as you have not a bad heart, one thing I will grant you. If ever you are in a difficulty, come to the forest and cry "Iron John!" and then I will come to your aid. I have great power, more than you know.

KING'S SON. Thank you.

IRON JOHN. You will see I have given you a great boon after all. Farewell.

KING'S SON. Farewell.

#### SCENE V

PLACE: *a foreign city.*

TIME: *after eight years.*

[*The KING'S SON as laborer, comes to a FOREIGN KING's palace, and is placed under the COOK.*]

COOK. Here, boy!

KING'S SON. Well.

COOK. Make ready to do a big thing.

KING'S SON. What thing is that?

COOK. To go into the presence of the King.

KING'S SON. Is that all?

COOK. All? ALL? Is it not enough? How many young rogues that empty ashes and garbage pails ever do walk on the soft rugs of his private chamber?

KING'S SON (*shrugging his shoulders*). Well, what am I to go there for?

COOK. To carry to His Majesty a plate of hot soup.

KING'S SON. One ought to be properly grateful for such honor. A plate of hot soup!

COOK. Come, you rascal, no more of your high words. One would think to hear you, you must be a lord yourself.

KING'S SON (*clearing his throat*). H — m! Well, where's the soup?

COOK. Not so fast, young man. You must not wear that cap on your head when you come before the King.

KING'S SON. Must I not? (*Goes away whistling*.)

[*The KING'S SON brings the soup to the royal table.*]

FOREIGN KING. When you come to the royal table you must take off your cap.

KING'S SON (*bowing*). Ah, sire, forgive me. I may not.

FOREIGN KING. Then don't come here again.

[*The KING'S SON bowing withdraws. The KING sends for the Cook.*]

FOREIGN KING. Don't ever dare to send so rude a servant again. That boy persisted in

keeping his cap on his head every minute he was here. Dismiss him at once,— and, for yourself, don't let this happen a second time.

Cook (*his knees shaking*). Yes, Your Majesty.

#### SCENE VI

PLACE: *the Foreign King's palace garden.*

TIME: *eleven o'clock in the morning.*

KING'S SON (*stopping work*). Heigh, ho! This is funny! First I am chief assistant to the cook, and now I am the right hand man of the gardener. (*Laughs.*) Wasn't the cook foxy, though? When the king ordered me dismissed, he banished me from his kitchen but put me among the potatoes in the garden,— and the roses. Ha! (*Wiping his face.*) What a warm day! Now, golden hair or not, *I'm* going to be cool!

[*He takes off the cap and fans himself with it.*]

KING'S DAUGHTER (*looking from the palace*). What a wonderful youth! He looks like an Apollo. And what hair! Whoever saw any so beautiful?

KING'S DAUGHTER. [*She calls.*] Boy! Bring me a bunch of flowers.

[*Enter the GARDENER.*]

GARDENER. Where are you going with those flowers?

KING'S SON. The King's Daughter bade me bring her a bunch of flowers.

GARDENER. But how can you take such common flowers to a royal princess? Go quickly, and gather the finest in the garden.

KING'S SON. Oh, no! The ordinary ones will please her far better.

GARDENER. Well, you are a headstrong fellow. But try it if you like.

#### SCENE VII

PLACE: *the palace.*

TIME: *the same.*

[*The KING's SON offers the flowers.*]

KING'S DAUGHTER. I am glad you brought these. You were very prompt.

KING'S SON. That is only what I ought to be.

KING'S DAUGHTER. The flowers are very pretty. How did you happen to bring me the common roses?

KING'S SON. I thought you would like them.

KING'S DAUGHTER. Truly, I prefer them to everything else in the garden.

[*She notices the cap.*]

KING'S DAUGHTER. But something you do offends me.

KING'S SON. What is that?

KING'S DAUGHTER. Take off your cap. It is not good manners to keep it on in my presence.

KING'S SON (*bowing*). Excuse me, I may not take it off.

KING'S DAUGHTER. Why not, when I command you?

KING'S SON (*again bowing*). Your Highness will pardon me, but the reasons are private ones.

KING'S DAUGHTER (*pulling off his cap*). You may not disobey me.

[*His golden hair tumbles down.*]

KING'S DAUGHTER (*smiling*). Ah! Take these gold pieces from me.

[*The KING'S SON goes to the garden.*]

KING'S SON (*to himself scornfully*). What do I care for the gold pieces? I'll give them to the gardener's children. Bah!

### SCENE VIII

PLACE: *same.*

TIME: *when the king has a war.*

[*The KING'S SON is known as the gardener's boy.*]

KING'S SON. I am grown up and will go to the war also. Only give me a horse.

ROYAL EQUERRY. Ha! ha! Now that is a

joke. When I tell it to some of the soldiers, how they will laugh!

KING'S SON. Will you permit me to have a horse?

ROYAL EQUERRY. Wait till the army starts. We will leave one behind in the stable for you.

[*The soldiers leave. The King's Son finds in the stable a lame old horse which he mounts.*]

KING'S SON. Hobblety-jig! Hobblety-jig! We'll get there, my old nag, some day.

[*He calls in the forest.*]

Iron John! Iron John!

IRON JOHN (*approaching*). What will you have?

KING'S SON. I want a good strong steed, for I am going to the wars.

IRON JOHN. That you shall have, and even more than that. I'll send also a troop of soldiers to go with you.

KING'S SON (*waving his arms*). Thank you! Thank you, Iron John!

[*He returns after the victory. He calls.*]

Iron John! Iron John!

IRON JOHN (*appearing*). What do you wish, my boy?

KING'S SON. That you take back the troop

and the horse, with my thanks, and return to me my three-legged horse again.

**IRON JOHN.** The exchange will be made very soon.

#### SCENE IX

**PLACE:** *the Foreign King's palace.*

**TIME:** *that selfsame night.*

[*The KING returns. His daughter runs out to meet him.*]

**KING'S DAUGHTER.** Victory! Father, I wish you joy of your victory!

**KING.** My dear daughter, how are you so sure it *was* victory?

**KING'S DAUGHTER.** Oh, the first messenger returned an hour ago.

**KING.** Dear child, I did not win the victory.

**KING'S DAUGHTER.** Who then, father?

**KING.** I wish I myself knew. A strange knight came with a troop of soldiers, and but for him we should have had to surrender.

**KING'S DAUGHTER.** What was his appearance, father?

**KING.** *That I know not.* We all fought very hard. He pursued the enemy and I didn't catch a glimpse of him after the battle was over. He disappeared as if by magic.

KING'S DAUGHTER. How strange!

[*She questions the GARDENER.*]

Where was your assistant to-day?

GARDENER. You mean that peculiar fellow who always wears his cap?

KING'S DAUGHTER. Yes.

GARDENER. He has been away on his three-legged horse, and the others here in the courtyard have been mocking him.

KING'S DAUGHTER. What did they say?

GARDENER. They cried, "Here comes our 'Hobblety-jig' back again," when they saw him coming home.

KING'S DAUGHTER. What an odd thing for them to say! Hobblety-jig! Why did they say that?

GARDENER. Because in the morning when the fellow started away, he said to his horse, "Hobblety-jig! Hobblety-jig! We'll get there, my old nag, some day."

KING'S DAUGHTER. Can you imagine what made him say it?

