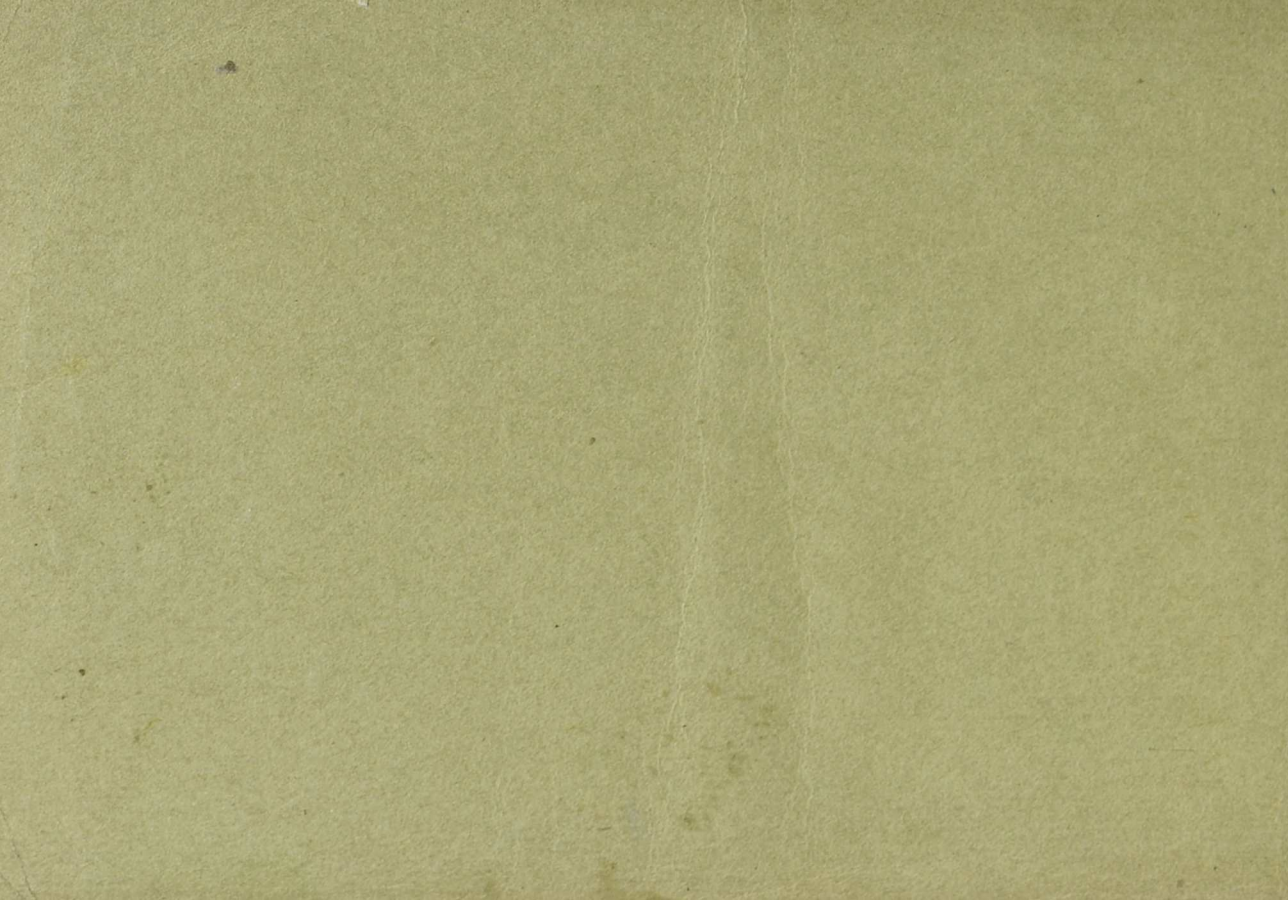



The Little Sea Maid





The
Little
Sea Maid



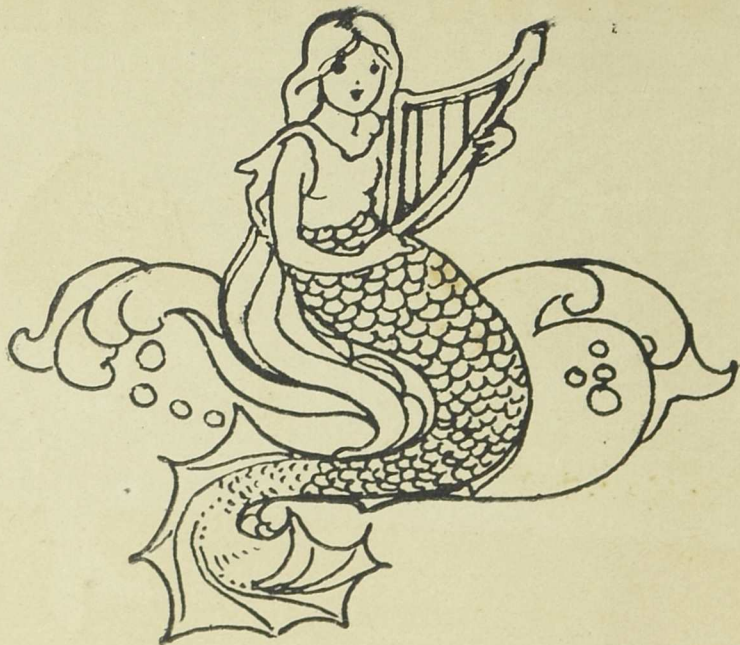
With Greetings
From *Rita*
To

The Little Sea Maid

The Tom Thumb
Picture Books



London: Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton



Printed in England.

The Little Sea-Maid

In a beautiful palace of
coral and pearl,
Down in the depths
of the sea,
Once on a time lived
a dear little girl :
A little sea-princess
was she.

She was ever so happy,
she frolicked all day with

Her sisters, as one might expect,

- And she had a white marble statue to play with,
Out of a ship that was wrecked.



Her grandmother told her most wonderful tales,
Of people who dwelt on the land,
Who walked on two feet, who had clothes and not scales,
Which she couldn't at all understand.
“But you and your sisters,” the grandmother
told her,



“ When you have arrived at fifteen,
May rise to the moonlight, and sit on a boulder,
And see what there is to be seen.”



A. ANDERSON.

Her sisters all rose to the top, one by one ;
And looked at the wonderful land,—
And floated about at the set of the sun,
Singing aloud, hand in hand.

But at last, to the little one's
boundless delight,
Her grandmother called her
and said,—

“To-day you're fifteen—you
may go up to-night,”
And fastened a wreath on
her head.







A. ANDERSON.



The sun had
just set, and
the sky was
all blue, As the
Sea-Maid
came up by
the shore,
And there was
a beautiful vessel,
close to :

She never had seen one before.

She swam to the side,—through the window she spied,
A Prince,—oh, how handsome and tall !
There were lords and fair ladies in splendour and pride,
But he was the finest of all.



But a tempest arose, and the ship broke in two,

The Prince was unable to swim ;

The little Sea-Maid—

it was all she could do—

Lifted and

comforted him ;

