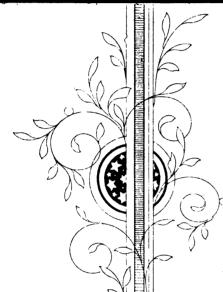
THE HAPPY PRINCE





A STORY

BY

OSCAR WILDE



WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC

 \mathbf{BY}

LIZA LEHMANN.



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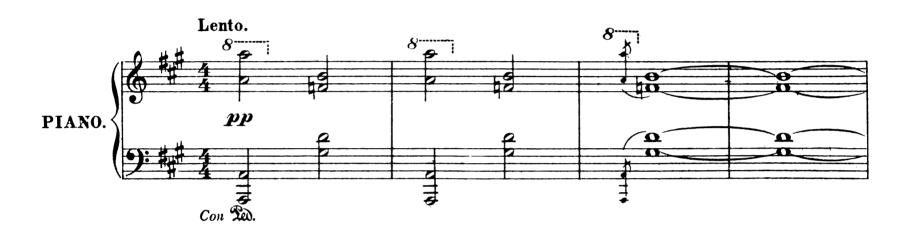
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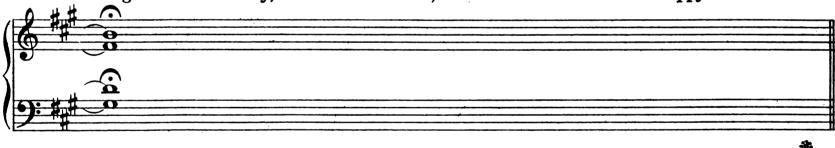
THE HAPPY PRINCE.

A story by
OSCAR WILDE.
(Abridged version for recitation purposes.*)

with incidental music by LIZA LEHMANN.



High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince.