GARDENER. Your Highness, I think it was because he was not well suited with the horse. Early in the day he had asked the Royal Equerry for a horse, but the Royal Equerry ordered the

hostler to leave that old rack-a-bone for him, lame in one leg.

KING'S DAUGHTER. Well, did the servants mock him any more?

GARDENER. Yes. They asked, "Under what hedge were you sleeping all the time?"

KING'S DAUGHTER. Did he answer?

GARDENER. Yes. He said, "I did the best of all; the day would have gone badly without me."

[*She returns to the KING and tells him all.*]

KING'S DAUGHTER. Please try to think what kind of horse the knight had.

KING. It was a magnificent gray charger, one of the best in the field.

KING'S DAUGHTER. How passing strange!

KING. I shall proclaim a great three-days' feast, and you may throw a golden apple each day. Perhaps the unknown knight will appear, to try for the apple.

#### SCENE X

PLACE: *the forest.*

TIME: *two days later.*

KING'S SON (*calling*). Iron John! Iron John!

IRON JOHN. What do you wish?

KING'S SON. That I may catch the golden apple, when the King's Daughter throws it.

IRON JOHN. It is as safe as if you had it already.

KING'S SON. How can I thank you enough, Iron John? You certainly are very kind to me.

IRON JOHN. I like to be kind to *you*, my foster child.

#### SCENE XI

PLACE: *the Foreign King's palace garden.*

TIME: *after the three days' feast.*

KING'S DAUGHTER. Where is your interesting helper?

GARDENER. He is working among the tulips.

KING'S DAUGHTER. Did he attend the festival?

GARDENER. Yes, Your Highness, every day. And he has been showing my children three golden apples he has won.

[*The KING hears this and sends for the gardener's boy.*]

KING. What! You must be the young lad who wore his cap before my table one day.

[*The KING'S SON bows; the KING'S DAUGHTER removes his cap.*]

KING. What astonishing hair! (*Pausing.*) Are you the knight who came every day to the festival?

KING'S SON. Yes, Your Majesty, I was there.

KING. And did you wear red on the first day, white the second, and black the third day?

KING'S SON. I am the one.

KING. Then you caught the golden apples?

KING'S SON (*producing them*). Your Majesty, here they are.

KING. Then I think you are probably the one who helped me win on the field of battle.

KING'S SON (*showing a scalp wound*). Here is the wound your enemies gave me late that day.

KING. If you can perform valorous deeds like that, then whose son are you?

KING'S SON (*proudly*). My father is a mighty king.

KING. I might have known that. Like father, like son. Now I clearly see the thanks I owe you. You may have anything your heart desires, even to the half of my kingdom.

[*He summons a page.*]

Call the people.

[*The company assemble.*]

Prepare a great seven-days' feast to begin after this week end. I shall have the best feast that ever was known. We shall begin to do honor to the son of a king.

ALL (*shouting*). Long live the SON OF A KING!





BEARSKIN ARRIVES IN A SPLENDID CARRIAGE

## BEARSKIN

CARL, <i>afterwards BEARSKIN</i>	
FATHER	CAPTAIN
	ELDER BROTHER
	SECOND BROTHER
	EVIL ONE
LANDLORD	OLD MAN
ELDEST DAUGHTER	SECOND DAUGHTER
	YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

### SCENE I

PLACE: *Germany.*

TIME: *long ago.*

[BEARSKIN *is named CARL at first.*]

CARL. Father, I have been thinking it over, and I mean to be a soldier all my life.

FATHER. My son, are you sure you know *what you wish?* I fear you will be sorry for it.

CARL. Oh no, father! I think about soldiers, and wars, the guns and the camp, all the time.

FATHER. Well, well! I am sorry. We always meant to have you study law. (*Suddenly.*) Whatever put the army into your head?

CARL. Do you remember the Christmas you

gave me a toy gun? Well, ever since I think and dream and plan about living the life with guns.

FATHER. Tush, boy! Then I wish you never had *had* a Christmas if it has come to this.

CARL. But father, why do you not wish me to be what I *like* to be?

FATHER. Oh, a year or two in the army is all right! We might owe that to our country. But this living in barracks the whole of one's life is bad. You think you would like it now, but wait three years and *then* see how you will manage if you wish to leave.

CARL. Father, I promise you I'll prove to be no coward and I'll not desert.

FATHER (*laying his hands on CARL's head*). Well then,— though I wish it were not so,— may heaven bless you. You may go.

CARL (*delighted*). Thank you, father, for that.

## SCENE II

PLACE: *the Captain's office.*

TIME: *two months later.*

[CARL enters with a salute.]

CAPTAIN. How now, my lad?

CARL. I wish to be a soldier.

CAPTAIN. You do, do you? (*Measures CARL.*) So! Six feet two. You're tall enough. Have you ever been sick?

CARL. Never anything worse than toothache.

CAPTAIN. How old are you?

CARL. I am just eighteen.

CAPTAIN. We'll take you. You may sign this. [*He holds up a sheet of paper for CARL to sign. He enlists.*]

CARL. Hooray! A soldier! Now for a battle!

### SCENE III

PLACE: *the old home.*

TIME: *three years later.*

[CARL returns from the wars to his own home.]

CARL (*talking to himself*). It's pretty hard on a fellow like me to come to his home and find none. To be an exile for three years, wandering about in the hard life of a soldier, to think of father and mother so often, to long so desperately to be at home,—and then (*wiping away a tear*) to find no father and mother, only a memory of them.

[*He speaks to the ELDER BROTHER.*]

CARL. May I have a home with you?

ELDER BROTHER. Indeed you may not. I

have enough to do to take care of my own family without having a wandering soldier into the bargain.

CARL (*turning to the SECOND BROTHER*). Or with you?

SECOND BROTHER. Not with *me!* Go to your idle soldier friends. You went away from home fast enough when you decided to choose such companionships.

CARL (*stoutly*). Well, at the very least I know how to be brave in suffering. I'll prove that.

[*He goes out on the heath and sits under a circle of trees pondering upon all these events. The EVIL ONE comes on a puff of wind.*]

EVIL ONE. Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

CARL (*turning*). Good morning!

EVIL ONE. May I describe what you were thinking about?

CARL (*gloomily*). Certainly, if you choose.

EVIL ONE. You were thinking that you would starve. Not at all necessary, my dear man.

CARL. What's to be done to prevent it?

EVIL ONE. You may have as much money as you can spend, but first I must know if you are a coward.

CARL. A soldier a coward! Faugh!

EVIL ONE. Well, then, glance behind you.

[*A savage looking bear stands three paces off menacing him.*]

CARL (*playfully*). Come! Come! I'll tickle your nose for you.

[*He shoots the bear.*]

EVIL ONE. I see you have splendid courage. But one thing more I'll require.

CARL. If it is nothing to spoil my life I'll do it.

EVIL ONE (*showing his teeth*). That you must decide for yourself! For the next seven years you must neither wash yourself, nor comb your hair or beard, nor cut your finger nails. Promise me that, and I give you this coat to wear for the seven years. Whenever you put your hand into the pocket you will find gold. If you die within that time you are to be my property, but if you live longer than the indicated time you will be rich and free forever afterwards.

CARL. I'll take the coat.

EVIL ONE. Do you faithfully promise everything I asked?

CARL. Yes.