But his eyes

were shut fast, and

she feared he was

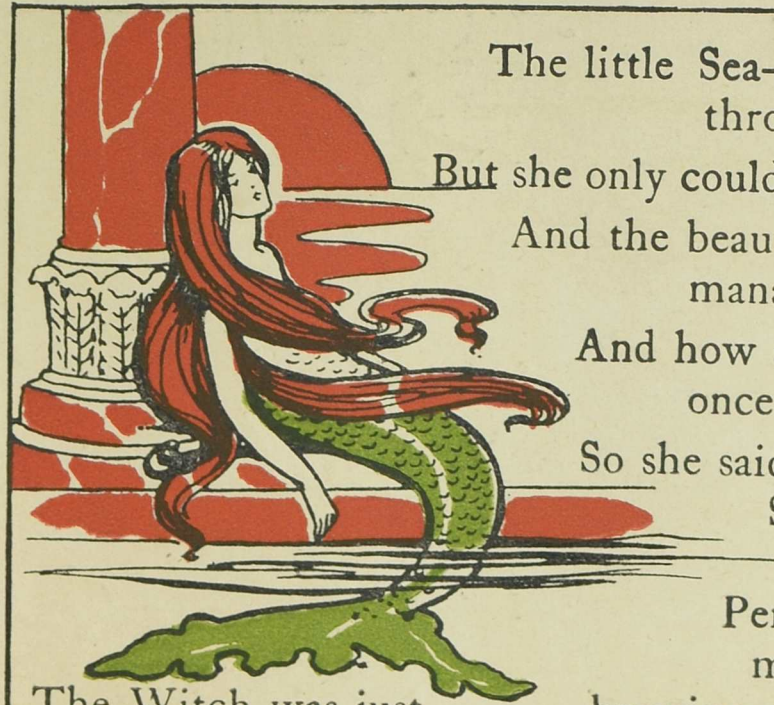
So she kissed him and laid him at last [drowned,

On the sand by the rocks, and she saw he was found

By a pretty young girl who came past.







The little Sea-princess went down
through the wave,
But she only could think of the shore,
And the beautiful Prince she had
managed to save,
And how she could meet him
once more.

So she said, "I will go to the
Sea-Witch, I think,

Perhaps she will give
me advice !"

The Witch was just
And said, "You must pay me my price !"

brewing a magical drink,





“You must give me your tongue, and your hair,—yes,
indeed !

And then I will make you a woman.”



The little Sea-Maid, though it hurt
her, agreed,

For she wanted so much to be
human :

And she drank up the magical drink.
When she woke,

(For she fainted awhile, I suppose),
She was walking about with the Prince and his folk,
In laces and satiny clothes.

And she found she could dance with her little new feet :

She danced like a wave of the sea.

The Prince said, "My child, you
are lovely and sweet,

The very companion for me !"

And he took her out hunting,
dressed up as a boy,

And she lay at his door while
he slept ;

But although to be near him was nothing but joy,
Each step was a pain when she stepped.







At night she would sit on the
white marble stair,
And dip her poor feet in the
foam,

And once her five sisters came up
to her there,

And begged her, "Come
back with us home!"

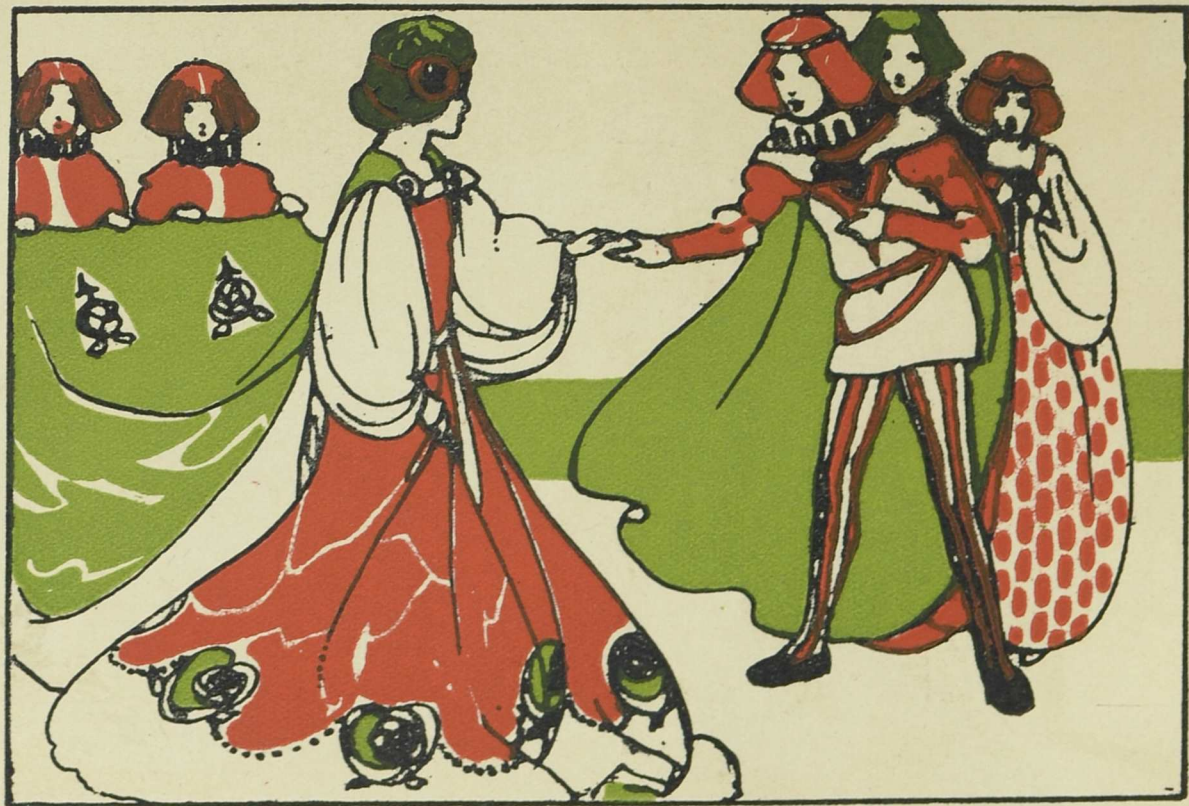
But at morning she stood by the
Prince, and she smiled

