England

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com

Charlotte Mason
MORNING TIME

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Cover image: Scene in the Lake District, George Frederick Buchanan, 1850, Public Domain

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™***, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of ***Charlotte Mason Morning Time™*** curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
  - Poetry
  - Short stories or
  - Fairy tales or tall tales
  - Mythological tales
  - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	"Day by Day" Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester				
Bible	Luke Ch. 1 & 2	Luke Ch. 3	Luke Ch. 4	Luke Ch. 5	Luke Ch. 6
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Abide With Me	Art Selection 1: Gainsborough Self Portrait, Read: Thomas Gainsborough bio	Folk Song: Barbara Allen	Listen to: The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra, Read: Benjamin Britten bio	Nature Study 1
History/ Geography		St. George Study			
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Read: Edmund Spenser bio	Day By Day Copywork	Poetry: Excerpt from the Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I, Stanzas I-V	John 15:4-8 Copywork	Poetry: Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 39
Read Aloud	*Elementary: Wind in the Willows Ch 1, High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Prologue + Ch 1	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 2	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 2, High School: Robin Hood Ch 3	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 4	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 3, High School: Robin Hood Ch 5
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Victoria Sponge Cake, Read: St. George and the Dragon				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	"Day by Day" Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester				
Bible	Luke Ch. 7 & 8	Luke Ch. 9	Luke Ch. 10	Luke Ch. 11	Luke Ch. 12
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Abide With Me, Abide with Me copywork	Art Selection 2: The Blue Boy, Review: Gainsborough bio	Folk Song: Barbara Allen	Listen to: Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes, Review: Britten bio	Nature Study 2
History/ Geography		Review: St. George bio		Read: The Story of How the Giant's Dance Was Brought to Britain	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Review: Edmund Spenser bio	Excerpt from the Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I, Stanzas I-V Copywork	Poetry: Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 43	Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 39 Copywork	Poetry: This England
Read Aloud	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 4, High School: Robin Hood Ch 6	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 7	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 5, High School: Robin Hood Ch 8	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 9	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 6, High School: Robin Hood Ch 10
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Scones and Devonshire Cream, Read: The Sword in the Stone			Art lesson: Tudor Rose	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	"Day by Day" Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester				
Bible	Luke Ch. 13 & 14	Luke Ch. 15	Luke Ch. 16	Luke Ch. 17	Luke Ch. 18
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Abide With Me	Art Selection 3: Road from Market, Narrate: Gainsborough bio	Folk Song: Barbara Allen	Listen to: War Requiem, Narrate: Britten bio	Nature Study 3
History/ Geography		Narrate: St. George bio			
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Narrate: Edmund Spenser bio	Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 43 Copywork	Poetry: God Save the King	This England Copywork	
Read Aloud	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 7, High School: Robin Hood Ch 11	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 12	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 8, High School: Robin Hood Ch 13	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 14	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 9, High School: Robin Hood Ch 15
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Crumpets, Read: Jack and the Beanstalk				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule

Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Prayer	"Day by Day" Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester				
Bible	Luke Ch. 19 & 20	Luke Ch. 21	Luke Ch. 22	Luke Ch. 23	Luke Ch. 24
Memory Work	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
Beauty & Nature Loop	Hymn Study: Abide With Me	Art Selection 4: Frances Brown, Mrs. John Douglas, Discuss: Gainsborough bio	Art Selection 5: The Gravenor Family Folk Song: Barbara Allen	Listen to: Simple Symphony, Discuss: Britten bio	Nature Study 4
History/ Geography		Discuss: St. George bio		Read: The Coming of Arthur	
Language Arts/ Citizenship	Discuss: Edmund Spenser bio	God Save the King Copywork	Poetry: Land of Hope and Glory	Land of Hope and Glory Copywork	
Read Aloud	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 3, High School: Robin Hood Ch 16	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 17	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 3, High School: Robin Hood Ch 18	*High School: The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood Ch 19-20	*Elementary: The Wind in the Willows Ch 3, High School: Robin Hood Ch 21 + Epilogue
Afternoon Occupations	Bake: Cucumber Sandwiches Read: The History of Tom Thumb			Handicraft: Beginner-Friendly Striped Tea Cozy	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Elementary & Upper Grades

Stories from The Faerie Queen, by Jeanie Lang
Saint George and the Dragon, by Margaret Hodges
St. George and the Dragon, by Michael Lotti
The Reluctant Dragon, by Kenneth Grahame
The Kitchen Knight: A Tale of King Arthur, by Margaret Hodges
Robin Hood, by Margaret Early
The Sword in the Tree, by Clyde Robert Bulla
The Minstrel in the Tower, by Gloria Skurzynski
Beowulf: A New Telling, by Robert Nye
Beowulf the Warrior, by Ian Serrailier
King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table, by Roger Lancelyn Green
The Story of King Arthur and His Knights, by Howard Pyle
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, by Howard Pyle
The Adventures of Robin Hood, by Roger Lancelyn Green
Winnie the Pooh, by A. A. Milne
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll
The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame
A Bear Called Paddington, by Michael Bond

High School

Beowulf, by Seamus Heaney
Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight
Le Morte d'Arthur, by Thomas Malory
The Once and Future King, by T. H. White
Pride & Prejudice, by Jane Austen
Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë
David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens
Sherlock Holmes, by Arthur Conan Doyle
The Lord of the Rings, by J.R.R. Tolkien
The Chronicles of Narnia, by C.S. Lewis

Recommended Reading (cont.)

History

The Usborne History of Britain: Prehistoric Britain, by Alex Frith
King Arthur (Eyewitness Classics), by Rosalind Kerven
History of Britain and Ireland: The Definitive Visual Guide, by DK
Our Island Story: A History of Britain for Boys and Girls, by H.E. Marshall
Good Queen Bess: The Story of Elizabeth I of England, by Diane Stanley

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm

This session, we will learn the **"Day by Day" Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester**, and focus on writing and memorizing **John 15:4-8**.

Day by Day Prayer Prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester

Thanks be to Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ
For all the benefits Thou hast given me,
For all the pains and insults Thou hast borne for me.
O most merciful Redeemer, friend and brother,
May I know Thee more clearly,
Love Thee more dearly,
Follow Thee more nearly, day by day.
Amen.

John 15:4-8

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

Thanks be to Thee,

my Lord Jesus Christ

For all the benefits Thou

hast given me,

For all the pains and insults

Thou hast borne for me.

O most merciful Redeemer,

friend and brother,

May I know Thee

more clearly,

Love Thee more dearly,

Follow Thee more nearly,

day by day.

Amen.

Thanks be to Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ

For all the benefits Thou hast given me,

For all the pains and insults

Thou hast borne for me.

O most merciful Redeemer, friend and brother,

May I know Thee more clearly,

Love Thee more dearly,

Follow Thee more nearly, day by day.

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O most merciful Redeemer, friend and brother,
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Amen.

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fruit of itself, except it

abide in the vine; no more

can ye, except ye abide

in me.

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branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch,

and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it

shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father

glorified, that ye bear much

fruit; so shall ye be

my disciples.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot

bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine;

no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches:

He that abideth in me, and I in him,

the same bringeth forth much fruit:

for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a

branch, and is withered; and men gather them,

and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you,

ye shall ask what ye will,

and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much

fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

Abide in me, and I in you.

As the branch cannot bear fruit

itself, except it abide in the vine;

no more can ye,

except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the

branches: He that abideth in me,

and I in him, the same bringeth

forth much fruit: for without me

ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me,

he is cast forth as a branch,

and is withered; and men gather

them, and cast them into the fire,

and they are burned.

If ye abide in me,

and my words abide in you,

ye shall ask what ye will,

and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified,

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Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Thomas Gainsborough. We've included five art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Gainsborough Self Portrait*
- *The Blue Boy*
- *Road from Market*
- *Frances Brown, Mrs. John Douglas*
- *The Gravenor Family*

Our featured composer is Benjamin Britten. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra
- Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes
- War Requiem
- Simple Symphony

Artist & Composer Study

Thomas Gainsborough

May 14, 1727 - August 2, 1788

Thomas Gainsborough was an English portrait and landscape painter who was one of the most important artists of the 18th century. He is known for his naturalistic style and for his ability to capture the essence and personality of his subjects.

Gainsborough was born in Suffolk, England on May 14, 1727. He showed an early interest in art and was encouraged by his father to study painting. As a child, he would often go on walks in the countryside and paint the landscapes he saw. He also enjoyed drawing portraits of his family and friends. He attended art school in London from 1740 to 1746, then began working as a professional artist, painting portraits of wealthy clients.

In 1759, Thomas married Margaret Burr, the daughter of a successful businessman, and the couple had six children together.

Gainsborough gained a reputation as one of the best portrait painters of his time. His sitters included King George III, Queen Charlotte, and the Duchess of Devonshire. He also painted many well-known actors and musicians, such as David Garrick and Johann Christian Bach.

In 1774, he moved to Bath, England. This was a fashionable spa town and he hoped to attract more wealthy clients.

Although he initially worked as a portrait painter in London, he found that he preferred painting landscapes and rural scenes to portraits, and gained acclaim for his paintings of the English countryside, which were filled with light and color. He traveled extensively throughout England and Europe, painting some of the most beautiful scenery he encountered.

Gainsborough 's health began to decline until he died in 1788. However, his work was highly influential and helped to shape the course of English art in the 18th century.

Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____

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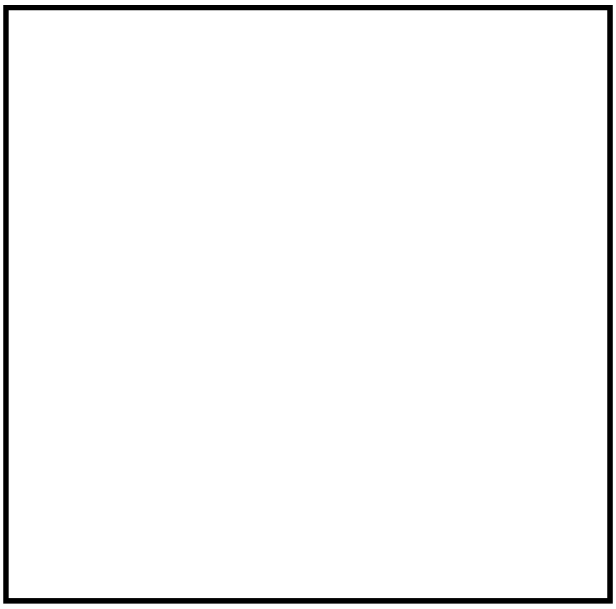

Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

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Further Study:

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Self-Portrait, 1759

The Blue Boy (1770)

Road from Market (1767–1768)

Frances Browne, Mrs. John Douglas (1783)

The Gravenor Family (1754)

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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_____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.

Benjamin Britten

November 22, 1913 - December 4, 1976

Benjamin Britten was a famous English composer who lived in the 1900s. He was born on November 22, 1913, in Lowestoft, a seaside town in England. At just three months, Benjamin caught pneumonia and came very close to dying. Doctors told his family he would never fully recover, but despite all odds he persisted and grew into a healthy boy. From a young age, Britten showed a great love for music, a love he shared with his mother, who taught him piano and encouraged his musical talent to grow. He started composing music when he was just a child and wrote many pieces even before he was a teenager.

Britten went on to study music at the Royal College of Music in London after winning a scholarship for his composition. He became well known for his beautiful and emotional music.

He wrote music for orchestras, choirs, solo singers, movies, radio shows, and even for children, such as his piece *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. One of his most famous works is an opera called *Peter Grimes*, which tells the story of a fisherman in a small village. This opera made Britten very popular and is still performed today.

Britten cared deeply about peace and often shared this message through his music. One example is his *War Requiem*, a powerful piece written to honor those who died in both World War I and World War II. It was played to celebrate the reopening of a cathedral that had been destroyed by air raids during World War II, and is considered one of the greatest compositional pieces of the 20th century. With this piece, Britten's reputation reached great heights and he was seen as a masterful composer.

In 1976, Britten became the first English composer to be given the distinguished honor of a life peerage, which made him a member of high-ranking British nobility and gave him the title 'Baron Britten.' He died later that same year, on December 4, 1976, and his memorial service was presided over by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, the mother of Queen Elizabeth II, showing the impact his legacy had on England. Even though he is no longer alive, Benjamin Britten's music continues to be celebrated both in England and throughout the world.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra

Week 2 - Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes

Week 3 - War Requiem

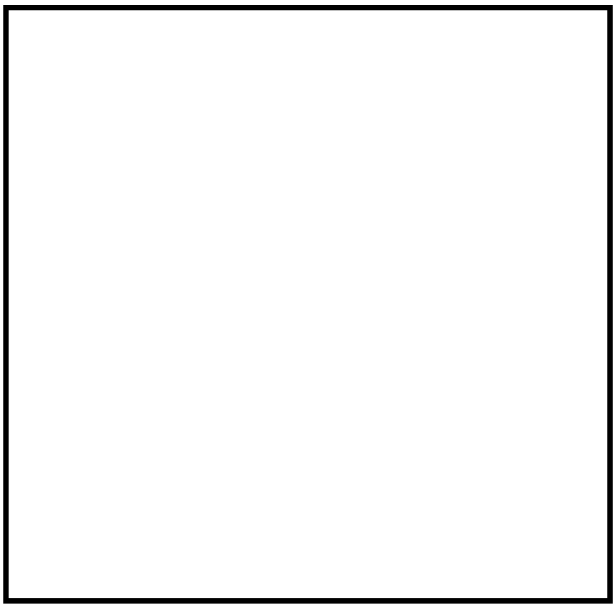
Week 4 - Simple Symphony

Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



Composer Fun Facts:

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Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

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Further Study:

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Hymn: Abide with Me

"Abide with Me" is a well-known Christian hymn that has brought people comfort for many years. It was written in 1847 by Henry Francis Lyte, a Scottish Anglican minister. Lyte wrote the hymn while he was very sick with tuberculosis and near the end of his life. He wanted to express his strong faith in God and his hope for God's presence, even in hard times. The words "Abide with me" mean "stay with me," and the hymn asks God to stay close during life's struggles.

The music for the hymn was written later by William Henry Monk. He named the tune "Eventide," which means evening. The slow, peaceful melody fits the comforting message of the hymn very well. Because of this, "Abide with Me" is often sung at funerals, memorials, and moments of reflection. It reminds people that they are never alone, even during dark or sad times, and that God is always with them.

"Abide with Me" also has a special place in English sports. It is famously sung before the FA Cup Final, one of the most important football (soccer) matches in England. This tradition is thought to have begun in 1923, when a crowd spontaneously began to sing along to a choir's rendition of "Abide with Me" as the field was being cleared. It was then officially included at the beginning of each match starting in 1927, a practice that still continues to this day. Fans and players alike join together to sing the hymn, creating a quiet, respectful moment before the excitement of the game begins. It helps everyone pause and remember deeper values of unity, respect, and tradition.

In this way, "Abide with Me" has become more than just an old hymn. It is a beloved song that comforts, honors tradition, and brings people together during times of hardship and joy alike.

