

Fairy Tales

from
Hans Andersen



The Goose Girl.



SEEING a Baron and party gay,
A goose-girl drives her geese away.

Out of the road to quickly get
She climbs upon a parapet ;
“Why,” said the Baron, “a goose girl by me ?
Everything in its right place should be.”
He pushed her down, in a pool she lay
And the cruel Baron drove away.

Long years have passed, the Baron's old,
His gold is gone, his Castle sold.
The little Goose-girl, brave and good,
Lives in the Castle, as she should.

Again long years have passed away,
The goose-girl's grandson is Baron to-day,
And though as proud as the Baron of old,
His daughter is sweet and as good as gold.

The Baron's sons desired, one day,
Their tutor, a magic flute should play:
The tutor took the flute and blew,
Wonderful notes came ringing through.
“Everything,” said the magic sound,
“In its right place shall now be found.”
Then out of the window the Baron fled,
And slept that night in the shepherd's bed.

The humble tutor found his feet
Moving up to the highest seat,
By the Baron's daughter, and so you see,
All in the place where they ought to be.



PROPERTY ROOM
NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY
Date



The Travelling Companion.

A LAD named John was journeying,
When a traveller he met,
Who said, "May I go with you, Sir?
Your face my way is set."

A swan fell dying at their feet,
The man cut off its wings,
Whatever can he want, thought John,
To do with such odd things.

They to a city came and saw
A very fair Princess,
And any man might marry her
Who could her riddles guess.

But if they could not guess aright
She had them murdered in her sight.

John fell in love at once, and said
"My fair Princess, I'll try,
To-morrow morn, to guess your thoughts;
And if I can't, I'll die."

She had black wings, a wizard gave,
And went to see him in his cave,
And when 'twas dark, they saw her fly
Out of a window. "Now will I,"



The traveller said, "Tie on my wings—
Ah, John, they're very useful things—
And follow through the sky."

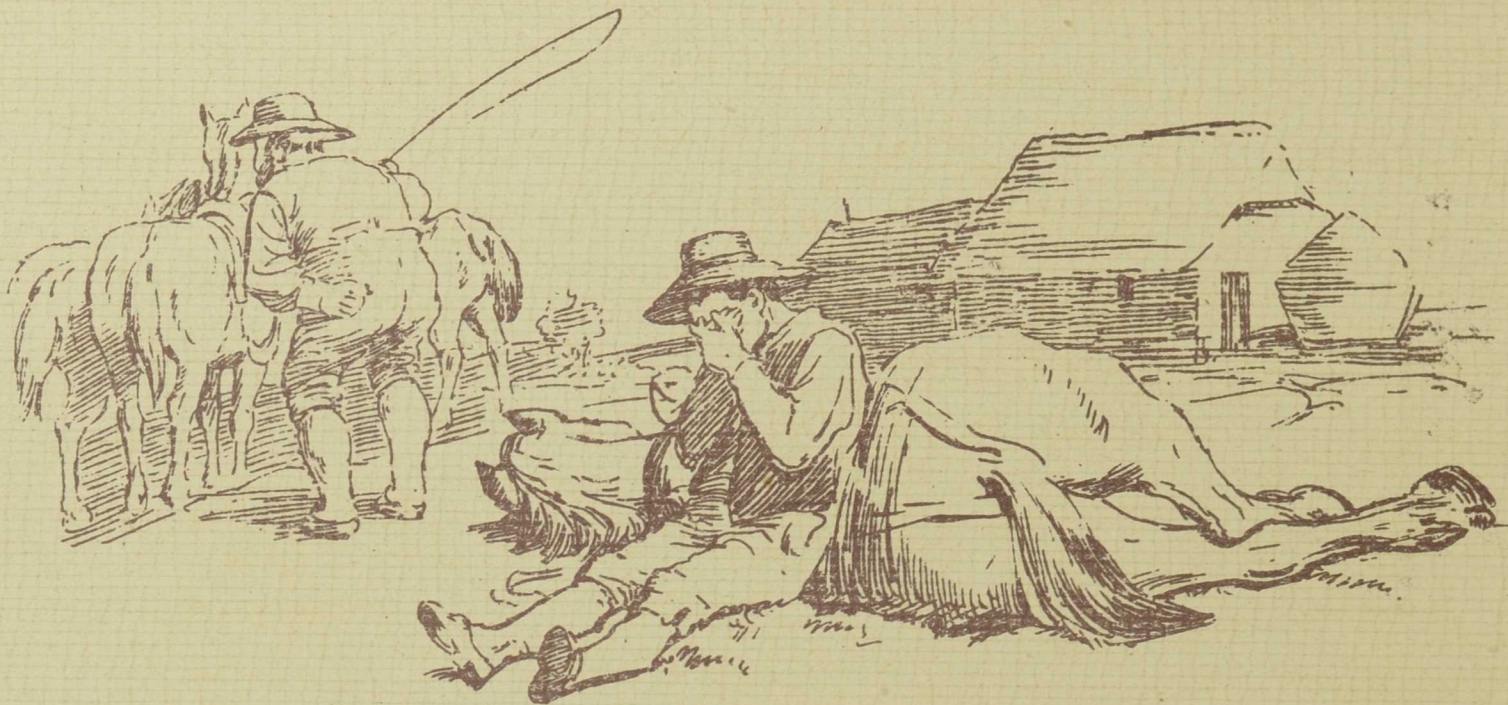
He flew into the cave with her,
And heard the wizard say,
"Think of your *shoe*, he'll never guess,
And then you can him slay."

