



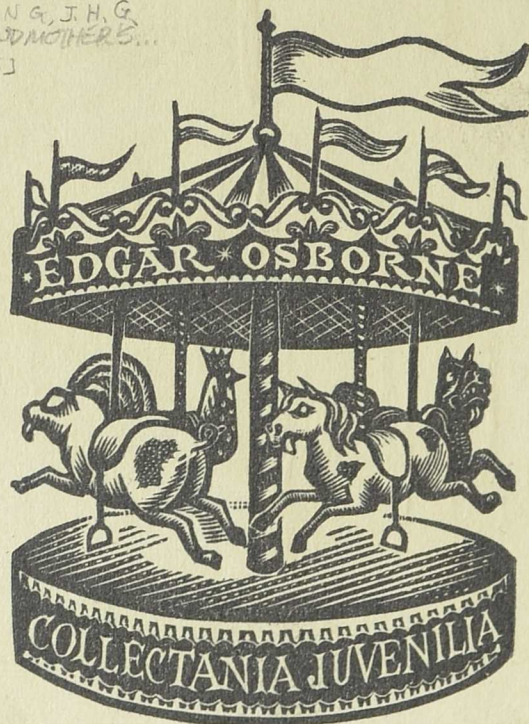
Grandmother's

pring

Written by
J. H. Ewing:
Depicted by
R. Anthon:

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge
New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

P
EWING, J. H. G.
GRANDMOTHERS...
[1885]



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II 636

Lucas's grounds have been taken
The Court & Lucas's Lane

: Grandmother's Spring:

: Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:





London: Society for Promoting
 Christian Knowledge.
 New York: A. & J. B. Young & Co.



: Written by
 Juliana Horatia Ewing :

: Depicted by
 R. André :



Chromolitho:
Emrik & Binger:
21^e Berners Street:
London: W.

Grandmother's Spring :

In my young days, the grandmother said,
(Nodding her head,
Where cap and curls were as white as snow),
In my young days, when we used to go
 Rambling,
 Scrambling;
Each little dirty hand in hand,
Like a chain of daisies a comical
 band
Of neighbours' children, seriously straying,
Really and truly going a-Maying,
My mother would bid us linger,
And lifting a slender straight forefinger,
 Would say —
Little Kings and Queens of the May,

R. André:





Listen to me!
If you want to be
Every one of you very good
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,



Where the little birds' heads get so
turned with delight
That some of them sing all night

Whatever you pluck,
Leave some for good luck;



R André.

