

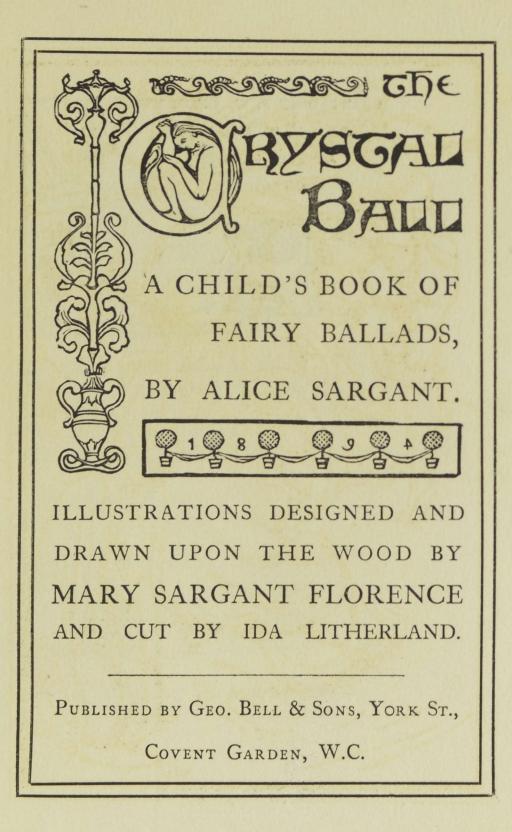






THE CRYSTAL BALL.





PRINTED BY F. W. SARGANT AND H. W. MORTON, AT TITE STREET CHELSEA





THE CRYS-TAL BALL.

V

BY sound of the waves of the sea, We think of thee, Child of the Mist, Whoever ye be, And whatever ye see, We think of thee, dream of thee, fold thee in lullabies whist, And whisper the song of the ages to be.

Magicians with crystals snow-white, Dim-gleaming, and mystical glass, Have a sight Of delight, When they spy in the globe that which cometh to pass, As you, Child, may too, in the book we indite. Yet needs there a charm to enhance: Take this book with thee under the trees; With thy soft-breathing glance, As the butterflies dance, Flit over the pages fast fanned by the breeze; Yet lovingly handle for fear of mischance.

The waves come apace to the shore, As though they would drown it in foam, But only the more With a rush and a roar, They curve in their wrath, and fall short, and run home; So we, slowly toiling, have striven to master, —yet are broken before.

But you, little Neighbour, may race Higher up, if you only take hold; What we scarce can discern, You may riddle & learn, So listen, while swiftly the tale I unfold, Of labour and pleasure that drew us thro' wildering space.

VI

We read story-books over & o'er; We had to do lessons; we played; We found ourselves grown-up, and more Little children our aching arms bore; So back to the haunts of our child-hood we strayed, And pictured the world that we saw.

A printing-press—solemn our play,— We erected, and what do you think? By night and by day, We considered the way, Till poems and pictures took body in ink; Not so good as we wished, but what nothing but love can repay.

So by sound of the waves af the sea, We think of thee, Child of the Mist; Whoever ye be, And whatever ye see; Ye are thought of & fondled, in ecstacy kissed, While we croon over songs of the ages to thee.

VII

ONE EYE, TWO EYES AND THREE EYES.

HE cuckoo and the nightingale, With songs of joy my ears regale, But sad within I sit and spin, And tend my goat in pastures green, Where speckled cowslips thick are seen

HER godmother stood by her side, In sweeping robes both rich and wide. 'What ails thee child?' In accents mild She asked, and shone with such a smile, The girl forgot her grief awhile.

MY three-eyed sister ne'er returns My love, but every token spurns;
'I toil all day
'And seldom play,
'My one-eyed sister hates me too,
'And gives me scraps-but oh ! how few !'

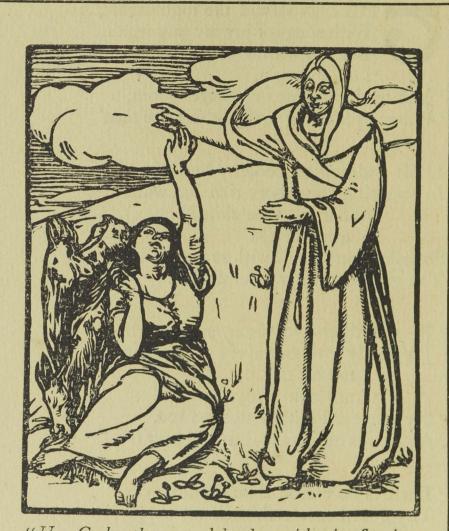
'There is no reason thou shouldst cry, 'Thy goat henceforth shall all supply, 'Tell him to bleat,

'And thou shalt eat

'The best, & when thou wilt. Farewell !

I

'Tell no one of this wondrous spell !'



"Her Godmother stood by her side, in flowing robes both rich and wide."

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, AND THREE EYES.

THE sportive goat twists neck & hoof, And saults perverse. The girl aloof Cries : 'Bleat, goat, bleat ! 'And let me eat.' He bleats, and lo! a table fine Appears with meat and fruit and wine.

THE envious sisters wonder much, That she no longer cares to touch Her scraps and bones. With sighs and groans, They look upon her happy face, But she will not confess the case.

'She must get fed when she's afield,
'But from our eyes she shall not shield

'The secret store.'
Next day, before

The maiden took her goat to grass,
They tell her they intend to pass
The day with her. Sad news, alas !

ONE EYE, TWO EYES & THREE EYES.



They sat them down beneath the shade, Which a green leafy chestnut made. 'Sing goat-girl sing, 'Some country thing!' She thought, 'I'll lull them both to sleep, And while I eat, good watch I'll keep.

'Sleep, one-eyed sister!' So she slept, 'Sleep, three-eyed sister'-but she kept Her eyes apart,

How they did smart !

- 'Say three-eyed sister, dost thou wake? 'Sleep, one-eyed sister, for my sake.'
- 4

You see she sang the charm awry, The three-eyed sister closed one eye, But with the other eyes can spy. And then she sees, Beneath the trees, The goat produce a sumptuous feast. 'Ha! we can stop all this at least!'



ONE EYE, TWO EYES, & THREE EYES.

They killed her playfellow the goat, She begged his skin to make a coat, And dug a hole, Poor little soul, Beneath the grass outside the door, To lay it in for evermore.

Now wonderful to tell next morn, When the maid rose at break of dawn, A tree doth wave, Above the grave, With leaves of dazzling silver white, And golden apples, richly dight.

The queer-eyed sisters now dispute, Who first shall bravely pluck the fruit. But when they try, The branches fly High up in air. And 'Oh how mad-Dening! Go and fetch a lad.'

BUT no one any better fared, Until at last the maiden dared, When strange to see! The apple-tree Bent down its boughs so fair and thick, Into her hands that she may pick.

There then rode by a king so just, Under a tub the maid was thrust. 'Too poor are you, 'To meet his view, 'Lie quiet there till he is past'. But though the king rode very fast, Upon the trees his eyes he cast.

'If that bright tree of silvery hue,
'Good maid, at all belongs to you,
'Gather I pray,
'A single spray,
'And give it me, your king, I want
'Just such a tree, at home, to plant'.

OH with what hot & crimson faces, The maidens try to win his graces. The more they spring, The higher swing The apples far up out of reach, Yet still for patience they beseech.

A golden apple now doth roll From out the tub. 'Now by my soul, 'She shall be queen, 'As soon as seen,

'Who can pluck apples from this tree;

7

' Lift up the tub, I fain would see

'Who hides so timidly from me.'



E

EYE, TWO EYES, & THREE EYES.

The tub was raised, the maiden praised So highly, she was nearly dazed. She raised her arm, And by some charm, The apples bent to meet her grasp: The noble king the maid doth clasp.

'Come home with me, and you shall see

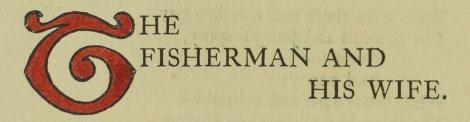
- 'Ladies and knights of high degree; 'But none so fair,
 - 'As can compare,
- 'With thee for beauty and for grace :
- 'So thou wilt find thy proper place.'

The sullen sisters hear this speech, But comfort to each other preach. 'Fast bind, fast find, 'The tree's behind.'

But ere next morn the tree had gone! Before the wedding bells had done, In the king's garden fair it shone.

Roses were there and cowslips gay, The daffodil and jonquil spray, Anemone And peony; While bossy fern and columbine The thick box edges close confine.

The cloud-patch'd sky, the flying sun; The joy of victory hard won; A carcanet In azure set, All, all announce futurity With present Benedicite.





O H merman of the laughing sea! O'I come to ask a boon of thee!' The waves were green, the waves were blue, The waves broke white, the white spray flew, 'My wife demands a boon of thee!'

A hoary head rose from the bed Of sea-weed covered rocks so red; 'What boon, what boon, thou lazy loon, 'Thou shalt repent thy boldness soon.' The sea-man's heart grew cold with dread.