So when the traveller returned,
He told John what to say,
That he might meet the fair Princess
With smiling face next day.

Said she "What have I thought
about?"
Said he "Fair Maid, your *shoe*,"
Whereat she turned as white as
chalk,
And wondered how he knew.

And so the wizard's spell they
broke,
The lady was set free,
And she was wed, and ever more
Was all she ought to be.





Big Claus and Little Claus.

LITTLE CLAUS had but one horse ;
 Big Claus—four had he.
 Yet he said to Little Claus
 “ Plough my field for me.”

Alas, one day poor Little Claus
 His brother's wish forgot ;
 Then big Claus gave the horse a blow
 Which killed it on the spot.

Little Claus he skinned his horse,
 Hung up the hide to dry,
 And then he trudged away to town
 To sell it—or to try.

While resting near a farmer's house,
 He through the window spied
 The sexton and the farmer's wife,
 Both feasting well inside.

The farmer, when he homeward came,
 Seeing poor Claus was there,
 Asked him to supper, but the dame
 Gave them much poorer fare.

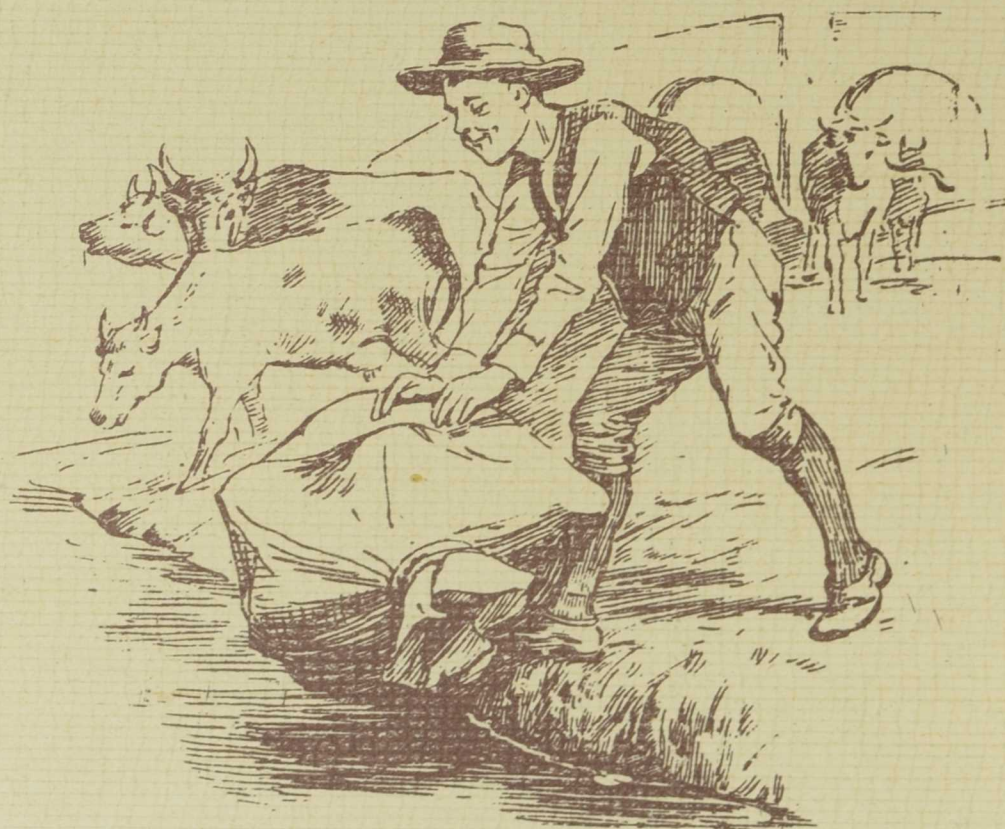
Claus squeezed his horse-skin with his foot,
 As in a sack it lay.
 Which made it squeak. The farmer cried
 “ Oh, what was that, I pray ?”

