Once upon a time, there was a beautiful princess, whose favorite plaything was a golden ball, which she took with her wherever she went.

One day the princess was playing in the woods, near a well. She threw her ball high into the air, and it fell--splash!--into the well.

The princess watched her golden ball sink deep into the water of the well, and she began to cry. Then she heard a voice say:

*What is the matter*
*My honey my heart?*
*Why do you weep*
*My own darling?*

The princess looked around, and there on the edge of the well sat an ugly green frog. The princess, crying, told the frog how she had lost her ball.

"What will you give me if I get your ball for you?" croaked the frog.

"I will give you whatever you wish, dear, dear frog," said the princess, drying her eyes.

"I will give you my finest silk dress, or my necklace of pearls, or my golden crown!"

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**THE FROG PRINCE**

Story adapted by Judy Constantinides

Dinos Constantinides
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"What would I do with your fine silken dress, or your necklace of pearls or your golden crown?" said the frog. "I will bring back your ball, if you promise to be my friend and to love me, and let me sit in your lap, and eat from your golden plate and sip from your golden cup, and sleep on your silken pillow. If you promise to do all these things, I will get your ball for you."
"I promise," said the princess. But she thought to herself, "How can this slimy little frog come to the castle and be my playmate—it is just a frog!" And she said again, "I promise."

The frog went down, deep into the well. And after a while it came up with the golden ball in its mouth and threw it on the ground.
"Oh!" said the princess, "My golden ball!" And she picked it up and ran away as fast as she could to her castle. But she never thanked the frog or listened as it called after her, "Stop! Princess! Remember what you promised!" And soon she forgot all about the poor little frog.

But the next day when the princess was sitting at dinner in the great hall of the castle with her father the King and all the court, everyone heard some strange noises outside:
It was the sound of little wet feet coming up the stairs to the castle.

There was a slippery little knock low down at the door. And a voice called:
"Open the door
My honey, my heart
Open the door
My own darling.
Remember the promise
You made by the well
Remember your promise
To love me."

The princess ran to the door and opened it. But when she saw the frog, she shut the door quickly and ran back to her chair. The King asked, "What are you afraid of, daughter? Is there a giant at the door, come to take you away with him?" So the princess told her father all about the frog and her promise. "You must keep your promise, daughter," said the King. "Open the door and let the frog in." So the princess had to open the door, and the frog hopped into the room, and came close to the princess' chair and said:

"Lift me onto your lap
My honey, my heart
Lift me onto your lap
My own darling.
Remember the promise
You made by the well
Remember your promise
To love me."
The Frog Prince

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

D.B.
The Frog Prince
The princess did not want to take the wet frog onto her lap, but the King reminded her again that promises must be kept, so she took the frog and put it on her lap, and sat there feeling wet and miserable. And the frog looked at her and said:
"Let me eat from your plate
My honey, my heart
Let me eat from your plate
My own darling.
Remember the promise
You made by the well
Remember your promise
To love me."
Well, promises must be kept, so the princess lifted the frog to the table next to her plate and it ate from her golden plate and sipped from her golden cup until it could not eat no more. And then the frog said:

*Put me on your pillow*
*My honey, my heart,*
*Put me on your pillow*
*My own darling.*
*Remember the promise*
*You made by the well*
*Remember your promise*
*To love me."

And the princess shivered, because the frog was a cold, wet thing, but she took it in her hand and up to her room and put it on her silken pillow beside her.
When dawn came, the princess woke up, and the frog was still there on her silken pillow. It said not a word, but hopped off the bed and down the stairs and left the castle. "Well," thought the princess, "it has gone and I shall be troubled no more by the cold, wet thing!" But she was wrong.

That night when everyone was at dinner, they heard again the sound of the little wet feet coming up the stairs to the castle door,
The Frog Prince

And everything happened as it had before:

the frog sat at the princess' lap, ate from her golden plate, drank from her golden cup and slept
on her silken pillow all night. And in the morning, when the princess woke, the frog was already leaving without a word. But the princess looked after it, and thought, "It is a pretty sort of
thing even if it is only a frog. Now it will trouble me no more." But she was wrong.
The Frog Prince

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The Frog Prince
The third night the frog came again, and all happened as before, and for the third time the frog slept on the pillow of the princess. But this time when the princess woke in the morning, the frog was already gone. And she felt very sad and lonely and said:

"Oh where is my frog,
My honey, my heart
Oh where is my frog
My own darling."
And a voice spoke from the other side of the room--not the frog's voice but another, different voice, and it said:

"Here I am
My honey, my heart
Here I am
Oh my darling!"

And there stood a handsome prince, who had once been the frog, and he told the princess that he had been enchanted by a wicked witch and the princess had broken the spell by loving him as a frog, and by letting him sleep three times--yes, three times--on her silken pillow.
a little while, the frog prince and the princess were married, and, as in all good fairy tales, they lived happily ever after.