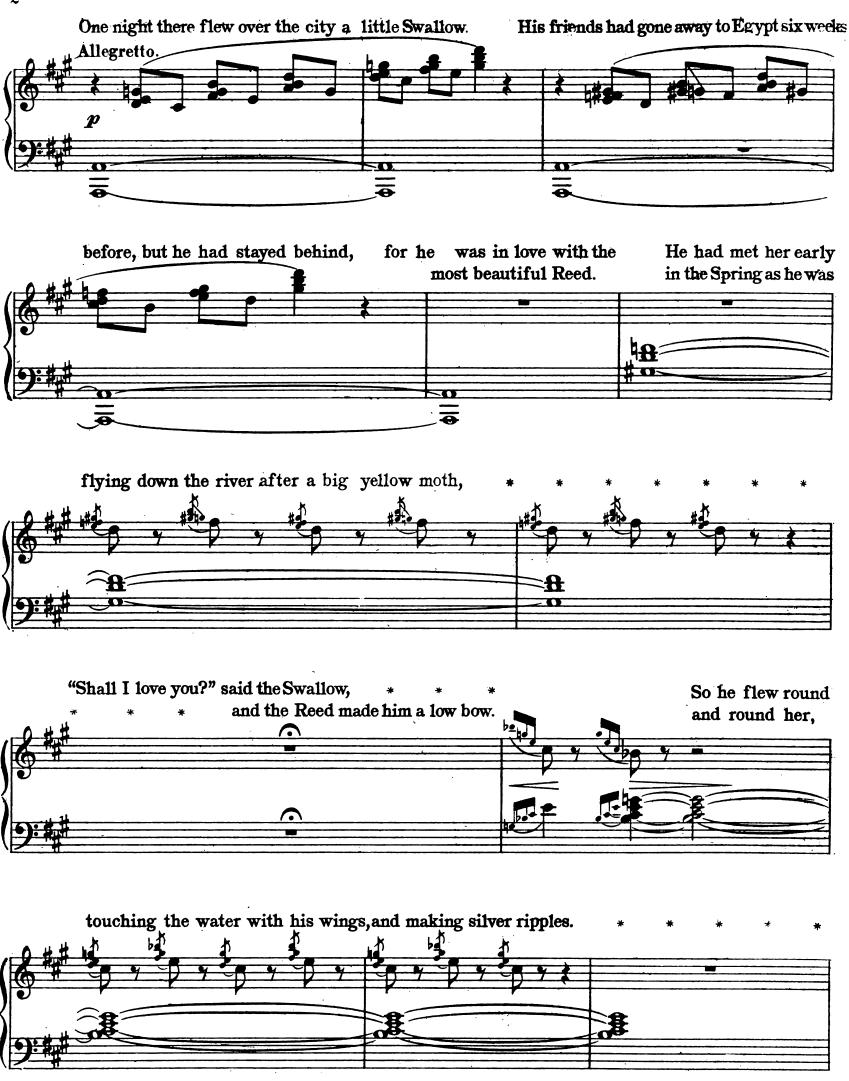


He was gilded all over with * * fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt. * * * "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not. * * * * * * * *

of children dreaming.

^{*(}The omitted portions are indicated by stars.)

^{*}For the complete version see Volume entitled "The Happy Prince and other Stories" by Oscar Wilde published by M. David Nutt who has kindly granted permission for this abridged version to be used.



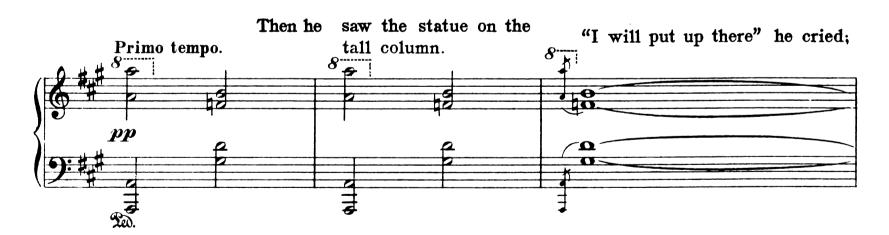
"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows, "she has no money, and far too many relations, and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they



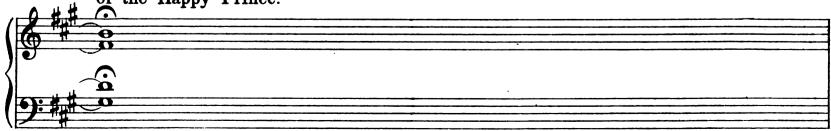


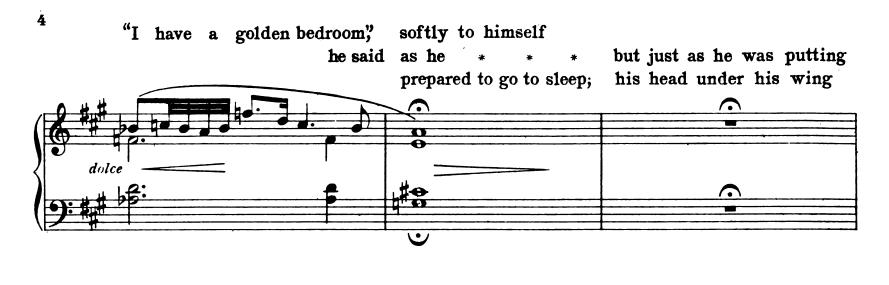
After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love.

* * "I am off to the Pyramids (he cried) Goodbye!" and he flew away. All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?" he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."



"it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.





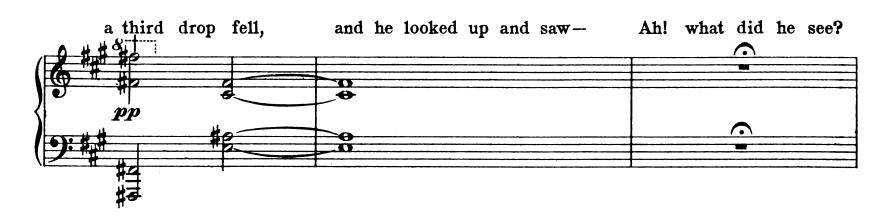
Then another drop fell.