I caught thee in my net, but threw 'Thee back into the ocean blue. 'One only, only boon I crave, 'Then listen from the foaming wave, 'And grant it as my honest due.

Both lord and lady would we be,
With robes of silk embroidery,
With ruddy gold, and vassals bold;
With castles, grounds & wealth untold.'
Go home and prove thy high degree !'

The fisherman and his vain wife, Began to lead this grander life; But too much ease soon ceased to please, For greater honours they would tease, And fell from words to blows and strife.

O^h merman of the sullen sea, O^l have a boon to ask of thee!' The waves were gray, the waves were black, The waves cast up the sea-weed wrack, 'My wife would ask a boon of thee!

II

'A king and queen, we would display

'Our robes and jewels rich and gay,

With crown and sceptre in our hand,

'To own and rule a glorious land.' 'Go back a king this very day!'

The fisherman and his proud wife,

Began to live a royal life;

But too much ease soon ceased to please, For greater glory they would tease, And fell from words to blows and strife.

O^h merman of the angry sea 'I fain would ask a boon of thee!' The waves rose high and on the shore

They broke apace with thundering roar, 'My wife would ask a boon of thee!

'My wife would be the Pope, and I

'Would like to be as great and high,

'As proud, as mighty and as rich!'

'Go end thy days within a ditch

'Thou wretched Beggar thou! Good-bye!'

WITHIN a herring-barrel near, They then set up their household queer;

There they may live and there may die,

The merman never will reply To any prayer that he may hear.



THE HEPHERD OF THE LAKE FOLLOWETH.

the second state and share and share the second state of the

GHE SHEPHERD OF THE LAKE.

THE mountains rest upon a glassy loch, Half fair, half black; half solemn and half gay; And as the shepherd watches by his flock, Gliding it almost seems to pass away.

Three maidens rise and shake the rainbow spray From their long hair, then floating to the land, Step light on earth; their more than mortal way Unbroken by a ripple on the strand.

Depart not yet. Mine eyes drink in thy peace. epart no more. Forsake thy sisters twain!' 'I may not stay. Thy love will sudden cease: 'Thou wilt not know me should I come again.'

And then they left the hills to breathe that air Which throbs at dawn beneath the first pale blue, As Paradise itself were sleeping there,

And nothing else below were good or true.



"Depart not yet. Mine eyes drink in thy peace."

B 2

THE SHEPHERD OF THE LAKE.

They came again. He kissed her pale, cold feet, She stooped and laid a hand within his own,'Be gentle with me, shepherd, I entreat,'Naught may for three unkindly words atone.

Our lives are twined till discord, then farewell 'To earth, as now I leave my ancient home. 'No longer may I mock thy scuffling swell 'Oh lake! or wreathe thy bright and flashing foam.'

Like the low whistling winds he heard her swift Call o'er the surface of the ruffled lake, And from the deep, wide-horned cattle lift Their savage heads, and all for her forsake.

'BEHOLD my dower, I now am in thy power, 'Too great our happiness can never be; 'Yet something warns me in this fatal hour, 'I live less in myself, than love in thee!'

THE days pass swiftly. On her sunlit cheek
A baby hides his face. 'Why this delay?
'The chrism waits us, be thou swift & meek.'
'I may not walk, dear heart, that toilsome way.'

'Call up white horses from thy father's hall!'
'Nor may I try again my childhood's speech'
'Go, go! Obey, lest troubles on us fall.'
'Alas! speak not unkindly I beseech!'

One day brings on the next; in joy & mirth And wedding-garments all the world is clad. 'Cease, wife, thy tears and sobs, thou art on earth; 'Why weepest thou for what should make thee glad?'

I weep because they enter into toil; 'And grief again has fallen upon thee. 'This is the second time. May Heav'n assoil 'Thee, husband, ask it not of me!'

That day brought on the last. With shrilly cries The hillside bear a comrade to the tomb; She laughs a gentle laugh, to his surprise, Who roughly bids her weep an early doom.

C

THE SHEPHERD OF THE LAKE.

'I laugh,' she said, 'because he's earned his rest, 'And those who die leave sorrow here on earth; 'But thou hast filled thy cup. No more my breast 'Shall bear thy head. Alas! my baby's birth.'

Then whistling like the winds he heard her voice Pass through the budding trees, a mournful sigh, The cattle gather from the hills: 'Rejoice! 'All that is unlike earth with me shall die!'

'Forgive me, love.' 'I may not. Kiss my boy.' With that she plunged into the glossy lake.
'Farewell, one last farewell my earthly joy!' The brindled cattle follow in her wake.

The ruby sun behind the dark-blue range, The rosy tint upon the distant snow, The streaked and orange waters as they change,

The ebon shadows of the boats below!

GHE STRANGER CHILD.



OTHER, knocking, knocking, 'Knocking oft and sore, 'I hear another child beseech 'For pity at the door!'

www.init hast i mint was

The mother bade him listen To her ancient tale; Tapping at the casement, The night-winds sob and wail.

C2

THE STRANGER CHILD.

She lifted up the blanket, And gazed upon the form Of her waking baby, Close sheltered from the storm.

And trod, and wheeled, and twisted, And sang a lullaby;
'I cannot hear thee, mother, 'For the strange child's cry.

'LET him share my pillow, Sing us both to sleep; 'I cannot love thee, mother, 'While I hear him weep.'

She set the house door open, And looked into the night, The flying stars and cloudlets Were all that met her sight.

'There's no one in the wide world, 'But only thee and me; 'Then hush, my heart, lie quiet, 'And let thy mother be.'

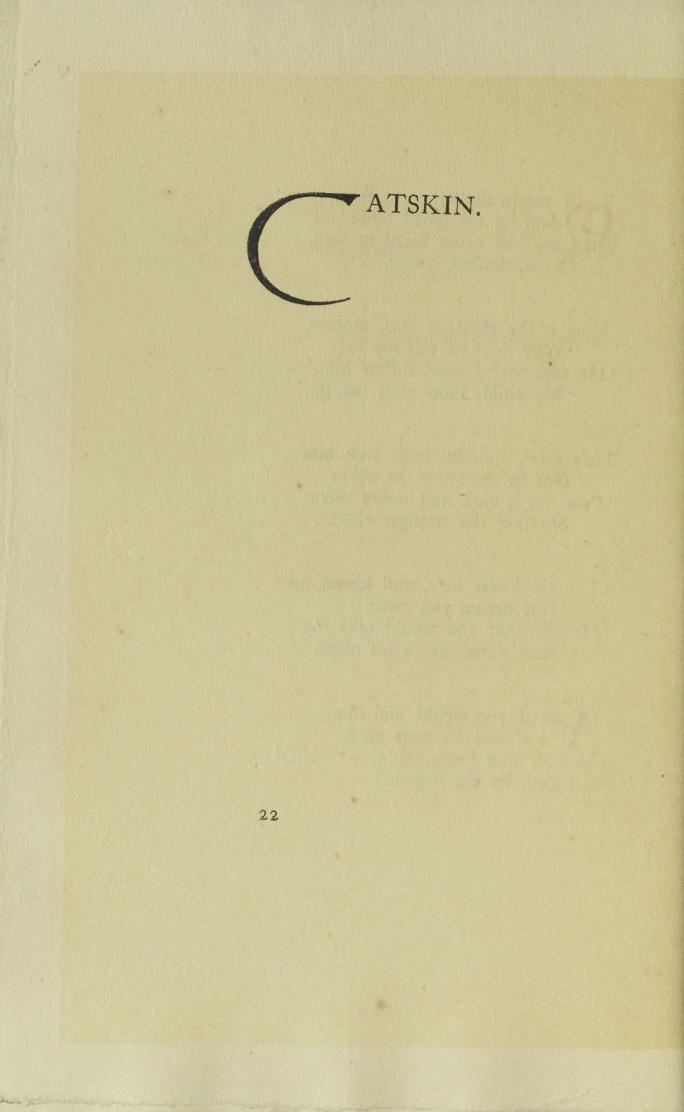
L ist me in thy arms, mother, 'And let me look!' He saw What she had never heard or seen, Or overlooked before.

'Why is the child so pale, mother,
'Why does he call me so?'
'He says that I must follow him.'--'My child, thou must not go.'

He's gone, and she must seek him Out in the storm so wild;'Twas on a dark and weary moor She met the stranger child.

'Thy child was here, and kissed me'Just before you came,'He said that you would take me,'And nurse me in his name.

A nd if you would find him, 'I should be your guide.' She bore him home. Her own child Slept by the fireside!



Y MOTHER sweet is dead, 'My father wishes ill, 'And I am very sober, sad and droop my lowly head. 'I may not do his will, 'Yet I shall conquer still.' She smiled before her looking-glass, tho' many tears she shed.

Before I grant thy prayer, 'Father, display thy care, 'And give me dresses as the sun & moon and stars so fair, 'And light as mountain air, 'For daily wear and tear, 'A well-tann'd cat-skin, dainty sleek, & of the finest hair.

'Now naught will me avail, 'But I must flee away!' She packed her precious robes, all three, within a nutshell frail; And ere the break of day, Was on her silent way, Until she reached a forest deep where she could hide her trail.



