

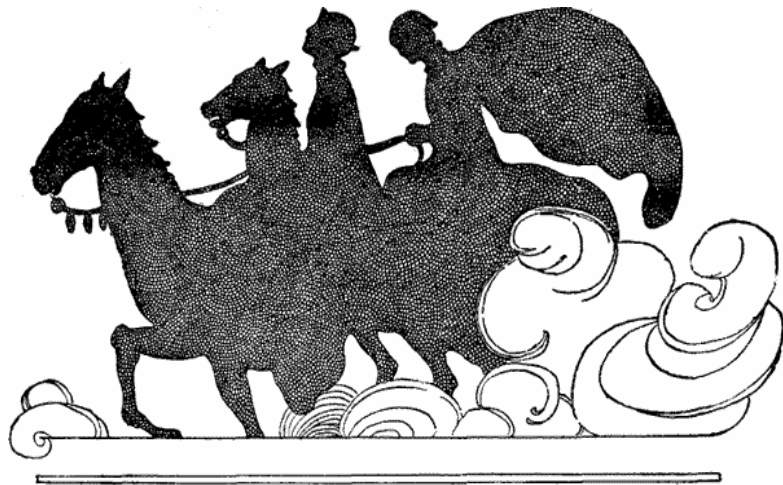
to it, and should drag it from street to street till she is dead.”

“Thou art she!” said the old king. “And since thou hast judged thyself, it shall be done to thee.”

“Pray, have mercy on her,” cried the true princess. “If she promises never to set foot in this kingdom again, may she live.”

“If it is what you wish,” said the kind. Then the waiting maid was forced to change back into her rags and was sent from the kingdom.

And the young king was married to his true wife, and they reigned over the kingdom in peace and happiness all their lives.



THE GOOSE GIRL



An Old Fairy Tale

A LearningIsland.org
Tale of Old

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The Goose Girl/An Old Tale

Summary: A tale of a princess who is replaced by a waiting-maid.

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everything, and it was very lucky for her that she did so.

The king ordered royal clothes to be put upon her. Then he gazed on her with wonder. She was so beautiful.

Then he called his son, and told him that he had only the false bride. She was only a waiting-maid, while the true bride stood by.

The young king rejoiced when he saw her beauty, and heard how meek and patient she had been. Without saying anything, he ordered a great feast to be got ready for all his court.

The bridegroom sat at the top, with the false princess on one side, and the true one on the other. Nobody knew her, for she was quite dazzling to their eyes. She was not at all like the little goose-girl, now that she had her brilliant dress.

When they had eaten and drunk, and were very merry, the old king told all the story. He told it as if it were a story he had heard. Then he asked the true waiting-maid what she thought ought to be done to anyone who would behave thus.

“Nothing better,” said this false bride, “than that she should be thrown into a cask stuck round with sharp nails. Two white horses should be put

own eyes how they drove the flock of geese. He also saw how, after a little time, she let down her hair that glittered in the sun.

Then he heard her say—

“Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go!
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirled,
Till the golden locks,
Are all combed and curled!”

And soon came a gale of wind, and carried away Curdken's hat, while the girl went on combing and curling her hair.

All this the old king saw. Then he went home without being seen.

When the little goose girl came back in the evening, he called her aside, and asked her why she did so.

She burst into tears, and said, “That I must not tell you or any man. If I do I shall lose my life.”

But the old king begged so hard that she had no peace till she had told him all. She told him



THE GOOSE GIRL

An old queen, whose husband had been dead some years, had a beautiful daughter. When she grew up, she was to be married to a prince who lived a long way off.

Soon the time came for her to be married. She got ready to go on a journey to his country.

Then the queen, her mother, packed up a great many costly things. There were jewels, and gold, and silver; trinkets, fine dresses, and, in short, everything that a royal bride would need

She loved her child very much so she gave her a maid to ride with her.

The princess and the maid each had a horse for the journey. The princess's horse was called Falada, and could speak.

When the time came for them to set out, the old queen went into her bed-chamber, and took a little knife. She cut off a lock of her hair, and gave it to her daughter.

She said, "Take care of it, dear child; for it is a charm that may be of use to you on the road."

Then they took a sorrowful leave of each other. The princess put the lock of her mother's hair into her bosom, got upon her horse, and set off on her journey to her bridegroom's kingdom.

One day, as they were riding along by the side of a brook, the princess began to feel very thirsty.

She said to her maid, "Pray get down and fetch me some water, in my golden cup, out of yonder brook, for I want to drink."

"Because she does nothing but tease me all day long."

Then the king made him tell all that had passed.

And Curdken said, "When we go in the morning through the dark gate with our flock of geese, she weeps, and talks with the head of a horse that hangs upon the wall, and says—

"Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!"

and the head answers—

"Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!

Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,

Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it."

And Curdken went on telling the king what had happened upon the meadow where the geese fed. He told how his hat was blown away, and he was forced to run after it, and leave his flock. But the old king told him to go out again as usual the next day.

When morning came, the king placed himself behind the gate. He heard how she spoke to Falada, and how Falada answered.