Abide with Me Lyrics

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

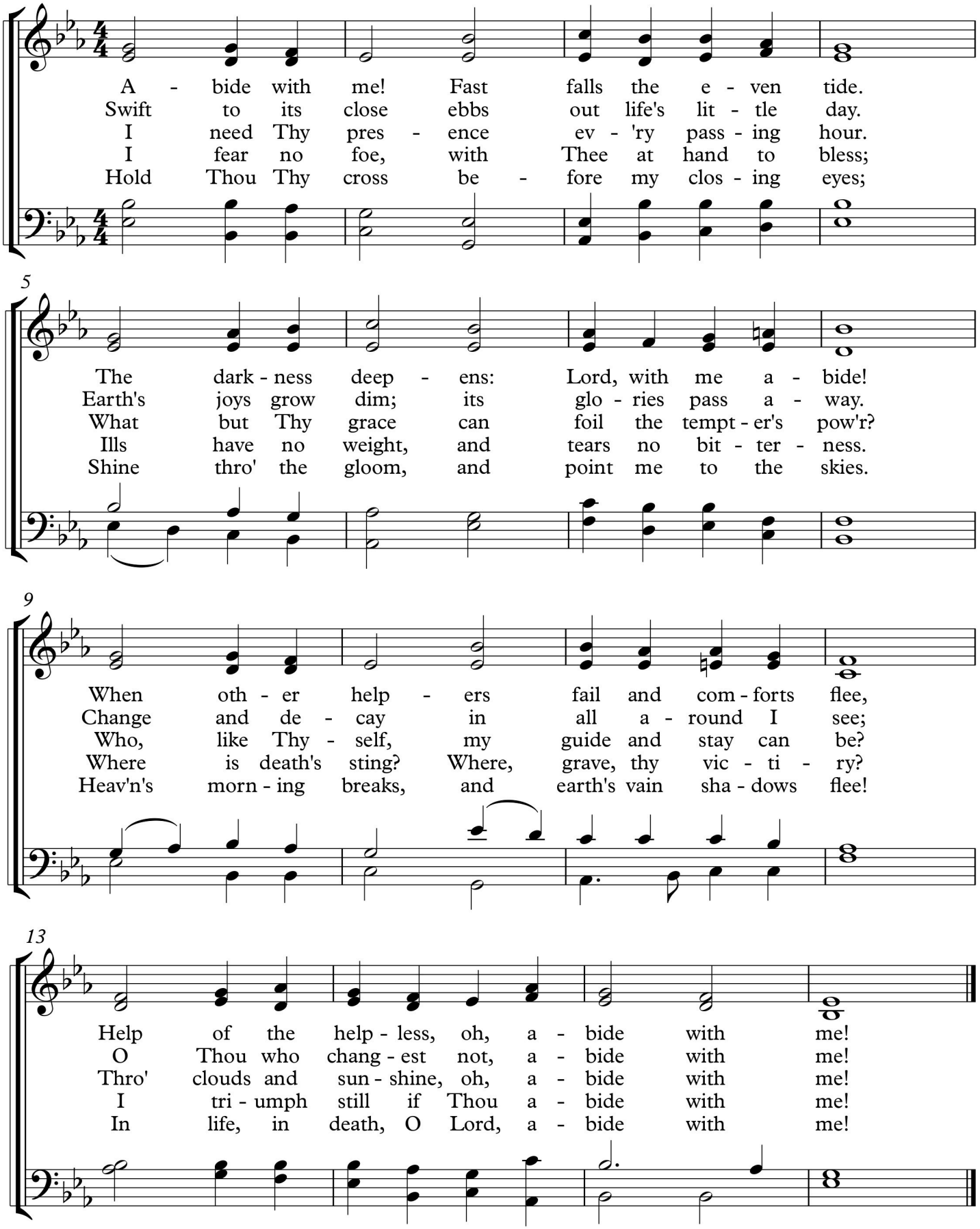
I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte

Abide With Me

William H. Monk



Abide with me: fast falls

the eventide;

the darkness deepens;

Lord, with me abide.

When other helpers fail

and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless,

O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs

out life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim,

its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all

around I see.

O thou who changest not,

abide with me.

I need thy presence every

passing hour.

What but thy grace can

foil the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide,

and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine,

O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee

at hand to bless,

ills have no weight,

and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still,

if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross

before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom

and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks and

earth's vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord,

abide with me.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;

the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.

Change and decay in all around I see.

O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.

What but thy grace can foil

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the tempter's power?

Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,

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ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting?

Where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom and point me

to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's

vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Abide with me: fast falls

the eventide;

the darkness deepens; Lord,

with me abide.

When other helpers fail

and comforts flee,

Help of the helpless,

O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out

life's little day;

earth's joys grow dim,

its glories pass away.

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I need thy presence

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Who like thyself my

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Through cloud and sunshine,

O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at

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I triumph still,

if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross

before my closing eyes.

Shine through the gloom

and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks

and earth's vain shadows flee;

in life, in death, O Lord,

abide with me.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
the darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see.
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and strength can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
in life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Folk Song: Barbara Allen

“Barbara Allen” is one of the most beloved and enduring folk songs in the English-speaking world. It's a simple, sorrowful tale of love and regret that has been sung for hundreds of years—and it still touches hearts today.

The song is about a young man who falls sick because he’s in love with a woman named Barbara Allen. When she finally visits him on his deathbed, he tells her that he’s dying of love for her. But Barbara doesn’t show much kindness—at least, not at first. She walks away, but soon regrets it deeply. When she hears that he has died, her heart breaks. In most versions, she dies soon after from grief. It's a bittersweet reminder of how love and pride can collide—and how regrets can come too late.

No one knows exactly who first wrote “Barbara Allen,” but it dates all the way back to the 1600s in England and Scotland. It was passed down by word of mouth, sung by ordinary people in villages, towns, and countryside inns. As folks moved from place to place, they took the song with them. When English, Scottish, and Irish immigrants came to America, they brought “Barbara Allen” across the ocean. The song found a new home in the Appalachian Mountains, where it became a staple of American folk music.

Because it was passed down by ear, many versions of “Barbara Allen” exist. Some are long, with lots of verses, and some are short and sweet. The names and places might change, but the heart of the song stays the same: a story of love, sorrow, and the power of emotions left unspoken.

Over the years, “Barbara Allen” has been recorded by famous singers like Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, and continues to be sung in households throughout the world. It's a beautiful example of how folk music connects us—not just to our history, but to deep human feelings that never really change. It reminds us how stories, even sad ones, can bring people together and teach lessons that are just as true today as they were centuries ago.

Barbara Allen Lyrics

In Scarlet Town, where I was bound,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Whom I had chosen to be my own,
And her name it was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green leaves they was springing,
This young man on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling:
'You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

'For death is printed in his face,
And sorrow's in him dwelling,
And you must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.'

'If death be printed in his face,
And sorrow's in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen.'

So slowly, slowly she got up,
And so slowly she came to him,
And all she said when she came there,
Young man, I think you are a dying.

He turnd his face unto her then:
'If you be Barbara Allen,
My dear,' said he, 'Come pitty me,
As on my death-bed I am lying.'

'If on your death-bed you be lying,
What is that to Barbara Allen?
I cannot keep you from [your] death;
So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
And death came creeping to him:
'Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
And adieu to Barbara Allen!'

And as she was walking on a day,
She heard the bell a ringing,
And it did seem to ring to her
'Unworthy Barbara Allen.'

She turnd herself round about,
And she spy'd the corps a coming:
'Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,
That I may look upon him.'

And all the while she looked on,
So loudly she lay laughing,
While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!'

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Then death came creeping to she:
'O mother, mother, make my bed,
For his death hath quite undone me.

'A hard-hearted creature that I was,
To slight one that lovd me so dearly;
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
The time of his life when he was near me.'

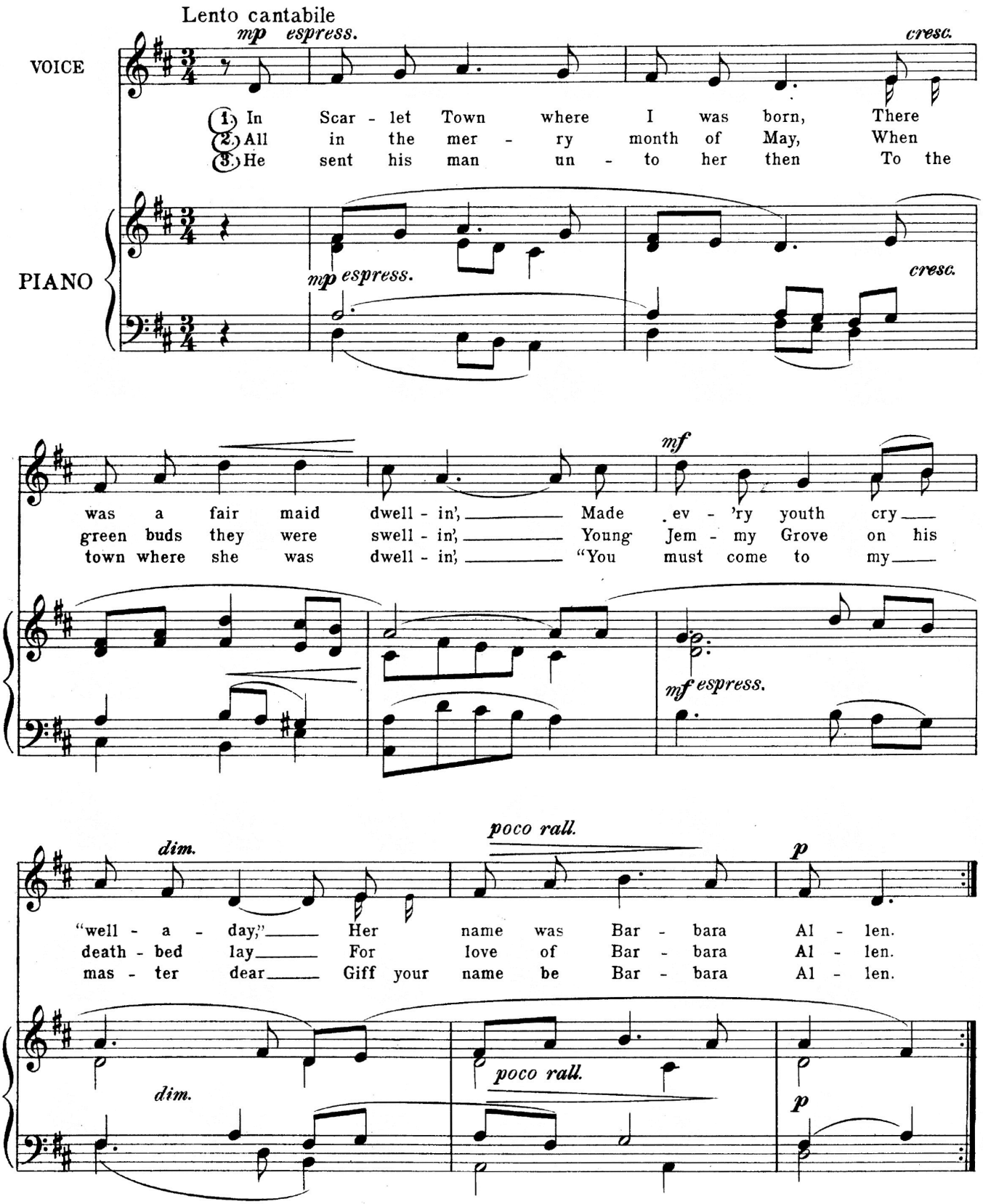
So this maid she then did dye,
And desired to be buried by him,
And repented her self before she dy'd,
That ever she did deny him.

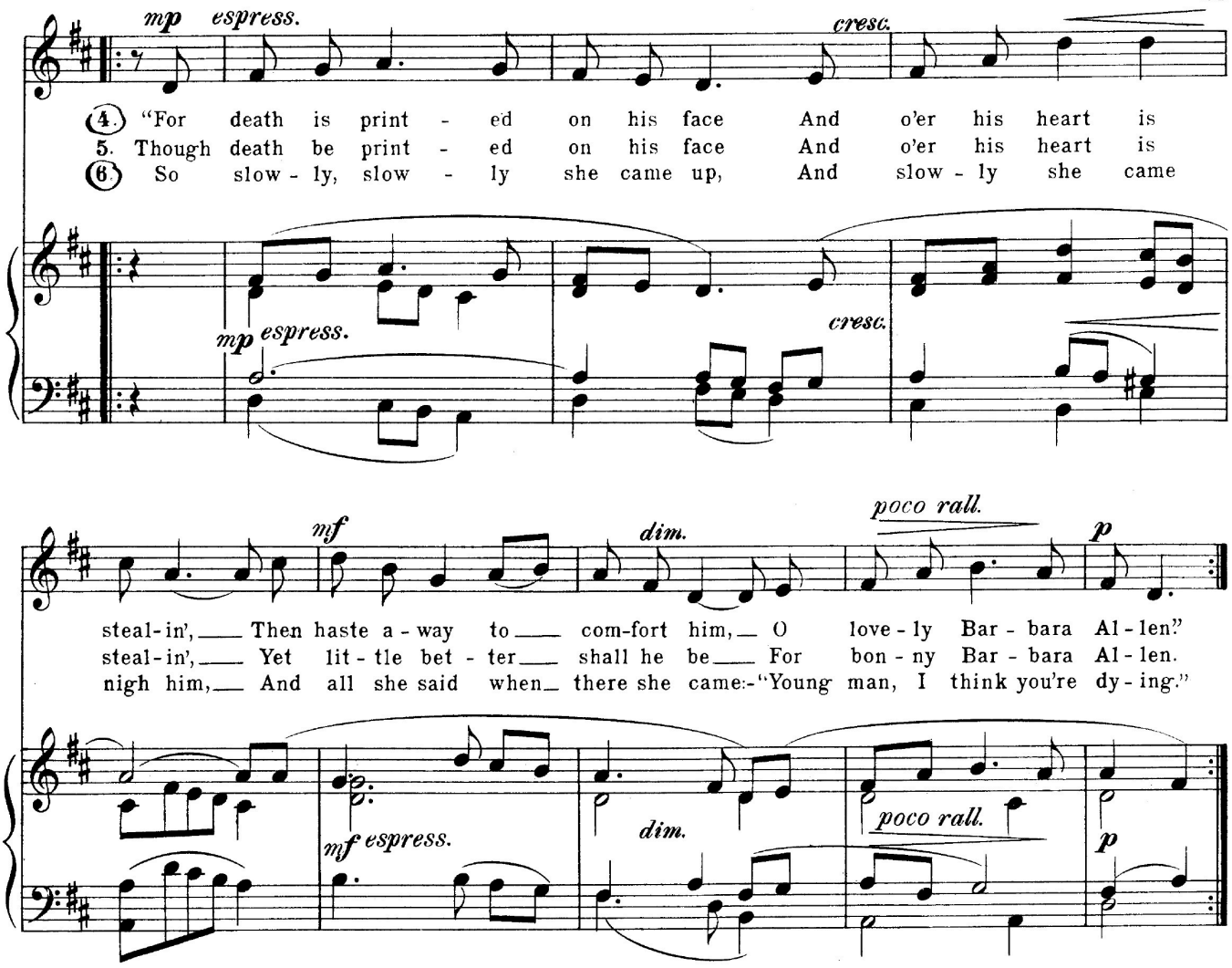
24

BARBARA ALLEN

Traditional Tune

Edited and arranged by Granville Bantock





(7.)
He turned his face unto her, straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing:-
"O lovely maid, come pity me;
I'm on my death-bed lying."

(8.)
"If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're tellin';
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

9.
He turned his face unto the wall
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

10.
As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the bell a-knellin';
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

11.
She turned her body round about
And spied the corpse a-coming;
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,
"That I may look upon him."

