

CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

ENGLISH  
FAIRY TALES

Joseph Jacobs

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

# English Fairy Tales

---

JOSEPH JACOBS





• Childe Rowland •

# Contents

	PREFACE	1
I.	TOM TIT TOT	5
II.	THE THREE SILLIES	11
III.	THE ROSE-TREE	15
IV.	THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG	19
V.	HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE	22
VI.	MR. VINEGAR	25
VII.	NIX NOUGHT NOTHING	29
VIII.	JACK HANNAFORD	34
IX.	BINNORIE	37
X.	MOUSE AND MOUSER	41
XI.	CAP O' RUSHES	44
XII.	TEENY-TINY	49
XIII.	JACK AND THE BEANSTALK	51
XIV.	THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS	58
XV.	THE MASTER AND HIS PUPIL	61
XVI.	TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE	64
XVII.	JACK AND HIS GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX	67
XVIII.	THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS	77
XIX.	JACK THE GIANT-KILLER	81
XX.	HENNY-PENNY	93
XXI.	CHILDE ROWLAND	96
XXII.	MOLLY WHUPPIE	102
XXIII.	THE RED ETTIN	106
XXIV.	THE GOLDEN ARM	111
XXV.	THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB	113
XXVI.	MR. FOX	119
XXVII.	LAZY JACK	124
XXVIII.	JOHNNY-CAKE	127
XXIX.	EARL MAR'S DAUGHTER	130
XXX.	MR. MIACCA	134
XXXI.	WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT	137
XXXII.	THE STRANGE VISITOR	146
XXXIII.	THE LAIDL Y WORM OF SPINDLESTON HEUGH	149
XXXIV.	THE CAT AND THE MOUSE	154
XXXV.	THE FISH AND THE RING	156
XXXVI.	THE MAGPIE'S NEST	160
XXXVII.	KATE CRACKERNUTS	162
XXXVIII.	THE CAULD LAD OF HILTON	166
XII.	THE ASS, THE TABLE, AND THE STICK	168
XL.	FAIRY OINTMENT	172
XLI.	THE WELL OF THE WORLD'S END	175
XLII.	MASTER OF ALL MASTERS	180
XLIII.	THE THREE HEADS OF THE WELL	182
	NOTES AND REFERENCES	188

## TOM TIT TOT

ONCE UPON a time there was a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they came out of the oven, they were that overbaked the crusts were too hard to eat. So she says to her daughter:

“Darter,” says she, “put you them there pies on the shelf, and leave ‘em there a little, and they’ll come again.”—She meant, you know, the crust would get soft.

But the girl, she says to herself: “Well, if they’ll come again, I’ll eat ‘em now.” And she set to work and ate ‘em all, first and last.

Well, come supper-time the woman said: “Go you, and get one o’ them there pies. I dare say they’ve come again now.”

The girl went and she looked, and there was nothing but the dishes. So back she came and says she: “Noo, they ain’t come again.”

“Not one of ‘em?” says the mother.

“Not one of ‘em,” says she.

“Well, come again, or not come again,” said the woman “I’ll have one for supper.”

“But you can’t, if they ain’t come,” said the girl.

“But I can,” says she. “Go you, and bring the best of ‘em.”

“Best or worst,” says the girl, “I’ve ate ‘em all, and you can’t have one till that’s come again.”

Well, the woman she was done, and she took her spinning to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

“My darter ha’ ate five, five pies to-day.

My darter ha’ ate five, five pies to-day.”

The king was coming down the street, and he heard her sing, but what she sang he couldn’t hear, so he stopped and said:

“What was that you were singing, my good woman?”

The woman was ashamed to let him hear what her daughter had been doing, so she sang, instead of that:

“My darter ha’ spun five, five skeins to-day.

My darter ha’ spun five, five skeins to-day.”

“Stars o’ mine!” said the king, “I never heard tell of any one that could do that.”

Then he said: “Look you here, I want a wife, and I’ll marry your daughter. But look you here,” says he, “eleven months out of the year she shall have all she likes to eat, and all the gowns she likes to get, and all the company she likes to keep; but the last month of the year she’ll have to spin five skeins every day, and if she don’t I shall kill her.”