EVIL ONE (*giving him the coat*). Now your mantle must be this bearskin which I give you. Take it. Sleep on no other bed than that. Your name shall be Bearskin.

CARL. Can't a fellow retain his own good name?

EVIL ONE. Not when he deals with me.

[*He looks after CARL walking away, and whistles.*]

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *an inn.*

TIME: *four years later.*

BEARSKIN. I'll take supper and lodge here for the night.

LANDLORD (*scornfully*). Not with *me!*

CARL. Here's the money (*throwing some gold coins down on the table*).

LANDLORD (*shaking his head*). No, no!

CARL. What's the matter?

LANDLORD. Did you ever look at yourself?

CARL. Not lately.

LANDLORD. Why, I saw the children on the street running away frightened at the sight of you as you approached. And no wonder! With a dirty beard spread over your face, hair all in a mat for want of being combed, and fingernails fully three inches long, you certainly are a hideous monster.

CARL. I see you don't understand my case.

LANDLORD (*coldly*). Perhaps not.

CARL. And I can not well explain it to you.

LANDLORD. I should rather think not!

CARL. Come now! A man must have somewhere to sleep. (*Pauses.*) Tell you what! I'll give you double the money for a room, and have supper there.

LANDLORD. No you won't, in THIS house.

BEARSKIN. Well, then, let me sleep in the stable.

LANDLORD. Not so. You certainly would frighten my horses. Why, they would take you for a hyena, or some horrible thing like that.

[BEARSKIN turns to go.]

LANDLORD (*calling*). But stay! You may sleep in the woodhouse, if you will be sure to stay out of sight and go away early in the morning. I don't want my house to get a bad name. And you do look a fright.

BEARSKIN (*gratefully*). Thank you, my good landlord. Here is the pay now.

[*He lays five times the price of a good room in gold pieces on the table.*]

## SCENE V

PLACE: *the woodshed.*

TIME: *that evening.*

[BEARSKIN hears a noise in the corner. He opens a door and sees an old man weeping.]

BEARSKIN. What is this?

OLD MAN (*starting to his feet*). Oh, oh, oh!

BEARSKIN (*patting his arm*). Tell me all about it. Perhaps I can help you.

OLD MAN. Help me, indeed! Who can help me? I am so poor I am afraid the sheriff will come to-morrow to clap me into prison, for I can not pay all these miserable debts. And to think of it! Once I owned a comfortable cottage and five acres of land, but the old brindle cow fell sick, and then my wife died and left me with three daughters to provide for. Little by little my property has all disappeared. What shall I do? My daughters must not starve.

BEARSKIN. They need not starve, nor you either.

OLD MAN. Oh, don't make fun of an aged person in his misery.

BEARSKIN. I have money enough, don't be afraid. See! (*He shows a double handful of gold.*)

OLD MAN (*surprised*). So! You must be rich!

BEARSKIN. I am rich enough to help you out of your troubles if all you wish is money.  
(*Calling loudly.*) Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ho, ho!

LANDLORD (*looking in*). What now?

BEARSKIN. How much is this old man obliged to pay you?

LANDLORD. That is *his* business.

BEARSKIN. But I will pay his indebtedness to you.

LANDLORD. Oh, that is different! He owes four hundred marks.

BEARSKIN (*paying the money*). Here! Take a trifle more for luck.

[*He hands out twenty-five marks extra.*]

LANDLORD (*astonished*). You act like a very good man. Too bad you could not *look* like one. But thank you.

[*LANDLORD departs.*]

OLD MAN. Come home with me. My daughters are all beautiful. I should like you to marry one of them. When they know how kind you have been to me they will not refuse. Of course, you look *very* queer, but they will soon give you a different appearance. I think your hair needs a shampoo.

BEARSKIN. Shampoo a bear like me? That is funny.

## SCENE VI

PLACE: *the old man's house.*

TIME: *next day.*

OLD MAN (*to the daughters*). I brought home here a man who has been exceedingly kind to me. He has paid my bills, and given me a lot of money besides. I hope one of you will marry him if he chooses to ask you. (*Turning to the ELDEST DAUGHTER.*) Will you do this for your old father, Amy?

ELDEST DAUGHTER (*shrieking and running out of room*). Oh! oh! oh!

OLD MAN. Will you do this for me, Emily?

SECOND DAUGHTER (*looking BEARSKIN over from head to foot*). How can I take a husband who looks like an animal? I should as soon marry a grizzly bear!

[EMILY goes out.]

OLD MAN. And you, my little Mary? Are you going to do like your sisters?

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. Dear father, this must be a good man who assisted you. If you promised that one of us should marry him, your word must be kept.

BEARSKIN (*bowing very low*). Thank you.

[BEARSKIN takes off a ring, breaks it in two, gives MARY one half, and retains the other.]

BEARSKIN. For three years more I must wander over the world. Finally, if I live, I shall return to marry you. Should I fail to return at the end of three years, you will know that I am not alive, and so you will be entirely free.



"I SHALL RETURN TO MARRY YOU."

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER (*kindly*). I shall pray that you live.

BEARSKIN. Thank you! And now, farewell.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. Farewell.

## SCENE VII

PLACE: *under the oak tree on the heath.*

TIME: *after three years.*

EVIL ONE. Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

BEARSKIN. Well?

EVIL ONE. Here is the coat you left with me.  
Now restore to me my gray coat.

BEARSKIN. Not so fast! You must clean me  
first.

EVIL ONE. For instance?

BEARSKIN. You must give me a great scrub-  
bing till I have a clean skin again, comb all the  
snarls from my horrible hair, shampoo it well,  
and manicure my nails.

[*The Evil One does it and departs.*]

BEARSKIN. How perfectly delightful it is to  
be clean! I think I never enjoyed it so much  
before. And yet our good mother—heaven bless  
her memory—taught us that cleanliness is one  
of the finest things in all the world. “Cleanli-  
ness is next to godliness,” she would say with an  
earnest face, and my brothers and I thought  
it a text from the Bible. But now for a barber,  
a tailor for a velvet suit, and a liveryman for a  
coach and four, for I shall fare forth into the  
world again in quite different style.

## SCENE VIII

PLACE: *old man's house.*

TIME: *a day in June.*

[BEARSKIN arrives in a splendid carriage and no one recognizes him.]

BEARSKIN. I have had a long drive and my horses are tired. May I dine with you to-day?

OLD MAN (*who thinks him a great general*). Certainly, my good sir! Amy, take the gentleman's great cloak. Emily, place the arm chair for him.

[*Dinner is served.*]

ELDEST DAUGHTER. May I help you to some more jelly?

SECOND DAUGHTER. Do try this lettuce. It is from our own garden.

OLD MAN. I am glad you dine with us to-day. It is an honor to have you, sir.

BEARSKIN. Your heart must be as generous as your daughters are beautiful. What would you say if I were to ask to marry one of them?

OLD MAN (*rubbing his hands*). Delighted, my dear sir!

ELDEST DAUGHTER (*rising*). Excuse us, father. We shall return shortly.

OLD MAN. Very well.

[*The eldest two daughters, flattered, retire to dress in their best finery. BEARSKIN draws the half ring from his pocket.*]

BEARSKIN. Little Mary, do you know this?

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER (*joyously*). Oh, yes!

BEARSKIN. Child, I have waited impatiently for this hour. Are you glad?