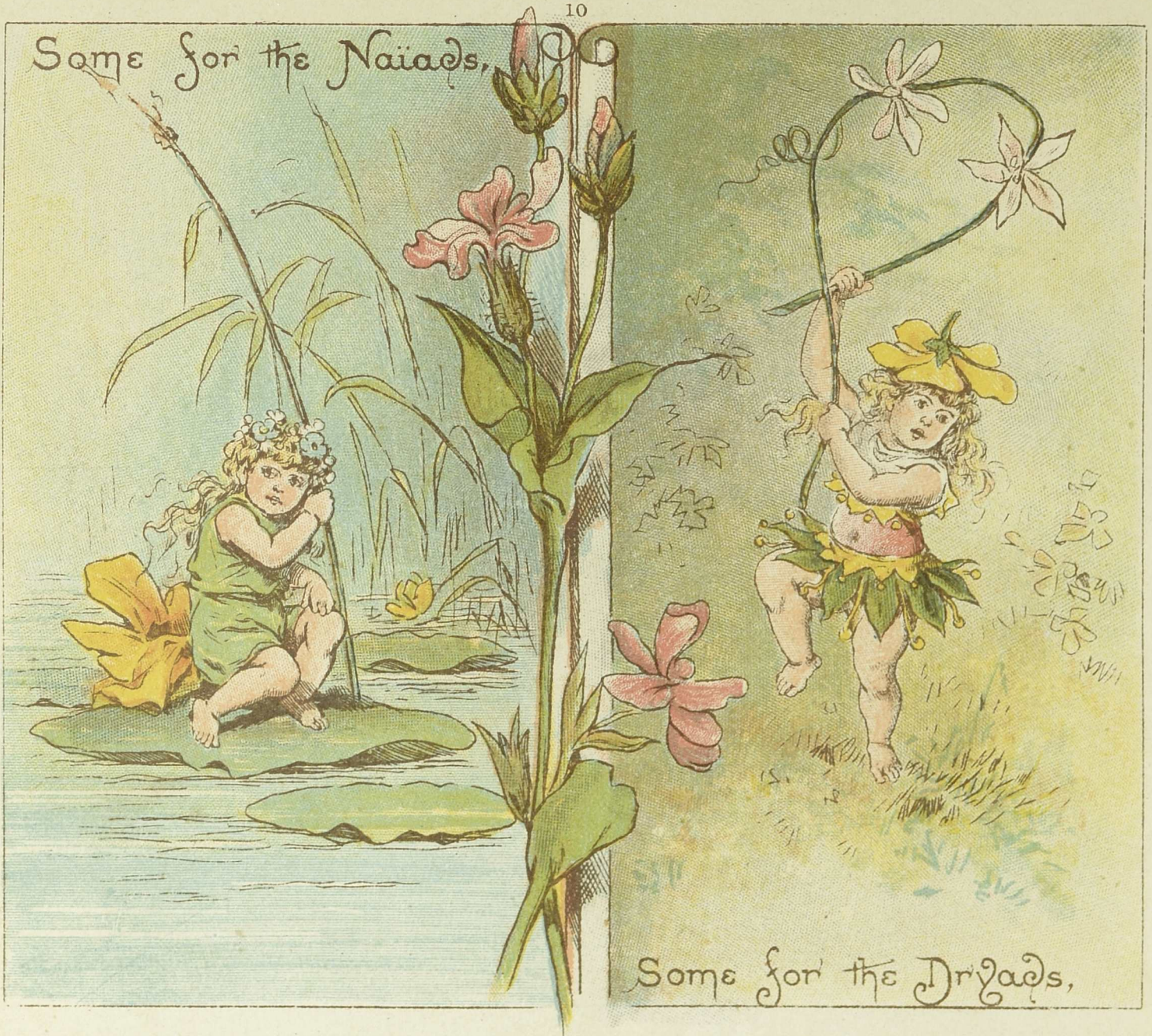
Picked from the stalk, or pulled up by the root
From overhead or from underfoot,

Water wonders of pond or brook;
Wherever you look,



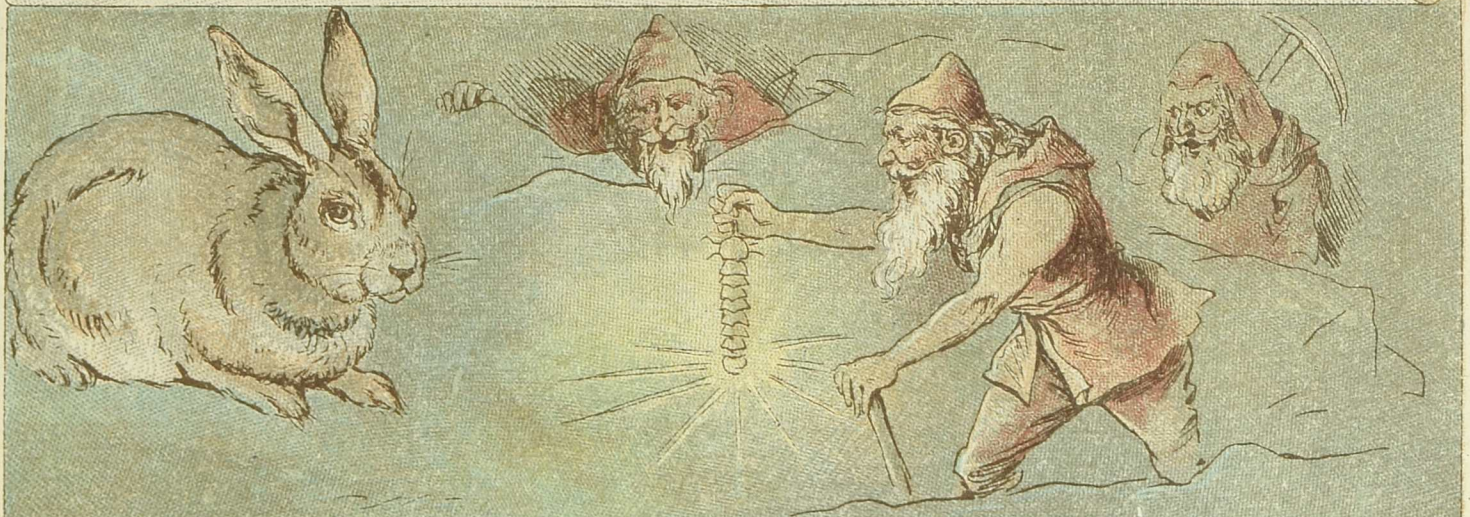
And whatever you find-
Leave something behind;

