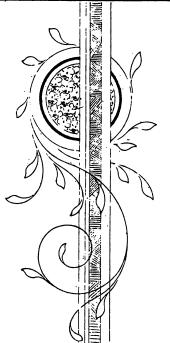


# THE SELFISH GIANT



## A STORY

BY

## OSCAR WILDE



WITH INCIDENTAL MUSIC

BY

# LIZA LEHMANN

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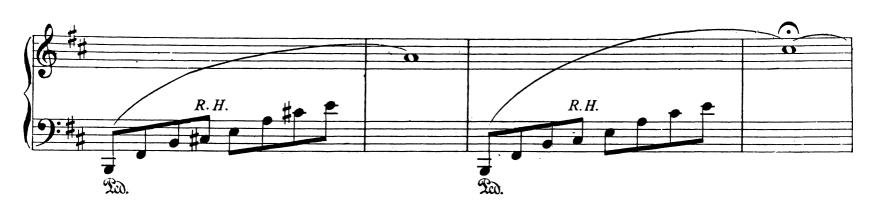
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# THE SELFISH GIANT.

A story by OSCAR WILDE.

with incidental music by LIZA LEHMANN.

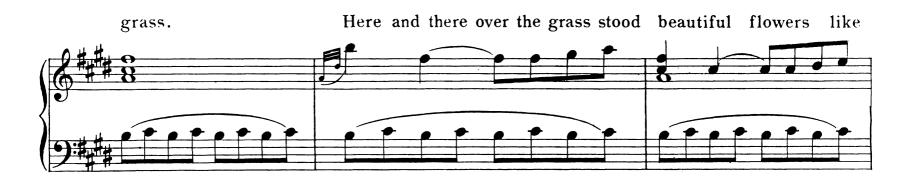


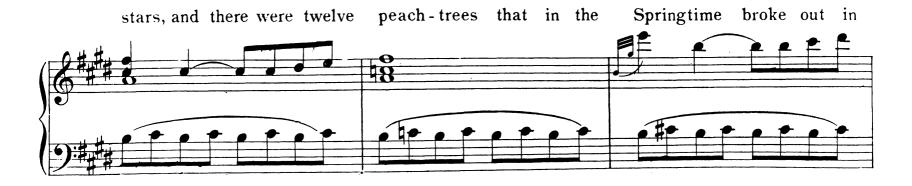


Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garder











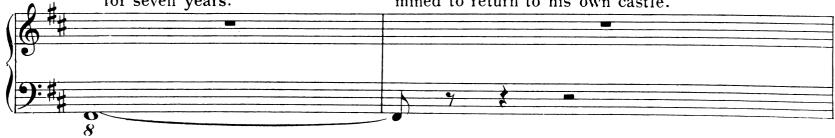


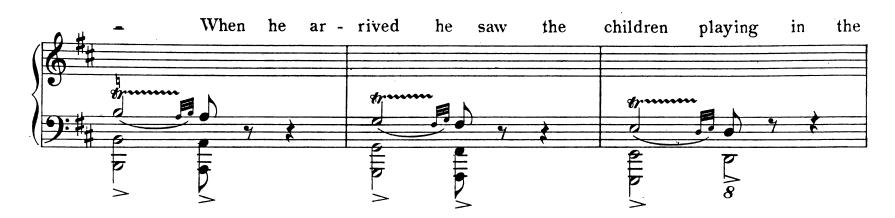


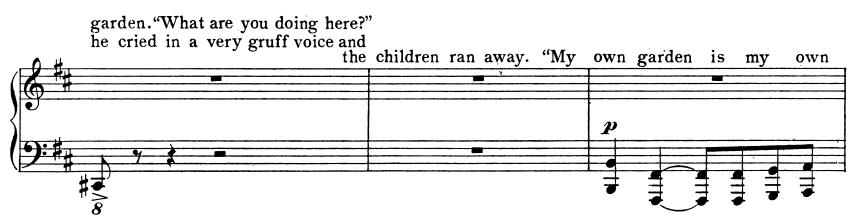


7 He had been to see his friend the Cornish Ogre and had stayed there for seven years.

After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say; for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle.