12.
With scornful eye she looked down,
Her cheek with laughter swellin';
Whilst all her friends cried out amain:-
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"

(13.)
When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

14.
"Hard-hearted creature him to slight
Who loved me so dearly!
O that I had been more kind to him
When he was alive and near me!"

(15.)
She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

(16.)
"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen"

Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Edmund Spenser. We've included three of his poetry selections along with modern translations for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. We have also included three additional England-themed selections from various writers. Our selections are:

- Excerpt from the Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I, Stanzas I-V
- Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 39
- Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 43
- God Save the King
- Land of Hope and Glory
- This England by William Shakespeare

These selections are also available as copywork. We have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students.

"So let us love, dear love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught."

~ Edmund Spenser

Edmund Spenser

1552/1533 - January 13, 1599

Edmund Spenser was an important English poet who lived during a period known as the English Renaissance. He was born in London around 1552 and went to school at the Merchant Taylors' School, later studying at Pembroke College, part of the famous University of Cambridge. Spenser lived during the rule of Queen Elizabeth I, a time when art and literature were growing quickly in England.

Spenser is best known for his long poem *The Faerie Queene*. This poem is a mix of adventure, fantasy, and moral lessons. It tells the stories of brave knights who represent virtues like holiness, temperance, and justice. The poem was written to honor Queen Elizabeth I, who is represented in the poem as a powerful and noble queen.

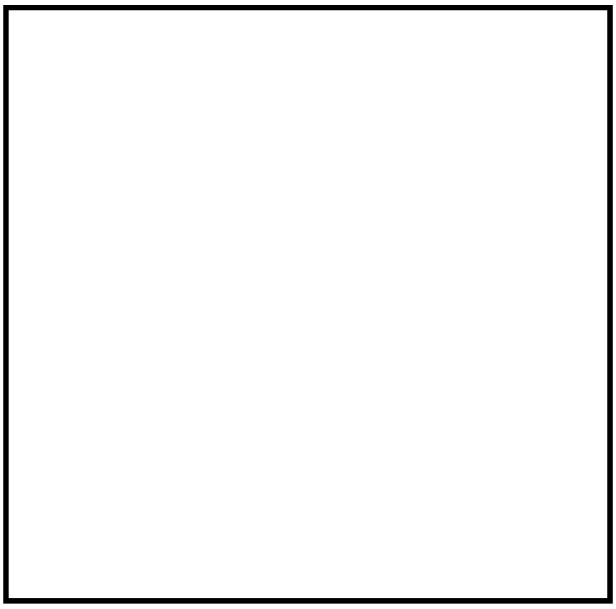
The Faerie Queene was written in a special type of poetry called the "Spenserian stanza," which has nine lines and a special rhyme pattern that Spenser created himself.

Spenser's poetry often focused on big ideas like goodness, beauty, and the fight between right and wrong. He was very interested in using old stories and classical myths in his writing, but he also added his own new ideas. His writing helped shape English poetry and inspired many writers who came after him, including William Shakespeare.

Spenser spent some time in Ireland working for the English government. While there, he wrote about his thoughts on politics and the role of England in Ireland. He also wrote poems like *Amoretti*, a collection of love poems written for his future wife, and *Epithalamion*, a beautiful poem celebrating their wedding day.

Edmund Spenser returned to London in 1588, dying shortly thereafter in 1599, and was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, a special honor for poets in England. Even though Spenser lived many years ago, his poetry is still remembered and studied today. His creative imagination, love for storytelling, and beautiful language made him one of the greatest poets in English history.

Poet Study



Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

3 Facts About the Poet:

_____

_____

_____

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Poetry Selections

Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I, Stanzas I-V

by Edmund Spenser

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

Modern Translation

Stanza I

A noble knight was riding across the plain
Clad in mighty armor and carrying a silver shield
Where scars from deep wounds still remained
The harsh reminders of many bloody fields
Yet arms in war did he never wield
His spirited horse chewed its foaming bit
Resenting the reins that forced it to yield
A fine, brave knight, and fair did sit
For knightly jousts and fierce combat fit

Stanza II

And on his chest, a red cross he bore
A symbol honoring his dying Lord
To show his devotion, that symbol he wore
Whether living or dead, he still adored
Likewise on his shield the cross was scored
Representing the hope in the Lord he had
He was faithful and true in both in deed and word
But his expression seemed too solemn and sad
Yet, he feared nothing and was himself feared

Stanza III

On a great adventure he was bound
Queen Gloriana to him she gave
That glorious Queen of Fairyland
To win great honor and her favor to have
Which above all earthly things he craved
As he rode, his heart did yearn
To test his strength and in battle be brave
Against a fearsome enemy, a new force to learn
A terrifying dragon, horrible and stern

Poetry Selections

Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book I, Canto I, Stanzas I-V (cont)

IV
A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V
So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

Modern Translation

Stanza IV
A beautiful lady rode along beside
On a humble donkey as white as snow
Though she was fair, her face she did hide
Under a veil that covered low
And it over all, a dark cloak did she throw
As if in deep mourning, to show she was sad
With a heavy heart did she ride slow
Deep in her heart, hidden worries she had
And by her side, a white lamb she had

Stanza V
As pure and innocent as that little lamb
A life of virtue and wisdom she bore
From a royal lineage she came
From ancient kings and queens before
Who once ruled from East to Western shore
And all the world in their kingdom held
Until a dark enemy caused a foul uproar
Laying waste to the land, and them expelled
To avenge her people, this knight she compelled

Poetry Selections

Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 39

by Edmund Spenser

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
For whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto an other brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

Modern Translation

"How can you judge unseen things right?"
Answered the righteous Artegall
"When you misjudge even the things in sight?
Though the ocean waves beat continual
Eating the land, until there's nothing at all
Yet there's no less earth than what there ought
For whatever from the earth does fall
With the tides, another is brought
For nothing is lost that can't be found, if sought."

Excerpt from The Faerie Queene, Book V, Canto II, Stanza 43

by Edmund Spenser

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde, that vnder heauen doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought, that fro[m] mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

Modern Translation

Use the scales if you think you're so wise
And weigh the wind that under heaven does blow
Or weigh the light that in the East does rise
Or weigh the thought that from a mind does flow
But if the measure of these things you can't yet show
Then weigh a single word that from your lips does fall
For how can life's greater mysteries you know
When you don't even know the smallest of them all?
He will never master the great who can't master the small

Poetry Selections

This England
by William Shakespeare

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England...

John of Gaunt, Richard II
William Shakespeare

God Save the King
Unknown Author

God save our gracious King!
Long live our noble King!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Land of Hope and Glory
by A.C. Benson

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee
mightier yet,
God, who made thee mighty, make thee
mightier yet!

Poetry Study

Title:

_____

Type of Poem:

_____

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.

Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

_____

_____

_____

_____

Write three adjectives about the poem.

_____ _____ _____

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

_____

_____

_____

_____

A GENTLE Knight was

pricking on the plaine,

Yclad in mightie armes

and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe

wounds did remaine,

The cruel markes of

many'a bloudy fielde;

Yet armes till that time

did he never wield:

His angry steede did

chide his foming bitt,

As much disdayning to

the curbe to yield:

Full jolly knight he seemd,

and faire did sitt,

As one for knightly giusts

and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a

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The deare remembrance

of his dying Lord,

For whose sweete sake

that glorious badge

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And dead as living

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which in his helpe he had:

Right faithfull true

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but ever was ydrad.

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That greatest Gloriana

to him gave,

That greatest Glorious

Queene of Faerie lond,

To winne him worship,

and her grace to have,

Which of all earthly things

he most did crave;

And ever as he rode,

his hart did earne

To prove his puissance

in battell brave

Upon his foe,

and his new force

to learne;

Upon his foe,

a Dragon horrible

and stearne.

A lovely Ladie rode him

faire beside,

Upon a lowly Asse more

white then snow,

Yet she much whiter,

but the same did hide

Under a vele,

that wimpled was full low,

And over all a blacke stole

she did throw,

As one that inly mournd:

so was she sad,

And heavie sat upon her

palfrey slow;

Seemed in heart some hidden

care she had,

And by her in a line a milke

white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent,

as that same lambe,

She was in life and every

vertuous lore,

And by descent from Royall

lynage came

Of ancient Kings

and Queenes,

that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from

East to Westerne shore,

And all the world in their

subjection held;

Till that infernall feend

with foule uprore

Forwasted all their land,

and them expeld:

Whom to avenge,

she had this Knight

from far compeld.

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Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe

wounds did remaine,

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Yet armes till that time did he never wield:

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So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,

She was in life and every vertuous lore,

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Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore

Their scepters stretcht from East

to Westerne shore,

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Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:

Whom to avenge, she had this Knight

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A Gentle Knight was pricking

Yclad in mightie armes

and silver shielde,

Wherein old dints of deepe wounds

did remaine,

The cruel markes of

many'a bloudy fielde;

Yet armes till that time

did he never wield:

His angry steede did chide

his foming bitt,

As much disdayning

to the curbe to yield:

Full jolly knight he seemd,

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and fierce encounters fitt.

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Whom to avenge,

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Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
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For whose sweete sake that glorious badge
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so much of things in sight?

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Doe eate the earth,

it is no more at all:

Ne is the earth the lesse,

or loseth ought,

For whatsoeuer from one

place doth fall,

Is with the tide vnto
an other brought:
For there is nothing lost,
that may be found,
if sought.

Of things vnseene how canst thou

deeme aright,

Then answered the righteous Artegall,

Sith thou misdeem'st so much

of things in sight?

What though the sea with waues continuall

Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:

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For there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

For take thy ballaunce,

if thou be so wise,

And weigh the winde,

that vnder heauen

doth blow;

Or weigh the light,

that in the East doth rise;

Or weigh the thought,

that fro[m] mans mind

doth flow.

But if the weight of these

thou canst not show,

Weigh but one word which

from thy lips doth fall.

For how canst thou those

greater secrets know,

That doest not know the

least thing of them all?

Ill can he rule the great,

that cannot reach

the small.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,

And weigh the winde, that vnder

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thy lips doth fall.

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greater secrets know,

That dost not know the least

thing of them all?

All can he rule the great,

that cannot reach the small.

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Or weigh the thought, that fro[m] mans mind doth flow.
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

This royal throne of kings,

this scepter'd isle,

This earth of majesty,

this seat of Mars,

This other Eden,

demi-paradise,

This fortress built

by Nature for herself

Against infection

and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men,

this little world,

This precious stone

set in the silver sea,

Which serves it

in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive

to a house,

Against the envy of

less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth,

this realm, this England...

John of Gaunt, Richard II

William Shakespeare

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Land of Hope and Glory,

Mother of the Free,

How shall we extol thee,

who are born of thee?

Wider still and wider shall

thy bounds be set;

God, who made thee mighty,

make thee mightier yet,

God, who made thee mighty,

make thee mightier yet!

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,

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God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet!

God save our gracious King!

Long live our noble King!

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store

On him be pleased to pour,

Long may he reign.

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause,

To sing with heart

and voice,

God save the King.

God save our gracious King!

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Tea Times

In this session, we wanted to highlight British culture by including a true English Afternoon Tea. Along with our recipes, we have several additional menu ideas for you to mix and match to your families' tastes! For your afternoon tea, we have Victoria Sponge Cake, Scones and Devonshire Cream, Crumpets, and Cucumber Sandwiches, as well as more ideas for different cakes, breads, sandwiches, and teas for you to choose from!

We will also have two Story Time teas and two Fairy Tale teas:

Story Time Tea 1: *Stories from the Faerie Queen,* "St. George and the Dragon" by Jeanie Lang

Story Time Tea 2: *The Sword in the Stone,* Ch. III by T.H. White

Fairy Tale Tea 3: *The Red Fairy Book,* "Jack and the Beanstalk" by Andrew Lang

Fairy Tale Tea 4: *The History of Tom Thumb* by Unknown Author

"You can never get a cup of tea large enough or a book long enough to suit me."

~C.S. Lewis

Tea Times

Victoria Sponge Cake

1 ½ c softened butter
1 ⅓ c all-purpose flour
3 ¼ tsp baking powder
½ tsp salt
¾ c plus 2 T granulated sugar
3 large eggs
2 T milk
confectioners' sugar (for dusting)

Preheat oven to 350° and place a rack in the center. Grease and line the bottoms of two 8-inch round cake pans or spring pans with parchment paper.

In a medium bowl, sift together flour, baking powder, and salt.

In the bowl of an electric mixer, beat butter and sugar until light and fluffy, about 3 minutes. Beat in eggs, one at a time, until incorporated, then beat in milk, scraping down sides of the bowl as necessary. Mix in flour mixture until combined, then scrape into prepared cake pans, smoothing the top.

Bake 25 to 30 minutes or until cakes are golden brown and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool completely on a wire rack.

Once cool, spread jam evenly over the top of one cake. Spread whipped cream on top of jam, then top with remaining cake. Dust with confectioners' sugar and serve immediately.

Scones

3 c all-purpose flour
1 T baking powder
1/2 c granulated sugar
1/8 tsp salt
3/4 c butter
1 egg, beaten
Milk added to the egg to equal 1 c

Sift together the dry ingredients, then cut in butter. Add egg-milk mixture, mix quickly and lightly, just until no dry particles remain. Place dough onto a lightly floured surface and knead gently for 8-10 minutes. Cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter. Place on a greased cookie sheet and bake at 425° for 8 to 12 minutes until golden. Serve with butter, Devonshire cream, jam, lemon curd, etc.

Mock Devonshire Cream

4 oz. cream cheese
1/4 c room temperature butter
1/4 c sour cream

Beat cream cheese in a standing or hand mixer until smooth. Add butter and sour cream, beating until smooth.

Crumpets

Ingredients

1 c water (lukewarm)
1 tsp instant or active dried yeast
1 tsp sugar
¾ c all-purpose flour
½ tsp salt
1 tsp baking powder
1 T olive oil + 2 T softened butter (set aside)
4 - 6 crumpet rings for this recipe

Instructions:

1. Mix the sugar and yeast in warm water, then allow the yeast to activate for 10 minutes until it foams up.

2. Pour the yeast mixture into a bowl.

3. Add the sifted flour, baking powder, and salt to the bowl, and mix together for 2 minutes with a whisk (or 1 minute with an electric mixer).

4. Scrape down the sides, then cover the bowl and let it rest it in a warm spot for 45 minutes until it's active and bubbly.

5. Heat an electric griddle or large nonstick frying pant to 375°.

6. Using a pastry brush, coat the inside of one of the rings with the butter and oil mixture, then place the ring into the hot pan.

7. Spoon the mixture into the hot ring to about halfway up. Do the same for 3-5 more rings (one at a time), careful not to overcrowd the pan.

8. After 5 minutes the classic crumpet bubbles will start to appear from the edges of the crumpets. Simply take a small pointy knife to pop any bubbles.

9. Once each crumpet has dried out around the edges, use your oven mitts to lift off the rings.

10. As the centers appear less gooey, carefully turn them over to brown off the tops.

11. Once they are golden brown, remove them from the pan and transfer them onto a wire rack to cool. (You can freeze them or keep them in the fridge until ready to eat.)

12. To serve, pop them in the toaster for a couple of minutes, then serve with butter and raspberry jam while they're piping hot. (Clotted cream is delicious on them as well.)