Some for the Naiads,



Some for the Dryads,

And a bit for the Nixies,



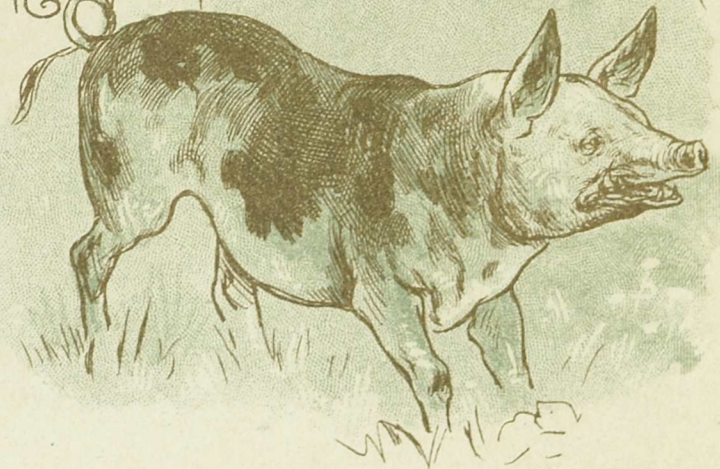
and the Pixies "



After all these years,"
the grandame said,
Lifting her head,
I think I can hear
my mother's voice
Above all other

noise,
Saying 'hearken
my child!
There is nothing more
destructive and
wild,

No wild bull with his horns,
No wild briar with clutching thorns,
No pig that routs in your
garden bed,
No robber with ruthless
tread,
More reckless and rude,
And wasteful of all things
lovely and good,



Than a child, with the face of a boy, and the ways of a



Who doesn't ^{bear} care,
Or some ignorant
little minx
Who never thinks

Now I never knew so stupid an elf
That he couldn't think and care for
himself.

Oh, little sisters and little brothers
Think for others, and care for others!
And of all that your little fingers find
Leave something behind!

Pluck, children, pluck!
But leave - for good luck -
Some for the Naiads,
And some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies, and the
Pixies!"



"We were very young"
the grandmother said,
Smiling and shaking
her head;

"And when one is young,
One listens with half
an ear and speaks
with a hasty tongue;