The another drop fell.

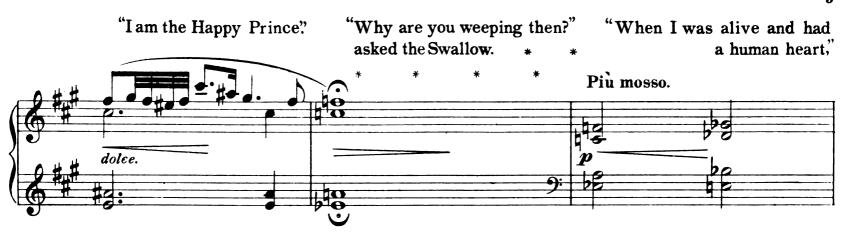
Then another drop fell.

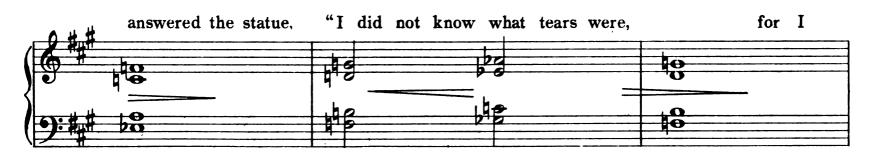
The another drop fell.

The

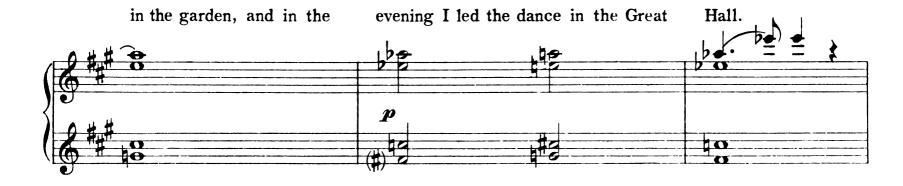


The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity. Who are you?" he said.

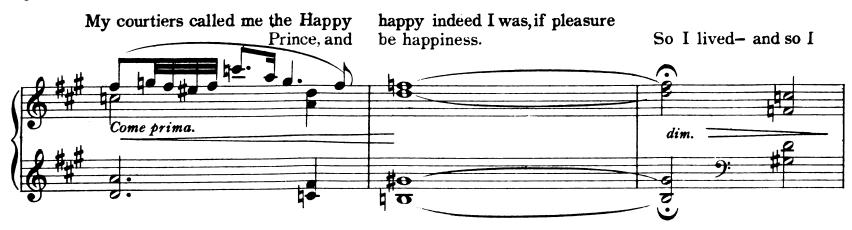






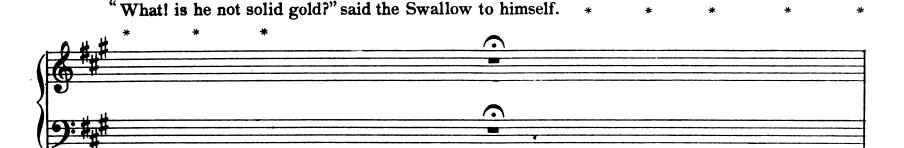


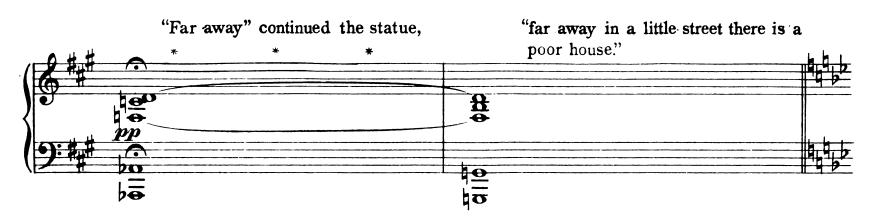
Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful.