“All right,” says the woman; for she thought what a grand marriage that was. And as for the five skeins, when the time came, there’d be plenty of ways of getting out of it, and likeliest, he’d have forgotten all about it.

Well, so they were married. And for eleven months the girl had all she liked to eat, and all the gowns she liked to get, and all the company she liked to keep.

But when the time was getting over, she began to think about the skeins and to wonder if he had ‘em in mind. But not one word did he say about ‘em, and she thought he’d wholly forgotten ‘em.

However, the last day of the last month he takes her to a room she’d never set eyes on before. There was nothing in it but a spinning-wheel and a stool. And says he: “Now, my dear, here you’ll be shut in to-morrow with some victuals and some flax, and if you haven’t spun five skeins by the night, your head’ll go off.”

And away he went about his business.

Well, she was that frightened, she’d always been such a gatless girl, that she didn’t so much as know how to spin, and what was she to do to-morrow with no one to come nigh her to help her? She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and law! how she did cry!

However, all of a sudden she heard a sort of a knocking low down on the door. She upped and oped it, and what should she

see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right curious, and that said:

“What are you a-crying for?”

“What’s that to you?” says she.

“Never you mind,” that said, “but tell me what you’re a-crying for.”

“That won’t do me no good if I do,” says she.

“You don’t know that,” that said, and twirled that’s tail round.

“Well,” says she, “that won’t do no harm, if that don’t do no good,” and she upped and told about the pies, and the skeins, and everything.



*“This is what I’ll do.”*

“This is what I’ll do,” says the little black thing, “I’ll come to your window every morning and take the flax and bring it spun at night.”

“What’s your pay?” says she.

That looked out of the corner of that’s eyes, and that said: “I’ll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, and if you haven’t guessed it before the month’s up you shall be mine.”

Well, she thought she’d be sure to guess that’s name before

the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, and law! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, her husband took her into the room, and there was the flax and the day's food.

"Now there's the flax," says he, "and if that ain't spun up this night, off goes your head." And then he went out and locked the door.

He'd hardly gone, when there was a knocking against the window.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little old thing sitting on the ledge.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here it be," says she. And she gave it to him.

Well, come the evening a knocking came again to the window. She upped and she oped it, and there was the little old thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here it be," says he, and he gave it to her.

"Now, what's my name?" says he.

"What, is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, and he twirled his tail harder, and away he flew.

Well, when her husband came in, there were the five skeins ready for him. "I see I shan't have to kill you to-night, my dear," says he; "you'll have your food and your flax in the morning," says he, and away he goes.

Well, every day the flax and the food were brought, and every day that there little black impet used to come mornings and evenings. And all the day the girl sat trying to think of names to say to it when it came at night. But she never hit on the right one. And as it got towards the end of the month, the impet began to look so maliceful, and that twirled that's tail faster and faster each time she gave a guess.

At last it came to the last day but one. The impet came at night along with the five skeins, and that said,



“What, ain’t you got my name yet?”

“Is that Nicodemus?” says she.

“Noo, t’ain’t,” that says.

“Is that Sammle?” says she.

“Noo, t’ain’t,” that says.

“A-well, is that Methusalem?” says she.

“Noo, t’ain’t that neither,” that says.

Then that looks at her with that’s eyes like a coal o’ fire, and that says: “Woman, there’s only to-morrow night, and then you’ll be mine!” And away it flew.

Well, she felt that horrid. However, she heard the king coming along the passage. In he came, and when he sees the five skeins, he says, says he,

“Well, my dear,” says he, “I don’t see but what you’ll have your skeins ready to-morrow night as well, and as I reckon I shan’t have to kill you, I’ll have supper in here to-night.” So they brought supper, and another stool for him, and down the two sat.

Well, he hadn’t eaten but a mouthful or so, when he stops and begins to laugh.

“What is it?” says she.

“A-why,” says he, “I was out a-hunting to-day, and I got away to a place in the wood I’d never seen before And there was an old chalk-pit. And I heard a kind of a sort of a humming. So I got off my hobby, and I went right quiet to the pit, and I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing you ever set eyes on. And what was that doing, but that had a little spinning-wheel, and that was spinning wonderful fast, and twirling that’s tail. And as that span that sang:

“Nimmy nimmy not  
My name’s Tom Tit Tot.”