So with shouled Yeses,
And promises sealed
with kisses,

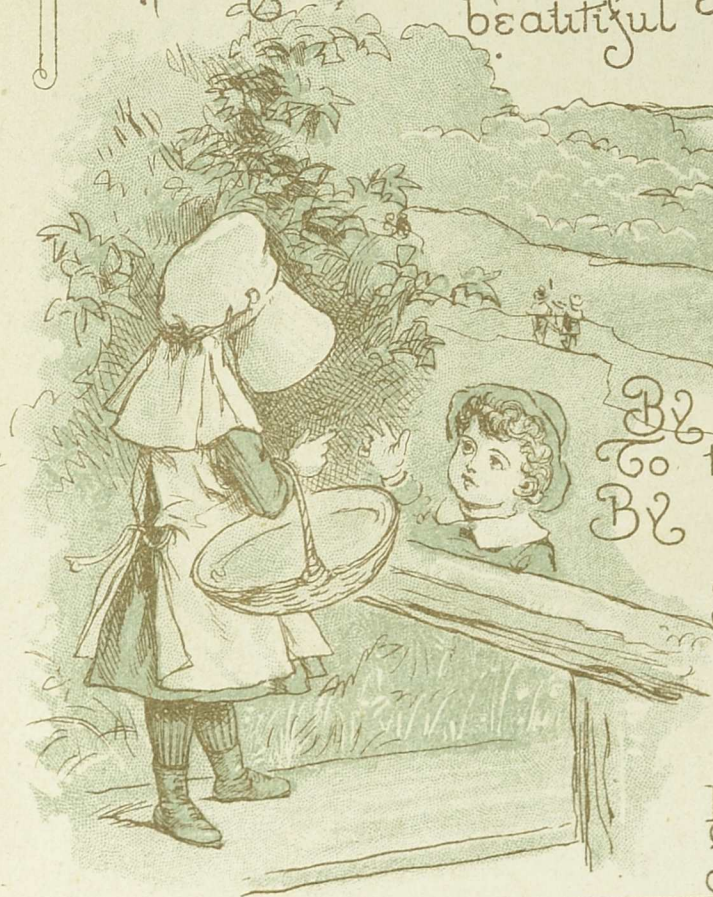
Hand in hand we started again,
A chubby chain,



Stretching the whole wide width of the lane ;

Or in broken links of twos and threes,
 For greater ease
 Of rambling,
 And scrambling
 By the stile and the road,
 That goes to the beautiful,
 beautiful wood;

By the brink of the gloomy pond,
 To the top of the sunny hill beyond,
 By hedge and by ditch, by
 marsh and by mead,
 By little byways that lead
 To mysterious bowers;
 Or to spots where, for those who know,
 There grow,
 In certain out-o'-way nooks, rare
 Ferns and uncommon flowers.





There were flowers everywhere;
 Censing the summer air,
 Till the goodly bees went rolling home
 To their honeycomb,
 And when we smelt at our posies,

The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed coloured
 Dust on our noses;



Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing the
 Dear dog-roses.

But above
all our
noise,
I kept
thinking
I heard
my mother's
voice



But it may
have been
only a
fairy
joke,

For she was
at home,
and I
sometimes
thought it
was really
the flowers
that
spoke.



From the Foxglove in its pride,
To the Shepherd's Purse by
the bare roadside;

