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The HAPPY PRINCE

ORIGINAL STORY BY

OSCAR WILDE

ADAPTED & ILLUSTRATED BY

HARRY WOODGATE



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High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword hilt.

He was very much admired indeed.

He is as beautiful as a weather vane,

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.

THE HAPPY PRINCE

'Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?' asked a sensible mother of her little boy, who was crying for the moon. 'The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything.'

I am glad there is someone in the world who is quite happy,

muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

'He looks just like an angel,' said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

'How do you know?' said the Mathematical Master. 'You have never seen one.'

Ah! But we have, in our dreams, answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.



One night there came to the city a little boy, called Swallow.

'Where shall I rest?' he said. 'I hope the town has made preparations.'

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

'I will rest there,' he cried, 'it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air.' So he climbed up and settled just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