Cucumber Sandwiches

- Sandwich bread
- Cucumbers
- Mayonnaise
- Dill

Slice the crusts off your bread and cut into sections. Traditional tea sandwiches are cut into long rectangles, however they can also be cut into triangles or circles. Spread mayonnaise over the bread. Thinly slice a cucumber and arrange onto the bread. Top with dill and leave as is, or add another bread piece and enjoy!

Other Sandwich Options

- Smoked salmon sandwiches
- Egg and cress sandwiches
- Ham sandwiches
- Coronation chicken sandwiches
- Roast beef sandwiches
- Sausage rolls
- Goat cheese, walnut, and roasted pepper

Sweets

- Chocolate Biscuit Cake
- Lemon cake
- Biscuits/cookies
- Lemon Tarts
- Shortbread, alt

Bonus

- Lemon curd
- Tea bread

St. George and the Dragon: Stories From The Faerie Queen

By Jeanie Lang

Long, long ago, before the things that happened were written down in history books, a spiteful fairy came into the castle of an English king. She saw a beautiful baby-boy, the king's little son, lying asleep, and, out of mischief, she ran away with him and left her own ugly little fairy baby there instead.

But when she had stolen the baby, she could not be troubled to take care of him. So she laid him down in the furrow of a ploughed field.

Soon a ploughman, with his horses, came that way. He was a kind man, and he lifted the baby up off the cold brown earth and carried him home to his cottage. He called him Georgos, and brought him up as if he were his own boy.

When Georgos was a big boy he did not care to be a ploughman. He wished to be a knight and fight for people who were not as strong as he was. So he went to the court of the Faerie Queen, and she took him for one of her knights. She called him George, and gave him armour all shining with silver and with a red cross on his shield and on his breast.

You have heard the story of Una, so you know that it was George of the Red Cross who left the fairy court to fight for her and to be her knight.

There was no sadder knight to be found in all Fairyland than George of the Red Cross, after the wicked magician had made him think that Una was false and bad. With a heavy heart he rode away from the magician's cottage in the grey dawn, with the dwarf sadly following him.
As he went through the woods he met a knight riding with a beautiful lady in red robes that sparkled with jewels. The lady's horse was all decked out with gold, and from its bridle hung golden bells.

Although she was so beautiful, she was really a wicked witch, who was never so happy as when she was making men fight and kill each other.

When she saw George coming, she said to the knight with whom she rode, 'Here comes a knight! you must fight with him.' So the knight rode furiously at George, and George met him as fiercely, and both their spears splintered as they crashed against each other. Then, with their swords they cut and thrust and hacked. The knight cut through a piece of George's helmet by the fury of one blow, but George gave him such a stroke in return, that his sword went through the steel helmet right into the knight's head, and he fell dead.

When the witch saw him fall, she galloped away, screaming with fear. George rode after her and begged her not to be afraid, but the witch pretended to cry bitterly. She told him she did not cry for sorrow that the knight was dead, but only because she was frightened. She said that the knight who lay there had wished to marry her, but that she did not love him, and liked George much better.

The witch looked so beautiful, with her red robes and splendid jewels, and pretended so well to be simple and good, that George believed all that she said.

'Do not be afraid,' he said, 'I will take care of you, and be your friend.'

So he did not think of Una any more, but rode away happily with the witch, who said her name was Fidessa.

In the middle of the day, when the sun had grown very hot, they rested in the shade of two great trees.

The spreading branches of the trees were overgrown with grey moss, and their green leaves were never still, but whispered and trembled as if the wind was blowing on them. George thought he would make a garland of these fresh leaves to put on Fidessa's dark hair. He plucked a little branch, and, as he broke it, red drops of blood trickled down from the place where it was broken.

Then a sad voice spoke out of the tree, and told him that the trees were not really trees, but a knight and a lady, who had been bewitched by the magic of a wicked witch.

The witch who had done it was Fidessa, and when Fidessa heard the tree speak, she was afraid that George would find her out. But George was too simple and too true to think that beautiful Fidessa could be so wicked. He was very sorry for having hurt the tree-man, and with some earth plastered up the place that bled.

Then he and Fidessa hurried away from the place of the shivering trees.

When they had ridden for a long time they came to a gorgeous palace where only bad people stayed. Fidessa made George come with her into the palace, and while they stayed there she got some of the wicked knights of the palace to fight with George and try to kill him. But George was braver and stronger than any of these knights, and instead of their killing him, he killed them.

One day Fidessa went from home, and, while she was away, Una's dwarf, who had never left George, went wandering through the palace.

In a dark and horrible dungeon he found many knights, and kings, and ladies and princes shut up as prisoners.

The dwarf ran and told George, and the Red Cross Knight, fearing that he also would be made a prisoner and cast into the dungeon if he stayed longer in the enchanted palace, rode away. The wounds he had got in his last fight were still unhealed, so that he could not go fast.

When Fidessa got back and found him gone, she rode after him as fast as ever she could. When she found him he was resting, with his armour off, on the mossy grass by the side of a sparkling fountain. He was peacefully listening to the sweet song of birds, and to the tinkling water, when Fidessa's red robes showed through the trees.

She talked to him so cunningly that soon she persuaded him to think that she loved him very much and meant him nothing but kindness.

Now the witch knew that the water of the fountain was magic water, and if any one drank it all his strength would leave him. So she made George lie down on the sandy gravel and drink. In one minute his strength all went from him and he was no stronger than a tiny boy.

No sooner had this happened than there walked out from amongst the trees an enormous ugly giant. In his hand, for a club, he carried a big oak-tree that he had pulled out of the earth by the roots. When he saw George he rushed at him like an earthquake, and smote him such a mighty blow that George fell fainting to the ground. Then the giant picked him up as if he had been a helpless little baby, and carried him away, and threw him into the darkest dungeon of his castle in the woods.

Una's dwarf, who had hidden in the bushes and seen all that happened, ran away, lest the giant should kill him.

But Fidessa, the wicked witch, made friends with the giant, and he made her his wife. He gave her a robe of purple and gold to wear, and put a splendid gold crown on her head. And to make people more afraid of her than they were already, he gave her a horrible beast with seven heads and a long scaly tail of brass to ride on.

For months and months George was a prisoner in the gloomy dungeon. The light never came into it, nor any air. He was chained with heavy iron bands, and was given scarcely anything to eat or to drink. His face grew white and thin, and his eyes grew hollow. His strong arms became only skin and bone, and his legs were so feeble that he could not stand. He looked more like a shadow than a man.

One day, as he lay on the floor of the dungeon, feebly moaning and longing to die, the door burst open.

A knight in shining armour of diamonds and gold stood before him, and before George could speak to him, there ran into the dreary cell, like a sunbeam in the dark, his own beautiful Una. Una nearly cried for joy at seeing her knight again, and for sorrow because he looked so terribly ill.

She told him that Prince Arthur, the knight who had saved him, had cut off the giant's head, and slain the seven-headed monster, and made Fidessa prisoner.

Then Prince Arthur tore off Fidessa's robe of purple and gold, and her golden crown and all her sparkling jewels. And all her beauty faded away, and she looked like the hideous, wicked old witch that she really was.

George shrank away from her in horror, and wondered how she could ever have made him forget Una, or have made him think that she herself was good and beautiful.

And Fidessa, frightened at being found out, ran away and hid herself in a dark cave in the lonely desert.

Then Una took George, who was now no stronger than a little child who has been ill, to an old house not far away from the giant's castle. It was called the House of Holiness.

There lived there a good old lady and her three good and beautiful daughters, and they helped Una to nurse George until he grew strong again.

And as he grew stronger, from the rest and their care and the dainty food they gave him, those ladies of the House of Holiness taught the young knight many things.

He learned to be more gentle than he had been before, and never to be proud nor boastful, and to love nothing that was not wholly good. He learned, too, not to hate any one, nor to be angry or revengeful, and always to be as generous and as merciful as he was brave.

When he was quite strong once more, he went from the House of Holiness to a place where an old hermit stayed, and from him George learned still more of what was good.

George had always thought that he was a fairy's son, but the hermit told him the story of how the bad fairy had stolen him from his father's castle when he was a baby. And although George loved his Faerie Queen and the fairy knights and ladies, he was glad to think that he was the son of an English king.

The old man told him that if, all through his life, he was true, and brave, and merciful and good, one day he should be called a saint. And he would be the saint who belonged especially to all Englishmen and Englishwomen, and to English boys and girls.

'*Saint George shalt thou callèd be,*
Saint George of Merry England, the sign of victory.'

Then did George, his shining armour with its red crosses, and his sharp sword and glittering spear buckled on again, ride away once more with Una, to kill the dragon and set free the king and queen.

It was a dreary country that they rode through, for the dragon had laid it all waste, but from far away they saw the tower of brass shining in the sun.

As they drew nearer they saw a watchman on the top of the tower gazing across the plain. Day after day for a long, long time he had looked for Una to come back with a knight to slay the dragon. When he saw Una and George crossing the plain, he ran and told the king and queen, and the old king climbed up to the top of the tower to see for himself that the good news was true.

As they drew near the tower, George and Una heard a hideous roaring sound. It filled all the air and shook the ground like an earthquake. It came from the dragon, that was stretched out in the sun on the side of a hill.

When it saw the knight in gleaming armour riding towards it, it roused itself joyfully up to come and kill him, as it had killed all the other knights.

George made Una go to a high piece of ground, from whence she could see the fight, and where she would be out of danger, and then rode to meet the terrible beast.

Half running and half flying, with its great ugly wings, the dragon came swiftly towards him. It was so big that its shadow looked like the dark shadow of a mountain on a valley. Its body was monstrous and horrible and vast, and was all swelled out with rage. It had scales all over it that shone like brass, and that were as strong as steel. Its wings were like big sails, and when it flapped them and clashed its scales, the sound was like the sound of a great army fighting. Its long tail was spotted red and black, and at the end of it two sharp stings stuck out. It had cruel long claws, and its gaping jaws had each three rows of iron teeth, all stained and wet with the blood of the people it had eaten last. It had eyes like flames, and its breath was fire and smoke.

When it rushed at George, George rode hard at it with his spear. But no spear was ever made that was strong enough to pierce that dragon's scales. The spear glanced off from its ugly, speckled breast, but the dragon, furious at the hard thrust that George had given him, lashed out with its tail so furiously that both the horse and his rider were thrown to the ground. Lightly they rose up again, and again George smote with his spear.

Then the dragon, spreading its wings, rose from the ground like a giant bird, and seizing George and his horse in its claws, flew away with them. Right across the plain it flew, then, finding them heavy, it dropped them on the ground. As it did this, George thrust with his spear under the dragon's stretched-out wing, and made a great gaping wound. The spear broke, but the spear-head stuck in the wound, until the dragon, mad with rage and pain, plucked it out with its teeth.

Then did fire and smoke rush out more terribly than before from the jaws of the furious dragon. It lashed its long tail so savagely that it folded in its coils George's foaming horse. The frantic horse, in its struggles to get free, threw George on the ground amongst the horrible blood. But George sprang to his feet, and with his sharp sword struck again and again at the dragon's head.

The sword could not pierce it, but the dragon, annoyed at George's fierce attack, thought it would fly out of his reach. But when it tried, the wound George had made in its wing prevented it.

Then its rage at George grew fifty times more furious. It roared till the whole land shook, and it sent out from its inside such blazing flames that George's face was scorched and his armour grew so hot that it burned into his flesh.

George was so tired and so faint and sore, that when he was burned as well, he feared that the end had come. The dragon saw his faintness, and smiting him a tremendous blow with its great tail, it threw him down, and George fell backwards into a pool of water. Now this pool of water was a magic spring. When George fell into it, all his faintness and weariness vanished.

Una, who feared he was dead, saw him spring out of the water even fresher and stronger than he had been at the beginning of the fight.

The dragon could not believe its eyes, and thought that George must be a new knight who had come to fight it.

Before it had got over its surprise, George struck its head so fiercely with his sword, which still dripped from the magic water, that he made a great wound.

The dragon, roaring like a hundred lions, struck at George with the stings on the end of its tail. One of them went right through George's shield, and through his armour, and firmly stuck in his shoulder. Though George was faint with the pain it caused, he hit the dragon's tail such a blow that he hewed off five joints and left only the ugly stump.

Mad with rage, the dragon, belching out smoke and fire, and giving fearful cries, seized George's silver shield in its claws and tried to drag it from him. Again and again, and yet again, George struck at it with his sword. At last he hit the joint and cut the paw clean off. Even then, so tight was the grip that the claws had got, that it still hung bleeding from the shield.

Then was the dragon's rage so frightful, that the flames and smoke from its mouth were like the flames and smoke that pour out of a burning mountain. All the sky was darkened, and as George shrank back in horror from the burning, choking, smelling darkness, his foot slipped in the mire, and he fell.

Now there grew in that land a magic tree, all hung with fruit and rosy apples. From the trunk of the tree there flowed a little stream of sweet balm that could cure even deadly wounds and make weak people strong. The dragon was afraid of this tree and its magic stream, and dared not go near it.

All night George lay as if he were dead, and Una, on the hillside, waited with a heavy heart for morning to come.

He lay so close to the magic tree that the dragon dared not come near him, but it thought that he must have died of his wounds.

When the black night had rolled away and daylight spread over the land, George arose from his sleep. His wounds were all healed by the magic balm, and he was stronger than before.

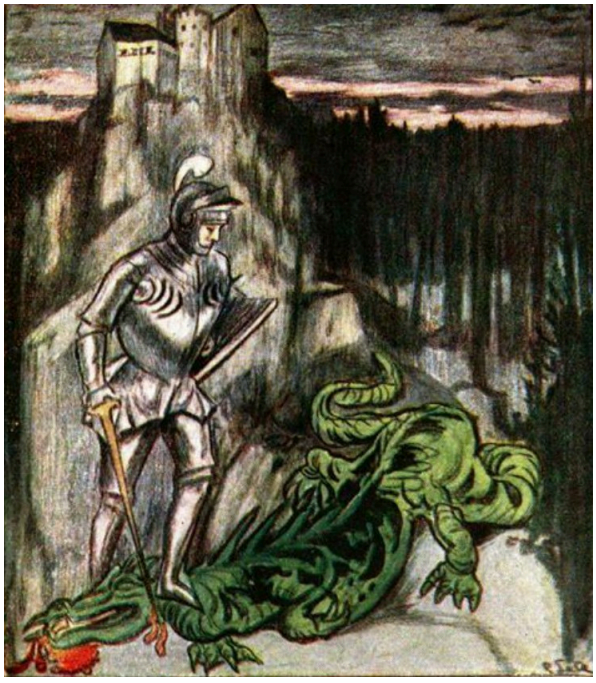
When the dragon rushed at him with its great fierce mouth gaping wide, George thrust his sword down its throat and wounded it so terribly that it rolled over like a huge mountain in an earthquake. The ground shook as it fell, and the last breaths that it drew stained the beautiful morning sky, like smoke from a furnace.

At first it seemed to Una too good to be true that the dragon was dead. But when the last of the black smoke had cleared away, and the monster lay quite still, she knew that George had won the fight and slain the dragon.

The watchman on the brazen tower had also seen the dragon fall, and so the king had the gates of brass, that had been closed for so long, thrown wide open.

With sounds of trumpets and shouts of joy the king and queen and their people came out to greet George and Una, and to thank George, who had saved them and their land from the horrible dragon.

The people crowded round the dead body of the monster. The children wished to look at it closely, and when a bold little boy took hold of its claws, his mother screamed with fright, and dragged him back. So long had they been in terror of their savage enemy, that even when it lay dead they still feared that it might do them some harm.