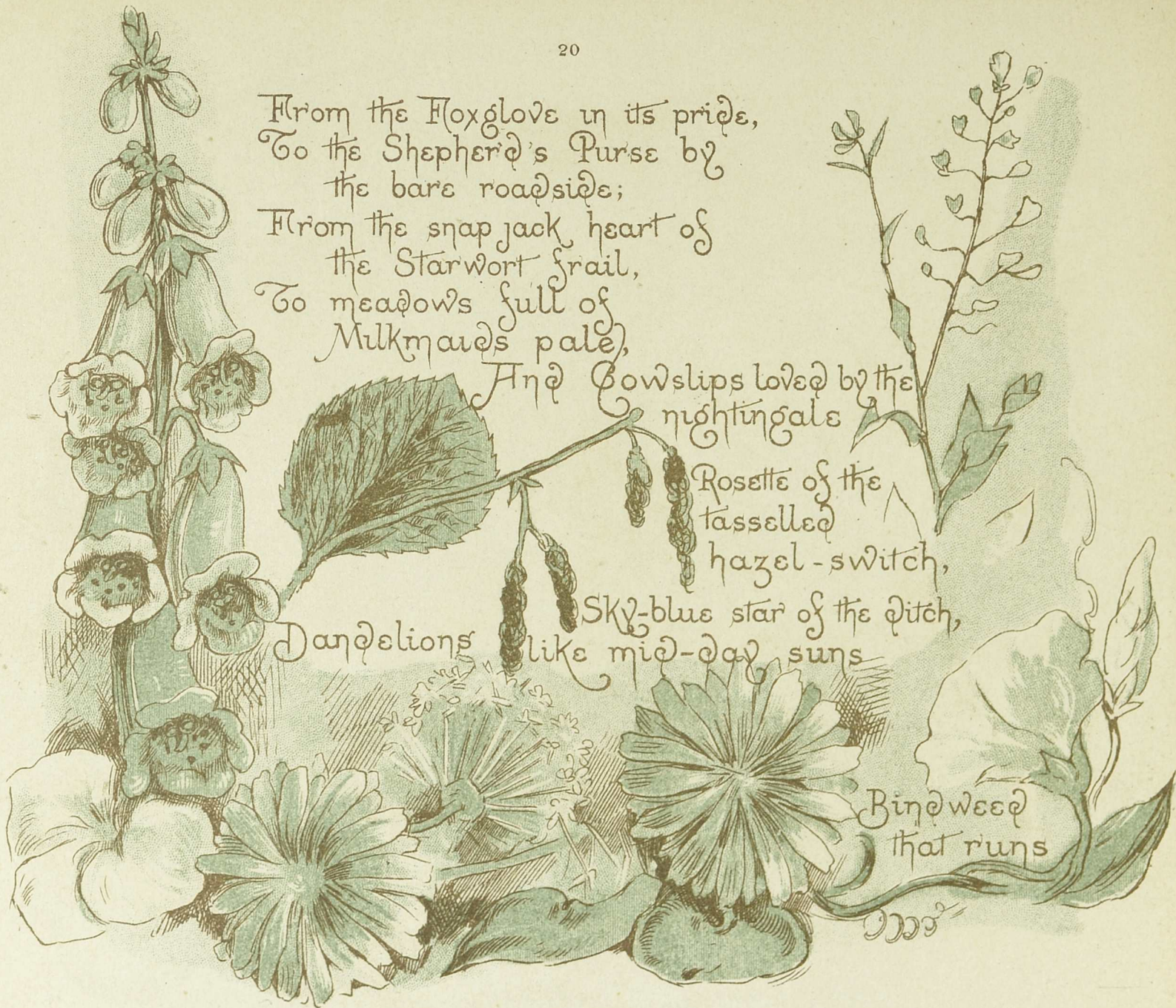
From the snap jack heart of
the Starwort frail,
To meadows full of
Milkmaids pale,