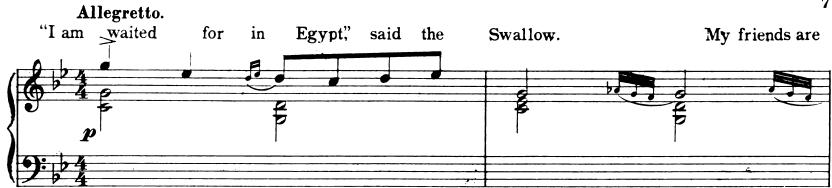
And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the

* * * misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead I
cannot choose but weep."



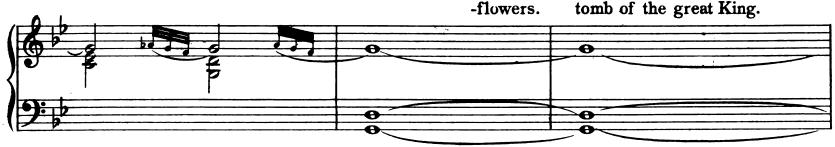






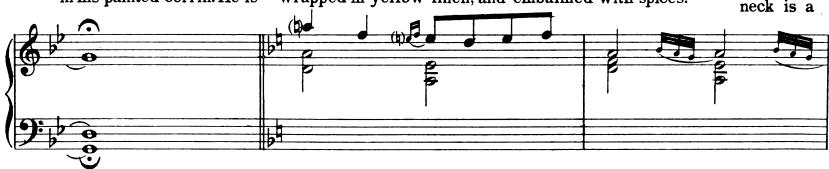
flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-

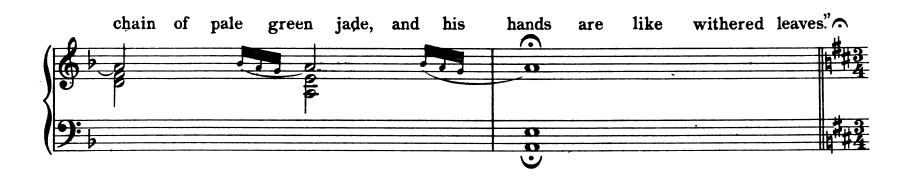
Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King.



The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices.

Round his neck is a





"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad." "I dont think I like boys," answered the Swallow * *

the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said; but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger," Thank you, little Swallow, said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby

from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town. He



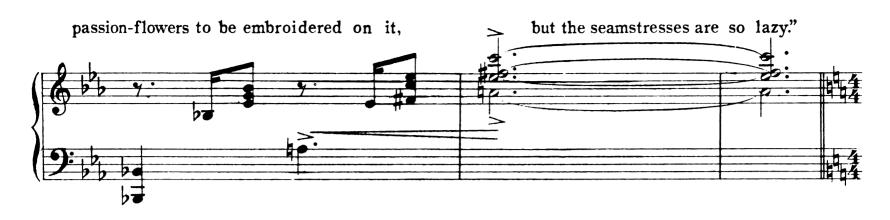
passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the



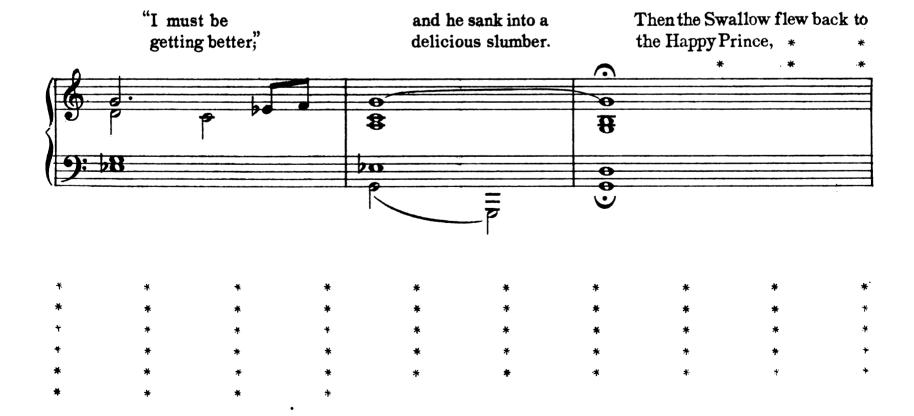
wonderful the stars are," he said to her— "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball," she answered,