There never was a happier wedding than the wedding of Una and George, the Red Cross Knight, nor was there ever any bride more beautiful than Una.

Her dress was spotless, like a white lily. It was not made of silver nor silk, yet like silver and silk it shone and glistened. Her golden hair hung round her happy face, and her face was like the freshest flower of May.

Fairy music rang through the air, and there was nothing but happiness in the land on the day that Una wedded brave George of Merry England.

The Sword in the Stone - Chapter III

by T. H. White

The boy slept well in the woodland nest where he had laid himself down, in that kind of thin but refreshing sleep which people have when they begin to lie out of doors. At first he only dipped below the surface of sleep, and skimmed along like a salmon in shallow water, so close to the surface that he fancied himself in air. He thought himself awake when he was already asleep. He saw the stars above his face, whirling on their silent and sleepless axis, and the leaves of the trees rustling against them, and he heard small changes in the grass. These little noises of footsteps and soft-fringed wing-beats and stealthy bellies drawn over the grass blades or rattling against the bracken at first frightened or interested him, so that he moved to see what they were (but never saw), then soothed him, so that he no longer cared to see what they were but trusted them to be themselves, and finally left him altogether as he swam down deeper and deeper, nuzzling into the scented turf, into the warm ground, into the unending waters under the earth.

It had been difficult to go to sleep in the bright summer moonlight, but once he was there it was not difficult to stay. The sun came early, causing him to turn over in protest, but in going to sleep he had learned to vanquish light, and now the light could not rewake him. It was nine o'clock, five hours after daylight, before he rolled over, opened his eyes, and was awake at once. He was hungry.

The Wart had heard about people who lived on berries, but this did not seem practical at the moment, because it was July, and there were none. He found two wild strawberries and ate them greedily. They tasted nicer than anything, so that he wished there were more. Then he wished it was April, so that he could find some birds' eggs and eat those, or that he had not lost his goshawk Cully, so that the hawk could catch him a rabbit which he would cook by rubbing two sticks together like the base Indian. But he had lost Cully, or he would not have lost himself, and probably the sticks would not have lighted in any case. He decided that he could not have gone more than three or four miles from home, and that the best thing he could do would be to sit still and listen. Then he might hear the noise of the haymakers, if he were lucky with the wind, and he could hearken his way to the castle by that.

What he did hear was a faint clanking noise, which made him think that King Pellinore must be after the Questing Beast again, close by. Only the noise was so regular and single in intention that it made him think of King Pellinore doing some special action, with great patience and concentration—trying to scratch his back without taking off his armour, for instance. He went toward the noise.

There was a clearing in the forest, and in this clearing there was a snug cottage built of stone. It was a cottage, although the Wart could not notice this at the time, which was divided into two bits. The main bit was the hall or every-purpose room, which was high because it extended from floor to roof, and this room had a fire on the floor whose smoke came out eventually from a hole in the thatch of the roof. The other half of the cottage was divided into two rooms by a horizontal floor which made the top half into a bedroom and study, while the bottom half served for a larder, storeroom, stable and barn. A white donkey lived in this downstairs room, and a ladder led to the one upstairs.

There was a well in front of the cottage, and the metallic noise which the Wart had heard was caused by a very old gentleman who was drawing water out of it by means of a handle and chain. Clank, clank, clank, went the chain, until the bucket hit the lip of the well, and "Drat the whole thing!" said the old gentleman. "You would think that after all these years of study you could do better for yourself than a by-our-lady well with a by-our-lady bucket, whatever the by-our-lady cost.

"By this and by that," added the old gentleman, heaving his bucket out of the well with a malevolent glance, "why can't they get us the electric light and company's water?"

He was dressed in a flowing gown with fur tippets which had the signs of the zodiac embroidered over it, with various cabalistic signs, such as triangles with eyes in them, queer crosses, leaves of trees, bones of birds and animals, and a planetarium whose stars shone like bits of looking-glass with the sun on them. He had a pointed hat like a dunce's cap, or like the headgear worn by ladies of that time, except that the ladies were accustomed to have a bit of veil floating from the top of it. He also had a wand of lignum vitae, which he had laid down in the grass beside him, and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles like those of King Pellinore. They were unusual spectacles, being without ear pieces, but shaped rather like scissors or like the antennae of the tarantula wasp.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Wart, "but can you tell me the way to Sir Ector's castle, if you don't mind?"

The aged gentleman put down his bucket and looked at him.

"Your name would be the Wart."

"Yes, sir, please, sir."

"My name," said the old man, "is Merlyn."

"How do you do?"

"How do."

When these formalities had been concluded, the Wart had leisure to look at him more closely. The magician was staring at him with a kind of unwinking and benevolent curiosity which made him feel that it would not be at all rude to stare back, no ruder than it would be to stare at one of his guardian's cows who happened to be thinking about his personality as she leaned her head over a gate.

Merlyn had a long white beard and long white moustaches which hung down on either side of it. Close inspection showed that he was far from clean. It was not that he had dirty fingernails, or anything like that, but some large bird seemed to have been nesting in his hair. The Wart was familiar with the nests of Spar-hark and Gos, the crazy conglomerations of sticks and oddments which had been taken over from squirrels or crows, and he knew how the twigs and the tree foot were splashed with white mutes, old bones, muddy feathers and castings. This was the impression which he got from Merlyn. The old man was streaked with droppings over his shoulders, among the stars and triangles of his gown, and a large spider was slowly lowering itself from the tip of his hat, as he gazed and slowly blinked at the little boy in front of him. He had a worried expression, as though he were trying to remember some name which began with Choi but which was pronounced in quite a different way, possibly Menzies or was it Dalziel? His mild blue eyes, very big and round under the tarantula spectacles, gradually filmed and clouded over as he gazed at the boy, and then he turned his head away with a resigned expression, as though it was all too much for him after all.

"Do you like peaches?"

"Very much indeed," said the Wart, and his mouth began to water so that it was full of sweet, soft liquid.

"They are scarcely in season," said the old man reprovingly, and he walked off in the direction of the cottage.

The Wart followed after, since this was the simplest thing to do, and offered to carry the bucket (which seemed to please Merlyn, who gave it to him) and waited while he counted the keys—while he muttered and mislaid them and dropped them in the grass. Finally, when they had got their way into the black and white home with as much trouble as if they were burgling it, he climbed up the ladder after his host and found himself in the upstairs room.

It was the most marvellous room that he had ever been in.

There was a real corkindrill hanging from the rafters, very life-like and horrible with glass eyes and scaly tail stretched out behind it. When its master came into the room it winked one eye in salutation, although it was stuffed. There were thousands of brown books in leather bindings, some chained to the book-shelves and others propped against each other as if they had had too much to drink and did not really trust themselves. These gave out a smell of must and solid brownness which was most secure. Then there were stuffed birds, popinjays, and maggot-pies and kingfishers, and peacocks with all their feathers but two, and tiny birds like beetles, and a reputed phoenix which smelt of incense and cinnamon. It could not have been a real phoenix, because there is only one of these at a time. Over by the mantelpiece there was a fox's mask, with GRAFTON, BUCKINGHAM TO DAVENTRY, 2 HRS 20 MINS written under it, and also a forty-pound salmon with AWE, 43 MIN., BULLDOG written under it, and a very life-like basilisk with CROWHURST OTTER HOUNDS in Roman print. There were several boars' tusks and the claws of tigers and libbards mounted in symmetrical patterns, and a big head of Ovis Poli, six live grass snakes in a kind of aquarium, some nests of the solitary wasp nicely set up in a glass cylinder, an ordinary beehive whose inhabitants went in and out of the window unmolested, two young hedgehogs in cotton wool, a pair of badgers which immediately began to cry Yik-Yik-Yik-Yik in loud voices as soon as the magician appeared,

twenty boxes which contained stick caterpillars and sixths of the puss-moth, and even an oleander that was worth sixpence—all feeding on the appropriate leaves—a guncase with all sorts of weapons which would not be invented for half a thousand years, a rod-box ditto, a chest of drawers full of salmon flies which had been tied by Merlyn himself, another chest whose drawers were labelled Mandragora, Mandrake, Old Man's Beard, etc., a bunch of turkey feathers and goose-quills for making pens, an astrolabe, twelve pairs of boots, a dozen purse-nets, three dozen rabbit wires, twelve corkscrews, some ants' nests between two glass plates, ink-bottles of every possible colour from red to violet, darning-needles, a gold medal for being the best scholar at Winchester, four or five recorders, a nest of field mice all alive-o, two skulls, plenty of cut glass, Venetian glass, Bristol glass and a bottle of Mastic varnish, some satsuma china and some cloisonné, the fourteenth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (marred as it was by the sensationalism of the popular plates), two paint-boxes (one oil, one water-colour), three globes of the known geographical world, a few fossils, the stuffed head of a cameleopard, six pismires, some glass retorts with cauldrons, bunsen burners, etc., and a complete set of cigarette cards depicting wild fowl by Peter Scott.

Merlyn took off his pointed hat when he came into this chamber, because it was too high for the roof, and immediately there was a scamper in one of the dark corners and a flap of soft wings, and a tawny owl was sitting on the black skull-cap which protected the top of his head.

"Oh, what a lovely owl!" cried the Wart.

But when he went up to it and held out his hand, the owl grew half as tall again, stood up as stiff as a poker, closed its eyes so that there was only the smallest slit to peep through—as you are in the habit of doing when told to shut your eyes at hide-and-seek and said in a doubtful voice:

"There is no owl."

Then it shut its eyes entirely and looked the other way.

"It is only a boy," said Merlyn.

"There is no boy," said the owl hopefully, without turning round.

The Wart was so startled by finding that the owl could talk that he forgot his manners and came closer still. At this the bird became so nervous that it made a mess on Merlyn's head—the whole room was quite white with droppings—and flew off to perch on the farthest tip of the corkindrill's tail, out of reach.

"We see so little company," explained the magician, wiping his head with half a worn-out pair of pyjamas which he kept for that purpose, "that Archimedes is a little shy of strangers. Come, Archimedes, I want you to meet a friend of mine called Wart."

Here he held out his hand to the owl, who came waddling like a goose along the corkindrill's back—he waddled with this rolling gait so as to keep his tail from being damaged—and hopped down to Merlyn's finger with every sign of reluctance.

"Hold out your finger and put it behind his legs. No, lift it up under his train."

When the Wart had done this, Merlyn moved the owl gently backward, so that the boy's finger pressed against its legs from behind, and it either had to step back on the finger or get pushed off its balance altogether. It stepped back. The Wart stood there delighted, while the furry feet held tight on his finger and the sharp claws prickled his skin.

"Say how d'you do properly," said Merlyn.

"I will not," said Archimedes, looking the other way and holding tight.

"Oh, he is lovely," said the Wart again. "Have you had him long?"

"Archimedes has stayed with me since he was small, indeed since he had a tiny head like a chicken's."

"I wish he would talk to me."

"Perhaps if you were to give him this mouse here, politely, he might learn to know you better."

Merlyn took a dead mouse out of his skull-cap—"I always keep them there, and worms too, for fishing. I find it most convenient"—and handed it to the Wart, who held it out rather gingerly toward Archimedes. The nutty curved beak looked as if it were capable of doing damage, but Archimedes looked closely at the mouse, blinked at the Wart, moved nearer on the finger, closed his eyes and leaned forward. He stood there with closed eyes and an expression of rapture on his face, as if he were saying Grace, and then, with the absurdest sideways nibble, took the morsel so gently that he would not have broken a soap bubble. He remained leaning forward with closed eyes, with the mouse suspended from his beak, as if he were not sure what to do with it. Then he lifted his right foot—he was right-handed, though people say only men are—and took hold of the mouse. He held it up like a boy holding a stick of rock or a constable with his truncheon, looked at it, nibbled its tail. He turned it round so that it was head first, for the Wart had offered it the wrong way round, and gave one gulp. He looked round at the company with the tail hanging out of the corner of his mouth —as much as to say, "I wish you would not all stare at me so"—turned his head away, politely swallowed the tail, scratched his sailor's beard with his left toe, and began to ruffle out his feathers.

"Let him alone," said Merlyn. "Perhaps he does not want to be friends with you until he knows what you are like. With owls, it is never easy-come and easy-go."

"Perhaps he will sit on my shoulder," said the Wart, and with that he instinctively lowered his hand, so that the owl, who liked to be as high as possible, ran up the slope and stood shyly beside his ear.

"Now breakfast," said Merlyn.

The Wart saw that the most perfect breakfast was laid out neatly for two, on a table before the window. There were peaches.

There were also melons, strawberries and cream, rusks, brown trout piping hot, grilled perch which were much nicer, chicken devilled enough to burn one's mouth out, kidneys and mushrooms on toast, fricassee, curry, and a choice of boiling coffee or best chocolate made with cream in large cups.

"Have some mustard," said the magician, when they had got to the kidneys.

The mustard-pot got up and walked over to his plate on thin silver legs that waddled like the owl's. Then it uncurled its handles and one handle lifted its lid with exaggerated courtesy while the other helped him to a generous spoonful.

"Oh, I love the mustard-pot!" cried the Wart. "Wherever did you get it?"

At this the pot beamed all over its face and began to strut a bit, but Merlyn rapped it on the head with a teaspoon, so that it sat down and shut up at once.

"It is not a bad pot," he said grudgingly. "Only it is inclined to give itself airs."

The Wart was so much impressed by the kindness of the old man, and particularly by the lovely things which he possessed, that he hardly liked to ask him personal questions. It seemed politer to sit still and to speak when he was spoken to. But Merlyn did not speak much, and when he did speak it was never in questions, so that the Wart had little opportunity for conversation. At last his curiosity got the better of him, and he asked something which had been puzzling him for some time.

"Would you mind if I ask you a question?"

"It is what I am for."

"How did you know to set breakfast for two?"

The old gentleman leaned back in his chair and lighted an enormous meerschaum pipe—Good gracious, he breathes fire, thought the Wart, who had never heard of tobacco—before he was ready to reply. Then he looked puzzled, took off his skullcap—three mice fell out—and scratched in the middle of his bald head.

"Have you ever tried to draw in a looking-glass?" he asked.

"I don't think I have."

"Looking-glass," said Merlyn, holding out his hand. Immediately there was a tiny lady's vanity-glass in his hand.

"Not that kind, you fool," he said angrily. "I want one big enough to shave in."

The vanity-glass vanished, and in its place there was a shaving mirror about a foot square.

He then demanded pencil and paper in quick succession; got an unsharpened pencil and the Morning Post; sent them back; got a fountain pen with no ink in it and six reams of brown paper suitable for parcels; sent them back; flew into a passion in which he said by-our-lady quite often, and ended up with a carbon pencil and some cigarette papers which he said would have to do.

He put one of the papers in front of the glass and made five dots. "Now," he said, "I want you to join those five dots up to make a W, looking only in the glass."

The Wart took the pen and tried to do as he was bid.

"Well, it is not bad," said the magician doubtfully, "and in a way it does look a bit like an M."

Then he fell into a reverie, stroking his beard, breathing fire, and staring at the paper.

"About the breakfast?"

"Ah, yes. How did I know to set breakfast for two? That was why I showed you the looking-glass. Now ordinary people are born forwards in Time, if you understand what I mean, and nearly everything in the world goes forward too. This makes it quite easy for the ordinary people to live, just as it would be easy to join those five dots into a W if you were allowed to look at them forwards, instead of backwards and inside out. But I unfortunately was born at the wrong end of time, and I have to live backwards from in front, while surrounded by a lot of people living forwards from behind. Some people call it having second sight."