And Cowslips loved by the
nightingale

Rosette of the
tasselled
hazel-switch,

Sky-blue star of the ditch,
Dandelions like mid-day suns

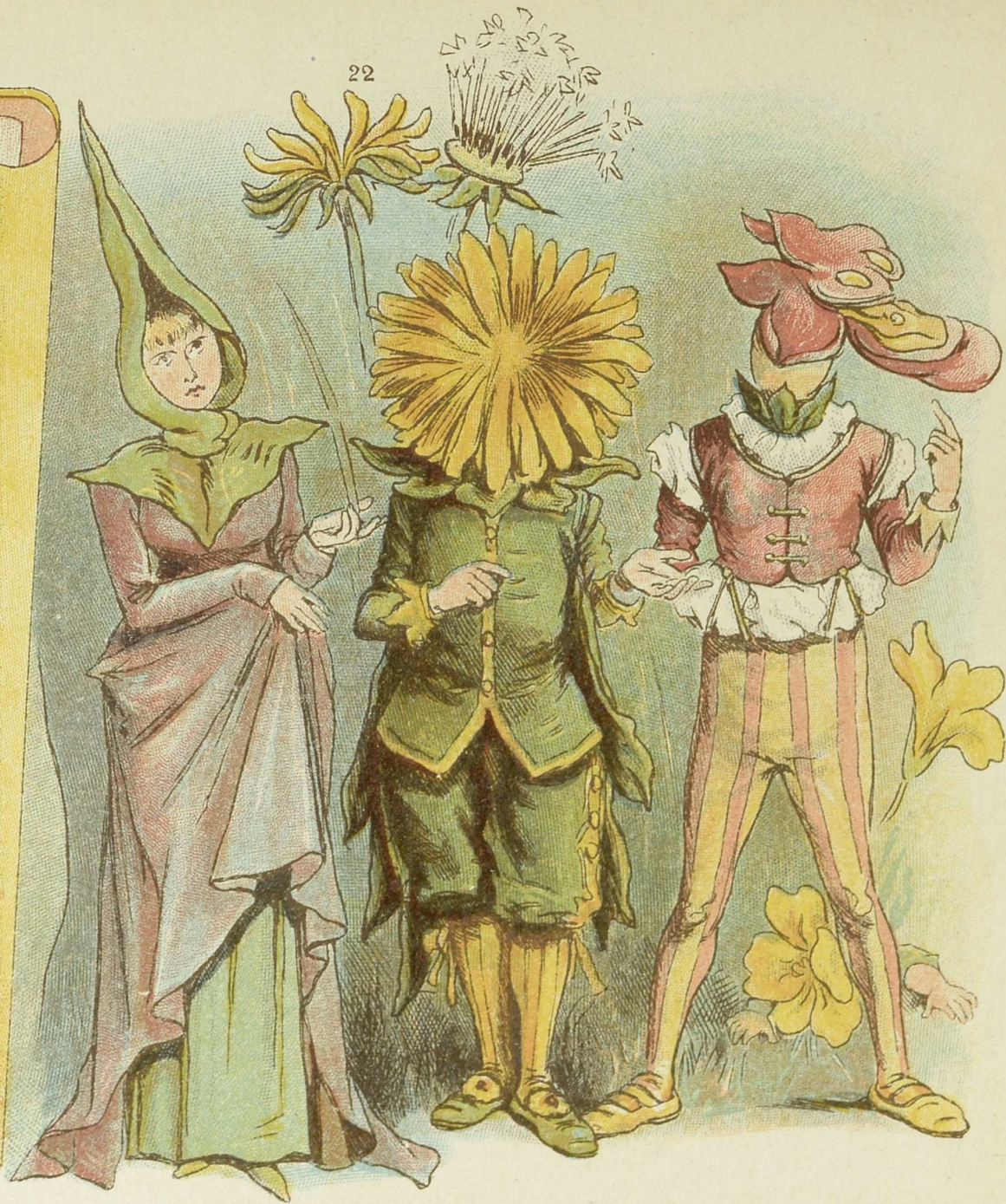
Bindweed
that runs





Lords with their Ladies
 cheek by jowl,
 In purple surcoat and
 pale green cowl,
 Family groups of
 Primroses fair;
 Orchids rare,
 Velvet Bee-orchis
 that never can sting,
 Butterfly-orchis
 which never takes wing,
 Robert the Herb with
 strange sweet scent,
 And crimson leaf
 when summer is spent:
 Clustering neighbourly,
 All this gay company,

Said to us
seemingly,
Pluck,
children,
pluck!
But leave
some for
good
luck;
Some for the
Naiads,
Some for
the Dryads,
And a
bit for the
Nixies,
and the
Pixies.







"I was but a maid," the
 grandame said,
 "When my mother was dead.
 And many a time have I
 stood

In that beautiful wood
 To dream that through
 every woodland noise,
 Through the cracking
 Of twigs and the bending
 of bracken,
 Through the rustling
 Of leaves in the breeze,
 And the busting
 Of dark eyed, tawny-tailed
 squirrels flitting
 about the trees,

Through the
 purling and
 trickling cool
 Of the streamlet
 that feeds the
 pool,
 I could hear
 her voice.
 Should I wonder
 to hear it? Why?
 Are the voices of
 tender wisdom
 apt to die?

And now, though
 I'm very old,



And the air, that
 used to feel fresh,
 strikes chilly
 and cold,
 On a sunny day
 when I potter
 About the garden,
 or totter
 To the seat from
 whence I can
 see, below,
 The marsh and
 the meadows I
 used to know,
 Bright with the
 bloom of the
 flowers that
 blossomed there
 long ago;



Then, as if it were yesterday,
I fancy I hear them say,



'Pluck, children, pluck,
But leave some for' good
luck;

Picked from the stalk, or
pulled up by the root,
From overhead, or from
underfoot,



Water-wonders of pond or brook
Wherever you look,
And whatever your little
Finger's find,
Leave something behind;



Some for the Naiads
And some for the Dryads,



And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies: ~ ~





The End: ==

: Poems of Child Life
& Country Life :

Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:
Depicted by R. Andrie:

: In Six Books :



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