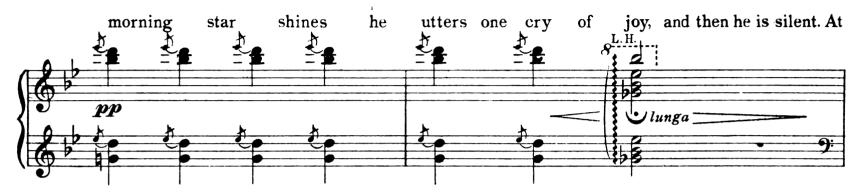






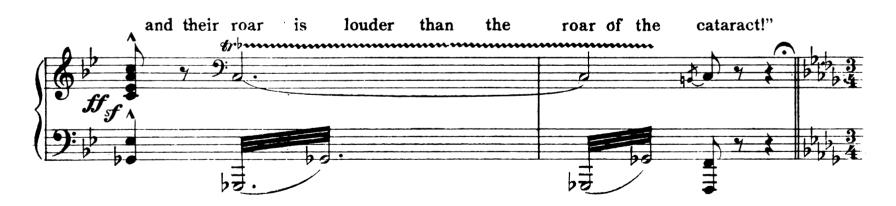






noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls

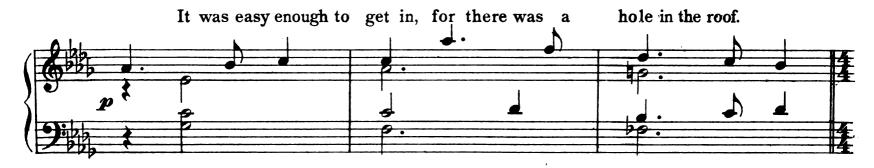


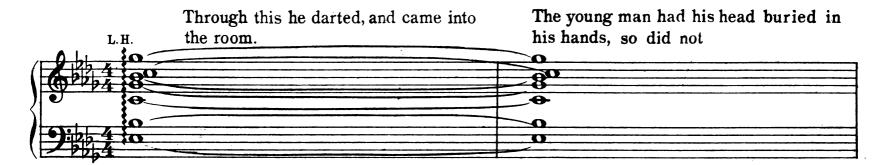


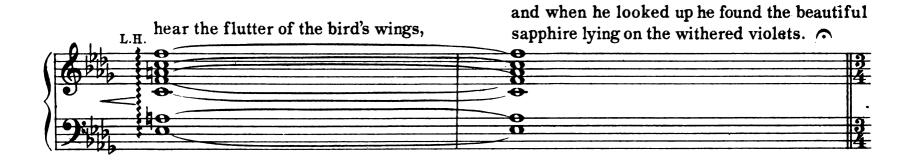
Andante espr.

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away with it to the student's garret.