He stopped talking and looked at the Wart in an anxious way.

"Have I told you this before?"

"No, we only met about half an hour ago."

"So little time to pass?" said Merlyn, and a big tear ran down to the end of his nose. He wiped it off with his pyjamas and added anxiously, "Am I going to tell it you again?"

"I do not know," said the Wart, "unless you have not finished telling me yet."

"You see, one gets confused with Time, when it is like that. All one's tenses get muddled, for one thing. If you know what is going to happen to people, and not what has happened to them, it makes it difficult to prevent it happening, if you don't want it to have happened, if you see what I mean? Like drawing in a mirror."

The Wart did not quite see, but was just going to say that he was sorry for Merlyn if these things made him unhappy, when he felt a curious sensation at his ear. "Don't jump," said the old man, just as he was going to do so, and the Wart sat still. Archimedes, who had been standing forgotten on his shoulder all this time, was gently touching himself against him. His beak was right against the lobe of the ear, which its bristles made to tickle, and suddenly a soft hoarse voice whispered, "How d'you do," so that it sounded right inside his head.

"Oh, owl!" cried the Wart, forgetting about Merlyn's troubles instantly. "Look, he has decided to talk to me!"

The Wart gently leaned his head against the smooth feathers, and the tawny owl, taking the rim of his ear in its beak, quickly nibbled right round it with the smallest nibbles.

"I shall call him Archie!"

"I trust you will do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Merlyn instantly, in a stern and angry voice, and the owl withdrew to the farthest corner of his shoulder.

"Is it wrong?"

"You might as well call me Wol, or Olly," said the owl sourly, "and have done with it.

"Or Bubbles," it added in a bitter voice.

Merlyn took the Wart's hand and said kindly, "You are young, and do not understand these things. But you will learn that owls are the most courteous, single-hearted and faithful creatures living. You must never be familiar, rude or vulgar with them, or make them look ridiculous. Their mother is Athene, the goddess of wisdom, and, although they are often ready to play the buffoon to amuse you, such conduct is the prerogative of the truly wise. No owl can possibly be called Archie."

"I am sorry, owl," said the Wart.

"And I am sorry, boy," said the owl. "I can see that you spoke in ignorance, and I bitterly regret that I should have been so petty as to take offence where none was intended."

The owl really did regret it, and looked so remorseful that Merlyn had to put on a cheerful manner and change the conversation.

"Well," said he, "now that we have finished breakfast, I think it is high time that we should all three find our way back to Sir Ector.

"Excuse me a moment," he added as an afterthought, and, turning round to the breakfast things, he pointed a knobbly finger at them and said in a stern voice, "Wash up."

At this all the china and cutlery scrambled down off the table, the cloth emptied the crumbs out of the window, and the napkins folded themselves up. All ran off down the ladder, to where Merlyn had left the bucket, and there was such a noise and yelling as if a lot of children had been let out of school. Merlyn went to the door and shouted, "Mind, nobody is to get broken." But his voice was entirely drowned in shrill squeals, splashes, and cries of "My, it is cold," "I shan't stay in long," "Look out, you'll break me," or "Come on, let's duck the teapot."

"Are you really coming all the way home with me?" asked the Wart, who could hardly believe the good news.

"Why not? How else can I be your tutor?"

At this the Wart's eyes grew rounder and rounder, until they were about as big as the owl's who was sitting on his shoulder, and his face got redder and redder, and a breath seemed to gather itself beneath his heart.

"My!" exclaimed the Wart, while his eyes sparkled with excitement at the discovery. "I must have been on a Quest!"

Jack and the Beanstalk

Excerpt from *The Red Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang

Jack Sells the Cow

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack. Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter, and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow; so one morning she said to her son, 'I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me, and sell her.'

Jack liked going to market to sell the cow very much; but as he was on the way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them, and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value, and persuaded the silly lad to sell the cow for these beans.

When he brought them home to his mother instead of the money she expected for her nice cow, she was very vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. He was very sorry, and mother and son went to bed very sadly that night; their last hope seemed gone.

At daybreak Jack rose and went out into the garden.

'At least,' he thought, 'I will sow the wonderful beans. Mother says that they are just common scarlet-runners, and nothing else; but I may as well sow them.'

So he took a piece of stick, and made some holes in the ground, and put in the beans.

That day they had very little dinner, and went sadly to bed, knowing that for the next day there would be none and Jack, unable to sleep from grief and vexation, got up at day-dawn and went out into the garden.

What was his amazement to find that the beans had grown up in the night, and climbed up and up till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together till they formed quite a ladder.

'It would be easy to climb it,' thought Jack.

And, having thought of the experiment, he at once resolved to carry it out, for Jack was a good climber. However, after his late mistake about the cow, he thought he had better consult his mother first.

Wonderful Growth of the Beanstalk

So Jack called his mother, and they both gazed in silent wonder at the Beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but was thick enough to bear Jack's weight.

'I wonder where it ends,' said Jack to his mother; 'I think I will climb up and see.'

His mother wished him not to venture up this strange ladder, but Jack coaxed her to give her consent to the attempt, for he was certain there must be something wonderful in the Beanstalk; so at last she yielded to his wishes.

Jack instantly began to climb, and went up and up on the ladder-like bean till everything he had left behind him—the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower—looked quite little, and still he could not see the top of the Beanstalk.

Jack felt a little tired, and thought for a moment that he would go back again; but he was a very persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed in anything is not to give up. So after resting for a moment he went on.

After climbing higher and higher, till he grew afraid to look down for fear he should be giddy, Jack at last reached the top of the Beanstalk, and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep. A crystal stream ran through the pastures; not far from the place where he had got off the Beanstalk stood a fine, strong castle.

Jack wondered very much that he had never heard of or seen this castle before; but when he reflected on the subject, he saw that it was as much separated from the village by the perpendicular rock on which it stood as if it were in another land.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle, a very strange-looking woman came out of the wood, and advanced towards him.

She wore a pointed cap of quilted red satin turned up with ermine, her hair streamed loose over her shoulders, and she walked with a staff. Jack took off his cap and made her a bow.

'If you please, ma'am,' said he, 'is this your house?'

'No,' said the old lady. 'Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle.

'Once upon a time there was a noble knight, who lived in this castle, which is on the borders of Fairyland. He had a fair and beloved wife and several lovely children: and as his neighbours, the little people, were very friendly towards him, they bestowed on him many excellent and precious gifts.

'Rumour whispered of these treasures; and a monstrous giant, who lived at no great distance, and who was a very wicked being, resolved to obtain possession of them.

'So he bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle, when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the part of the castle which was the nursery, and also killed all the poor little ones he found there.

'Happily for her, the lady was not to be found. She had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old nurse, who lived in the valley; and she had been detained all night there by a storm.

'The next morning, as soon as it was light, one of the servants at the castle, who had managed to escape, came to tell the poor lady of the sad fate of her husband and her pretty babes. She could scarcely believe him at first, and was eager at once to go back and share the fate of her dear ones; but the old nurse, with many tears, besought her to remember that she had still a child, and that it was her duty to preserve her life for the sake of the poor innocent.

'The lady yielded to this reasoning, and consented to remain at her nurse's house as the best place of concealment; for the servant told her that the giant had vowed, if he could find her, he would kill both her and her baby. Years rolled on. The old nurse died, leaving her cottage and the few articles of furniture it contained to her poor lady, who dwelt in it, working as a peasant for her daily bread. Her spinning-wheel and the milk of a cow, which she had purchased with the little money she had with her, sufficed for the scanty subsistence of herself and her little son. There was a nice little garden attached to the cottage, in which they cultivated peas, beans, and cabbages, and the lady was not ashamed to go out at harvest time, and glean in the fields to supply her little son's wants.

'Jack, that poor lady is your mother. This castle was once your father's, and must again be yours.'

Jack uttered a cry of surprise.

'My mother! oh, madam, what ought I to do? My poor father! My dear mother!'

'Your duty requires you to win it back for your mother. But the task is a very difficult one, and full of peril, Jack. Have you courage to undertake it?'

'I fear nothing when I am doing right,' said Jack.

'Then,' said the lady in the red cap, 'you are one of those who slay giants. You must get into the castle, and if possible possess yourself of a hen that lays golden eggs, and a harp that talks. Remember, all the giant possesses is really yours.' As she ceased speaking, the lady of the red hat suddenly disappeared, and of course Jack knew she was a fairy.

Jack determined at once to attempt the adventure; so he advanced, and blew the horn which hung at the castle portal. The door was opened in a minute or two by a frightful giantess, with one great eye in the middle of her forehead.

As soon as Jack saw her he turned to run away, but she caught him, and dragged him into the castle.

'Ho, ho!' she laughed terribly. 'You didn't expect to see me here, that is clear! No, I shan't let you go again. I am weary of my life. I am so overworked, and I don't see why I should not have a page as well as other ladies. And you shall be my boy. You shall clean the knives, and black the boots, and make the fires, and help me generally when the giant is out. When he is at home I must hide you, for he has eaten up all my pages hitherto, and you would be a dainty morsel, my little lad.'

While she spoke she dragged Jack right into the castle. The poor boy was very much frightened, as I am sure you and I would have been in his place. But he remembered that fear disgraces a man; so he struggled to be brave and make the best of things.

'I am quite ready to help you, and do all I can to serve you, madam,' he said, 'only I beg you will be good enough to hide me from your husband, for I should not like to be eaten at all.'

'That's a good boy,' said the Giantess, nodding her head; 'it is lucky for you that you did not scream out when you saw me, as the other boys who have been here did, for if you had done so my husband would have awakened and have eaten you, as he did them, for breakfast. Come here, child; go into my wardrobe: he never ventures to open that; you will be safe there.'

And she opened a huge wardrobe which stood in the great hall, and shut him into it. But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air, and he could see everything that took place through it. By-and-by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs, like the lumbering along of a great cannon, and then a voice like thunder cried out;

'Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

'Wife,' cried the Giant, 'there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast.'

'You are grown old and stupid,' cried the lady in her loud tones. 'It is only a nice fresh steak off an elephant, that I have cooked for you, which you smell. There, sit down and make a good breakfast.'

And she placed a huge dish before him of savoury steaming meat, which greatly pleased him, and made him forget his idea of an Englishman being in the castle. When he had breakfasted he went out for a walk; and then the Giantess opened the door, and made Jack come out to help her. He helped her all day. She fed him well, and when evening came put him back in the wardrobe.

The Hen That Lays Golden Eggs

The Giant came in to supper. Jack watched him through the keyhole, and was amazed to see him pick a wolf's bone, and put half a fowl at a time into his capacious mouth.

When the supper was ended he bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

'It lays as well as it did when it belonged to that paltry knight,' he said; 'indeed I think the eggs are heavier than ever.'

The Giantess went away, and soon returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. 'And now, my dear,' she said, 'I am going for a walk, if you don't want me any longer.'

'Go,' said the Giant; 'I shall be glad to have a nap by-and-by.'

Then he took up the brown hen and said to her:

'Lay!' And she instantly laid a golden egg.

'Lay!' said the Giant again. And she laid another.

'Lay!' he repeated the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

Now Jack was sure this hen was that of which the fairy had spoken.

By-and-by the Giant put the hen down on the floor, and soon after went fast asleep, snoring so loud that it sounded like thunder.

Directly Jack perceived that the Giant was fast asleep, he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out; very softly he stole across the room, and, picking up the hen, made haste to quit the apartment. He knew the way to the kitchen, the door of which he found was left ajar; he opened it, shut and locked it after him, and flew back to the Beanstalk, which he descended as fast as his feet would move.

When his mother saw him enter the house she wept for joy, for she had feared that the fairies had carried him away, or that the Giant had found him. But Jack put the brown hen down before her, and told her how he had been in the Giant's castle, and all his adventures. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

The Money Bags

Jack made another journey up the Beanstalk to the Giant's castle one day while his mother had gone to market; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again, and dragged him in as she had done before, to help her to do the work; but she heard her husband coming, and hid him in the wardrobe, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen. She bade him stay quite still there, or the Giant would eat him.

Then the Giant came in saying:

'Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

'Nonsense!' said the wife, 'it is only a roasted bullock that I thought would be a tit-bit for your supper; sit down and I will bring it up at once.' The Giant sat down, and soon his wife brought up a roasted bullock on a large dish, and they began their supper. Jack was amazed to see them pick the bones of the bullock as if it had been a lark. As soon as they had finished their meal, the Giantess rose and said:

'Now, my dear, with your leave I am going up to my room to finish the story I am reading. If you want me call for me.'

'First,' answered the Giant, 'bring me my money bags, that I may count my golden pieces before I sleep.' The Giantess obeyed. She went and soon returned with two large bags over her shoulders, which she put down by her husband.

'There,' she said; 'that is all that is left of the knight's money. When you have spent it you must go and take another baron's castle.'

'That he shan't, if I can help it,' thought Jack.

The Giant, when his wife was gone, took out heaps and heaps of golden pieces, and counted them, and put them in piles, till he was tired of the amusement. Then he swept them all back into their bags, and leaning back in his chair fell fast asleep, snoring so loud that no other sound was audible. Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and taking up the bags of money (which were his very own, because the Giant had stolen them from his father), he ran off, and with great difficulty descending the Beanstalk, laid the bags of gold on his mother's table. She had just returned from town, and was crying at not finding Jack.

'There, mother, I have brought you the gold that my father lost.'

'Oh, Jack! you are a very good boy, but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the Giant's castle. Tell me how you came to go there again.'

And Jack told her all about it.

Jack's mother was very glad to get the money, but she did not like him to run any risk for her. But after a time Jack made up his mind to go again to the Giant's castle.

The Talking Harp

So he climbed the Beanstalk once more, and blew the horn at the Giant's gate. The Giantess soon opened the door; she was very stupid, and did not know him again, but she stopped a minute before she took him in. She feared another robbery; but Jack's fresh face looked so innocent that she could not resist him, and so she bade him come in, and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

By-and-by the Giant came home, and as soon as he had crossed the threshold he roared out:

'Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman.
Let him be alive or let him be dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.'

'You stupid old Giant,' said his wife, 'you only smell a nice sheep, which I have grilled for your dinner.'

And the Giant sat down, and his wife brought up a whole sheep for his dinner. When he had eaten it all up, he said:

'Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little music while you take your walk.'

The Giantess obeyed, and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was all sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and the strings were all of gold.

'This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight,' said the Giant. 'I am very fond of music, and my harp is a faithful servant.'

So he drew the harp towards him, and said:

'Play!'

And the harp played a very soft, sad air.

'Play something merrier!' said the Giant.

And the harp played a merry tune.

'Now play me a lullaby,' roared the Giant; and the harp played a sweet lullaby, to the sound of which its master fell asleep.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and went into the huge kitchen to see if the Giantess had gone out; he found no one there, so he went to the door and opened it softly, for he thought he could not do so with the harp in his hand.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe, and went into the huge kitchen to see if the Giantess had gone out; he found no one there, so he went to the door and opened it softly, for he thought he could not do so with the harp in his hand.

Then he entered the Giant's room and seized the harp and ran away with it; but as he jumped over the threshold the harp called out:

'MASTER! MASTER!'

And the Giant woke up.

With a tremendous roar he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door.

