The wife of a rich man fell sick, and as she felt that her end

was drawing near, she called her only daughter to her bedside and

said, dear child, be good and pious, and then the

good God will always protect you, and I will look down on you

from heaven and be near you. Thereupon she closed her eyes and

departed. Every day the maiden went out to her mother's grave,

and wept, and she remained pious and good. When winter came

the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, and by the time the

spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought with her into the house two daughters,

who were beautiful and fair of face, but vile and black of heart.

Now began a bad time for the poor step-child. Is the stupid goose

to sit in the parlor with us, they said. He who wants to eat bread

must earn it. Out with the kitchen-wench. They took her pretty

clothes away from her, put an old grey bedgown on her, and gave

her wooden shoes. Just look at the proud princess, how decked

out she is, they cried, and laughed, and led her into the kitchen.

There she had to do hard work from morning till night, get up

before daybreak, carry water, light fires, cook and wash. Besides

this, the sisters did her every imaginable injury - they mocked her

and emptied her peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she was

forced to sit and pick them out again. In the evening when she had

worked till she was weary she had no bed to go to, but had to sleep

by the hearth in the cinders. And as on that account she always

looked dusty and dirty, they called her cinderella.

It happened that the father was once going to the fair, and he

asked his two step-daughters what he should bring back for them.

Beautiful dresses, said one, pearls and jewels, said the second.

And you, cinderella, said he, what will you have. Father

break off for me the first branch which knocks against your hat on

your way home. So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls and jewels

for his two step-daughters, and on his way home, as he was riding

through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and

knocked off his hat. Then he broke off the branch and took it with

him. When he reached home he gave his step-daughters the things

which they had wished for, and to cinderella he gave the branch

from the hazel-bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's

grave and planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears

fell down on it and watered it. And it grew and became a handsome

tree. Thrice a day cinderella went and sat beneath it, and wept and

prayed, and a little white bird always came on the tree, and if

cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she

had wished for.

It happened, however, that the king gave orders for a festival

which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful young

girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose

himself a bride. When the two step-sisters heard that they too were

to appear among the number, they were delighted, called cinderella

and said, comb our hair for us, brush our shoes and fasten our

buckles, for we are going to the wedding at the king's palace.

Cinderella obeyed, but wept, because she too would have liked to

go with them to the dance, and begged her step-mother to allow

her to do so. You go, cinderella, said she, covered in dust and

dirt as you are, and would go to the festival. You have no clothes

and shoes, and yet would dance. As, however, cinderella went on

asking, the step-mother said at last, I have emptied a dish of

lentils into the ashes for you, if you have picked them out again in

two hours, you shall go with us. The maiden went through the

back-door into the garden, and called, you tame pigeons, you

turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me

to pick

the good into the pot,

the bad into the crop.

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen window, and

afterwards the turtle-doves, and at last all the birds beneath the

sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes.

And the pigeons nodded with their heads and began pick, pick,

pick, pick, and the rest began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and

gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly had one hour

passed before they had finished, and all flew out again. Then the

girl took the dish to her step-mother, and was glad, and believed

that now she would be allowed to go with them to the festival.

But the step-mother said, no, cinderella, you have no clothes and

you can not dance. You would only be laughed at. And as

cinderella wept at this, the step-mother said, if you can pick two

dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, you shall go

with us. And she thought to herself, that she most certainly

cannot do again. When the step-mother had emptied the two

dishes of lentils amongst the ashes, the maiden went through the

back-door into the garden and cried, you tame pigeons, you

turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me

to pick

the good into the pot,

the bad into the crop.

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and

afterwards the turtle-doves, and at length all the birds beneath the

sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the

ashes. And the doves nodded with their heads and began pick,

pick, pick, pick, and the others began also pick, pick, pick, pick,

and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes, and before half an

hour was over they had already finished, and all flew out again.

Then the maiden was delighted, and believed that she might now go

with them to the wedding. But the step-mother said, all this will

not help. You cannot go with us, for you have no clothes and can

not dance. We should be ashamed of you. On this she turned her

back on cinderella, and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

As no one was now at home, cinderella went to her mother's

grave beneath the hazel-tree, and cried -

shiver and quiver, little tree,

silver and gold throw down over me.

Then the bird threw a gold and silver dress down to her, and

slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She put on the dress

with all speed, and went to the wedding. Her step-sisters and the

step-mother however did not know her, and thought she must be a

foreign princess, for she looked so beautiful in the golden dress.

They never once thought of cinderella, and believed that she was

sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes. The

prince approached her, took her by the hand and danced with her.

He would dance with no other maiden, and never let loose of her

hand, and if any one else came to invite her, he said, this is my

partner.

She danced till it was evening, and then she wanted to go home.

But the king's son said, I will go with you and bear you company,

for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged.