MARY. Yes, more than I can tell.

BEARSKIN. Now for the wedding bells.

OLD MAN (*blinking his eyes*). Do tell! How you have *changed!* I didn't know you AT ALL!

## HÄNSEL AND GRETEL

WOODCUTTER *who is foster father*

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE *who is foster mother*

HÄNSEL

WITCH

GRETEL

DUCK

### SCENE I

PLACE: *the Woodcutter's house.*

TIME: *night.*

[*There is a famine in the country.*]

WOODCUTTER. Wife!

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Well, what is it?

WOODCUTTER. I don't see what is to become of us.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. What do you mean?

WOODCUTTER. I mean that when this flour is gone I don't know where we shall get more.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Buy it from the miller, to be sure. Why not?

WOODCUTTER. Easy to ask and hard to answer. Where is the money?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. In your pocket, I suppose.

WOODCUTTER. You suppose wrong then. I have not the price of an old cap left.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Well, why not work?

WOODCUTTER. Tell me where I shall find work. I don't know of any place to earn money for even so much as a skillet full of meal.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE (*after thinking awhile*). Husband, I have a plan.

WOODCUTTER. What is it?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Not to keep the children.

WOODCUTTER (*in horror*). Not keep the children? Wife! What do you mean?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Please don't have a fit! I mean that ~~to-morrow morning~~ we will take Hänsel and Gretel into the thickest part of the forest, light a fire for them, give them each a piece of bread, go to our work and leave them there. They will not find the way home again and we shall be rid of them.

WOODCUTTER. No, wife, I will not do that. How can I bear to leave these children alone in the forest? The wild animals would soon come and tear them in pieces.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Is it better that all four of us die? With only two left we may be able to get food.

WOODCUTTER (*thoughtfully*). I don't want to do it.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. You shall!

WOODCUTTER (*a few minutes later*). I feel very sorry for the children all the same.

## SCENE II

PLACE: *the same house*.

TIME: *the same night*.

[GRETEL *sleeps in her chair*. HÄNSEL *listens*.]

HÄNSEL (*speaking softly*). Gretel!

GRETEL (*awaking*). What, brother?

HÄNSEL (*with finger on lip*). I say, be still!

GRETEL (*in wonder*). What is it?

HÄNSEL. I've heard a lot of talk to-night.

GRETEL. And?

HÄNSEL. And it was all about us. Mother wants father to leave us in the woods to-morrow when they go to cut wood.

GRETEL. And what did father say?

HÄNSEL. He didn't want to do it, but at last he said yes.

GRETEL (*weeping softly*). Mercy! Now all is over with us.

HÄNSEL (*whispering lower*). Be quiet, Gretel. They must not hear us talking. Don't worry.

I'll find a way out of it. (*Slaps himself.*) Bully! I have it.

GRETEL. What is that?

HÄNSEL. I'll go out and get a lot of white pebbles to drop as we go along. They will show us the way home again.

GRETEL (*wiping her eyes*). I am so glad. But yet, Hänsel, I'm scared too.

HÄNSEL (*stroking her hair*). Dear little sister, have comfort. God will help us. Remember? Father read to us one day, "I will be a very present help in trouble."

GRETEL. Yes, Hänsel. Say it over again.

HÄNSEL. "I will be a very present help in trouble."

GRETEL. Good, good! I heard it too, but I never thought what it meant before.

### SCENE III

PLACE: *the same*.

TIME: *next morning*.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Get up, you lazy children. What! Sleeping at sun up! To-day we are going into the forest to cut wood. Make haste.

[*She goes out.*]

HÄNSEL (*speaking low*). Listen, Gretel. I found the little white stones, and my pockets

are bulging full. If we are left in the woods we can return home all right. I'll scatter them along as we go for landmarks.

GRETEL. Oh, Hänsel, I am so cold!

HÄNSEL. Here, little one, put my handkerchief around your neck.

GRETEL. Thank you.

HÄNSEL. Is that better?

GRETEL. Yes, Hänsel, I'm all right now.

[*The morning work is finished.*]

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. We are all ready to start. Come along, children. Here is a little bread for your dinner, but have a care not to eat it sooner for you will get nothing else.

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *the road to the forest.*

TIME: *same morning.*

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Where is that bread?

GRETEL. I'm carrying it, mother.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Well, hurry along! You do seem so slow this morning.

WOODCUTTER. Hänsel, what are you looking at? You lag so far behind us.

HÄNSEL. I am looking at my little white cat sitting up on the roof. She wants to say good-by to me.



"HÄNSEL, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?"

**WOODCUTTER'S WIFE.** That is not your cat.  
It is only the morning sun shining on the  
chimney.

#### SCENE V

**PLACE:** *the forest.*

**TIME:** *same day.*

**WOODCUTTER.** Now children, pile up some  
wood and I will let you light a fire that you may  
not be chilly.

**HÄNSEL.** Where shall I make the bonfire?

WOODCUTTER. Here by the old beech tree.  
It will help to shelter you from the north wind,  
for the limbs are low. (*Turns to Gretel.*) Will  
you help brother and not cease till the work is  
finished?

GRETTEL. Yes, father.

WOODCUTTER. That is a good child. Come  
here and kiss your old daddy. Now run along,  
child, about your work. (*Calls.*) Hänsel!

HÄNSEL. Yes, father.

WOODCUTTER. Build a high pile of branches  
— (*chokes*), — then you children may play.

BOTH CHILDREN. Yes, father.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. We are going farther  
into the forest to cut hard wood. When we  
finish we'll come back to you. (*They go away.*)

HÄNSEL. Gretel, if you will bring the twigs  
from that fallen hemlock over there, I'll drag  
the branches of that dead cedar. My! Won't  
we have a sputtery fire, though?

GRETTEL. What do you mean by "sputtery"?

HÄNSEL. Oh, that's only like saying the fire  
cracks.

GRETTEL. Why?

HÄNSEL. Because the wood has so much  
pitch in it.

GRETEL (*hearing a dead limb pounding against a tree*). Listen! What is that noise?

HÄNSEL (*after a pause*). I believe it is father's axe. Don't you? Hear! It goes chop, chop, chop.

GRETEL. Yes, it must be that.

#### SCENE VI

PLACE: *the same*.

TIME: *that night*.

[*Quite tired out the children have fallen asleep.*]

GRETEL (*awaking*). Hänsel!

HÄNSEL (*sitting up and rubbing his eyes*). Why, it's dark! Too bad! Wish I had stayed awake. I was so tired.

GRETEL. Is it *very* late?

HÄNSEL. I don't believe so. See! That cedar limb is burning yet.

GRETEL (*beginning to cry*). How can we get out of the woods now?

HÄNSEL. Just wait a little while. Then the moon will rise and we shall soon find the way.

GRETEL. Are you sure?

HÄNSEL. Of course. Don't you remember the pebbles? I threw one down every little way, and that's how we shall find the way home. Just go from one to the other. See?

GRETTEL (*scared*). Hänsel! Did you hear that noise?

HÄNSEL. Yes.

GRETTEL (*sitting nearer HÄNSEL*). What was it?

HÄNSEL. That's nothing but a coon talking to her family.

GRETTEL. I'm afraid.

HÄNSEL. Aw! *Don't* be scared, sissy! I'm a lot more afraid of mother than I am of that old coon. (*A moment later.*) See! The moon is up.