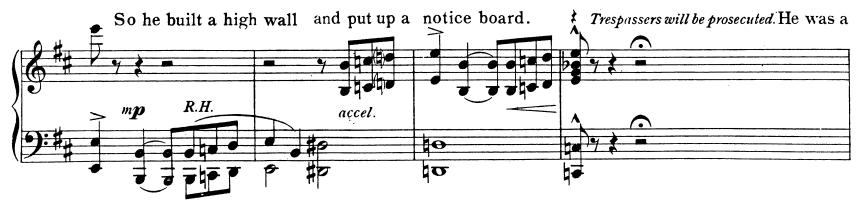


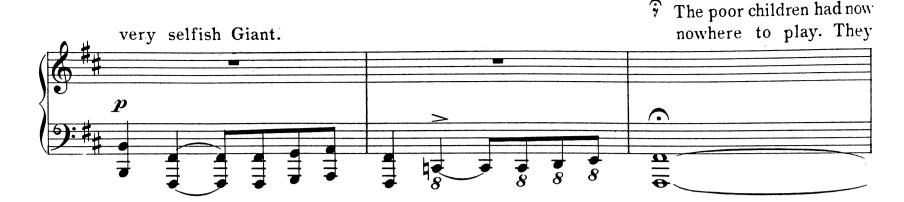


garden, said the Giant, anyone can see thatand I will not allow anyone to play in it but myself.

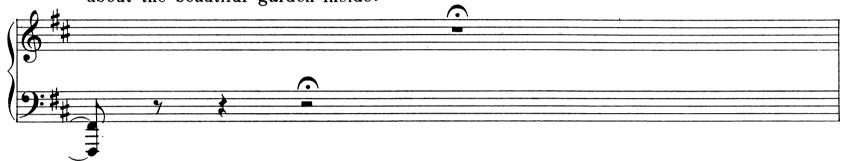




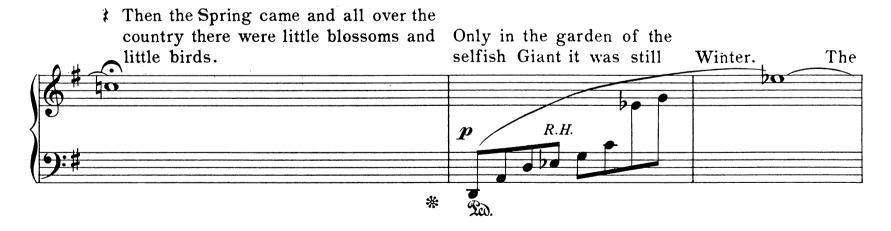




tried to play in the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over and talk about the beautiful garden inside.





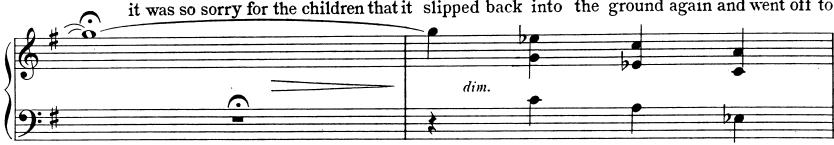


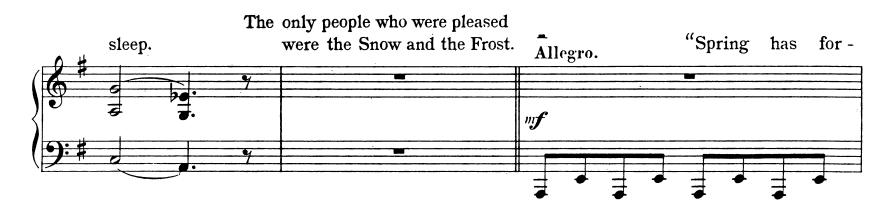
birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a

beautiful flower put its head out from the grass,

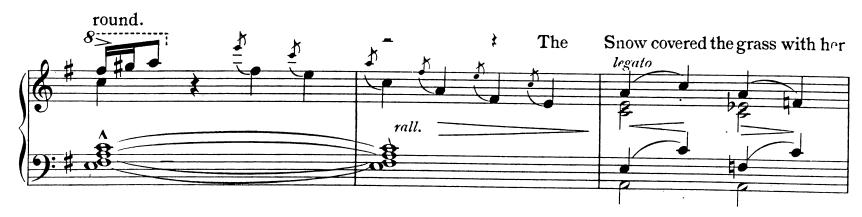


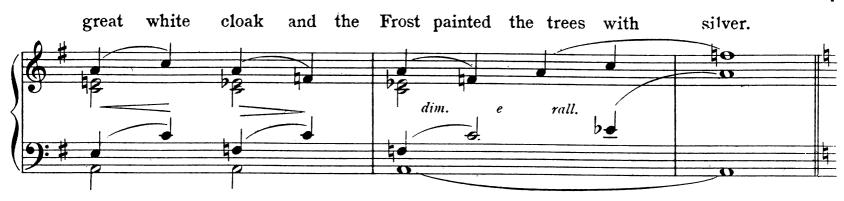
but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again and went off to