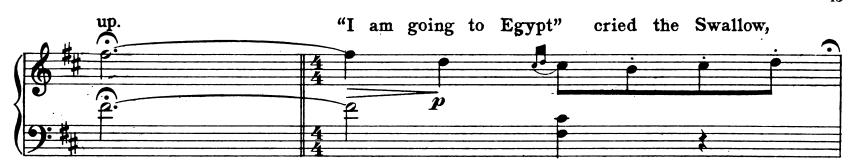






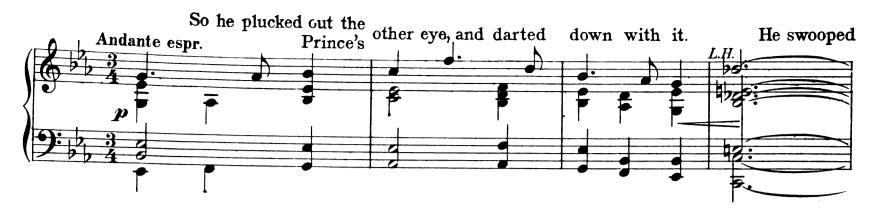
* * * * The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests





but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried. "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?" "It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here.

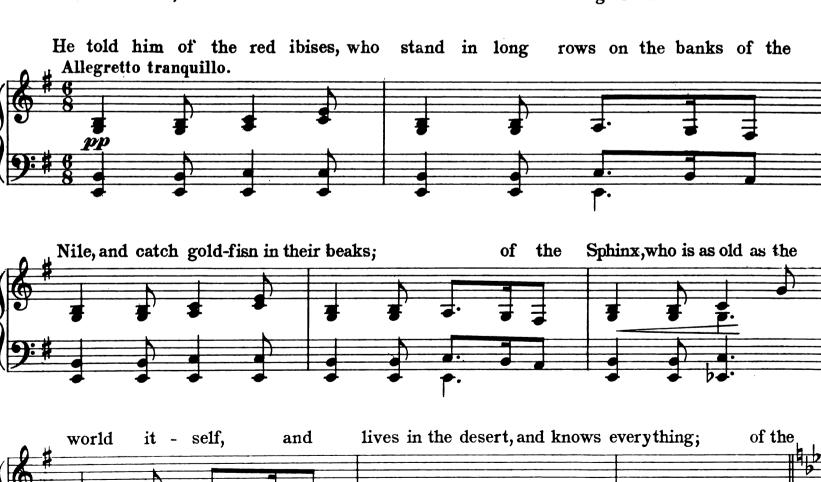




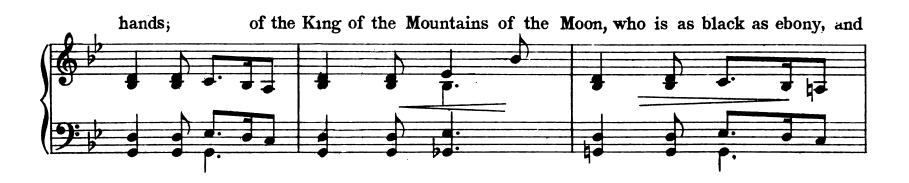
past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand.

"What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl, and she ran home, laughing.

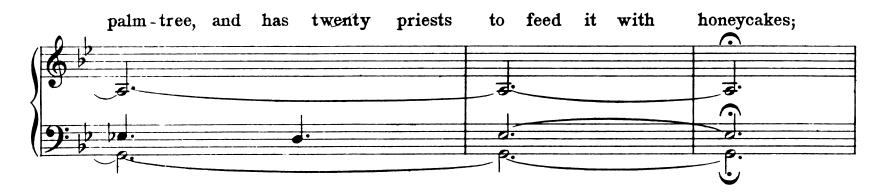
Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always." "No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt." "I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet. All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands.











and of the pigmies who lake on large



"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery.
*



Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost.

The streets looked as if they were made of silver, * *



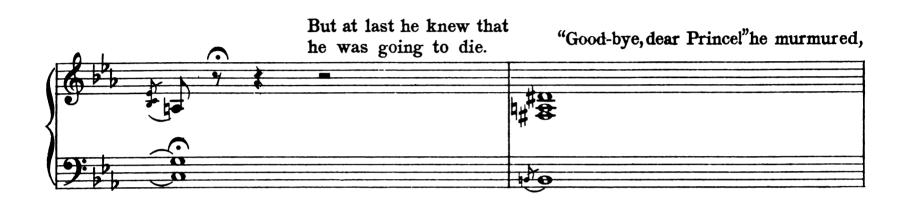
long icicles like crystal daggers hung down everybody went about in furs, and the little from the eaves of the houses; everybody went about in furs, and the little boys were scarlet caps and skated on the ice.





