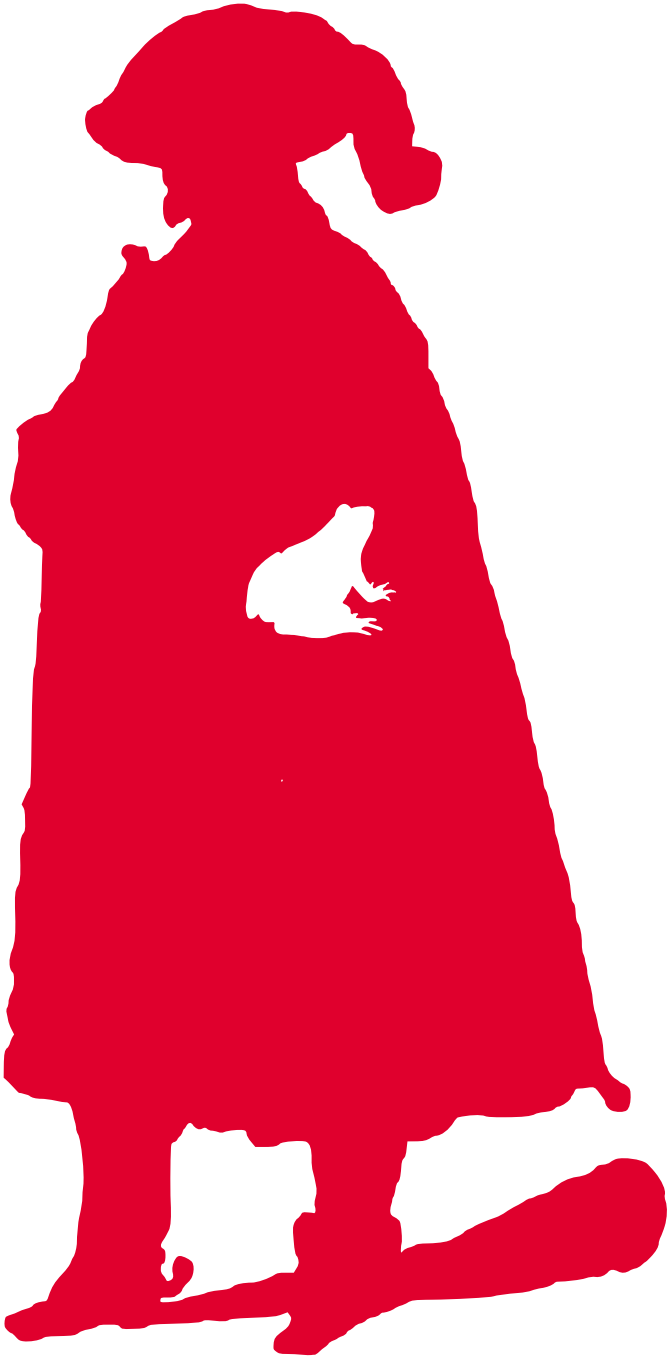


"

What ails thee, king's daughter? thy tears would melt a heart of stone."

And when she looked to see where the voice came from, there was nothing but a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

"Oh, is it you, old waddler?" said she; "I weep because my golden ball has fallen into the well."

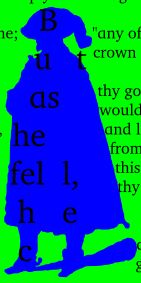
"Never mind, do not weep," answered the frog; "I can help you; but what will you give me if I fetch up your ball again?"

"Whatever you like, dear frog," said she; "any of my clothes, my pearls and jewels, or even the golden crown that I wear."

"Thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, and thy golden crown are not for me," answered the frog; "but if thou wouldst love me, and have me for thy companion and play-fellow, and let me sit by thee at table, and eat from thy plate, and drink from thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed, if thou wouldst promise all this, then would I dive below the water and fetch thee thy golden ball again."