24

OME hunters found her out, They marvelled at her sight, And made the hanging woods and hills echo with many a shout.

But Oh! the king's delight, And Oh! the maiden's fright; They eyed each other curiously, within and then without.

'So wild and so uncouth,
'And so unkempt a maid,
'Must in the kitchen work and sleep during her early youth,
'And there must serve her trade,
'Or else let her be flayed!'
Thus spake the condescending king, not knowing all the truth.

And richly was it laid Within the banquet-hall. 'Dear cook,' our timid Catskin said, 'If I might only see, 'The mirth and revelry!' 'Go', said the cook, 'for one short hour, but I must be obeyed'.



Out in the dimmery dark She broke her filbert shell, And saw the sun-dress glow & shine like some electric spark.

It grew and grew and fell,

With such a magic spell, Upon the eyes of all the guests, they bade the king remark.

25

CATSKIN.

D

CAT-SKIN. E danced alone with her, And then he fell in love.

But she remembered all her work, and time, amidst the whirr.

And as a gentle dove,

Flies sudden up above, She sought her kitchen sleeping-place; and they sought her with stir.

And no one even guessed, That Catskin could be she,

For like a queen with equal step the dancing floor she pressed.

But yet most cunningly,

And yet most secretly,

She dropt a golden ring within the soup she dressed.

'WHO owns this golden ring, 'Shall be my loving queen;' And presently another feast was made and in full swing. In white and moony sheen,

Was Mistress Catskin seen,

But at the hour the cook had named she straight forsook the king.

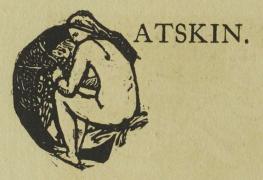
THIS time within the bowl Of turtle-soup, she laid A golden spinning-wheel—a toy, 'Now by my living soul' The king impatient said, 'I'll find this hidden maid,' But she was safe, quite safe this time, and in her catskin roll.

O NCE more out in the gloom, She took her secret flight, 'And now' she said 'dear mother mine I weave myself my doom.' The stars of radiant light Lit up the hollow night, And no one half so beautiful was dancing in the room.

Too swift the sweet hours flew, Morn came, she fled—but oh! In too much haste her draggled skin over her dress she drew. Her stars shone through, O woe! And when they found her so,

They all declared she instantly before the king must go.

D2



The stars of radiant light Lit up the hollow night, And no one half so beautiful was dancing in the room.



CAT-SKIN. THE courtiers told the king, They had below a thing,

Half-girl, half-beast, a scullion too, and that this wretch would steal Somewhere a brilliant dress— The king bade her confess! And so she owned to ring and reel, to

dance & spinning-wheel.

And therepon the king, Having set eyes on her, Knelt at her feet, 'O beauteous maid my heart for joy doth sing, 'Love do not now demur, 'But burn thy coat of fur, 'And rule my heart, & share my throne. 'Here is thy golden ring!'

CATSKIN raised him, and told Her lover-monarch bold, How she by death and man's control to bondage had been sold, And how her royal birth, Was great as his on earth, And so without more thinking on't they

wed in joy and mirth.

THE PHANTOM CHILD.

WEARY, weary is the day, 'And weary is the night, 'Tears will not wash my guilt away, 'And misty is my sight.

'My mammie sings the babe to rest,
'Where once I laid my head;
'There is no pillow like her breast,
'With love to make the bed.

'I look, but may not share that peace,
'I wander restless near;
'My mother thought my woes would cease,
'When she laid me on my bier.

When on my heart the burden lay 'Of what was for the poor?'

Kneeling, kneeling on the stones, Weeping tears of blood ; The spectre of the child with groans, Was searching in the mud.

'WHO will lift the pence for me,
'Where I laid them deep;
'So my spirit may be free,
'So that I may sleep.

Mine they were to give away
To a beggar old;
Here I kept them for my play,
And my heart is cold.'

Weeping, weeping, Oh ! so loud, The spectre of the child ; In its tiny snow-white shroud, Wandered pale and wild.

KING THRUSHBEARD.

E

KING THRUSHBEARD.



ONG and lean, It looks so mean, Short and fat, Enough of that;-

Too pale, too red, too crooked, too short, The Princess numbered thus her court, Nor could she find

One to her mind.

'Thou shalt not mock me thus I swear, 'Or by the grizzle of my hair,' The old King cried, 'my child beware!' A suitor came from far away,

And naught against him could she say,

Nothing at all; but,

Yes, the cut

Of his tawny beard; 'Oh, 'tis like a thrush!' And saying thus, she imagined to crush

The Prince. May be she did; for he went.

Y time shall not be thus misspent,' Said the aged king, and he vowed to sell her To the first beggar, and he should quell her. Just two days after there came a scamp, A wretched, poor, ragged, folorn kind of tramp. And the king bundled out With 'Good-day,' & a shout: And said 'Take her.' He took her, & off they set out. Away she must trudge, In spite of the grudge She felt in her heart. 'Let me go, sirrah! Oh,' But he pulled such a face, She must fain pray for grace. Then they came to a wood, 'My lord, be so good 'As to tell me who owns 'This domain.' Then with groans, 'King Thrushbeard,' he answered. 'Oh would I were his!' The beggar said nothing but 'Tish, woman, tish.' Next they came to green pasture, 'Oh who is the master Of this?' 'The same king.' 'Ah, were he but mine!' The beggar said nothing but 'would he were thine !' And so in a city, The very same ditty : 'What a fool I have been,' and 'I might have been Queen!' 'Be silent; reflection is naught but chargrin!' 35 E2



THEN they came to a hut, The entry was shut. The entry was shut, And so low she must stoop to get in. What of that? 'Make a fire, cook some food, I am weary and flat.' NEXT day he demanded what work she could do. 'Canst thou spin?' 'No.' 'Embroider?' 'No.' 'Oh what a shrew! 'Here are osiers; now weave, 'And your fortunes retrieve.' How she wept, how her fingers bled, you can't conceive! And all was in vain, The work came to nothing in spite of the pain. 'You shall sell pots & pans, 'Tin kettles and cans, 'In the market-place.' 'Spare me !' 'Dispute not my plans!' Oh shame & disgrace ! That her lovely pale face Should be seen of the world in so public a place! She set out her ware, At a corner to spare, But sold nothing; when lo! a wild soldier-oh woe !--Rode over her crockery, And with laughter & mockery, Disappeared in the town; How the beggar did frown ! 37

KING THRUSH-BEARD.

YOU shall serve in the palace!' 'Of king Thrushbeard? What malice!'

'Did you speak?'

"Tis a freak!" But it was not.

Her sad lot

Was to wash, and to scrub, and eternally rub. To-day the king marries,

The bride alone tarries.

The maid stood at the door and looked in through her tears,

King Thrushbeard perceived her and smiled at her fears.

And to tease her no doubt,

He just singled her out,

And dragged her in smutty and tired and dirty.

Oh how the folk scoff!

She turns to run off,

When before she could leave, a man stopped her and caught her.

'Who art thou?' 'A scullery maid, once a king's daughter.'

'And who then am I?' She could make no reply.

For amazement and gladness

Now she saw, in her madness,

She had taken the king,

King Thrushbeard the mighty with robe and with ring For a beggarly nothing who only could sing.



HE FAIRY FEAST.

TWO rosy cloudlets float within the sky, Like joyous ships on flowing summer seas; How emerald-green the budding larches lie, How sweet the scent of lilacs on the breeze!

Within, the gem-cut faces pale and clear, The measured dance, the colours rich and dark ! The piercing kit that holds the peasant's ear, All deaf to sunset-music of the lark.

GHE FAIRY FEAST.

'One moment,' said the bride, 'I go not far, 'Once more to pace the springing grass so green; Once more to look upon the evening star; 'Like me, alone, in fields of sapphire sheen.

One moment'—and she passed beneath the shade
Of heavy arches cut in living yew;
One moment'—and she reached a hillock made Like some huge grave; cold was the evening dew.

An elfin light shone out, and, lo! she saw A fairy hall, built up on pillars red, And thousand, thousand fairy-folk. They draw Her, half-resisting, to their banquet spread.

Drink of this wine!' She drank & joined the dance, But twenty times she circled in their maze, And then turned home. Alas! as in a trance, All, all is fled of happy youthful days.

40:

And still as churchyard quiet is the air; She stands upon the floor, and speaks her name, No lover echoes it in mockery there.

Where are my brothers? Where my marriage store
'Of linen and of silver? Ah! my heart
'Is pierced with icy cold. Ah! nevermore
'In living households may I take a part.'

The children flock and stare, the good folk call An ancient crone who by the fireside slept; Who peering at her, as the tear-drops fall, Asks, 'Are you, then, the long lost bride we wept?

'A hundred years to-day, so runs the tale, 'She left the house, she left the dancing-floor'— At this the shape gave one beseeching wail, And, turning, vanished to be seen no more.

F

THE EGGAR WOMAN.

OUT of my sight thou beggar wild, 'Out of my sight and way !' His horses reared and threw her down, Woe for the king that day !