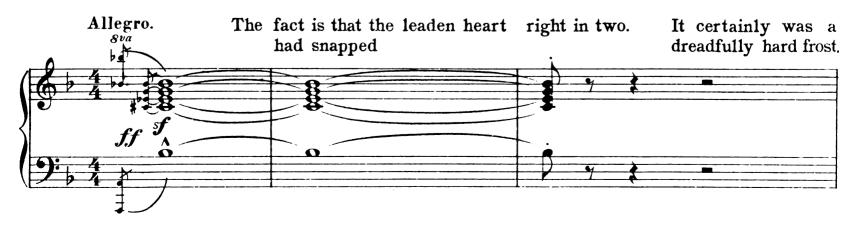
but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the



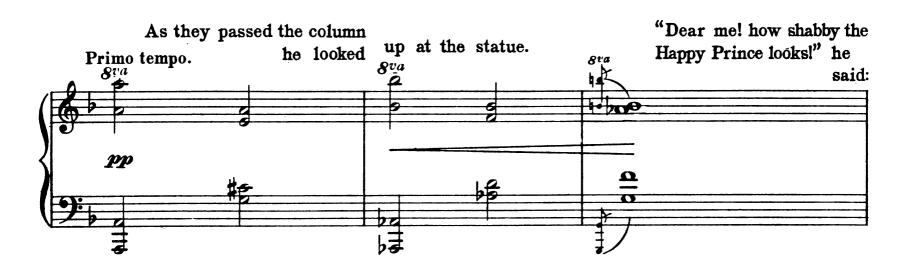




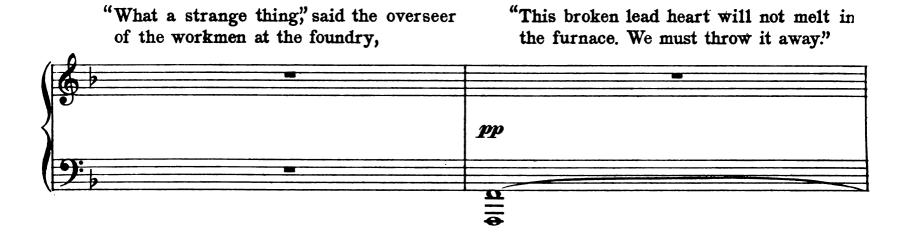
"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?" And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet. At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken.

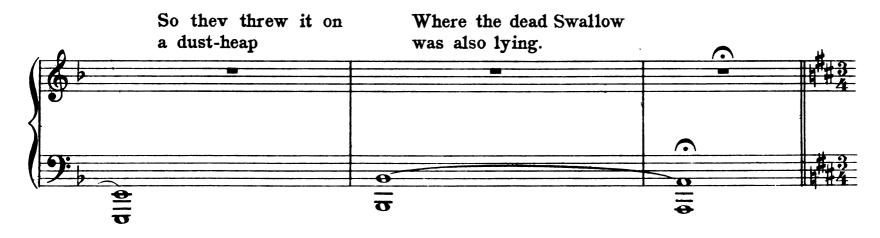


Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors.