She escaped from him, however, and sprang into the

pigeon-house. The king's son waited until her father came, and

then he told him that the unknown maiden had leapt into the

pigeon-house. The old man thought, can it be cinderella. And

they had to bring him an axe and a pickaxe that he might hew

the pigeon-house to pieces, but no one was inside it. And when they

got home cinderella lay in her dirty clothes among the ashes, and

a dim little oil-lamp was burning on the mantle-piece, for

cinderella had jumped quickly down from the back of the pigeon-house

and had run to the little hazel-tree, and there she had taken off

her beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and the bird had

taken them away again, and then she had seated herself in the

kitchen amongst the ashes in her grey gown.

Next day when the festival began afresh, and her parents and

the step-sisters had gone once more, cinderella went to the

hazel-tree and said -

shiver and quiver, my little tree,

silver and gold throw down over me.

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful dress than on

the preceding day. And when cinderella appeared at the wedding

in this dress, every one was astonished at her beauty. The king's

son had waited until she came, and instantly took her by the hand

and danced with no one but her. When others came and invited

her, he said, this is my partner. When evening came she wished

to leave, and the king's son followed her and wanted to see into

which house she went. But she sprang away from him, and into

the garden behind the house. Therein stood a beautiful tall tree on

which hung the most magnificent pears. She clambered so nimbly

between the branches like a squirrel that the king's son did not

know where she was gone. He waited until her father came, and

said to him, the unknown maiden has escaped from me, and I

believe she has climbed up the pear-tree. The father thought,

can it be cinderella. And had an axe brought and cut the

tree down, but no one was on it. And when they got into the

kitchen, cinderella lay there among the ashes, as usual, for she

had jumped down on the other side of the tree, had taken the

beautiful dress to the bird on the little hazel-tree, and put on her

grey gown.

On the third day, when the parents and sisters had gone away,

cinderella went once more to her mother's grave and said to the

little tree -

shiver and quiver, my little tree,

silver and gold throw down over me.

And now the bird threw down to her a dress which was more

splendid and magnificent than any she had yet had, and the

slippers were golden. And when she went to the festival in the

dress, no one knew how to speak for astonishment. The king's son

danced with her only, and if any one invited her to dance, he said

this is my partner.

When evening came, cinderella wished to leave, and the king's

son was anxious to go with her, but she escaped from him so quickly

that he could not follow her. The king's son, however, had

employed a ruse, and had caused the whole staircase to be smeared

with pitch, and there, when she ran down, had the maiden's left

slipper remained stuck. The king's son picked it up, and it was

small and dainty, and all golden. Next morning, he went with it to

the father, and said to him, no one shall be my wife but she whose

foot this golden slipper fits. Then were the two sisters glad,

for they had pretty feet. The eldest went with the shoe into her

room and wanted to try it on, and her mother stood by. But she

could not get her big toe into it, and the shoe was too small for

her. Then her mother gave her a knife and said, cut the toe off,

when you are queen you will have no more need to go on foot. The

maiden cut the toe off, forced the foot into the shoe, swallowed

the pain, and went out to the king's son. Then he took her on his

his horse as his bride and rode away with her. They were

obliged, however, to pass the grave, and there, on the hazel-tree,

sat the two pigeons and cried -

turn and peep, turn and peep,

there's blood within the shoe,

the shoe it is too small for her,

the true bride waits for you.

Then he looked at her foot and saw how the blood was trickling

from it. He turned his horse round and took the false bride

home again, and said she was not the true one, and that the

other sister was to put the shoe on. Then this one went into her

chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe, but her heel was

too large. So her mother gave her a knife and said, cut a bit

off your heel, when you are queen you will have no more need

to go on foot. The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced

her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the

king's son. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode away

with her, but when they passed by the hazel-tree, the two pigeons

sat on it and cried -

turn and peep, turn and peep,

there's blood within the shoe,

the shoe it is too small for her,

the true bride waits for you.

He looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running

out of her shoe, and how it had stained her white stocking quite

red. Then he turned his horse and took the false bride home

again. This also is not the right one, said he, have you no

other daughter. No, said the man, there is still a little

stunted kitchen-wench which my late wife left behind her, but

she cannot possibly be the bride. The king's son said he was

to send her up to him, but the mother answered, oh, no, she is

much too dirty, she cannot show herself. But he absolutely

insisted on it, and cinderella had to be called. She first

washed her hands and face clean, and then went and bowed down

before the king's son, who gave her the golden shoe. Then she

seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy

wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper, which fitted like a

glove. And when she rose up and the king's son looked at her

face he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with

him and cried, that is the true bride. The step-mother and

the two sisters were horrified and became pale with rage, he,

however, took cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As

they passed by the hazel-tree, the two white doves cried -

turn and peep, turn and peep,

no blood is in the shoe,

the shoe is not too small for her,

the true bride rides with you,

and when they had cried that, the two came flying down and

placed themselves on cinderella's shoulders, one on the right,

the other on the left, and remained sitting there.

When the wedding with the king's son was to be celebrated, the

two false sisters came and wanted to get into favor with

cinderella and share her good fortune. When the betrothed

couple went to church, the elder was at the right side and the

younger at the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye from

each of them. Afterwards as they came back the elder was at

the left, and the younger at the right, and then the pigeons

pecked out the other eye from each. And thus, for their

wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness

all their days.