For in her arms a babe she nursed, And she was killed. Alas ! But ere she died a curse she cursed, And this is what it was.

'Thou hast taken a mother from her child,
'And may seek for both at home;
'Until thou hast reared my infant mild,
'Desolate must they roam !'

Careless the king. 'A woman dead. 'No one will ever miss !' He hastened home, but his queen was fled, And no child was there to kiss.

FOR both were gone. No one could say How, and nobody where. They had been sought in every way, The king is in despair !

H E reared the gipsy boy in dread, As though he should be king; For night and day within his head, The gipsy's curse doth ring.

Wild was the lad, and in his eyes A strange and dangerous fire; He nothing knew of the beggar's cries, But believed the king his sire.

YET longings for the forests gay, And for the cuckoo's note Would tear his heart. He ran away, Clad in a peasant's coat.

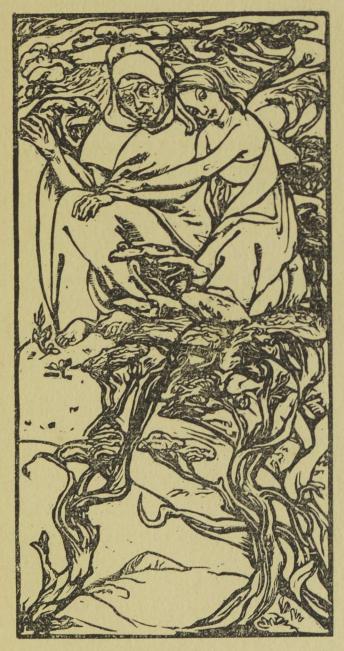
Until he reached the moorland cold, Red was the sun and low; And there he saw a woman old, Muttering and crooning slow.

43

F2

GHE BEGGAR WOMAN.

'I am, I know not what; I was,
'I cannot now recall;
'I shall be one day as I was,
'Or ere I knew a fall.'



THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

AND by her side a maiden knelt, A maiden pure and fair, Her brown eyes like the starlight felt, And golden was her hair.

- 'Why are we forced to beg our way?' Beseechingly she spoke,
- 'Though I can dance and sing as they, 'We are not gipsy folk.'
- 'Question not, daughter. Fate is strong; 'Go dance and sing in pain,
- 'It may be we have done some wrong, 'And so our toil is vain.
- 'We are, I know not what; and more 'I cannot now recall—

'We shall be one day as before, 'Or ere we knew a fall.'

THE boy besought them presently, That he might live as they. They questioned him most urgently, And could not say him nay.

BUT that my father is the king,
And I might so be caught,
To-morrow we might dance and sing,
All for the royal sport.'

'No one will know thee in disguise,
'No one can tell thy name.
'Thou art a gipsy by thine eyes,
'And we'll pretend thee lame.'

They journeyed thus till night did fall, Laughing and glad were they; They left the woman in the hall, The while they dance and play.

A ND as they sang, she slept forlorn, And dreamt that she was dead, And that a bright and glorious form Arose up in her stead.

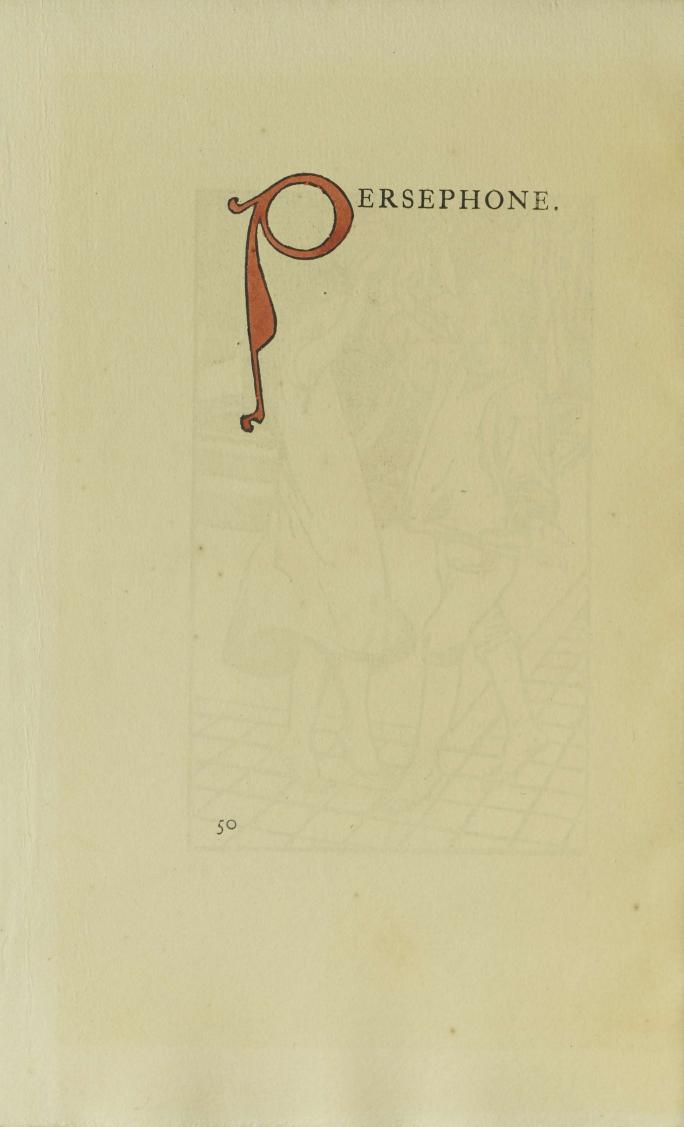
She dressed herself in the queen's robes, Which ever hung there still, And sleeping all the while she dressed, She knew not half her will.

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

And when the king came in the hall, He gazed upon the queen, For in good sooth the dream was real— Such joy was never seen !

And wedded were the prince and child, For both were fair and true; But whence and where the beggar wild, Nobody ever knew.





PERSEPHONE, Persephone, 'The world around I search for thee. 'There's not a ray at early dawn 'That heralds such an eager morn 'As my poor eyelids, sorrow-worn. 'Persephone, Persephone,

'Persephone, come back to me!

'Say, virgins, snowy-white and meek,
'Say how ye lost the form I seek;
'With downcast eyes, & linked hand
'Draw close your equal-mated band.' In grass and asphodel they stand,
And thus, in trembling accents weak
The fairest of the virgins speak.

'HERE in the fields we danced and sang, 'And here the laughing echoes rang,

'Persephone, our crowned queen,

'The centre of our looks was seen.

'We knelt before her deep in green, 'When lo ! from earth a horseman sprang. 'Thick on the wind his black locks hang !

G2

PERSE-PHONE.

'DEMETER ! O Demeter dear,

'We weep with thee the full-monthed year !' And still she cried 'Persephone,

'Persephone, return to me!

'Through all the earth I seek for thee

'With heartfelt sigh and bitter tear,

'Unspeakable and icy fear!'

Beneath their feet the lillies sweet, Were rent and fell in squadrons meet; And from the ground, without a sound, A coal-black car & horses wound; And pale and mute as captive bound, Persephone leant on the seat, Beside her Hades stern and fleet.

'PERSEPHONE, Persephone,

'At last thou art come back to me !

'I see no light within thy eyes,

'No laughing looks of ancient guise;

'Gaze not with such a wild surprise.

'It cannot be, it cannot be

'That thou art my Persephone.'

She looked at Hades ere she spoke, And twitched the corner of his cloak. He reined the champing horses tight, And turned his face as black as night, Upon the pleading mother's sight. And then Persephone awoke, And through the maids her pathway took.

'DEAR mother, let me clasp thy knee, 'No longer may my childhood be;

'I have been where the sun is dark,

'Nor song of nightingale or lark,

'Where shadows pace nor leave a mark.

'I hardly know if I am she

'Whom once you called Persephone.

'Yet grieve not, mother sweet, for me 'Beneath the paly olive-tree,

'For once a year I'll visit thee

'And gaze as now in ecstasy.'

Thus spake her child Persephone,

And, 'O Persephone, Persephone,' The echoes wafted down to me.



THE ETTLE-SPINNER.

Burefoot they drag his plough; Men have wept women's tears, crying, 'God hath forsook us now !'

FULL fair flowers brave the winter's gale, And love dareth the proud; Renelde walks in the greenwood dale, Singing her dream aloud.

'Come to my hall, Renelde fair,
'And serve me in the bower.'
'I may not forsake my mother dear,'
Wolf Burchard's brow doth lower.

'Come to my hall, Renelde, child, 'And serve my wife by day.' Clear was her voice as the lark so wild, 'My true love would say thee ''Nay.''

'Come to my hall,' Wolf Burchard saith,
'My wife shall go seek her kin.'
'Lady Helen hath saved us all from death,
'Her place I would not win.'

'What spin ye there, Renelde, so bold?'
'What will never shelter thee—
'Many a thought the web will hold
'That's both for my love and me.'

THE NETTLE SPINNER.

'Thou shalt never wed another but me, 'God let it so befall—

'Until thou hast spun thy shift so dree, 'And my shroud of nettles tall.'