Well, when the girl heard this, she felt as if she could have jumped out of her skin for joy, but she didn’t say a word.

Next day that there little thing looked so malicious when he came for the flax. And when night came, she heard that knocking against the window panes. She oped the window, and that come right in on the ledge. That was grinning from ear to ear, and Oo! that’s tail was twirling round so fast.

“What’s my name?” that says, as that gave her the skeins.

“Is that Solomon?” she says, pretending to be afeard.

“Noo, t’ain’t,” that says, and that came further into the room.

“Well, is that Zebedee?” says she again.

“Noo, t’ain’t,” says the impet. And then that laughed and twirled that’s tail till you couldn’t hardly see it.

“Take time, woman,” that says; “next guess, and you’re mine.” And that stretched out that’s black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, and she looked at it, and then she laughed out, and says she, pointing her finger at it:

“NIMMY NIMMY NOT, YOUR NAME’S TOM TIT TOT!”

Well, when that heard her, that gave an awful shriek and away that flew into the dark, and she never saw it any more.



## THE THREE SILLIES

ONCE UPON a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she had gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw a mallet stuck in one of the beams. It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a-thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that mallet there, for she said to herself: "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the settle crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why, whatever is the matter?" said her mother. "Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down to the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down aside of the daughter and started a-crying too. Then after a bit the father began to wonder that they didn't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself,

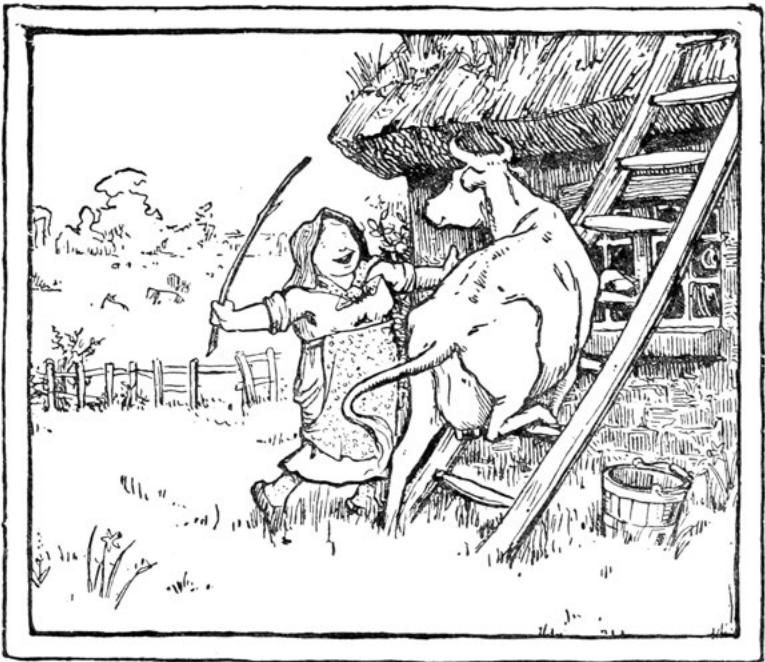
and there they two sat a-crying, and the beer running all over the floor. "Whatever is the matter?" says he. "Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid mallet. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar too, to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said: "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?"

"Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid mallet! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the mallet was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than before. But the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and reached up and pulled out the mallet, and then he said: "I've travelled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-bye, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he travelled a long way, and at last he came to a woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durst not go. So the gentleman asked the woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it." "Oh, you poor silly!" said the gentleman, "you should

cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the woman thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he hadn't gone far when the cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast half-way and was smothered in the soot.



Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveller was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised

to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again, and couldn't manage it; and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh dear," he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on; and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way.

So that was another big silly.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again; and he came to a village, and outside the village there was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pitchforks, reaching into the pond; and the gentleman asked what was the matter. "Why," they say, "matter enough! Moon's tumbled into the pond, and we can't rake her out anyhow!" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than them three sillies at home. So the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter, and if they didn't live happy for ever after, that's nothing to do with you or me.