“ Oh, that's my conjuror,” said Claus,
 “ Just then it said to me,
 The oven's full of dainty pies ”—
 The farmer ran to see.

And sure enough the pies were there.
 Again the horse-skin squeaks,
 “ The evil one is in the chest ;”
 Said Claus “ How plain he speaks !”

The trembling farmer took a peep,
 And there the sexton lay ;
 The farmer said “ Oh, let me buy
 Your conjuror, I pray !”

With a bushel full of money,
 Little Claus went trudging back,
 While Big Claus was so wicked,
 That they drowned him in a sack.





The Bear that Played at Soldiers.

And when he quietly lies on the floor,
They pat him kindly and fear no more.

They play about and beat their drum ;
When Bruin hears the tum ! tum ! tum !
He rises at the merry sound
And slowly dances round and round.

Then when they fetch their guns and play
At Soldiers, Bruin knows the way
To halt, to march, and shoulder arms,
They all think "Soldiers" full of
charms.



THE showman's bear to the gate is tied ;
The weary showman sups inside.

Bruin is tired of waiting so long,
And not knowing much of right and wrong,
Into the house he pokes his nose,
And up the stairs to the garret goes.

Three little children are there at play.
When they see Bruin they run away,
And hide themselves ; but Bruin is good,



The Naughty Brothers



O MY Dolly, my Dolly!
I cannot kiss you now—
Oh, if I could but climb up
To the top of that high bough!

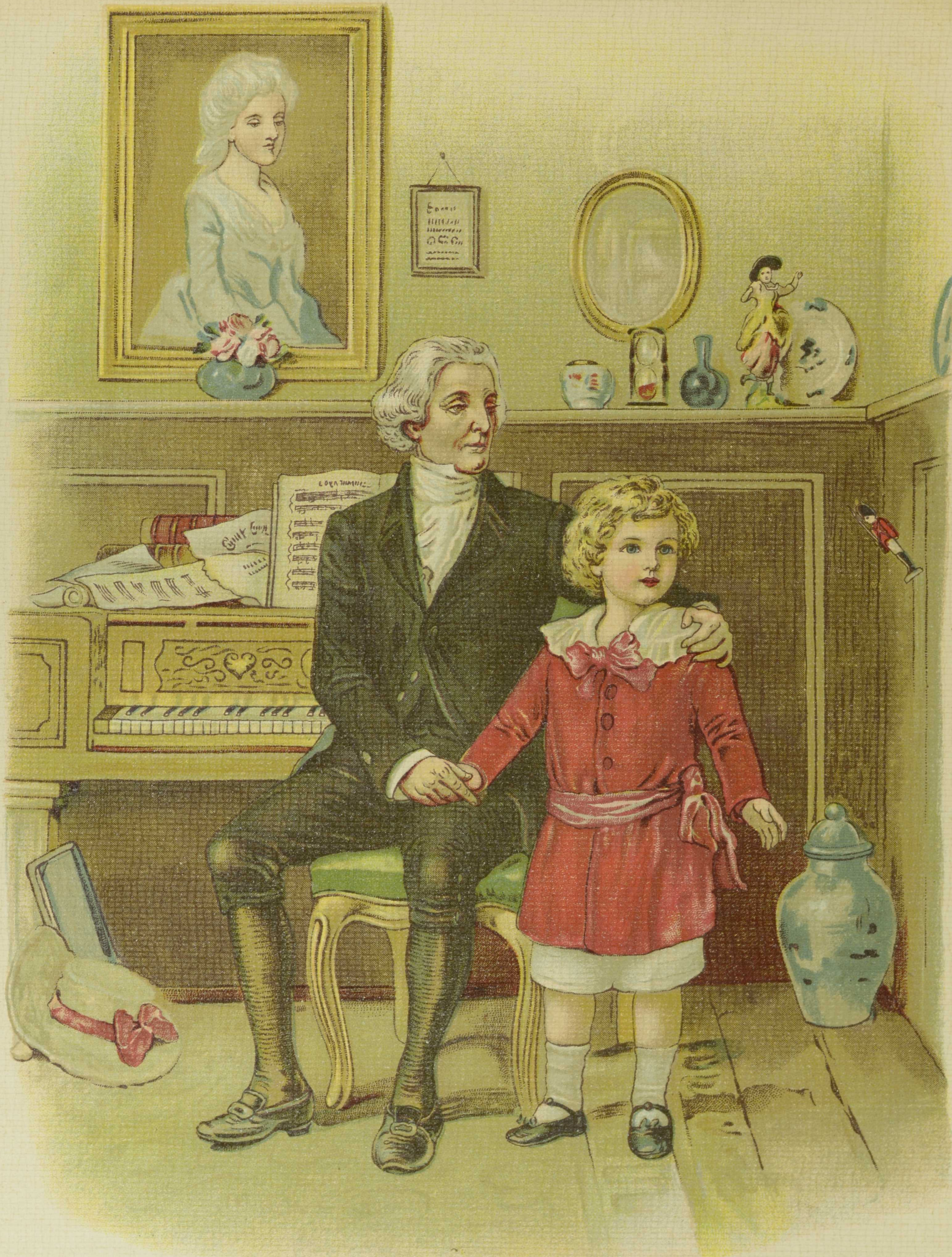
My Brothers, cruel and naughty,
Have taken you from me,
And left you there alone, dear,
High up in the old tree.