AND when she gathered the nettles rank, Strong Burchard shivered with cold; And when she knotted the first fair hank, He burned with heat untold.

'Lady Helen, Lady Helen, cool my head, 'Or I shall surely die;

'Bind Maid Renelde' Wolf Burchard said, His soldiers watch her by.

'My heart is pushed Lady Helen,' he cried, 'Maid Renelde spins amain ;'

They have flung her in the river wide For fear she should spin again.

'My breath is heavy, Lady Helen, the night, 'It will not last till morn ;

'Maid Renelde spinning with all her might, 'Would God she were never born !'

Lady Helen her way to Renelde doth make, 'And for the love of three, 'Spin no longer, for Christ his sake, 'And for thy soul and me.'

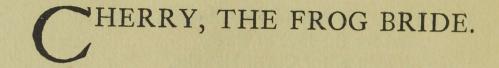
'If I spin no more, lady, 'There's one will call me untrue; 'Yet for Christ and thee, lady, 'This wrong I will me do.'

'I cannot die,' he said, 'Helen, 'Will my shroud ne'er be done?
'Bid her work here by my head, Helen, 'To loose the curse begun.

'CUT off the web quick, Renelde,'Sew up the shroud ere dawn,'And for my soul is sick, Renelde,'Pray that I die the morn.'

Lady Helen's heart shrank with pity away, To hear him forswear his pride, And it was just at the red of day, He stretched him out and died.

H



THE best of my sons shall be king after me, 'The best of my sons, sirs, the best of the three, 'But who is the wise man shall choose him for me? 'For the heart is as deep as the sea.

'They shall each seek his fortune, and he who can find
'Me the worthiest gift, and the most to my mind,
'Shall reign with me now, sirs, and when I am dead,
'Shall be king of the land in my stead.'

^c THEN I shall be king, for I'm strong and I'm swift, ^c No man can outrun me, & no man can lift.' ^c But I am the deepest, my wits I will set

'To outdo my two brothers yet.'

'The earth is so green, and the sky is so blue,' Said the third and the youngest, 'what more can I do, 'Than let them work for me, & weave me my lot, 'I am glad whether monarch or not.'

H E sat himself down by a murmuring brook, His hot-headed brothers most scornfully look On the youngest so happy-go-lucky and free; 'There are two in the running, not three!'

The sound of their horsehoofs had died on the air, When a wrinkled & hideous old frog popped up there, And 'Trust yourself, son, to my motherly care, 'Come down in the water with me'

'Come down in the water with me.'

"What luck can she bring me? Who cares? Tis a joke!" He leapt in the water with her as he spoke, And loud was the chorus of frogs in the pool, "Our king comes among us to rule !"

H2

CHERRY, THE FROG BRIDE.

THEY ushered him up with full many a bound, To a throne of white pebbles they'd built on the ground,

And on half of the throne sat a frog-queen apart, 'Come tell me the whole of your heart !'

'It is folly to tell thee, fair lady, for thou
'Cannot help me to riddle my wise father's vow,
'I must bring him the rarest gift under the sun,' Said the lady-frog, 'Then it is done.'

SHE gave him a hazel-nut, bade him 'Begone!' He opened it laughing before the king's throne, His brothers showed velvets and tapestries rare, But this web was finer than air,

And coloured like rainbows! The old king he swore That the youngest had won, but his brothers full sore Begged still for a year, and another day more, To see what their skill had in store.



THE youngest sat down by the murmuring brook, His hot-headed brothers their way afar took, They scoff at the youngest so happy and free, 'There are two in the running, not three!'

CHERRY, THE FROG BRIDE.

THE sound of their horsehoofs had died on the air, When the wrinkled and hideous old frog popped up there, And 'Trust yourself son to my motherly care,

'Come down in the water with me.'

'What luck can it bring me? But just for the joke,' He leapt in the water with her as he spoke, And glad was the chorus of frogs from the shore,

'Our king comes amongst us once more.'

THEY ushered him up with full many a bound, To the throne of white pebbles they'd built on the ground, And on half of the throne sat the frog-queen apart, 'Come tell me the whole of your heart.'

Again I must riddle my wise father's mind, And beneath the blue heavens or waters must find, And bring him the rarest thing ever was made;

'It is here then,' the lady-frog said.

SHE gave him a hazel-nut, bade him 'Begone !' He opened it laughing before the king's throne, When out of the nutshell as out of an ark, Came a tiny white dog with a bark !

His brothers brought jewels, but none could compare, For wonder & beauty with this doggy rare ; The youngest had won, but his brothers full sore Begged still for a year and day more.

THE youngest sat down by his murmuring brook, His hot-headed brothers most scornfully look On the youngest so happy-go-lucky and free 'There are two in the running, not three!'

The sound of their horses' hoofs died on the air, When the wrinkled and hideous old frog popped up there, And 'Again you must trust yourself son to my care,

'And come down in the water with me.'

'No more luck can she bring me!' but just for the joke, He sprang into the water with her as he spoke,

And there on the throne the frog-lady was seen, 'Obey me, for I am thy queen.

CHERRY, THE FROG BRIDE.

YOU must find me a pumpkin and six handsome mice,'

Her coachman and footmen were there in a trice; 'Now set me within it and walk by my side,

'For I am thy treasure; thy bride!'

He bowed him and smiled, and then handed her out Before all the people. They gave a great shout, For the poor little frog is a princess, no doubt, From the light that shines round and about.

The wretched old pumpkin has changed to a coach, With observance her footmen in silver approach, And she kneels at the foot of the aged old king, Who gives her a sceptre and ring.

'Thy bride is the fairest!' 'Mine?' 'Yes sirrah thine, 'Come up here directly, her smile is divine.' The brothers went off, for no more could they say, And the wedding was held that same day!



I

CHERRY, THE FROG BRIDE.

65



ORINDE AND ORINGEL.

NO further let us wander, 'For damp the night-dews fall. 'And see the witch-towers yonder! 'Hark, hark her fearsome call!'

'Fear not ; the golden elm-trees,
'The white and misty bloom,
'The heavy-laden night-breeze
'Foretell no cruel doom.'

SHE disappeared. His dim sight Sought all the air around,When through the gathering twilight, He hears this piercing sound.

'True, true, forever more true, 'But lost, lost, lost to thee; Then through the leaves a bird flew, And left the hawthorn tree.

But neither voice, nor tears came, Nor could he stir a step. While with her eyes of red flame The witch around him crept.

I. 2

JORINDE AND JORINGEL. Until the morn rose blood-red, When with a hollow voice : 'Thy Jorinde is now fled ; 'That thou art free, rejoice !'

POOR Joringel! How lonely, How great his one desire! In seeking lost Jorinde How can he ever tire?

But all in vain his hopes rise, Far-off the witch-towers gleam At last beneath the calm skies He dreamt a happy dream.

HE saw a blood-red flower, And in the flower a gem, And that this charm had power, And that he plucked its stem.

And waking, found beside him Just such a blossom sprung, And trembling on its soft rim, A crystal dew-drop hung.

I opened doors without words, It led him to a room, Where a thousand thousand sweet birds Were singing in the gloom.

'Who dares to beard me in here? 'I spit him in the face!' But Joringel felt no fear, And bade her pray for grace.

Spare all this useless courage,
Believe me sir, she's dead,'
With that she stole a bird-cage,
And almost so had fled.

But touched with the crystal-clear gem From out the magic flower, Jorinde stood before them, The witch had lost her power.

AWAY ! the golden morning,
'The white and dappled may.
'The racing clouds give warning
'That here we must not stay.'





WHY doth not Roland cheer my sight? 'Why keeps he still away? 'I am aweary of the night, 'Tired of all the day!

'The dry leaves form my sleepless bed,
'Berries my loathed meat,
'Oh for a green turf o'er my head,
'And the wild flowers at my feet.

When shall I see his curved smile,
When gaze upon his face?
He only left me for a while,
To seek his father's grace.

And for my beauty all alone,
May tempt some passer-by,
I'll turn me straightway to a stone
And bid my hopes good-bye !'

A year hath passed. 'Stones cannot die, 'I'll change me to a flower. 'Some foot may crush me where I lie; 'O woe the lagging hour !'

A shepherd passed, and, 'Oh thou blue 'Blue eye of day ! Speed well !' He plucked the stalk, but little knew He bore a damozel.



T dusk she passed from flower to maid, And set the house aright. With many bitter tears she paid Her fickle lover's flight.

> The kindly shepherd heard a wail, But no one could he see ; He told a gossip all the tale, Who bade him, cautiously

Throw some white cloth upon the sound, ROLAND. At midnight. This he did. When lo ! a maid stood on the ground, Who had before been hid.

Ask not my love. I am betrayed.
'False Roland hath my heart.'
'Roland, to-morrow, weds a maid !'
'Then I must swift depart.'

SHE joined the dancers on the floor, Maidens and boys were they; They danced the bridal welcome o'er, And sang the night away.

'My false, false lover left my side—
'Golden the summer day;
'His name was Roland. Has he died?
'Or where is Roland? Say!'

THE glamour passes from his breast ;
'Sing, sing sweet bird again,
'A dream comes back of longed-for rest
'With neither grief, nor pain.