But Jack was very nimble. He fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went (for he saw it was a fairy), and telling it he was the son of its old master, the knight.

Still the Giant came on so fast that he was quite close to poor Jack, and had stretched out his great hand to catch him. But, luckily, just at that moment he stepped upon a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at his full length.

This accident gave Jack time to get on the Beanstalk and hasten down it; but just as he reached their own garden he beheld the Giant descending after him.

'Mother I mother!' cried Jack, 'make haste and give me the axe.'

His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the Beanstalks except one.

'Now, mother, stand out of the way!' said he.

The Giant Breaks His Neck

Jack's mother shrank back, and it was well she did so, for just as the Giant took hold of the last branch of the Beanstalk, Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the Giant with a terrible crash, and as he fell on his head, he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from their alarm and agitation, a beautiful lady stood before them.

'Jack,' said she, 'you have acted like a brave knight's son, and deserve to have your inheritance restored to you. Dig a grave and bury the Giant, and then go and kill the Giantess.'

'But,' said Jack, 'I could not kill anyone unless I were fighting with him; and I could not draw my sword upon a woman. Moreover, the Giantess was very kind to me.'

The Fairy smiled on Jack.

'I am very much pleased with your generous feeling,' she said. 'Nevertheless, return to the castle, and act as you will find needful.'

Jack asked the Fairy if she would show him the way to the castle, as the Beanstalk was now down. She told him that she would drive him there in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks. Jack thanked her, and sat down in the chariot with her.

The Fairy drove him a long distance round, till they reached a village which lay at the bottom of the hill. Here they found a number of miserable-looking men assembled. The Fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them:

'My friends,' said she, 'the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate up all your flocks and herds is dead, and this young gentleman was the means of your being delivered from him, and is the son of your kind old master, the knight.'

The men gave a loud cheer at these words, and pressed forward to say that they would serve Jack as faithfully as they had served his father. The Fairy bade them follow her to the castle, and they marched thither in a body, and Jack blew the horn and demanded admittance.

The old Giantess saw them coming from the turret loop-hole. She was very much frightened, for she guessed that something had happened to her husband; and as she came downstairs very fast she caught her foot in her dress, and fell from the top to the bottom and broke her neck.

When the people outside found that the door was not opened to them, they took crowbars and forced the portal. Nobody was to be seen, but on leaving the hall they found the body of the Giantess at the foot of the stairs.

Thus Jack took possession of the castle. The Fairy went and brought his mother to him, with the hen and the harp. He had the Giantess buried, and endeavoured as much as lay in his power to do right to those whom the Giant had robbed.

Before her departure for fairyland, the Fairy explained to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the beans, in order to try what sort of lad he was.

'If you had looked at the gigantic Beanstalk and only stupidly wondered about it,' she said, 'I should have left you where misfortune had placed you, only restoring her cow to your mother. But you showed an inquiring mind, and great courage and enterprise, therefore you deserve to rise; and when you mounted the Beanstalk you climbed the Ladder of Fortune.'

She then took her leave of Jack and his mother.

Each man was clad in Lincoln green, and a fine show they made, seated upon the sward beneath that fair, spreading tree. Then one of them, with his mouth full, called out to Robin, "Hulloa, where goest thou, little lad, with thy one-penny bow and thy farthing shafts?"

Then Robin grew angry, for no stripling likes to be taunted with his green years.

"Now," quoth he, "my bow and eke mine arrows are as good as shine; and moreover, I go to the shooting match at Nottingham Town, which same has been proclaimed by our good Sheriff of Nottinghamshire; there I will shoot with other stout yeomen, for a prize has been offered of a fine butt of ale."

Then one who held a horn of ale in his hand said, "Ho! listen to the lad! Why, boy, thy mother's milk is yet scarce dry upon thy lips, and yet thou pratest of standing up with good stout men at Nottingham butts, thou who art scarce able to draw one string of a two-stone bow."

"I'll hold the best of you twenty marks," quoth bold Robin, "that I hit the clout at threescore rods, by the good help of Our Lady fair."

At this all laughed aloud, and one said, "Well boasted, thou fair infant, well boasted! And well thou knowest that no target is nigh to make good thy wager."

And another cried, "He will be taking ale with his milk next."

At this Robin grew right mad. "Hark ye," said he, "yonder, at the glade's end, I see a herd of deer, even more than threescore rods distant. I'll hold you twenty marks that, by leave of Our Lady, I cause the best hart among them to die."

"Now done!" cried he who had spoken first. "And here are twenty marks. I wager that thou causest no beast to die, with or without the aid of Our Lady."

Then Robin took his good yew bow in his hand, and placing the tip at his instep, he strung it right deftly; then he nocked a broad clothyard arrow and, raising the bow, drew the gray goose feather to his ear; the next moment the bowstring rang and the arrow sped down the glade as a sparrowhawk skims in a northern wind. High leaped the noblest hart of all the herd, only to fall dead, reddening the green path with his heart's blood.

"Ha!" cried Robin, "how likest thou that shot, good fellow? I wot the wager were mine, an it were three hundred pounds."

Then all the foresters were filled with rage, and he who had spoken the first and had lost the wager was more angry than all.

"Nay," cried he, "the wager is none of thine, and get thee gone, straightway, or, by all the saints of heaven, I'll baste thy sides until thou wilt ne'er be able to walk again." "Knowest thou not," said another, "that thou hast killed the King's deer, and, by the laws of our gracious lord and sovereign King Harry, thine ears should be shaven close to thy head?"

The History of Tom Thumb

Author Unknown

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the famous enchanter, was out on a journey, and stopped one day at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for refreshment. The ploughman's wife brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a wooden platter.

Merlin could not help observing that, although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and in good order, the ploughman and his wife had the most sorrowful air, so he questioned them about the cause of their distress, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared that she would be the happiest creature in the world if she had but a son, although he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was very much amused at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb; and as soon as he returned home he sent for the Queen of the Fairies and related to her the desire of the ploughman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb.

The Queen of the Fairies promised that their wish should be granted. And so it happened one day that the ploughman's wife had a son exactly of the size of his father's thumb. While the mother was sitting up in bed, admiring the child, the Queen of the Fairies appeared, and kissed the infant, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, and summoned several fairies to clothe her little favorite.
Tom never grew any bigger; but, as he grew older, he became very cunning and sly, which his mother did not sufficiently correct him for; so that, when he was old enough to play with the boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the other boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day, as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah, ah! my little Tom Thumb," said the boy, "have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will pay you off well for thieving."

Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag heartily, the cherry stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such doings any more.

Shortly afterwards Tom's mother was making a batter pudding, and, that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed up to the edge of the bowl, but his foot happening to slip he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother not observing him, stirred him into the pudding and popped it all into the pot to boil. The hot water made Tom kick and struggle; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down, thought it was bewitched. A tinker was going by just at the time, so she gave him the pudding, and he put it into his budget and walked away. As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth he began to cry aloud; this so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge. The pudding being broken by the fall Tom was released, and walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow; it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, cried out, "Mother! mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said the mother.

"Here, mother; here in the red cow's mouth."

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of barley-straw to drive the cattle with, and one day in the field Tom slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of the giant's castle by the seaside, where he left him. Old Grumbo, the giant, came out soon afterwards, to walk upon his terrace, and Tom, frightened out of his wits, managed to creep up his sleeve. Tom's motions made the giant uncomfortable, and with a jerk of his arm, he threw him into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. The fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb, who was found inside. He became the favorite of the whole court, and by his merry pranks often amused the King and Queen.

The King, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand; and if a shower of rain came on, the tiny dwarf used to creep into the King's waistcoat pocket and sleep till the rain was over. The King now questioned him concerning his parents; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the King led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay them a visit and take with him as much money as he could carry.

Tom soon got rested at his mother's house, but could not travel because it had rained; his mother therefore took him in her hand and carried him back to King Arthur's court. There Tom entertained the King and Queen and nobility at tilts and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness. At this juncture the Queen of the Fairies came in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side she drove through the air till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, the Queen commanded a fair wind, and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight back to the court of King Arthur. But just as Tom should have alighted in the courtyard, the cook happened to pass with the King's great bowl of his favorite dish, furmenty, and poor Tom fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down went the bowl. "Oh, dear," cried Tom. "Murder! murder!" bellowed the cook; and away ran the King's nice furmenty into the kennel. The cook was a cross fellow and swore to the King that Tom had done it out of some evil design; so he was tried for high treason and sentenced to be beheaded. When the judge delivered this dreadful sentence it happened that a miller was standing by with his mouth wide open, so Tom took a good spring and jumped down his throat, unperceived by all, even by the miller himself.

As Tom could not be found the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long at rest, he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing. The doctor was as much frightened as the miller, and sent in great haste for five more doctors.

While all these were talking the miller began to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another bold jump and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table.

The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, caught hold of Tom and threw him out of the window into the river. A large salmon swimming by snapped him up in a moment.

The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to the steward of a great lord. The grandee, thinking it an uncommonly fine fish, made a present of it to the King, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon he found poor Tom inside, and ran with him directly to the King; but the King being busy, desired that he might be brought another day.

The cook was resolved to keep him safely this time, so clapped him into a mouse-trap. There he was shut up for a whole week, when the King sent for him, forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, and ordered him new clothes, gave him a spirited mouse for a hunter, and knighted him.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a hunting with the King and nobility.

As they were riding by a farmhouse one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, ran off with them both, and was just going to devour the mouse when Tom boldly drew his sword and attacked the cat with great spirit. The King and his nobles, seeing Tom in danger, went to his assistance, and one of the lords bravely saved him just in time, but poor Tom was sadly scratched by the claws of the cat.

The Queen of the Fairies came and took him again to Fairyland, where she kept him some years; after which, dressing him in bright green, she sent him flying once more through the air to the earth. King Thunstone now reigned in the place of King Arthur. The people flocked far and near to look at Tom Thumb, and the King, before whom he was carried, asked him who he was and where he lived. Tom answered:

“My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I come;
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted.
Did you ever hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb?

The King was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

This made the Queen angry, because she had not a new coach too; therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained to the King that he had behaved very insolently to her. The King sent for him in a rage. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into a large, empty snail-shell, and there lay for some time, when, peeping out of the shell, he saw a fine butterfly on the ground. He ventured forth and got astride the butterfly, which took wing, and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew straight to the King's court.

The King, Queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly. At length poor Tom slipped from his seat, and fell into a sweet dish called white-pot, where he was found, almost drowned. The Queen vowed he should be punished, and he was secured once more in a mouse-trap, when the cat, seeing something stir, and supposing it to be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it and set Tom at liberty.

Soon afterwards a spider, taking poor Tom for a big fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him.

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rose-bush, and raised a nice, white marble monument over his grave.

Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "King Lear."

Read it from Charles and Mary Lamb in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

Shakespeare

King Lear
by Charles & Mary Lamb

Lear, king of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the king of France and duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her profession, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen drawn such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom, which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned; with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and he had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life, his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade

farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her: and the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions: and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to get rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by ill, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by good, usage. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or

rather bluntness in his answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master: for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business: this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters; at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

For sudden joy did weep

And he for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep

And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear: for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter: she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to kill her court with riot and feasting; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners,

skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting or feasting, as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril so as was terrible to hear; praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril, and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril, with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unequal behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father, who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, a vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said e knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition and shut their doors upon him.

The wind were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

But he that has a little tiny wit
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
Must make content with his fortunes fit
Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said: 'Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night, love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear.' And Lear rebuked him and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was taxed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate, but the temper in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frighted the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying: 'Who gives anything to poor Tom?' sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant countryfolks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England, with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to' take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad, and singing aloud to himself with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him; and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordial! and she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have

stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did, but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of his dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. It falling out about this time that the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus' the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion: but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus, Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person: so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

History & Geography

For history and geography, we've included a brief history on England's patron saint, St. George, as well as "The Story of How the Giant's Dance Was Brought to Britain" & "The Coming of Arthur" from H.E. Marshall's *Our Island Story*.

"England will still be England, an everlasting animal, stretching into the future and the past and like all living things having the power to change out of all recognition and yet remain the same."

~ George Orwell

History & Geography

The Story of How the Giant's Dance Was Brought to Britain & The Coming of Arthur

Excerpts from *Our Island Story* by H. E. Marshall

The Story of How the Giant's Dance Was Brought to Britain

Vortigern was dead, but the Saxons whom he had brought to Britain were still rulers of the land. So after burning the castle of Vortigern, Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon marched against the Saxons. They defeated them in a great battle, and Hengist was taken prisoner.

Then Aurelius Ambrosius called all the British nobles together in council to decide what should be done with Hengist. Aurelius was a very brave man, but he was not cruel. He was noble, and above all things he hated a lie. Hengist was brave too, but he was cruel, revengeful, and deceitful.

Aurelius would have spared Hengist's life, because he was such a brave man. But Edol, Earl of Gloucester, that noble who fought so well when the Britons were destroyed on Salisbury Plain, stood up. 'It is not right,' he said, 'that Hengist should live. He has brought much sorrow on our land. Through his fault nearly all our nobles were killed on Salisbury Plain. Let him die.'

Then all the people shouted, 'Let him die.'

So Aurelius bowed his head and said, 'It is just. Let him die.'

Edol then led Hengist away and cut off his head.

But although their leader was gone, many Saxons still remained in Britain, and afterwards you will hear how powerful they became.

Aurelius was now chosen to be King of Britain and, like Vortimer, he began to restore order and rebuild the churches and towns which the heathen Saxons had a second time destroyed. The land which the Saxons had stolen he gave back to those of the Britons to whom it really belonged. He revised the laws, and once more peace and justice reigned in the kingdom.

When Aurelius had put everything in good order, he went to Salisbury Plain to see the place where so many of his people had been put to death by Hengist and his wicked Saxons.

As he stood upon the great plain, he felt very sad. Turning to his nobles who surrounded him, he said, 'My people died trying to make peace for their country. Yet there is no stone to mark the spot. I will have a noble monument raised, so that the wickedness of Hengist and the bravery of my people may be remembered for ever.'

Then Aurelius sent for all the best builders and masons in the country, and told them to make a splendid monument. But, one after another, they refused. 'We are not clever enough to do such a great thing,' they said.

This made Aurelius sorry, for he wished very much that people should not forget these British heroes.

Then a wise man came to him and said, 'Send for Merlin. If any one can build a great monument he can.'

'Who is Merlin?' asked Aurelius.

'Merlin is a great magician,' replied the wise man. 'He used to live with Vortigern and do wonderful things for him. Since Vortigern's death he has been hiding somewhere in Wales. If you can find him he will build the monument for you.'

A magician is a person who can do difficult things quite easily. His real home is in fairyland, and he understands fairy language. The fairies come and whisper their wonderful secrets to him, although no one else can see or hear them.

Aurelius was very glad to hear about Merlin. He sent messengers into all the land to look for him. They searched about for a long time, until at last they found Merlin and brought him to the king.

As soon as Merlin knew what Aurelius wanted, he said, 'If you really wish to honour the burying-place of these men with a monument which will last for ever, send to Ireland for the Giant's Dance.'

'What is the Giant's Dance?' asked Aurelius.

'The Giant's Dance is a great ring of stones,' replied Merlin. 'They are so wonderful and so old that no one is sure how they came there. But it is said that long, long ago giants brought these stones from a far-off country called Africa.'