GRETTEL (*starting up*). Let's go.

HÄNSEL. All right! You take my hand. (*Rattles the pebbles in his pocket.*) Gretel, I have only two of them left. You take one and I'll keep the other to match them with. They must all be as white as these or we're not sure.

GRETTEL (*picking up one*). Oh Hänsel! Look at this! Isn't it one of them?

HÄNSEL. Yes. That's good.

GRETTEL (*anxiously*). Don't you think they're rather far apart?

HÄNSEL. Yes. Wish I had taken more. But see! There's another!

GRETTEL (*joyously*). We can't be mistaken, for these pebbles shine in the moonlight like silver.

HÄNSEL. Just like silver.

[*By daylight they reach home. HÄNSEL knocks.*]

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE (*opening the door*). You naughty children! Why did you sleep so long in the forest?

HÄNSEL. Nobody waked us.

WOODCUTTER (*coming to the door*). Ah, little Hänsel, and my little Gretel! (*He gathers them both to his heart.*)

#### SCENE VII

PLACE: *the Woodcutter's house.*

TIME: *a year later.*

[*Again there is a famine in the land. The WOODCUTTER'S WIFE plans with her husband but is overheard by the children.*]

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Father!

WOODCUTTER. What is it?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Everything's eaten again.

WOODCUTTER. Well, well! That's too bad.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE (*angrily*). Too bad? Too bad? Is that all you say?

WOODCUTTER. What more can a man say?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Plan a way to do. The children must go.

WOODCUTTER. Wife, I don't like that way.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. It shall be! Listen. We'll take the children farther into the forest this time so they can't easily find their way out.

WOODCUTTER (*shaking his head*). No, no. I like it not.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. There's no other means for saving ourselves.

WOODCUTTER. It would be better to share the last mouthful of bread with these children.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. It must be as I say. Do you hear?

[*Later that evening the children talk it over.*]

HÄNSEL (*very softly*). Gretel!

GRETEL. Yes, brother.

HÄNSEL. Did you hear what mother said?

GRETEL (*nodding*). Yes.

HÄNSEL. And what they're going to do with us to-morrow?

GRETEL (*beginning to cry*). Oh, yes.

HÄNSEL. I tried just now to go out to pick up more pebbles, but she's locked the door.

GRETEL. Oh, what shall we do? (*She wrings her hands.*)

HÄNSEL (*bravely*). Why, I'll just take bread crumbs if I can't find anything better.

GRETEL. That's so. You could. But Hänsel, just feel my hands! How I shiver. I can't help it.

HÄNSEL. Don't cry, sissy. And please don't shiver. Go to your room now and try to sleep. God will take care of us.

GRETEL. I know it, Hänsel, but it's hard not to worry. Good night, brother.

HÄNSEL (*tenderly*). Good night, my dear little sister.

### SCENE VIII

PLACE: *the same*.

TIME: *early next morning*.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Wake up, Gretel.

GRETEL (*awake instantly*). Good morning.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Be up with you. Hurry! We must go to the woods to-day. Hänsel is dressed already.

GRETEL. Yes, mother.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Here is your bread to carry for lunch. If you eat it now you will get nothing more, I'll warrant you.

GRETEL. If I hold it in my mouth a long time it tastes more.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Now run along child, and wash yourself.

[*On the way the children walk a little behind the others.*]

HÄNSEL (*whispering*). Gretel!

GRETEL. Yes, Hänsel.

HÄNSEL. I made my piece of bread all into crumbs in my pocket.

GRETEL. To throw on the ground?

HÄNSEL. Yes (*throwing one down*). That's as easily seen as the pebbles.

WOODCUTTER (*turning suddenly*). Hänsel, why do you stop to look around?

HÄNSEL. I am looking back at my little white pigeon that sits on the roof trying to say good-by to me.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Foolish boy! That is not your little white pigeon. It is only the morning sun shining on the chimney.

WOODCUTTER. Come along, at any rate.

[*They go farther into the forest.*]

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Hänsel, build a fire.

HÄNSEL. Yes, mother.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Gretel, bring some limbs from that beech lying on the ground. Build the fire with it.

GRETEL. Yes, mother, but the limbs are so very large. How shall I do it?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Break off little pieces, and don't be all day about it. Do you hear?

GRETTEL (*meekly*). Yes, mother.

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. Make a high pile of fagots children for husband to carry home another time. Then play awhile if you like and wait for us.

GRETTEL. Where will you be?

WOODCUTTER'S WIFE. We're going to cut some water elms in the swamp. [When you eat lunch you might pull some leeks to eat with your bread.] We will come after you by and by.

[*She goes away. At noon the children have lunch.*]

GRETTEL. Hänsel, take some of my bread.

HÄNSEL. Thanks. I am so hungry [I could eat sticks, but I think you ought to keep that bread yourself.]

GRETTEL. No, no, dear brother. I am *very* hungry, but you took your bread to throw along the route, and I want you to enjoy some of mine.

HÄNSEL. All right! This is jolly! Wish I had a ton of it to eat!

[*Presently they sleep. They awaken in the night.*]

GRETTEL (*awaking with a start*). Oh, Hänsel!

HÄNSEL. Yes (*suddenly thinking of her*), little Gretel.

GRETEL (*alarmed*). How horribly dark it is!

HÄNSEL. Yes, but the moon will rise pretty soon.

GRETEL. Are you certain of it?

HÄNSEL. Of course. Don't you remember we had a full moon last night? And there aren't any clouds either.

GRETEL. Yes, but oh, Hänsel! I'm very scared. Listen! Did you hear that?

HÄNSEL (*after a long pause*). That is only the drip of water from the rocks. There is a small spring over there. I saw the water come trickling down this afternoon. It fell on a great round boulder a yard below.

GRETEL. It would have been a good place to drink from, then.

HÄNSEL. Yes, only the creek was nearer.

GRETEL (*clapping her hands softly*). Oh, look, Hänsel! Here is the moon.

HÄNSEL. Now see the crumbs of bread I strewed about. Hooray! We can find our way home with them as well as with pebbles. "Where there's a will, there's a way," I say.

GRETEL (*looking*). Why, where are the crumbs? I don't see any.

HÄNSEL (*searching too*). I don't see any either (*whistles*), but they must be here. I strewed quantities of crumbs on the path this morning.

GRETEL (*eagerly*). Oh, Hänsel! I believe I know why we don't see the crumbs.

HÄNSEL. Why?

GRETEL. Because the bluejays and crows ate them all.

HÄNSEL. Now, maybe that's so. But come along anyhow. We'll soon find the way.

[*They do not find the trail. Noon of the third day arrives.*]

GRETEL (*faintly*). Hän — sel, — I — am — so — tired.

HÄNSEL. Rest here a minute, sister. I'll go and find some squirrel corn. ~~Berries~~

GRETEL (*speaking very slowly*). Don't — go — far.

HÄNSEL. No, no, little sister, but you must have something to eat. [*He runs a few rods away and returns with the roots.*]

HÄNSEL. Here it is. Eat some, Gretel.

GRETEL (*trying to eat*). Y — e — s.

HÄNSEL. Don't die, sissy. Be brave for me. (*Suddenly.*) Did you hear that bird?