Why are the boys so cruel
To wish to put you there?
If they were kept in school,
I really shouldn't care.

Oh, my Dolly, my Dolly,
I will not go away.
You will be frightened darling,
So all night long I'll stay.

If I am not home to tea,
My daddy will look for me,
And he'll climb and bring you down,
For he loves my doll and me.





The Old House.

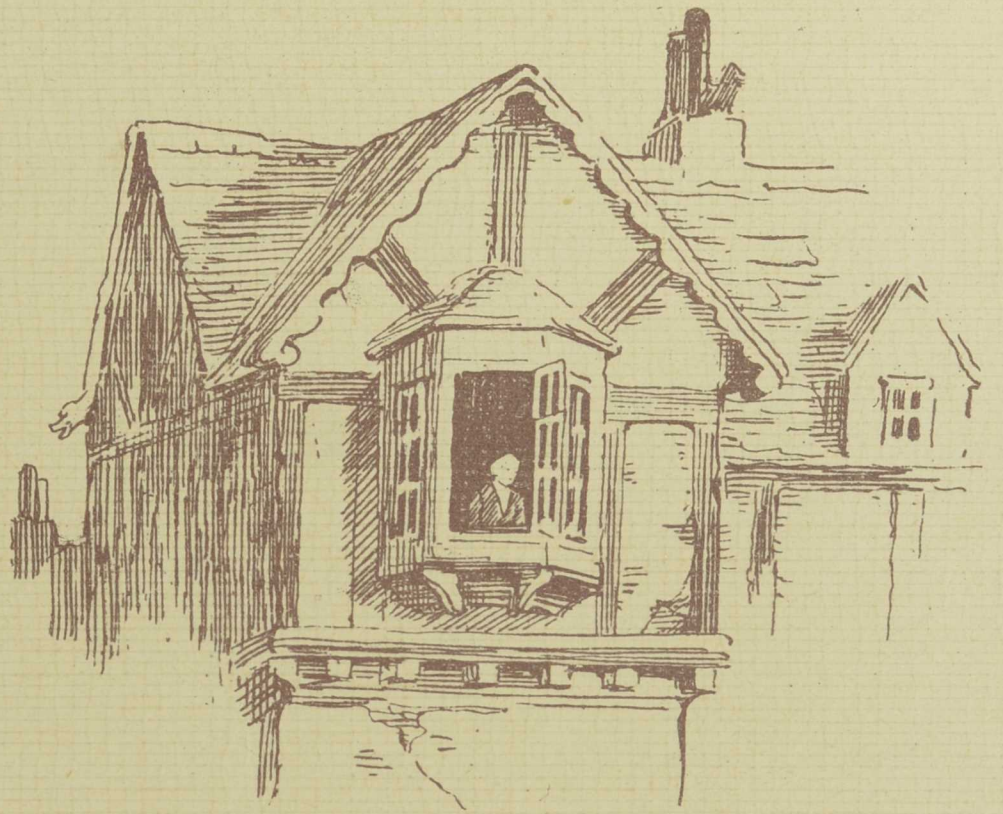
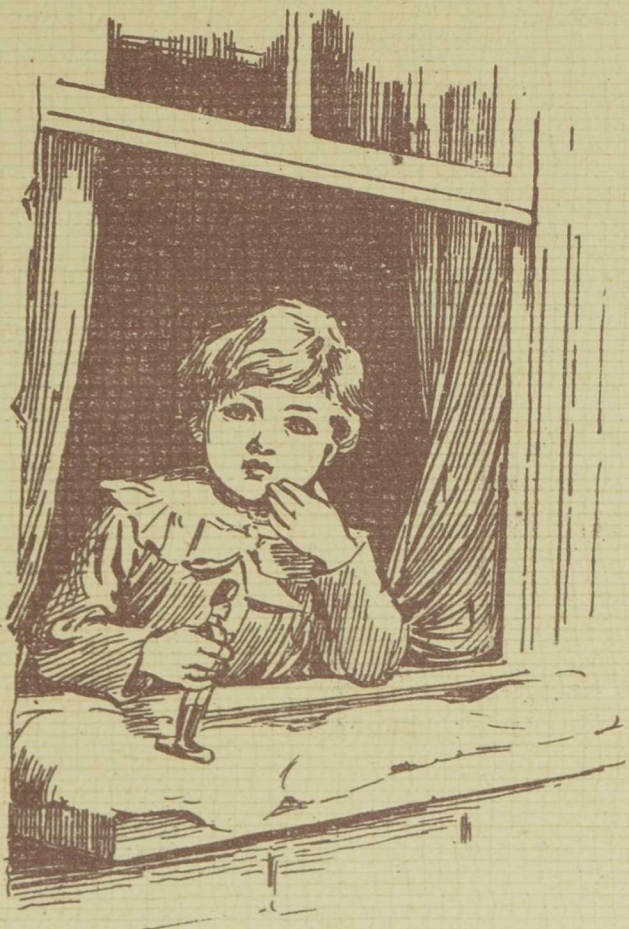
THERE'S a quiet, quaint old house,
That three hundred years has known,
And beneath its gabled roof,
Lives an old man quite alone.