"Oh yes," she answered; "I will promise it all, whatever you want, if you will only get me my ball again."

But she thought to herself, "What nonsense he talks! as if he could do anything but sit in the water and croak



w
ith the other
frogs, or could possibly
be any one's
companion."
But the frog, as soon as he
heard her promise, drew his
head under the water and sank
down out of sight, but after a while he
came to the surface again with the ball in
his mouth, and he threw it on the grass.
The King's daughter was
overjoyed to see her
pretty play-thing again, and
she caught it up and
ran off with it.
"Stop, stop!" cried the frog; "take me
up too; I cannot run
as fast as you!"
But it was of no use, for croak, croak
after her
as he might,
she would not listen to him, but made
haste
home, and very
soon forgot all about the poor frog,
who
ha
d to betake himself to his well again.
The
next day, when the King's
daughte
r was sitting at table with
the King
and all the court, and
eating from her
golden plate, there
ame
something pitter patter up
the marble stairs, and
then there came
e
d
se
d
to be
a frog,
an
d
b

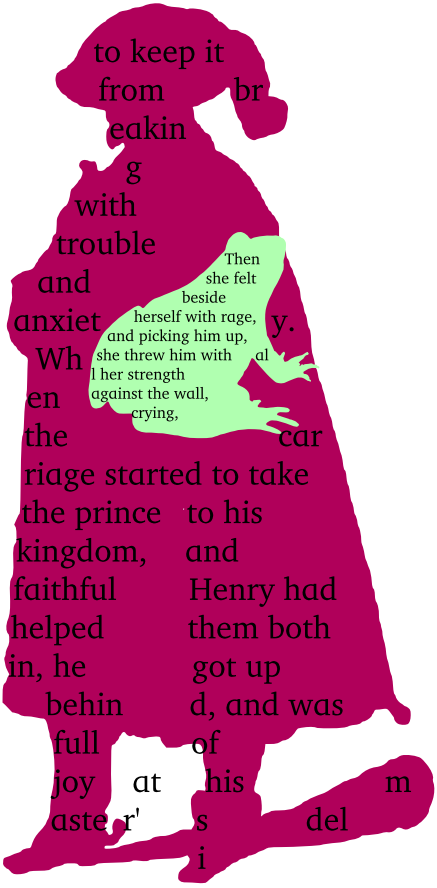
he same
sound, and the
prince tho
ught it
must be
t he wheel
breaking, but it
was the breaking of
the other bands from
faithful Henry's heart,
because it was now
so relieved and
happy.

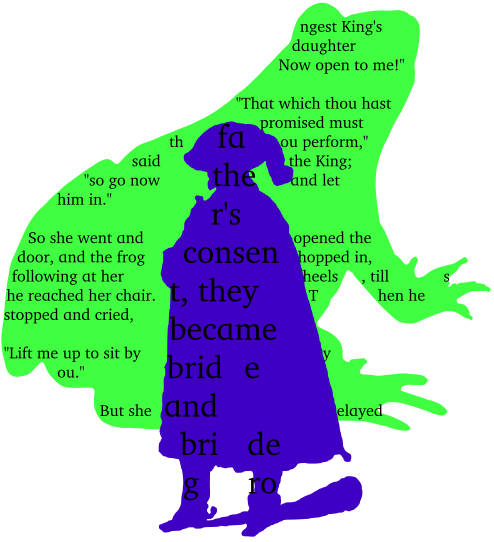
"The wheel do
es not bre
ak,
'Tis the band
round my heart
That, to les
sen its ach
e,
When I grieved for
your sake,
I bound round my
heart."
Agai n, and
yet once again
ther e was
t

a
knoc king at
the door, and a
voice crying
"Youngest King's
daughter, let me in!"
And she got up and ran to
see who it could be, but when
she opened the door, there was the
frog sitting outside. Then she shut the door
hastily and went back to her seat,
feeling very uneasy. The King noticed
how quickly her heart was beating, and
said,
"My child, what are you afraid of? is there
a giant standing at the door ready to carry
you away?"
"Oh no," answered she; "no gi
ant, but a horrid frog."
"An d what does the frog want
?" asked the King.
"O dear father," a nswered
sh
e
cam
e
all at
once a
pri nce
wit h
beau t