GRETEL (*smiling*). Y — e — s.

HÄNSEL. Look! It is snow white. Now it flies again. Let's follow the bird. Let me carry you.

[*By and by they discover a house.*]

HÄNSEL. Now isn't this just simply grand!  
All made of bread and roofed with cakes!

GRETEL (*brighter*). And the windows of sugar.

HÄNSEL. I'll dine off the roof. Seems to me I could devour it ridge pole and all. And you, Gretel, what will you take?

GRETEL (*more revived*). I'll have a slice of the window. How sweet!

#### SCENE IX

PLACE: *the house of cakes.*

TIME: *a few minutes later.*

HÄNSEL (*calling*). Oh, Gretel! This is a famous treat. I can hardly eat any more. Do you feel better?

GRETEL. Yes, this loaf sugar is very nice. Now you may get me some bread.

[*Now they hear a WITCH inside the house.*]

WITCH. Nibble, nibble, nibble, gnaw;  
Who is nibbling at my little house?

CHILDREN. The wind is here, the wind is here,  
The heaven born wind is here.

[*Suddenly the Witch appears in the doorway.*]

WITCH (*nodding*). Oh, you dear children, what brought you here?

HÄNSEL. We were lost.

WITCH. Do come in and stay with me.

GRETEL. We're afraid.

WITCH. No harm shall happen to you. I promise you that. I should like to have two beautiful children like you to live with me.

[*They go in.*]

WITCH. Sit here at this table and eat the pancakes and apples. Here is a glass brimful of milk for each of you.

CHILDREN. Thank you.

WITCH. And here are the two little white beds for you. Look! They are covered with the best white linen.

CHILDREN. Thank you.

GRETEL (*aside to HÄNSEL*). Seems as if we're in heaven.

HANSEL. That's so, in heaven.

#### SCENE X

PLACE: *the Witch's house.*

TIME: *morning.*

WITCH (*to herself*). These children will make two dainty dinners. Um! Um!

[*She shakes GRETEL.*]

WITCH. Get up you lazy thing, and bring some water.

GRETEL (*surprised*). Yes.

WITCH. Cook something good for that brother of yours. I must make him as fat as butter. I'm going to —

[*She shakes HÄNSEL.*]

WITCH. Get up, you dog! Up, I say, this minute! What? Don't look toward me like that. Remember you are in *my* house. Go and gather an armful of fagots to burn. Go this instant.

[HÄNSEL leaves.]

WITCH. That brother of yours, I'll make a rib roast of him. I like to eat boys.

GRETEL (*shrieking*). Oh, please do not do that! (*kneeling before the WITCH*). My brother is so good, and patient, and obedient, he will please you, I am sure.

WITCH. Go! I say. Go at once, and do what I ordered you. Your brother shall have plenty to eat while you shall have little more than ~~crab beans~~ shells.

[*The WITCH goes to the stable to see HÄNSEL who is a prisoner.*]

WITCH. Hänsel, stretch out your finger.

HÄNSEL. May I ask why?

WITCH. That I may know whether you are fat enough. These eyes of mine are dim.

HÄNSEL (*reaching out a chicken bone*). Here, then.

WITCH (*feeling the bone*). How queer! I can not seem to fatten you.

(*Calling.*)

WITCH. Gretel!

GRETEL. Oh, yes.

WITCH. Be nimble and bring five pails of water. Fat or lean I will eat Hänsel. That is decided.

GRETEL. Oh, oh, *please* do not do that to my brother. Oh, oh, oh! (*Weeping bitterly.*)

WITCH. Be quiet!

GRETEL (*praying*). Dear God, do help us!  
*Dear God, do help us!*

WITCH. Keep your noise to yourself! It won't change anything.

[GRETEL is obliged to fill a great cauldron with water.]

WITCH. We shall bake first. I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough. What! Look at the flames that shoot out from the crevices. Never mind. Creep in, Gretel, and see if it is properly heated. What! Afraid?

GRETEL. The door seems so small.

WITCH. Stupid goose! The door is big enough.  
Just look. I can get in myself.

WITCH (*shrieking*). Oh, oh, oh! I'm burning!  
O — h!

GRETEL (*rushing to HÄNSEL*). Hänsel! Hänsel!  
We are saved! The Witch is dead.

HÄNSEL. Hooray! I'm glad to get out of this.  
Get the key, Gretel.

[*He jumps out when released.*]

HÄNSEL. Dear, dear, DEAR LITTLE SISTER!

GRETEL (*taking his hands in hers*). My very  
DEAR LITTLE BROTHER.

HÄNSEL. I'm so happy, I'd rather dance than  
anything.

GRETEL (*dancing also*). I too.

HÄNSEL (*stopping suddenly*). I say, Gretel.

GRETEL. Yes?

HÄNSEL. How did the old Witch die?

GRETEL (*under her breath*). I'm almost afraid  
she'll hear. She went too close to the oven and  
the flames leaped out and caught her dress.  
They leaped around her and covered her over  
instantly. Oh, Hänsel, it was terrible!

HÄNSEL. Let's go to the Witch's house and see  
what is there.

GRETEL. But, Hänsel, I'm almost afraid to  
go.

HÄNSEL. Well you see, sissy, there is nobody to own these things but us. We may need some of her treasures before we find the way home again.

GRETEL. That's so.

HÄNSEL (*exploring the house*). Hooray !  
Gretel!

GRETEL (*running up*). What, brother?

HÄNSEL (*delighted*). Just look in this chest! What a wonderful treasure! Here (*opening it*) is a bag of pearls. And look at the diamonds! Try on this coronet, Gretel. What a queen you are!

GRETEL. What are these green stones, Hänsel?

HÄNSEL. They're emeralds. I've heard father say that good emeralds cost more than some diamonds. Ha! Here's a sack of rubies! (*Lifting it.*) Gretel! I say we'll be as rich as <sup>an</sup> old King Croesus if we can get these jewels home. I'll tell you. You carry the rubies; that bag doesn't weigh more than four or five pounds. And I'll carry the diamonds, pearls, and emeralds.

GRETEL. Yes, Hänsel.

HÄNSEL. Now let us get out of the Witch's forest as fast as we can go. (*They hurry away.*)

## SCENE XI

PLACE: *the river bank.*

TIME: *two hours later.*

HÄNSEL. How shall we cross without any boat? Looks as if we might have to stay on this side.



"TAKE ME ACROSS ON THY BACK SO WHITE."

GRETEL. But Hänsel, yonder I see a little white duck! There she is under that old basswood tree preening her feathers. I'll call to her. Perhaps she will help us.

(Calling). Little duck, little duck, dost thou see?  
Hänsel and Gretel are waiting for thee.  
There's never a plank or bridge in sight;  
Take us across on thy back so white.

HÄNSEL (*astride the duck's back*). Here,  
Gretel! Sit behind me.

**GRETEL.** No, Hänsel. We shall be too heavy for the duck's back. I'll wait here till she takes you across. Then she'll come for me.

[*The duck waits on the opposite bank.*]

(*Calling*). Little duck, little duck, dost thou see?  
Hänsel and Gretel have waited for thee.  
There's never a plank or bridge in sight.  
Take me across on thy back so white.

**CHILDREN** (*calling after her later*).

Thank you, thank you, good little duck,  
You've brought us children the best good luck;  
The water is wide  
But we feared not the tide  
With *you* as a guide,  
You dear little duck.