From the window of the house,
That stands just across the way,
A little boy with sunny smile,
Nods to him every day.

This little boy, one morning,
Crosses the road to see his friend,
Taking his brave tin soldier,
A pleasant hour to spend.

This gallant soldier, standing
As a sentry on the shelf,
Thinks it is dull, and treason
Softly mutters to himself.

The old man's books and pictures,
Never fail the boy to please,
Till he opens the old piano,
And softly touches the keys.



He played a sweetly plaintive air,
"She sang that old song," he said,
And gazed at the lovely face,
In a frame above his head.

"Oh," groaned the little tin soldier,
"I soon shall be driven mad—
The piano is out of tune,
And the old man's song so sad."

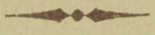
I am not afraid of death ;
"Why can't I go to the war ?
I would rather die than stay,"
And he leaped down to the floor.

Through a gaping crack he fell,
In a deep, dark, grave he lay ;
In vain the boy has sought him.
"Where has he vanished away ?"

"Farewell, my poor tin soldier,
I cannot forget your shame :
You left the post of duty,
You're struck from the roll of fame."



The Flying Trunk.



'TWAS a Fairy Trunk, or how could it
fly

And carry a gentleman up in the sky?

The trunk moves quickly, and here is he
Safe in Turkey, in time for tea.

He opens the lid, drops into the town,
And walks about in his dressing gown ;
For he hadn't a coat worth half-a-crown ;
But he finds in Turkey the fashions such
That no one seems to notice him much.

He hears from people passing by
Of a fair Princess in a tower high,
Where none might reach her who could not
fly.

Back to his trunk at once he ran,
Packed himself up, and then began
To mount the tower, and there he found
The fair Princess, and bowed to the
ground.

The lady cried, " Who can it be ?"
The gentleman answered, " Oh,
don't you see
I'm a real Turkish Angel, do ask
me to tea ?"

The fair Princess was proud to know
A Turkish Angel, and told him so.
Very soon they fixed their wedding
day,
And till the morrow he flew away.

But feeling gay, to astonish the Turks,
He filled his Trunk up with fire-works.
Up in the sky his squib's went bang !
And with cries of fire the city rang.

The Turks came out to view the sight,
And some jumped out of their shoes with
fright.

But a spark, alas, ignited the trunk ;
Lower and lower in flames it sunk.

Too soon the grand display is o'er,
The Turkish Angel is seen no more.



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DESIGNED IN ENGLAND

E. WARNE & CO.

PRINTED IN BAVARIA

LONDON & NEW YORK