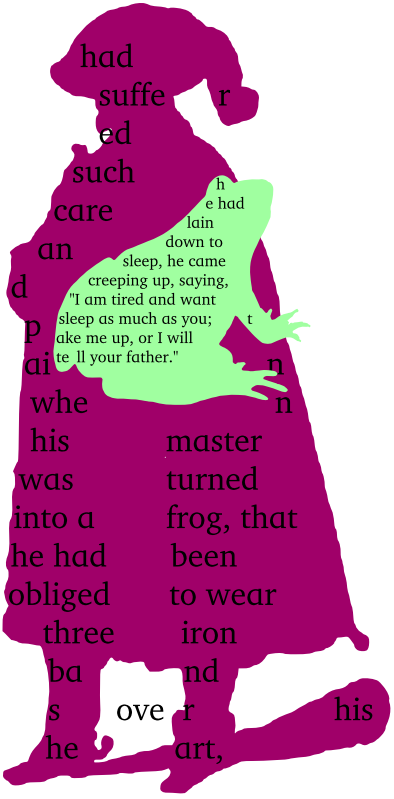
e
, "when I was
sitting by the well
yesterday, and
playing with my
golden ball, it fell into
the water, and while I
was crying for the loss of it,
the
frog came and got
it again
for me on
condition I
would let him
be my companion, but
never
thought that he could
leave the
water and come after
me; but now
there he is outside the
door, and he
wants to come in to me."
And then they all heard
him
knocking
the second time and crying,
"Youngest King's daughter,
Open to me!
By the well water
What
promised you
me?
Yo
if
ul
kind
eyes.
And it
came to
pass
that
with
her

v
erance.
And when th
ey h
ad
gone a part
of the way,
the prince
heard a s
ound at th
e h
ack o
f the carr
iage, as if something
had broken, and
he turned round and
cried,
"Now will you be quiet, you horrid frog!"
"Henry, the wheel
mus t be
bre aking!"
but Henr y answe
red,


to keep it from br eakin g with trouble and anxiet y.
Then she felt beside herself with rage, and picking him up, she threw him with al l her strength against the wall, crying,
Wh en the car riage started to take the prince to his kingdom, and faithful Henry had helped them both in, he got up behin d, and was full of joy at his m aste r' s del i


ngest King's
daughter
Now open to me!"
"That which thou hast
promised must
ou perform,"
the King;
and let
th
said
"so go now
him in."
So she went and
door, and the frog
following at her
he reached her chair.
stopped and cried,
"Lift me up to sit by
ou."
But she
opened the
hopped in,
heels
, till
hen he
y
elayed
fa
the
r's
consen
t, they
became
brid e
and
bri de
g
ro

doing so until
the King
ordered her.
When once
the frog
was on
chair, he
get on the
here he
yo ur
l ittle
so
the
wanted to
table, and
sat and said,
"Now push
golden plate a
nearer, so that
we may eat
tog ether."
And
o
m.
An
d he
told her
how a
wicked
witch had
boun d him
by her
s p
el, ls