J



Away false bride, thou art not mine !
Not mine those glances ill,
Thou hast mixed potions with the wine
To work thy wicked will.

Long, long ago—the grief is new—
'I loved a beauteous maid,
Whose eye was like the speedwell true—'
'Twas I, be not afraid.'

2.74



J.2

GHE FOREST VOICE.

THE curling clouds foretell a coming storm, And thousand, thousand leaves in silence brood. Two woodmen watch it, one of ancient form, He, looking backwards, beckons through the wood.

For who knows what may ride abroad to-night,
Who knows if we may ever reach our home.
See how the witch-fires mock us, deathly white,
Some say wild spirits here delight to roam.

God bless thee, neighbour, and avert all ill,' For here the old man thought he heard a sneeze.
God save us both, and keep from evil will,' 'It was not I. Methinks some passing breeze.'

SO on they stumbled, darker grew the day, 'Bless thee,' again the ancient woodman cried. 'It was not I. Oh hasten swift away,' Answered his friend close pressing to his side.

Be silent-swift, some spirit here in pain
Implores our aid, maybe desires our death.
Hark ! there it rings !' His speech was not in vain, The awe-struck woodman held his beating breath.

AND then a cry, a loud despairing cry,
A cry of some lost soul arose in woe;
O years of hope, O years of agony,
Unshriven still must I accursed go !

'The acorn yet is hanging on the oak,
'That is to grow ere I can wander free;
'And from that tree,'—the sightless spirit spoke—
'The cradle is to make, the babe to be.

O years of toil, O years of endless tears,
That might have been averted by a word;
Why didst thou yield, O Ancient, to thy fears?' And this was all the white-faced woodmen heard.

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.

O H, boy ! I ache in every limb, 'My back is sore, my sight is dim. 'Say, is he gone?' 'Who, master, who?' 'The angel Gabriel. Donkey, you !' 'You've been asleep, sir, snoring too !' 'That was not all; I dreamt a dream, 'Just shut the door, and drop that seam.

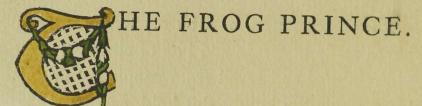
'I DREAMT that I was dead, and stood 'Before St. Gabriel the Good.

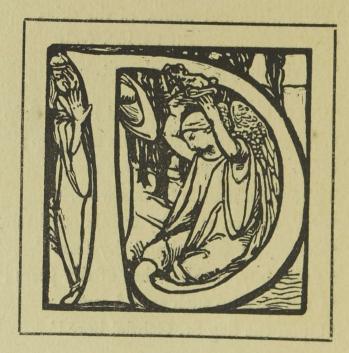
'A club he bore, a mighty great

'Patched standard waved above his pate,

AND every patch, boy, by my troth,
Was made of scraps and bits of cloth
I'd planned and saved from people's stuff
My whole life long. But hold, enough !'
But pray, what made thy bones to ache?'
St. Gabriel banged me.' "Take, oh take
Thy holy self to heaven again,"
I cried out as I could for pain,'
Thy warning will not be in vain.''
So, boy, remind me, as you prize
Your place and wages, of the skies,
For nevermore will I touch fruit
Provided by a patron's suit.'

THUS said, thus done, and honest Snip Wins wondering praise from every lip; Until the king sends velvet rare, To make a mantle for his wear. 'Stay, master, stay thy trembling shears, 'Remember Gabriel and thy fears !' 'Tush, boy, bethink thee of thy years; 'I tell thee no such stuff I saw 'Upon the flag St. Gabriel bore !'





Down by the silvery beech-trees, Down by the clear cool stream, Down in the glade A princess played; And in the leaves her ball she flung, And on the breeze her gold curls hung.

Splash ! in the deep dark hollow, Splash ! in the clear cool well, Ah ! woe is me ! Ah ! misery ! The golden ball she played with, fell And straight sank down. She durst not follow, So burst in tears. When strange to tell—

CROAK ! sang a wide-mouthed creature, Croak ! sang a long-legged frog ; 'Why dost thou cry ? 'Thy tears pray dry, 'I'll spring from off my darling log ; Misfortune is a wondrous teacher, 'And I can swim like any dog.

81

K

THE FROG PRINCE.

BUT if I bring thy ball to land,
Say, wilt thou promise me thy hand?
With bed and board
Like any lord?'
The princess laughed at his address, and

Answered him so fair & bland;

'If thou wilt get me back my ball,

'I promise thee my heart and all !' Without a frown, The frog dived down,

She thought 'I surely can recall 'My words, once safely in my hall.'

BACK to the old king's palace, Back to the banquet-room ! What jewels rare, What robes they wear ! But one sits there in deepest gloom; She fears her doom, & hates her malice, And fain would seek an early tomb.

Splash ! in the marble lobby, Splash ! at the golden door; 'Ope, ope to me, 'My princess wee, 'Ope to thy frog-love I implore.' 'I quite despise and loathe thee, Froggy. 'I never will behold thee more !'

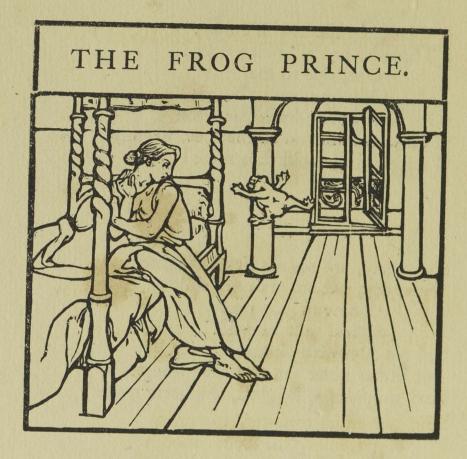
'Nay, nay, not so, my little daughter,
'Nay, nay, not so, my only child;
'The vow you made
'Must now be paid.'
She fed him with an aspect mild,
But in her heart she cherished slaughter,
And though she laughed, she never smiled.

Oh! lift me, lift me on thy bed,' Before her eyes one hand she spread, And far from view, The frog she threw—

The wretched frog. 'Would thou wert dead.' But was not she astonished,

83

K2



THE CARELESS KNIGHT.

AKE horse, take horse, my ancient nurse, 'And call my lord to me, 'His kinsmen throng about the house, 'And I shall surely die.

'Bid him mind over-tender words, 'And mind the babe unborn.' The nurse with shaking hands aloft, Hastes on her way forlorn.

- 'No fear, no fear, my bower is strong, 'My kinsmen leal and true.
- Bid her take heart, and wait for me, 'I've many things to do.'

THE KNIGHT.

'TAKE horse again, my weary nurse, 'And bring my lord with thee, CARELESS . Or ere my baby sees the day, 'I fear foul treachery.'

> He's cursed her from the saddle high, He's cursed her, & he's gone With a set heart to chase the deer, 'Oh, would my days were done !'

They've sought the babe to take its life, They've sought both bower & hall ; But they o'erlooked the saddle-bag, That hung upon the wall.

Y low, my babe, thy dad's away, 'Too late he'll hear of this; 'I'll wrap thee in my soft silk gown, 'Thou shalt bear him my kiss.'

'Thy soft silk gown is wet with blood, 'Red from thy wounded breast !'

'O haste thee, haste my trusty nurse, 'And I will take my rest.'

BEHOLD thy son, thou faithless knight,' She's kneeling on her knee, He's looked upon the bloody gown, 'Is my love dead for me?

'HOW could I ride, and not to her,
'How can I look on day !'
He turned his horse's head to home, Kisses the lifeless clay.

He's wiped the sweat from the pale brow, He's called his loving wife, He's laid the babe between her knees, But naught brings back her life.

Stay by my babe thou ancient nurse,
And hush his weary cry;
Long ere he speaks his mammie's name,
'He'll wish his mother by.

'NOR will I rest till flesh and blood,
'Though of my own and dear,
'Have paid for this, and oft renew
'These stains with many a tear.'

CHILD.

THE SPIRIT CINGING, singing all the day, The Spirit of the Child Through the meadows takes its way, Free and thought-beguiled.

> Blue the sky, and green the earth, White the clouds and high, Larks in pure and ringing mirth Mounting in the sky.

Dancing, dancing, oh so light ! Roses in the hedge, Ladies' smocks all milky white, Green rushes and the sedge !

LL I have I freely share, 'Naught is hid away.' Softly blows the summer air O'er happy things at play.

Laughing, laughing like a brook Running through a maze, Both dance and song the Child forsook Enraptured by its gaze.

THE SWAN MAIDEN.



89

L



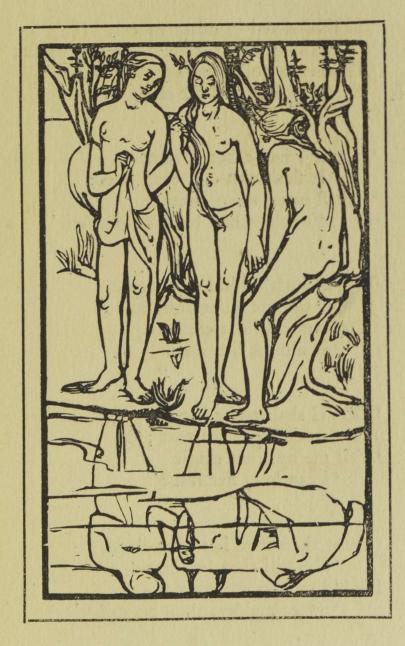
THE SWAN AIDEN.