## SCENE XII

**PLACE:** *the Woodcutter's house.*

**TIME:** *that same afternoon.*

**HÄNSEL** (*rushing into the parlor*). Father!  
We're home again!

**GRETEL.** Father, dear!

**WOODCUTTER** (*gathering them both in his arms*).  
Hänsel! Gretel! My dear little lambs.

**CHILDREN** (*speaking with hushed voices*).  
Mother,— is she here?

WOODCUTTER. She is dead,— and please God,  
you shall always be here, so long as I have a  
home. I have not seen a happy day since ~~your~~  
— since I saw you last.

HÄNSEL. Oh, father! Just look in these bags!

We're as rich as ~~Greesus~~<sup>A KING</sup>. This one would buy  
a castle.

GRETEL. Father, is my little pigeon here?







**"OH, THANK YOU, GOOD FAIRY!"**

## TWO EYES

MOTHER  
ONE EYE

TWO EYES  
THREE EYES

FAIRY  
PRINCE

### SCENE I

PLACE: *home.*

TIME: *early morning.*

[TWO EYES enters the dining room.]

MOTHER. Here is your breakfast, Two Eyes.

TWO EYES. Thank you, mother.

MOTHER. Your sisters attended the charity ball last night, and will sleep until ten o'clock.

TWO EYES. Yes, mother.

MOTHER. When you finish breakfast take your goat into the low ground of the pasture where the feed is better. (*After a pause.*) Come! It is time to go. Are you ready?

TWO EYES. Yes, mother.

MOTHER. Here is your sunbonnet. After this hang it out of sight. Such a faded thing is not fit to be seen. Hurry along, now.

TWO EYES. I will, mother.

## SCENE III

PLACE: *home.*

TIME: *same evening.*

[*A few crusts are placed for Two Eyes to eat.*]

'Two EYES (*to the family*). Good evening.

[*No one answers her.*]

ONE EYE (*scornfully*). Here is your supper.

TWO EYES. Thank you.

THREE EYES. Why don't you eat as usual?

TWO EYES. Oh, I'm not hungry to-night.

[*Two Eyes goes to her own room; the others talk of it.*]

ONE EYE. Mother, I am certain all is not well with Two Eyes.

MOTHER. Why?

ONE EYE. Because to-night she ate no supper. You know how ravenous she generally is. She seems to relish everything we give her, even the hardest crusts. But to-night not one mouthful would she have.

THREE EYES. Yes, mother, and she would give us no reason for it but that she was not hungry. Something is wrong.

MOTHER. I'll attend to it. One Eye, you go with your sister into the field to-morrow, and watch her narrowly to see exactly what happens.

ONE EYE. Yes, mother.

[*TWO EYES prepares to drive the goat to pasture again.*]

**ONE EYE.** I will be company for you to-day, Two Eyes, and see that the goat is well attended to and feeds in the choicest pasture.

**TWO EYES.** Very well, I am going now.

[*They arrive at the field. The goat contentedly eats.*] Come, One Eye, we will sit down, and I'll sing to you.

**ONE EYE.** All right. I'll eat the sorrel leaves while you sing.

**TWO EYES (*sings*):**

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature one flat, featuring a treble clef. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The second staff begins with a quarter note. The third staff begins with a quarter note. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note. Below each staff is a line of lyrics:

Are you a-wake, lit - tle One Eye, Are you a-

sleep, lit - tle One Eye, Are you a-

wake, lit - tle One Eye, Are you a-

sleep, lit - tle One Eye, Are you a-

wake,..... Are you a - sleep, .....

*rit.*

A - wake,..... A - sleep?.....

[**ONE EYE** *is asleep.*]

**TWO EYES** (*whispering*).

Bleat, my little goat, please do bleat;  
Cover the table with something to eat.

[*When Two Eyes is satisfied.*]

Bleat, my little goat, I pray,  
And take the table quite away.

[*To ONE EYE.*]

Little One Eye, awake. You have been asleep,  
and the goat could have run all over the world.  
Come, let us go home.

#### SCENE IV

PLACE: *home.*

TIME: *that same evening.*

[*Two Eyes has retired again without eating.*]

MOTHER. Well, what happened?

ONE EYE. Mother, I can't tell. I do not know. We sat on the grass and Two Eyes sang to me. Pretty soon I fell asleep. After awhile

Two Eyes wakened me and said, "The goat might have run all over the world." Then we returned home.

MOTHER. To-morrow you try it, Three Eyes. She probably did something while you were asleep. I'll soon know.

## SCENE V

PLACE: *the same.*

TIME: *sunrise.*

THREE EYES. Two Eyes, I will go with you to-day to see that the goat is well taken care of, and feeds in the choicest pasture.

TWO EYES. Very well. Come along. I'm going now.

THREE EYES. How long this walk seems! My feet ache already.

TWO EYES. Is that so? I am not tired at all, but then I come every day, you know. I'm sorry, for you, sister.

[*Soon after, in the field.*]

Let us rest under this beech tree, the shade is so pleasant here. Do you like it?

THREE EYES. Yes.

TWO EYES. Let me sing to you. Shall I?

THREE EYES. Yes, to be sure. What song?

TWO EYES. A lullaby.

[*She sings.*]

A musical score for a folk song. The music is in common time (indicated by '4') and has a key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'b'). The vocal line consists of four staves of music, each ending with a fermata. The lyrics are as follows:

Are you a-wake, lit - tle Three Eyes, Are you a-  
 sleep, lit - tle Three Eyes, Are you a-  
 wake, lit - tle Three Eyes, Are you a-  
 sleep, lit - tle Two Eyes, Are you a-  
 wake, ..... Are you a - sleep, .....  
 rit.  
 A - wake, ..... A - sleep? .....

[THREE EYES sees with her third eye, while feigning sleep.]

**Two EYES (whispering low).**

Bleat, my little goat, please do bleat;  
 Cover the table with something to eat.

[*Afterwards.*]

Bleat, my little goat, I pray,  
And take the table quite away.

[*To THREE EYES.*]

Come, little Three Eyes, you have been asleep. You are an excellent caretaker. The goat might have run over the whole world. Now let us go home.

#### SCENE VI

PLACE: *home.*

TIME: *evening.*

THREE EYES. Mother!

MOTHER. Well?

THREE EYES. What do you think has happened?

MOTHER. Say on.

THREE EYES (*excited*). Two Eyes sang two of my eyes to sleep with a song, but once she did not remember to speak to my third eye, so that one remained awake. I pretended to be asleep but between my eyelids I saw it *all*.

MOTHER. And what was it, child?

THREE EYES. First, when she thought me to be asleep, she said in a whisper

Bleat, my little goat, please do bleat;  
Cover the table with something to eat.—

The very words, mother. I can hear her saying them now.

MOTHER. And what then?

THREE EYES. Why, the most *beautiful* table, with linen and silver, appeared,—*much* finer than anything we have at home. Then everything she asked for came, soup, fish, game,—she had broiled squabs to-day,—vegetables, fruits, nuts, candy, *everything* the heart could wish.

MOTHER. Impossible!

THREE EYES. Yes. Then she said,

Bleat, my little goat, I pray,  
And take the table quite away.