MY  
LIT-  
TLE  
BRO-  
THER  
WHOM  
I  
LOVE



SITS  
BE-  
LOW  
AND  
I  
SING  
A-  
BOVE

## THE ROSE-TREE

**T**HERE WAS once upon a time a good man who had two children: a girl by a first wife, and a boy by the second. The girl was as white as milk, and her lips were like cherries. Her hair was like golden silk, and it hung to the ground. Her brother loved her dearly, but her wicked stepmother hated her. "Child," said the stepmother one day, "go to the grocer's shop and buy me a pound of candles." She gave her the money; and the little girl went, bought the candles, and started on her return. There was

a stile to cross. She put down the candles whilst she got over the stile. Up came a dog and ran off with the candles.

She went back to the grocer's, and she got a second bunch. She came to the stile, set down the candles, and proceeded to climb over. Up came the dog and ran off with the candles.

She went again to the grocer's, and she got a third bunch; and just the same happened. Then she came to her stepmother crying, for she had spent all the money and had lost three bunches of candles.

The stepmother was angry, but she pretended not to mind the loss. She said to the child: "Come, lay your head on my lap that I may comb your hair." So the little one laid her head in the woman's lap, who proceeded to comb the yellow silken hair. And when she combed the hair fell over her knees, and rolled right down to the ground.

Then the stepmother hated her more for the beauty of her hair; so she said to her, "I cannot part your hair on my knee, fetch a billet of wood." So she fetched it. Then said the stepmother, "I cannot part your hair with a comb, fetch me an axe." So she fetched it.

"Now," said the wicked woman, "lay your head down on the billet whilst I part your hair."

Well! she laid down her little golden head without fear; and whist! down came the axe, and it was off. So the mother wiped the axe and laughed.

Then she took the heart and liver of the little girl, and she stewed them and brought them into the house for supper. The husband tasted them and shook his head. He said they tasted very strangely. She gave some to the little boy, but he would not eat. She tried to force him, but he refused, and ran out into the garden, and took up his little sister, and put her in a box, and buried the box under a rose-tree; and every day he went to the tree and wept, till his tears ran down on the box.

One day the rose-tree flowered. It was spring, and there among the flowers was a white bird; and it sang, and sang, and sang like an angel out of heaven. Away it flew, and it went to a cobbler's shop, and perched itself on a tree hard by; and thus it sang,



“My wicked mother slew me,  
 My dear father ate me,  
 My little brother whom I love  
 Sits below, and I sing above  
 Stick, stock, stone dead.”

“Sing again that beautiful song,” asked the shoemaker. “If you will first give me those little red shoes you are making.” The cobbler gave the shoes, and the bird sang the song; then flew to a tree in front of a watchmaker’s, and sang:

“My wicked mother slew me,  
 My dear father ate me,  
 My little brother whom I love  
 Sits below, and I sing above  
 Stick, stock, stone dead.”

“Oh, the beautiful song! sing it again, sweet bird,” asked the watchmaker. “If you will give me first that gold watch and chain in your hand.” The jeweller gave the watch and chain. The bird took it in one foot, the shoes in the other, and, after having repeated the song, flew away to where three millers were picking a millstone. The bird perched on a tree and sang:

“My wicked mother slew me,  
 My dear father ate me,  
 My little brother whom I love  
 Sits below, and I sing above  
 Stick!”

Then one of the men put down his tool and looked up from his work,

“Stock!”

Then the second miller’s man laid aside his tool and looked up,

“Stone!”

Then the third miller’s man laid down his tool and looked up,

“Dead!”

Then all three cried out with one voice: "Oh, what a beautiful song! Sing it, sweet bird, again." "If you will put the millstone round my neck," said the bird. The men did what the bird wanted and away to the tree it flew with the millstone round its neck, the red shoes in one foot, and the gold watch and chain in the other. It sang the song and then flew home. It rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house, and the stepmother said: "It thunders." Then the little boy ran out to see the thunder, and down dropped the red shoes at his feet. It rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house once more, and the stepmother said again: "It thunders." Then the father ran out and down fell the chain about his neck.

In ran father and son, laughing and saying, "See, what fine things the thunder has brought us!" Then the bird rattled the millstone against the eaves of the house a third time; and the stepmother said: "It thunders again, perhaps the thunder has brought something for me," and she ran out; but the moment she stepped outside the door, down fell the millstone on her head; and so she died.