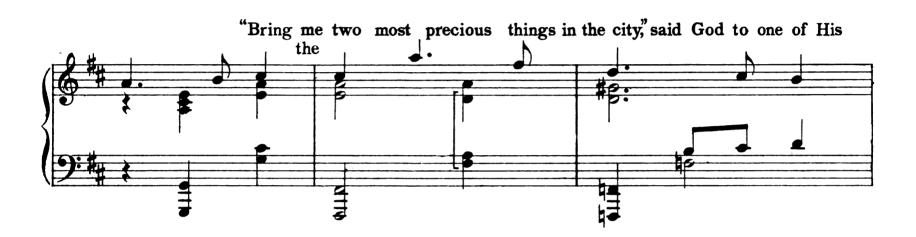


* * * * * The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," * * * in fact, he is little better than a beggar!" "Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors. * * * So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. * * * and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself." * * *





















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CONTENTS

No.	•	No.
1	First and chief, on golden wing (Il Pensieroso) HANDEL	13 Guinse alfin il momento (Figero) Mozart
2	Come, pensive nun (Il Pensieroso)	14 E Susanna non vien (Figaro),
3	Me, when the sun begins to fling (Il Pensieroso) "	15 O Thou, for whom I Am! (The Creation) HAYDN
4	Mountains, on whose barren breast (l'Allegro) "	16 Care compagne (Sonnambula) BELLIMI
5	To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel	17 Oh se una volta (Sonnambula) ,,
	(Julias Maccabarus) "	18 E strano! (Travista) VERDI
	O Grant it, Heaven (Judas Maccabaus) "	19 Ah! Tardal troppo (Linda di Chamounix) DONIZETTI
7	O let eternal honours crown His Name (Judas Maccabaus)	20 Hast thou for Me a look? (Calvary) SPOHR
8	Ah, if I only knew (Orfso) GLUCK	21 But if the Soul can fling the dust aside
- 9	O welcome now (The Seasons) HAYDM	(In a Persian Garden) LIZA LEHMANN
10	Lo, now asiant the dew-bright earth (The Seasons) ,,	22 Which is my own true self? (Tom Jones) EDWARD GERMAN
II	And God said: Let the earth (The Creation) ,,	23 I Thank thy zeal, good friend (Lalla Rookk) FREDERIC CLAY
12	And God said: Let the waters (The Creation) ,,	24 The hours ereep on apace (H.M.S. Pinafore) SULLIVAN

Volume II. MEZZO and CONTRALTO

CONTENTS

No.		Na :			
I	Some dire event hange o'er our heads (Jophtha) HANDEL	14 Che Disse? (What heard I?) (Orfso) GLUCK			
2	Now give the army breath (Joshua),	15 Vol del regne delle ombre (Frowning phantoms of the darkness) (Orfso)			
3	But who is He? (Joshua)	16 Che he fatte le r (What have I done?) (Orfee)			
4	Rejoice, my countrymen (Belshassar) "	17 Nobil Signor (Noble, my Lords) (Gli Ugonotti) MEYERBEER			
5	Hence, vain deluding joys (Il Pensieroso) "				
6	And He journey'd with companions (St. Paul) MENDEESSOHN	18 Ditemi, buona gente (Tell me, I pray, good people) (Dinorah),			
7	Arise now, Jacob (Jacob) HENRY SMART	19 Fatal Goffrede ! ('Tis true, my poet)			
8	Now Cherith's brook is dried up (Elijah) MENDELSSOHN	(Torquato Tasso) Donizetti			
9	Elijah, get thee hence (Elijah)	20 E questo il loco? (Romeo and Juliet) VACCAI			
10	Amiel, quel lamente (My dear once, your lamentings) (Orfso) Gluck	21 Ah! not a drop that from our sups we throw (In a Persian Gardon) LIZA LEHMANN			
11	Lascistemi (Ah! leave me) (Orfso) ,,	22 Hy mother had a maid called Barbara			
12	Euridiee! Ombra Cara (Euridice! my beloved)	(Lines from Othello) ,,			
	(Orfeo) "	23 Cheerily carols the lark (Ruddigors) Sullivan			
13	Euridies! Ah Queste Home (Euridice! thy name, adored one) (Orfee)	24 Sad is that woman's lot who, year by year (Patience)			
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