A S I passed the fen, mother, 'Red the sunset glow; 'Three swans swept o'erhead, mother, 'Whistling, circled low.

And when next I looked, mother,
Maidens fair stood there,
Cast their snowy linen,

'Combed their golden hair.

Like young trees in autumn,
They trembling bent the head,
And gazed upon the circle
Of the leaves just shed.



L2

THE SWAN MAIDEN.

'THEY dived in misty waters,
'And played till the moon rose white ;
'Then each pulled on her raiment,
'And flew far out of sight.

'If ever I had a heart, mother,
'It flew with one swan then;
'I shall never sleep, mother,
'For the white birds on the fen.'

NO such bride I'd welcome, 'Choose among thy kin; 'To love so wild a creature 'Is almost like a sin.'

LOVE shall make her happy, 'And forget the past ;
'Tell me by what magic 'I can hold her fast ?'

Canst thou steal her swan-dress,
She will then be thine.'
He hid among the rushes—
Sweet maiden, thou art mine.'

GIVE me back the white wings, 'With which I cut the sky; 'See, my sisters leave me, 'I shall surely die.

White and dun the morning,
Golden-clear the noon,
Ruby-red the evening,
Amber-pale the moon.

BUT I cannot feel joy,
Kneeling here on earth,
I would not be mortal,
Faery is my birth.'

A LL her words are useless, Though she weeps her plight; O'er his stalwart shoulders He swings the swan-dress white.

And she follows moaning, Wringing her white hands, Till across his threshold Weak and wan she stands.



SON, thy will is iron, 'But look upon this woe !' The stranger-maid said nothing, Pacing to and fro.

But when he had wed her, Happy grew her face; All the past forgotten, Human in her grace.

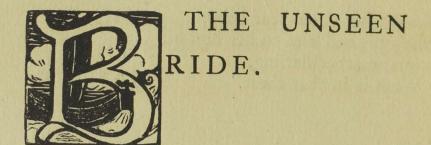
She's kissed her three-year baby, THE She's pressed him to her breast; SWAN 'Show me, mother darling, 'What is in that chest.' MAIDEN.

NAY, I cannot open.' 'Me can all alone; 'See the pretty feathers!' His mother gives a groan.

'His father took them from me,
'My own son gives them back ;
'Hark ! my sisters call me,
'On their homeward track.'

Most passionately she kissed him, Kneeling on the floor; 'For I shall never see thee, 'Shall never see thee more.'

R ED the winter sunset, Hard the lake and still, As three swans flew westward Over dale and hill.



THE king's son hath ridden alone from the town, In the greenwood to hunt the red deer, There follows behind him the unbidden sound Of a horse's hoofs beating so clear.

'Say, what is thy name, thou churlish bold knight, 'Unbidden that follows so free?' The horse's hoofs follow, no steed is in sight, No horseman can Tamelane see.

O mother, draw out the white web from the chest,
And sew me my shroud so drear,
The sound of a huntsman that is but a ghost,
Hath filled my proud heart with fear.'

O follow, follow my blithesome boy, 'O follow the huntsman away, 'Gin he leads you to death, my only joy, 'Twere better to meet it so !'

The king's son hath followed the hunter's call, To a city both empty and fair. No footfall in palace, no footfall in hall, But the silence of death and despair.

• Saw ye that vision, that bonnie pale face, • That crossed in the moonbeams white? • My heart will not rest in my body's space, • Till my love stands all day in my sight.

O choose me fair bridesmaids, sweet mother mine,
And pull me the snow-white flower,
For an oath I have sworn, and all rest I resign
Till I bring my love home to my bower.'

Μ

THE UNSEEN THEN bitterly laughed his mother so old, 'O who will ye take to wife, The moon, or a ghost, or a spectre cold, With glamour to cherish your life?'

She's called out the guard. Each man from his post,
'Take horse and swift after him ride;
'Yet should your young master his wits be lost,
'Obey him let what will betide.'

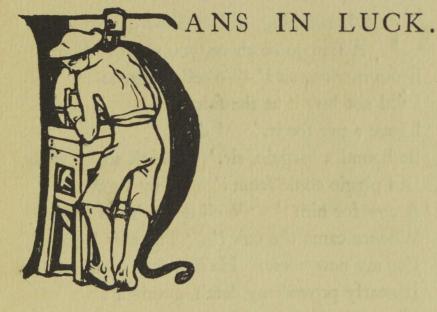
Alone he's leapt off from his foaming brown steed, He has touched the fair hand all unseen,He hath mounted the lady behind him with speed, And he says she shall be their queen.

There's flowers in the chapel, the black priest is there, Awaiting young Tamelane's bride,

Nor for mocks, nor for jeering he hath any care, Though nobody stands by his side.

TAMELANE, my soul, I have waited for thee, Weary long years in despair,

He's kissed her bare feet, & he's clasped her small knee, 'Nay, son, but the bride is fair !'



Scissors and shears, scissors and shears,
Grind your scissors and sharpen your shears.
Send them to me, then you shall see,
Scissors and shears, scissors and shears!

Merry my song, all the day long,
Scissors and shears, scissors and shears,
Come to me then, maidens and men,
With your scissors and shears, your scissors and shears.'

м2.

HANS COOD morning, sir!' 'Good day to you ! J 'A fine goose there, you seem to bear ! TN 'From market, sir?' 'To tell you true LUCK. 'I did not buy it at the fair; 'I gave a pig for it.' 'I dare 'Be bound a bargain, sir.' 'I think so.' 'Where 'Did piggie come from ?' 'Why I gave 'A cow for him !' 'Well done, 'twas brave ! 'Whence came the cow?' 'The cow I got 'For my new horse. He'd such a trot, 'It nearly proved my death, good sir !' 'The horse was new? I may infer 'You bought it ?' 'Yes sir, and I paid 'A lump of silver for it weighed 'More than my head, & just that size.' 'Your wisdom, sir, is my surprise; ' Pray tell me how you got that sum ?'

' My wages sir, for service done,

'Faithful I am as well as wise.'

'Yet still you need to find the stone

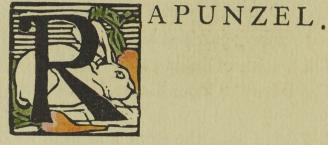
'To bring you luck. I here have one-'

'A stone, sir ! Pray what's in a stone ?

- 'PHILOSOPHY-nor that alone,
- 'But wealth ; just work that stone like me,
- 'The wealth of India yours shall be.'
- 'The price?' 'Your Goose.' 'Done. I agree.'

ANS took the stone and went his way, His debt he felt he could not pay To that good man. But oh ! the weight Of that great stone upon his pate. Weary and worn and thirsty too, He came upon a river blue. 'Lie there, my treasure, I must drink.' He laid it down upon the brink, And stooped -Alas !- he pushed his stone, It fell in, plump, and all alone Poor Hans was left to weep and groan. But after some uncertain time He said—' I still am in my prime, ' I've hands to work, and naught to bear, 'Surely good luck is still my share.' So thanking Heaven for its care, He home returned both then and there.

IOI



R APUNZEL loose thy golden hair, 'Thy lover stands below !' O'er sunny seas the rippling breeze Doth not more softly flow.

He clambered up the golden maze, Entered the casement high; And as the happy lovers gaze, The golden hours fly by.

OH, save thee, save thee Bertram child, 'The witch will soon be here,' 'To-morrow's moon is clear and mild, 'Fly with me. Canst thou fear ?'

'My mother sold me ere my birth,
'My father let me go,
'Without thee desolate is earth,
'And every man a foe.'

'Farewell, my sweet delight, my love, 'Farewell, for we must part ;' He cast a lingering look above, Turned with a heavy heart.

'RAPUNZEL loose thy braided hair, 'Witch Gothel waits below !' She slow undid her tresses fair, Let down the ladder slow.

Oh, were the moon above the trees,
Or through the trees a space,
That I might feel the evening breeze,
And look on Bertram's face !'

RAPUN-H^E cut her tresses with a sigh, ZEL And from the towers the lovers fly, In trembling haste and bliss.

Child Bertram hide beneath the yews
That here spread dark and high,
Witch Gothel hates us and pursues,
I hear her footsteps nigh.'

Dear wife, take heart, my bosom seek !'
Save me, Child Bertram, save !
The witch's breath doth scorch my cheek,

'She drags me to my grave !'

A LAS! He stumbled o'er a stone, The thorns put out his sight, 'Oh had I left the tower alone, 'She had not rued this night!'

THE witch hath found a desert bare, Thither she leads the bride, And leaves her sad to wander there, Seeking her husband's side.

OH, who will wipe my bitter tears, 'Oh, who will watch my bed? 'I know not how to hide my fears, 'Nor where to lay my head!'