Then he went into the field and hid himself in a bush by the meadow's side. Soon he saw with his

Then she drove on the geese. When they got to the meadow, she sat down again and began to comb out her hair as before. Curdken ran up to her, and wanted to take hold of it; but she cried out quickly—

“Blow, breezes, blow!
Let Curdken's hat go,
Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Away be it whirled,
Till the golden locks
Are all combed and curled!”

Then the wind came and blew his hat, and off it flew a great way. It went over the hills and far away, so that he had to run after it.

When he came back, she had done up her hair again, and all was safe. So they watched the geese till it grew dark.

In the evening, after they came home, Curdken went to the old king, and said, “I cannot have that strange girl to help me to keep the geese any longer.”

“Why?” said the king.

“Nay,” said the maid, “if you are thirsty, get down yourself, and lie down by the water and drink; I shall not be your waiting-maid any longer.”

Then the princess was so thirsty that she got down, and knelt over the brook and drank, for she was frightened, and dared not bring out her golden cup.

Then she wept, and said “Alas! what will become of me?” And the lock of hair answered her, and said—

“Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.”

But the princess was very humble and meek, so she said nothing to her maid's ill behaviour, but got upon her horse again.

Then all rode further on their journey, till the day grew so warm, and the sun so scorching, that the bride began to feel very thirsty again. At last, when they came to a river, she forgot her maid's rude speech.

She said, “Pray get down and fetch me some water to drink in my golden cup.”

But the maid answered her, and even spoke more haughtily than before, “Drink, if you will, but I shall not be your waiting-maid.”

Then the princess was so thirsty that she got off her horse. She lay down, and held her head over the running stream.

Then she cried, and said, “What will become of me?”

And the lock of hair answered her again—

“Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.”

And as she leaned down to drink, the lock of hair fell from her bosom and floated away with the water. She was so frightened, she did not see it. But her maid saw it, and was very glad. She knew the charm, and saw that the poor bride would be in her power now that she had lost the hair.

So when the bride had drunk, and would have got upon Falada again, the maid said, “I shall ride upon Falada and you may have my horse instead.”

So the princess was forced to give up her horse. Soon afterward she was made to take off her royal clothes, and put on her maid's shabby ones.

At last, as they drew near the end of the journey, this treacherous servant threatened to kill



**“THEN THERE CAME A WIND SO STRONG
THAT IT BLEW OFF CURDKEN'S HAT.”**

Blow, breezes, blow!
Let him after it go!
O'er hills, dales, and rocks.
Away be it whirled,
Till the golden locks
Are all combed and curled!”

Then there came a wind, so strong that it blew off Curdken's hat, and away it flew over the hills, and he after it. By the time he came back, she had finished combing and curling her hair, and put it up again safe.

Then he was very angry and sulky, and would not speak to her at all.

They watched the geese until it grew dark in the evening, and then drove them homewards.

The next morning, as they were going through the dark gate, the poor girl looked up at Falada's head, and cried—

“Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!”

and it answered—

“Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!
Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.”

her mistress if she ever told anyone what had happened. But Falada saw it all, and marked it well.

Then the waiting-maid got upon Falada, and the real bride was set upon the other horse. They went on in this way till at last they came to the royal court.

There was great joy at their coming. The prince hurried to meet them, and lifted the maid from her horse, thinking she was the one who was to be his wife. She was led upstairs to the royal chamber, but the true princess was told to stay in the court below.

But the old king happened to be looking out of the window, and saw her in the yard below. She looked very pretty, and too delicate for a waiting-maid.

So he went into the royal chamber to ask the bride who it was she had brought with her, that was thus left standing in the court below. “I brought her with me for the sake of her company on the road,” said she. “Pray give the girl some work to do, that she may not be idle.”

The old king could not for some time think of any work for her to do. Then at last he said, “I

have a lad who takes care of my geese; she may go and help him.” Now the name of this lad, that the real bride was to help in watching the king's geese, was Curdken.

Soon after, the false bride said to the prince, “Dear husband pray do me one piece of kindness.”

“That I will,” said the prince.

“Then tell one of your slaughterers to cut off the head of the horse I rode upon, for it was very unruly, and plagued me sadly on the road.” But the truth was, she was very much afraid lest Falada should speak, and tell all she had done to the princess.

She insisted, and the faithful Falada was killed. But when the true princess heard of it she wept.



She begged the man to nail up Falada's head against a large dark gate in the city through which she had to pass every morning and evening. That way she might still see him sometimes.

Then the slaughterer said he would do as she wished. He cut off the head, and nailed it fast under the dark gate.

Early the next morning, as she and Curdken went out through the gate, she said sorrowfully—

“Falada, Falada, there thou art hanging!”

and the head answered—

“Bride, bride, there thou art ganging!

Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,

Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it.”

Then they went out of the city, and drove the geese in. And when she came to the meadow, she sat down upon a bank here, and let down her waving locks of hair, which were all of pure gold.

When Curdken saw it glitter in the sun, he ran up, and would have pulled some of the locks out; but she cried—

“Blow, breezes, blow!

Let Curdken's hat go!