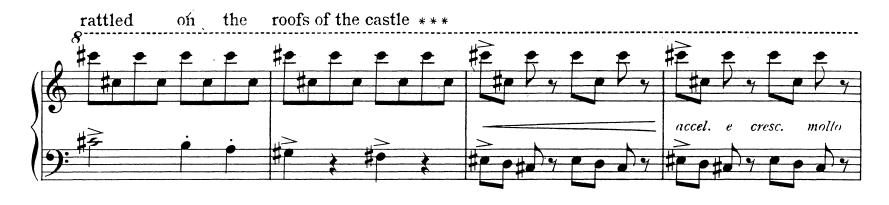




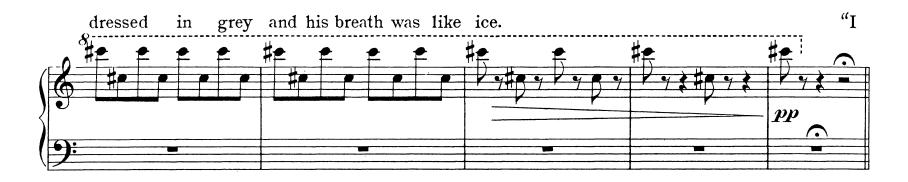




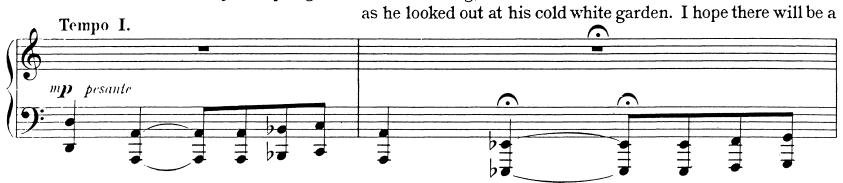




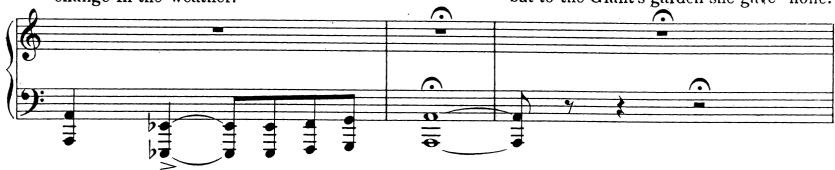




cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the selfish Giant



But the Spring never came nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none.





lying awake when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by.



really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had hearda



bird sing in his garden that he thought it the most beautiful music in the world.\*\*\*\*I believe the







Winter. It was in the fartnest corner of the garden and in it was standing a fittle boy.

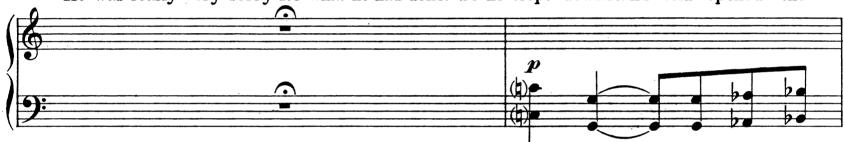
Lento.

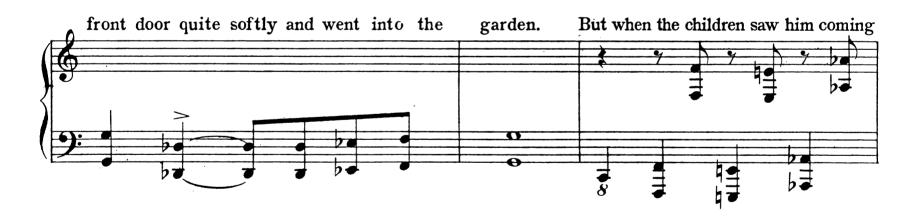
He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree and he was wandering all round it and crying bitterly. \*\*\* "Climb up, little boy," said the tree and it bent its branches down as low as it could, but the

boy was too tiny.

And the giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree and then I will knock down the wall and my garden shall be the children's play-ground for ever and ever.