Two children came to ease her breast, She nursed them tenderly, And soothed them every night to rest, With gentle lullaby.

THREE years had passed all but a day, Three years of grief and care; When resting in a shady way, She found blind Bertram there.

'Sleep gentle babes! 'Twill soon be night!' He knew the heaven-sent voice, Her tears restore his blinded sight, And softly they rejoice.

'TOO long our lives have sundered been,
'But now the night is past,
'Happy we'll deem the world so green,
'For all true joy must last.'

N.



TWELVE HUNTERS.

THE Prince, my lover, is faithless and cold, 'My father is sad for me,

'But I will be faithful and loving and bold, 'And ride to his own countree.

'For I have his ring, and I have his heart,
'He is mine, I am his to the end,'
The king shook his head, but he let her depart, Though she was his own best friend.

MAIDENS eleven she chose her straight, And clad them in russet green, 'Now huntsmen come follow my humble estate.' —Were ever such foresters seen !—

THE Prince rode a-hunting, and close by his side Was his Lion so wise and so true,
'Mark, Lion, those huntsmen together who ride !'
'No huntsmen, no huntsmen in view.

'Twelve maidens, twelve maidens in hunting dress.'
'Not so !' The Prince laughed him to scorn,
'Will ye enter my service?' They answer him 'Yes,' Though the Lion continued to warn.

Round peas in their chamber, good Master, spread,
For maidens step lightsome and free.'
A serving-man told them, they brace their firm tread, And crush them like yeomanry.

SET wheels, in their chamber let wheels be set,
'For maidens will spin should they die.'
The serving-man told them, they none of them let
A glance on the spinning-wheels lie.

N2.

THE TWELVE HUNTERS.

NOW follow me foresters clad in your best,

'Now follow your Master in glee. 'My new bride is coming, my heart knows

no rest.'

The Princess fell down on one knee.

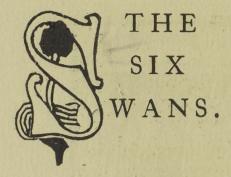
Cold and pale is my huntsman's face,
What means, O wise Lion, his pain?'
Thy love kneels before thee, who for a short space,
Tried vainly thy heart to regain.'

'Yea the ring on her finger is mine. Is she dead ?

'Yea, alas! in this form is no breath!' He kissed her, she trembled and raised her bent head,

'Now no power can part us till death.'





DROP, drop salt tears, but voice be dumb, 'Toil weary hands till morning come, 'My six fair brothers fly white swans, 'And I alone may loose their bonds.

'Rude stinging nettles must I reap,

'And on my back the burden heap,

'And beat the hemp and spin the thread,

'Until six years are come and sped.'

IIO

- 'DROP, drop salt tears, and voice be dumb,
- ' Toil bleeding hands till morning come,
- 'For if I speak, or rest, or sleep,
- 'Forever they must fly the deep.'
- 'Sweetheart, thou art my queen, rejoice !
- 'I long to hear thy silvery voice,
- 'Speak, for I saved thee once from death ;
- 'Thine eyes can speak, why not thy breath?

found thee in a lonely yew, 'Like wild beast hiding from all view; 'I brought thee to a royal bed, 'And set a crown upon thy head.

"Why wake all night, and waking, pine?" "All that I have is only thine." She shook her beauteous head and smiled, A lovely silent woman-child.

A boy she bore, but evermore Spent night by night in labour sore, The witch-queen stole it from its place, And smeared some wine upon her face.

III

GHE SIX SWANS.

- 'Flow scalding tears, but voice be dumb,
- 'Toil bleeding hands till morning come,
- 'If I should speak to tell the tale,
- 'Six swans for ever must bewail.'

A second child was stolen away, 'My queen could never thus betray 'Her children's lives !' 'Good sir, I saw 'Her kill the boy, and eat him raw !'

The third child went. 'Now by my sire 'She shall meet death by living fire !' Throb burning brow, but voice be dumb, Tread bleeding feet till morning come.

- 'IF I should speak, oh woe is me !
- 'My brothers never will be free.
- 'Quick trembling hands, the wood is built,
- 'The housewives gossip o'er my guilt.'

SIX years had fled, as on the pile She stepped, still working with a smile; Six swans came whistling through the air, She threw six garments then & there,

Over their snow-white necks. A shout Made all the people start in doubt. Six noble princes bent the knee Before her simple majesty.

'Cease, cease vain tears, and husband dear,

'Forgive my dull and sullen cheer;

'These princes are my brothers true,

'Doomed as six swans to fly the blue.

'THE witch who stole our babies three, 'Must answer for this wizardry.' He kissed her feet, his own tears start, 'Forgive, dear Queen, my faithless heart.

WELCOME fair brothers! Babies three, 'Blame not your father endlessly.' The witch was burnt that very day, And not one soul for her could pray.

II3

0.

THE GOOSE GIRL.

I F I could stroke thy bonnie mane, 'Falada mine, and kiss thy brow, 'And watch thy lustrous eyes again 'Follow my footsteps, here and now.

' Methinks I should not feel alone,

'Nor hard my lot, nor cold my heart;

'But bitter had my false maid grown,

. When, killing thee, she bade us part.

'Hang there, dear head, and watch for me, 'Watch for thy weary mistress home,

'I weep, but not, alas, for thee,

'For thou art dead, and I must roam !'

II4



THE GOOSE GIRL.

O Queen that should have been. O bride! 'That I must look upon thy woe! 'Thou wert thy mother's dearest pride, 'Now poor and barefoot must thou go!'

0.2

THE 'WHAT hast thou stranger-girl to say, GOOSE 'To a dry horse-head on the wall? 'Art thou a witch that every day GIRL. 'For evil, on dead bones doth call?'

- 'How soft thy kisses gentle wind,
- 'How light thy touch upon my hair,
- 'Blow keener, friend, chase this unkind

'And heartless boy-no matter where !

Flow, silver locks, upon the plain,
Comb, golden comb, the curling veil,
Till Curdken breathless comes again
To vex me with his foolish tale.'

O king beware ! the maiden fair, 'Who came from out the far countree, 'Speaks with the dead, and bids the air 'Attend upon her sorcery.'

This marvel I myself must see,
This magic I myself must hear,
Say nothing to my company,
And I will straightway follow near.'

THE king o'erheard the sorrowing speech, That passed between the head and her, He heard her next the wind beseech, To carry Curdken's hat afar.

Who art thou, maid of beauteous face?'
'I was a princess once,' she said—
'My tale is long.' 'Tell it apace,
'Lest as a witch thou lose thy head.'

MY mother died when first I knew 'What mothers more than others are, 'My nurse's daughter envious grew, 'And all my honours wished to bear.

And on the way to this proud court,
I was athirst. She made me kneel,
To drink. Alas, I little thought
What I was still to see and feel.

She stripped me of my royal dress,
She took the crown from out my hand,
She dared me for my life confess
Who I had been in my own land.

THE GOOSE GIRL.

A ND Falada, my horse, she killed, 'Lest she should speak and tell the tale; 'And when she fell, my heart was filled 'With anguish, all of no avail.

To-day, the chimes are rung again,
To-day the prince and she are wed,
And I a goose-girl must remain,
For she will take my place instead.'

'NAY, thou shalt be the Prince's wife, 'I am the king. The maid shall die.' Then Falada came back to life, And bore her mistress proudly by.

THE END.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

What is bread made of? Flour, Ground and sifted for many an hour. Grind, Miller, grind! Mind, Miller, mind! And shift the sails to suit the wind. And what is flour made of? Wheat. Sown in furrows by rain and sleet; That bent in silver, bowed in gold, And christened all the laughing wold. And what is wheat? A tiny seed That sprouts like grass or garden-weed. It grows in earth, like thoughts in man, Think of that, Child, if you can; For of fine thoughts are made fine deeds, Ground & sisted like the seeds. And of such stuff are made fine tales Of princes, frogs and nightingales; So little children have their bread, And laugh and play and go to bed.



NDEX TO THE CON-TENTS.

The Crystal Ball. - - page v.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|---|--------------|----------------------|-------|
| One Eye, Two Eyes | | Jorinde & Joringel. | 66 |
| and Three Eyes. | I | Roland. | 70 |
| The Fisherman and | | The Forest Voice. | 76 |
| his Wife. | 10 | The Tailor's Dream. | 78 |
| The Shepherd of the | | The Frog Prince. | 80 |
| Lake. | 14 | The Careless Knight. | 85 |
| The Stranger Child. | 19 | The Spirit Child. | 88 |
| Catskin. | 22 | The Swan Maiden. | 90 |
| The Phantom Child. | 31 | The Unseen Bride. | 96 |
| King Thrushbeard. | 34 | Hans in Luck. | 99 |
| The Fairy Feast. | 39 | Rapunzel. | 102 |
| The Beggar Woman. | 42 | The Twelve Hunters. | 106 |
| Persephone. | 50 | The Six Swans. | IIO |
| The Nettlespinner. Cherry, the Frog Brid | 54 le. 58 | The Goose Girl. | 114 |

20

The Child's Guide to Knowledge - - 119