And it all disappeared! Mother! It went out of sight as soon as you could say Jack Robinson, and not a crumb was to be seen. It was wonderful! But, oh, how my mouth did water for some of that ice-cream,—I forgot to tell you about that,—yet I didn't move a muscle till it was done. Then Two Eyes came to me and told me to get up. "The goat might have run all over the world," said she. Then we came straight home.

MOTHER. The sly thing! I'll attend to *her*.

[She calls.]

Two Eyes, come here.

TWO EYES. Yes, mother.

MOTHER. You! You sly thing! having all those fine dinners in the field,— and never telling us about them. Do you want to fare better than we do?— But I'll see to that this very night. Your goat shall be killed. Go to your room at once.

[*Two Eyes retires weeping.*]

#### SCENE VII

PLACE: *the field.*

TIME: *middle of the afternoon.*

[*The FAIRY reappears.*]

FAIRY. Little Two Eyes, why do you weep?

TWO EYES. Have I not reason to weep? The goat was killed last night (*sobbing anew*), and now I shall have to be hungry again, with not even my dear goat to talk to! It is so lonesome!

FAIRY (*kindly*). Little Two Eyes, do as I bid you, and all shall yet go well with you. Ask your sisters for the heart of the goat; then bury it in front of the house. Your fortune will certainly be made.

TWO EYES (*making a fine curtsy*). I cannot thank you enough, kind Fairy. You have been most kind to me.

FAIRY. I am always glad to be kind to children who have good and loving hearts.

## SCENE VIII

PLACE: *the house.*

TIME: *an hour later.*

TWO EYES (*pleading*). Dear sisters, will you please do me a favor?

ONE EYE. What is it you wish?

TWO EYES. I don't want much, only the heart of the goat that I may bury it myself.

ONE EYE (*tossing the head*). Oh, if that is all you ask for, take it along.

TWO EYES. Thank you, thank you both!

[TWO EYES *walks away.*]

ONE EYE. What a silly little thing. The heart of the goat! To bury it! Fancy!

THREE EYES. I am not quite sure what the little minx is thinking of this time. She is a sly one.

ONE EYE. Oh, I'm not afraid. What can she do with nothing but a dried muscle?

## SCENE IX

PLACE: *the same.*

TIME: *late in the morning.*

[A golden tree stands where the goat's heart was buried.]

ONE EYE (*calling*). Mother! Mother!

THREE EYES (*clapping her hands*). Do look, mother! What a beautiful tree!

ONE EYE. Perfectly splendid.

MOTHER. Why, how did this happen?

ONE EYE. I don't know, only,—that's so,—we saw Two Eyes bury the goat's heart here yesterday. Didn't we, Three Eyes?

THREE EYES. Yes, it was just here.

MOTHER. Why did you permit Two Eyes to have the goat's heart, anyway?

ONE EYE. Why mother, she just asked us for it, and it seemed so little a thing I told her she might have it.

MOTHER. Well, it's too late now. We might have cooked it, you see. But climb up and gather some of the fruit.

[*The branch springs back when ONE EYE reaches.*]

ONE EYE. Mother, I simply cannot do it.

MOTHER. Little Three Eyes, do *you* climb up. With more eyes you can look about better than little ONE EYE,

[*THREE EYES fails.*]

What! can't you get any either? Come down, Three Eyes. I'll undertake it myself.

[*The branches recoil.*]

What! can I not clutch anything but empty air?

[*Two EYES approaches.*]

Two EYES. Mother, please may I try?

MOTHER. You? Well, try if you like.

[*Two EYES succeeds.*]

MOTHER. Well! this is astonishing! It fairly seems as if the branches bend toward you.

Two EYES. Yes, they truly do, mother.

MOTHER. Well, bring down an apron full of the golden apples anyway.

Two EYES. Yes, mother.

[*She descends.*]

MOTHER. Two Eyes, give those apples to me.

Two EYES. Please may I keep one?

MOTHER. Yes, but only one.

THREE EYES (*interrupting*). Look! Look down the road.

MOTHER. A prince is coming.

ONE EYE. Quick, little Two Eyes, creep under this cask.

MOTHER. Yes, we don't want you to disgrace us with those shabby clothes.

[*Two EYES creeps under the cask.*]

PRINCE. To whom does this fine tree belong?

ONE EYE. It belongs to my sister, little Three Eyes, and to me.

PRINCE. Will you be so good as to pluck an apple from it? I never saw such a wonderful tree before.

ONE EYE. We can bring you several from the house. Run, Three Eyes, to bring them to the Prince.

PRINCE. No, do not. I desire fresh fruit from the tree.

[*One Eye fails.*]

THREE EYES. Sister, let me try.

PRINCE (*astonished*). This is certainly very strange. You say the tree belongs to you and yet you seem quite unable to pluck even the smallest apple.

THE SISTERS. But it *is* ours.

[*Suddenly an apple rolls out from under the cask.*]

PRINCE. Hello! What's this? Who's under that cask?

ONE EYE. We have another sister but she looks so like ordinary people we do not permit her to appear when company comes.

PRINCE. What is her name?

THE SISTERS. Two Eyes.

PRINCE (*calling*). Two Eyes, come out, will you?

[*She obeys.*]

PRINCE (*under his breath*). Beautiful! (*To Two Eyes.*) Will you be so kind as to give me an apple and break me a branch from the tree?

**TWO EYES.** Willingly, Your Highness, for the tree belongs to me.

**PRINCE** (*greatly pleased*). Thanks, little Miss Two Eyes. I am delighted with this fruit.



"THE QUEEN WILL WELCOME YOU."

What shall I give you for it? Ask anything your heart desires most.

**TWO EYES.** Alas! My wish, it is impossible to have.

**PRINCE.** Why impossible?

**TWO EYES.** Since the little goat died it is so lonely here. I was wishing to live far, far away.

**PRINCE.** That you shall, child. Come, little Two Eyes, to my father's palace. The Queen, my mother, will welcome you there. Come now, I'll help you into the saddle. Up! Up! Jump now! There, that is right. I will sit in front.

[*To the horse.*]

Clk! clk!

#### SCENE X

**PLACE:** *the royal palace.*

**TIME:** *when ONE EYE and THREE EYES were beggars.*

[*Little Two Eyes, the wife of the Prince, permits two strange women to come and speak with her. She sits in her private chamber.*]

**PRINCESS TWO EYES** (*kindly*). What will you have?

**ONE EYE.** Please, Your Highness, we need food. Have pity on us, the winter is so cold.

**PRINCESS TWO EYES.** I think I can help you. Sit here and I'll summon a servant. It may be several minutes before you will go. Is it not warm here? You may lay aside your shawls if you wish.

[*They uncover their heads. The PRINCESS recognizes them.*]

PRINCESS (*taking each by the hand*). My sisters!

THE SISTERS (*falling on their knees*). Alas! alas!

PRINCESS. Why do you say that? You are welcome.

ONE EYE. Oh, we treated you shamefully when you were at home with us.

THREE EYES. Yes, indeed, we did many things cruel and wrong. The remembrance of them is grievous unto us.

PRINCESS (*raising them*). I forgive you. Let's forget all about it with a kiss. You must dine with me to-day.

[*She rings and a maid appears.*]

Give these my sisters two of my gowns, and help them to dress. Tell the cook to prepare dinner for them.

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