As he told her, "My parents have said
I must marry a Princess, my little dumb child,—
I wish it were you, dear, instead!"



The Prince had got
ready a vessel
most splendid :
He sailed o'er the
glittering tide,
With caskets of jewels, by
courtiers attended,
To fetch back the Princess his bride.
The church bells were ringing, the
cannons were fired,
As they met : all was merry and bright ;
But the little Sea-Maid, she felt lonely
and tired,
For the Prince had forgotten her quite







With trumpets and shoutings
the heralds were treading,
The folks in the city were glad,
There were flags and
rejoicings
because of the wedding,
And only the Sea-Maid was sad.

Then her sisters swam up, and they gave her a knife,
They had bought from the Witch with their hair—
And said, “Kill the Prince, if you’d save your own life,
Or at dawn you will melt in the air.”





She looked at the Prince, and “ Goodbye, dear !” she said,
And flung back the knife to the sea,
And threw herself after. The sun rose up red,
But the Sea-Maid felt happy and free.



She was floating with
hundreds of beautiful
elves,

And they said,

“Through your kind-
ness and love,

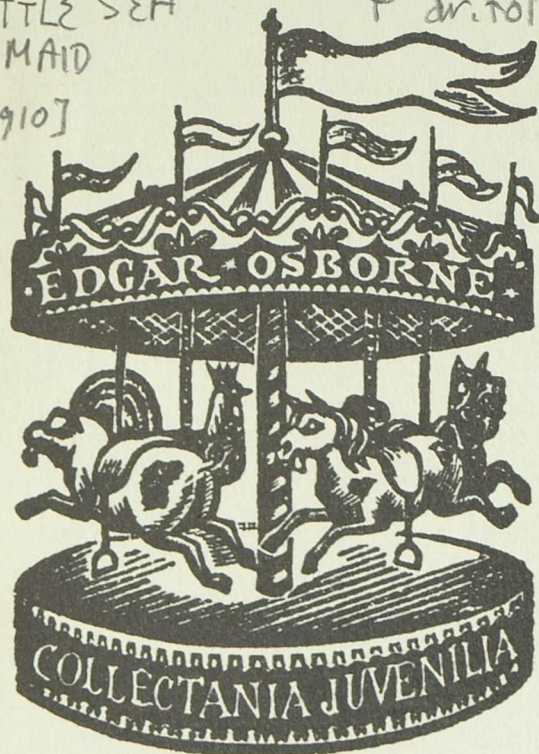
You have changed to a spirit as
fair as ourselves,

To roam through the cloudland above !”

LITTLE SEA
MAID

P. dr. fol

[1910]



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