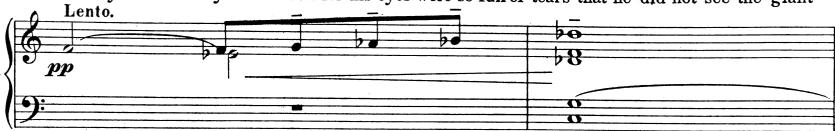
He was really very sorry for what he had done. So he crept downstairs and opened the



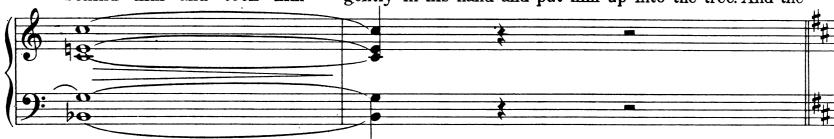




Only the little boy did not run for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the giant



coming. And the giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand and put him up into the tree. And the



tree broke at once into blossom and the birds came and sang on it. And the little

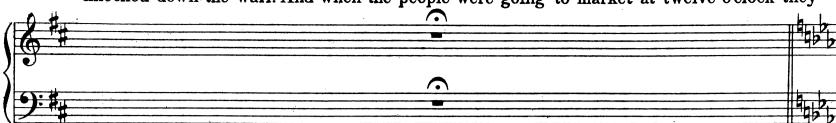


flung them round the giant's neck and kissed him. boy stretched out his two arms and And the

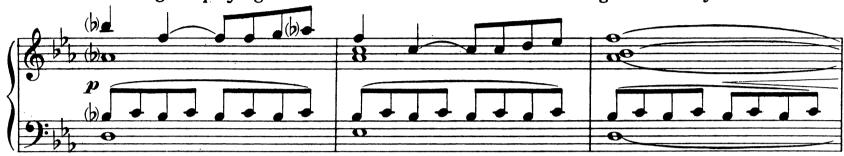


other children when they saw that the giant was not wicked any longer came running back.\*\*\* rall.

It is your garden now, little children, said the giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they



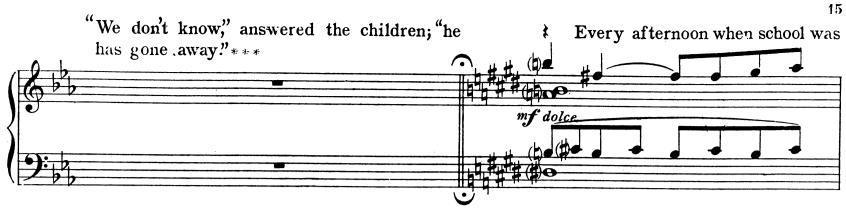
found the giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever















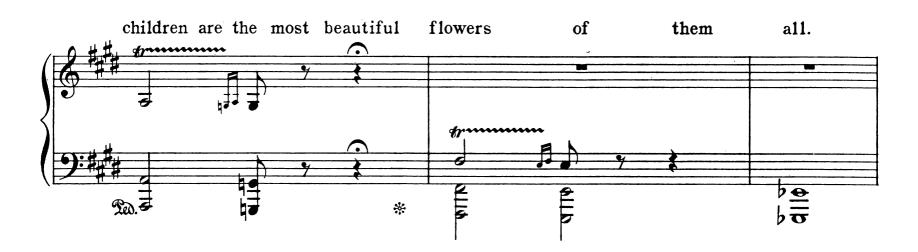


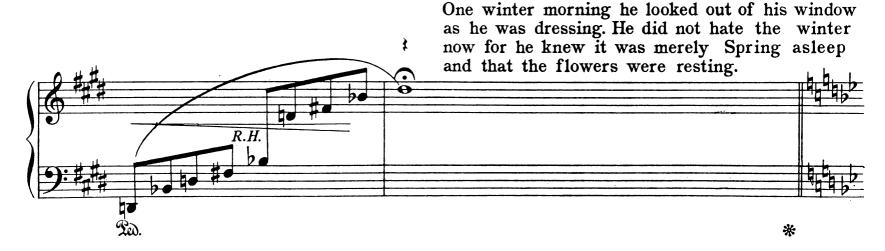


play about any more so he sat in a huge arm chair, and watched the children at their games and



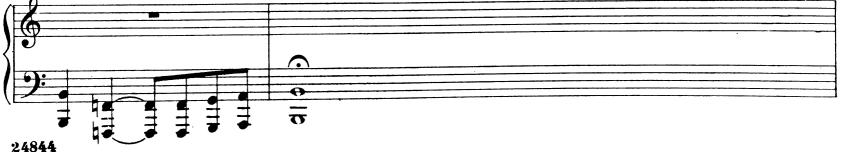








joy, and came into the garden. He hastened across the grass and came near to the child, and when he came quite close his face grew red, with anger, and he said:



"Who has dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet. "Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the giant; "tell me that I may take my big sword and slay him." "Nay," answered the child, "but these are the wounds of Love." "Who art thou?" said the giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the giant and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is a



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"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,

"Knowest thou thy sin?"

"It is evening," sang the blackbird,

"Let her in! Let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,

And I know my sin."

"She knows it well," sang the blackbird,
"Let her in! Let her in!"

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