had
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such
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P
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his
was
into a
he had
obliged
three
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he
h
e had
lain
down to
sleep, he came
creeping up, saying,
"I am tired and want
sleep as much as you;
ake me up, or I will
te ll your father."
t
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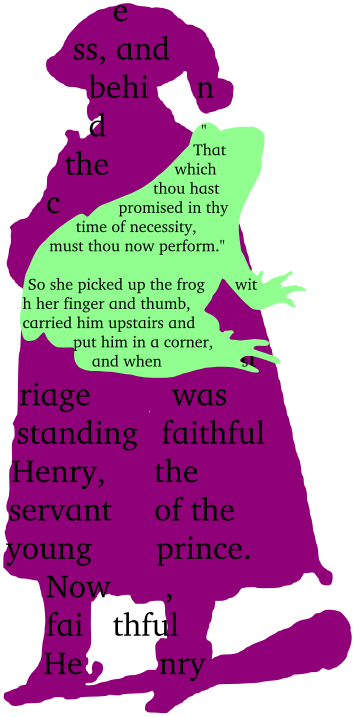
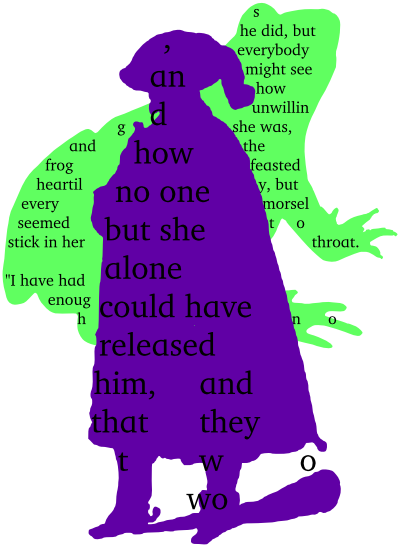
n
master
turned
frog, that
been
to wear
iron
nd
ove r
art,
his


e
ss, and
behi n
d
the
c
"That which thou hast promised in thy time of necessity, must thou now perform."
So she picked up the frog wit
h her finger and thumb, carried him upstairs and put him in a corner, and when
s
riage was
standing faithful
Henry, the
servant of the
young prince.
Now ,
fai thful
He nry


s
he did, but
everybody
might see
how
unwillin
she was,
the
feasted
y, but
morsel
t o
throat.
g
and
frog
heartil
every
seemed
stick in her
"I have had
enoug
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how
no one
but she
alone
could have
released
him, and
that they
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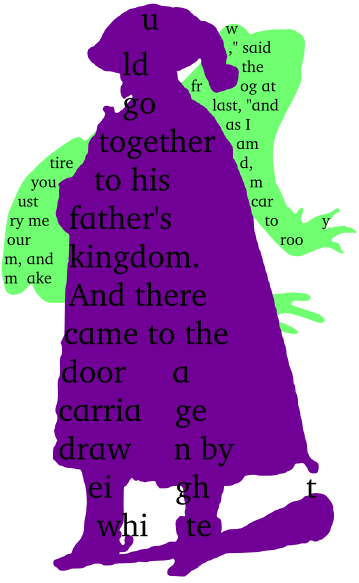
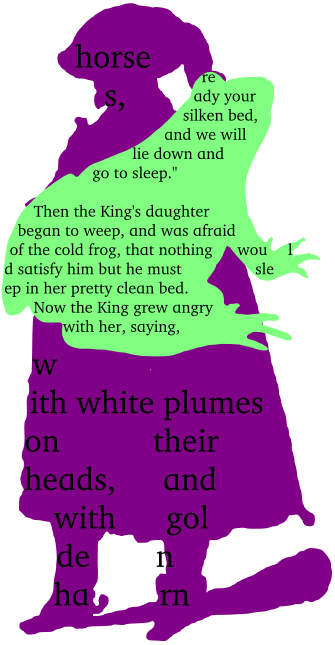

u
ld
go
together
to his
father's
kingdom.
And there
came to the
door a
carria ge
draw n by
ei gh t
whi te
w
," said
the
fr og at
last, "and
as I
am
tire d,
you m
ust car
ry me to y
our roo
m, and
m ake


horse
s,
re
ady your
silken bed,
and we will
lie down and
go to sleep."
Then the King's daughter
began to weep, and was afraid
of the cold frog, that nothing
wou l
d satisfy him but he must
sle
ep in her pretty clean bed.
Now the King grew angry
with her, saying,
w
ith white plumes
on
their
heads,
and
with
gol
de
n
ha,
rn