When Aurelius heard that, he burst out laughing. 'How is it possible,' he asked, 'to remove such big stones from a far-off country? Have we not enough stones in Britain with which to build a monument?' and he laughed again.

'Do not laugh,' said Merlin gravely. 'They are wonderful stones. Every one of them will cure some kind of illness. They are fairy stones.'

When the Britons heard that, they made up their minds to have these stones, and Uther Pendragon was chosen to go with Merlin to bring them. So, taking a great army of men and many ships, they set sail for Ireland.

When they arrived in Ireland they sent a message to the king, asking him to let them take the Giant's Dance away.

It was now the King of Ireland's turn to laugh. 'What mad people these Britons are!' he said. 'Was ever such folly heard of? Have they not enough stones in their own country, that they must come to take mine? I shall certainly not give them one single stone of the Giant's Dance. Tell them to go home again and not to be so foolish.'

But the Britons had quite made up their minds to have the Giant's Dance. As the King of Ireland would not give it to them, they resolved to fight for it. This they did, and soon put the Irish to flight.

Then Merlin led the Britons to the place where the Giant's Dance stood. When they saw it, they were filled with joy and wonder, and set to work at once to move the stones. But try how they might, they could not move even the smallest of them one single inch. They pulled and pushed, struggled and strained, till they were hot and tired, but the stones stood as firm as rocks.

Merlin sat by, watching them and smiling. Then when they were all worn out, and cross and tired, he rose. 'Now let me try,' he said, 'it is really quite easy.' And in a very short time, with the help of his wonderful magic, he had moved all the stones and put them on board the ships. The people looked on in amazement and, as soon as he had finished, they set sail for Britain with great rejoicing.

When they landed, messengers were sent to tell King Aurelius Ambrosius. He gathered all the nobles and clergy, and wearing his crown and royal robes, rode to Salisbury Plain. There, with great feasting and ceremony, the stones were set up as a memorial to the dead British heroes. They were placed in exactly the same order as they were found in Ireland. Aurelius changed the name from Giant's Dance to Stonehenge, and the great monument may be seen on Salisbury Plain to this day.

Most people say this is a fairy tale, and ought not to be put in a history book. They say that the stones on Stonehenge were there long before Merlin lived, long before Hengist and his Saxons, or Cæsar and his Romans, even long before Brutus of Troy, came. They say that probably no one will ever find out how these stones came to be there, or why they were placed as they are. I dare say they are right, but fairy tales are very interesting, and this fairy tale (if it is one) is to be found in some of the first histories of Britain that were ever written. So certainly at one time people must have believed it to be true.

Unfortunately, soon after this, a wicked Saxon poisoned the good king, Aurelius Ambrosius. The Britons were very sad at his loss, and they buried him within the Giant's Dance, where so many other noble Britons lay. Then, because Aurelius had no children, the people chose his brother Uther Pendragon to be king.

He, too, was good and wise, but he had to spend most of his time fighting against the Saxons. After the death of Hengist very many Saxons had remained in Britain, and now many more came again in ships from Germany. Fierce and terrible battles were fought, and although the Saxons were often defeated, the Britons could not succeed in driving them away altogether.

But the name of Uther Pendragon became a terror to these heathen. It is said that when he was so old and feeble that he could not stand, he was carried to battle in a litter. And so great was the power and fame of his courage, that the Saxons were utterly defeated.

'Ah,' he said, laughing, 'these heathen call me the half-dead king. And so indeed I am. Yet victory to me half dead is better than to be safe and sound and vanquished. For to die with honour is better than to live with disgrace.'

But alas! Uther Pendragon, like so many of the good kings before him, was also poisoned by the wicked Saxons. So he died, and the people buried him close to his brother, Aurelius Ambrosius, within the Giant's Dance on Salisbury Plain.

The Coming of Arthur

As soon as Uther Pendragon was dead, the mighty nobles of Britain began to quarrel among themselves as to who should be king next. Each noble thought he had the best right, so the quarrelling was dreadful.

While they were all gathered together, fighting and shouting at each other, Merlin came among them, leading a tall, fair-haired boy by the hand. When the nobles saw Merlin, they stopped fighting and were silent. They knew how clever he was, and what wonderful things he could do, and they were rather afraid of him.

Merlin stood quietly looking at them all from under his bushy eyebrows. He was a very old man. But he was tall and strong and splendid, with a long white beard and fierce, glittering eyes. It was no wonder that the Britons felt afraid of him.

'Lords of Britain,' said Merlin at last, 'why fight ye thus? It were more meet that ye prepare to do honour to your king. Uther Pendragon is indeed dead, but Arthur, his son, reigns in his stead.'

'Who is this Arthur? Where is he?' asked the nobles angrily. 'Uther Pendragon had no son.'

'Hear me,' said Merlin, 'Uther Pendragon had a son. It was told to me that he should be the greatest king who should ever reign in Britain. So when he was born, lest any harm should befall him, he was given into my care till the time should come for him to reign. He has dwelt in the land of Avilon, where the wise fairies have kept him from evil and whispered wisdom in his ear. Here is your king, honour him.'

Then Merlin lifted Arthur up and placed him upon his shoulders, so that all the people could see him. There was something so noble and splendid about Arthur, even although he was only a boy, that the great lords felt awed. Yet they would not believe that he was the son of Uther Pendragon. 'Who is this Arthur?' they said again. 'We do not believe what you say. Uther Pendragon had no son.'

Then Merlin's bright eyes seemed to flash fire. 'You dare to doubt the word of Merlin?' he shouted. 'O vain and foolish Britons, follow me.'

Taking Arthur with him, Merlin turned and strode out of the hall, and all the nobles followed him. As they passed through the streets, the people of the town and the women and children followed too. On they went, the crowd growing bigger and bigger, till they reached the great door of the cathedral.

There Merlin stopped, and the knights and nobles gathered around him; those behind pushing and pressing forward, eager to see what was happening.

There was indeed something wonderful to be seen. In front of the doorway was a large stone which had not been there before. Standing upright in the stone was a sword, the hilt of which glittered with gems. Beneath it was written, 'Whoso can draw me from this stone is the rightful king of Britain.'

One after another the nobles tried to remove the sword. They pulled and tugged till their muscles cracked. They strained and struggled till they were hot and breathless, for each one was anxious to be king. But it was all in vain. The sword remained firm and fast in the rock.

Then last of all Arthur tried. He took the sword by the hilt and drew it from the stone quite easily.

A cry of wonder went through the crowd, and the nobles fell back in astonishment leaving a clear space round the king. Then as he stood there, holding the magic sword in his hand, the British nobles one after another knelt to Arthur, acknowledging him to be their lord.

"Be thou the king and we will work thy will,
Who love thee." Then the king in low deep tones
And simple words of great authority
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

Arthur was only fifteen when he was made king, but he was the bravest, wisest and best king that had ever ruled in Britain. As soon as he was crowned, he determined to free his kingdom from the Saxons. He swore a solemn oath that he would drive the heathen out of the land. His knights he bound by the same solemn oath.

Then, taking the sword which he had won, and which was called Excalibur, and his mighty spear called Ron, he rode forth at the head of his army.

Twelve great battles did Arthur fight and win against the Saxons. Always in the foremost of the battle he was to be seen, in his armour of gold and blue, the figure of the Virgin upon his shield, a golden dragon and crown upon his helmet. He was so brave that no one could stand against him, yet so careless of danger that many times he would have been killed, had it not been for the magic might of his sword Excalibur, and of his spear Ron.

And at last the Saxons were driven from the land.

Saint George

Saint George is a remarkable Christian saint, remembered for his courage, strong faith, and the legendary tale of him allegedly slaying a dragon. Though little details are known about his life, he most likely lived during late 200 and early 300 A.D., a time when Christians were often persecuted for their beliefs.

George was born in a part of the Roman Empire that is now modern-day Turkey. It is believed that his parents were Christians and raised him to be strong in his faith. As a young man, George became a soldier in the Roman army and was known for being a brave and honorable man.

When the emperor at the time, Diocletian, ordered that all Christians be punished, George refused to give up his faith. Because of his courage and unwavering faith, George was arrested, tortured, and eventually killed. He became a martyr—someone who dies for their faith—and was honored by Christians all over the world.

Over time, stories began to spread about Saint George's bravery, in some instances growing larger than life, including the famous legend of Saint George and the Dragon. In this tale, George saves a town—and a princess—from a fierce dragon, symbolizing the victory of good over evil. Though it is doubtful that this ever happened to the real George, it inspired many medieval artists to create beautiful pieces of art, and in them, the historical legend takes on a life of its own.

Saint George is remembered as a symbol of courage, faith, and standing up for what is right. His feast day is celebrated on April 23rd in many countries, especially in England, where he is the patron saint and is considered an important icon of the country. Shakespeare himself even mentioned him in his play, *Henry V*, when King Henry inspires his troops during war: "Follow your spirit, and upon this charge cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'"

Though we may never know all the exact details of his life, the legacy of Saint George continues to remind us of the power of standing firm in our beliefs, facing challenges with bravery, and being willing to do what is right—even when it's difficult. His story still encourages people of all ages to live with courage and faith today.

Nature Study

Nature Study

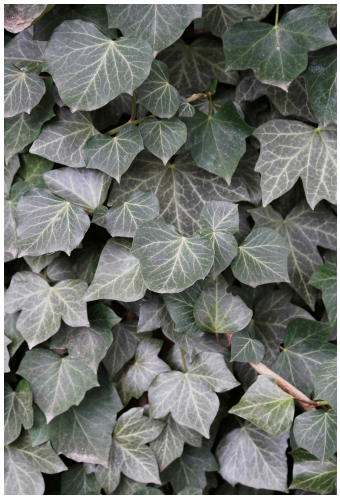
Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

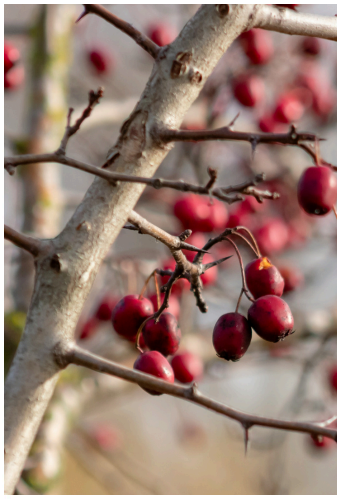
~ Charlotte Mason



Common Ivy 1

Hedera helix

- Common ivy is a leafy vine that originates from Europe and Asia, though it has spread to many other parts of the world.
- Common ivy is evergreen, so it stays green and healthy throughout the year: flowering during summer and autumn and producing berries in the winter, which serve as an excellent food source for birds.
- In Europe, ivy is often intentionally planted to grow on walls, serving as both decoration and a way to keep a building cool in summer and insulated in winter.
- Common ivy was used in folk medicine to treat coughs, and a component of the ivy leaf is still extracted and used in many modern cough medicines today.



Hawthorn 1

Crataegus monogyna

- Common hawthorn is a flowering bush or small tree that grows distinctive red fruit in the fall. Hawthorn plants are also known as “mayblossoms” because they usually flower in the late spring.
- Hawthorn fruit is often made into syrups, jellies, and jams, and is said to have a tart flavor with a bit of sweetness.
- In early Europe, hawthorn was believed to ward off witches and vampires, and was seen as a symbol of hope.
- One of the oldest known living hawthorns, the Hethel Old Thorn, is a tree in Norfolk, England, said to be over 700 years old!

Bluebell 2

Hyacinthoides non-scripta

- Bluebells are a violet-blue flowering plant native to Europe, though they can now be found in many parts of North America as well.
- Bluebells are commonly seen as the favorite flower of the UK.
- Bluebells can frequently be found carpeting the ground in ancient forests throughout the United Kingdom—particularly Britain and Ireland. These forests are known as “bluebell woods.”
- People in the Elizabethan era used starch found in the bulbs of bluebells to stiffen their collars and ruffs.

Stinging Nettle 2

Urtica dioica

- Nettle (also known as stinging nettle or burning nettle) is a leafy, flowered plant that grows in wet environments. Originally native to Europe, it can now be found all over the world.
- A common remedy for nettle is the jewelweed plant, which grows near it.
- Stinging nettle gets its name because it has many stinging hairs that grow on its stems, injecting painful chemicals into any animal or person that brushes against it. This acts as a defense mechanism for the plant, keeping it from getting eaten by predators.
- Beyond its reputation as a painful plant, nettle actually has many valuable medicinal properties, and has been used as a folk remedy for years, including all the way back to 1st century A.D. It’s still used in folk medicine today to treat allergies, arthritis, and skin conditions.

Red Fox 3

Vulpes vulpes

- The red fox is a mammal originating from Europe and Asia, though it has spread throughout many parts of the world, such as North Africa, Australia, and North America.
- Foxes are omnivores and will eat a variety of foods such as small rodents, berries, acorns, and birds.
- Baby foxes are known as kits, while female foxes are vixens and males are called dogs or tods.
- Red foxes are social creatures and are typically found in small family units or pairs. Red foxes mate for life and will usually spend the rest of their lives with their partner.
- Though red foxes typically live in rural environments, some have been known to live in urban places like suburbs and cities, scavenging food scraps they find. In 2006, 10,000 red foxes were estimated to live in London, England.

European Hedgehog 3

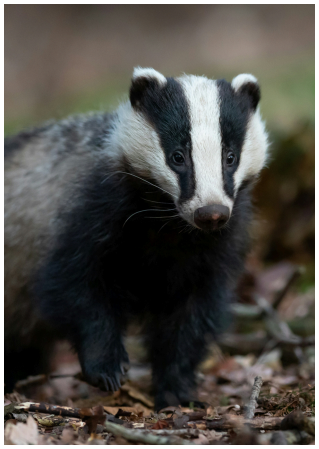
Erinaceus europaeus

- The European hedgehog is a small, spiny mammal native to Europe.
- They eat many insects, such as earthworms, beetles, snails, and crickets. They are much loved in European gardens because they eat many common garden pests.
- Hedgehogs have spines on their back, and will roll into a ball if threatened to deter predators from eating them.
- Hedgehogs are nocturnal and will usually only be found looking for food at night.
- European hedgehogs are on the decline in Great Britain due to factors such as habitat eradication, and many efforts are being made to encourage population growth. One such effort is making pathways through garden fences to enable them to move freely known as “hedgehog highways.”

Ravens 4

Corvus corax

- Ravens are a black bird that lives in the Northern Hemisphere. They have a varied diet consisting of foods such as insects, berries, smaller birds, fruit, and will even scavenge dead animals.
- Ravens can live for 23 years or more in the wild, and often mate for life, meaning that a bonded pair can live out many years together.
- Ravens are extremely intelligent birds and can mimic a variety of sounds, including human words. They are also very curious, and will often hoard small shiny objects like bits of metal or pebbles.
- A group of ravens are traditionally kept at the tower of London and cared for by a Ravenmaster, whose job it is to ensure they have everything they need. It is believed that their presence protects the Tower as well as the British monarchy, and if they were to ever get lost or leave, both Britain and the Crown would fall.



European Badger 4

Meles meles

- The European badger is a small mammal native to Europe and parts of Asia. They have a distinctive pattern of grey, black, brown, and white fur.
- European badgers are omnivores, and will often eat a range of foods such as worms, smaller animals, bugs, and tubers.
- Badgers live in extensive burrows that often have multiple passageways, housing several badger families that live with one another. Sometimes, they will even share their burrows with other animals like red foxes or rabbits.
- They keep their burrows neat, even using certain sections as designated bathroom areas, and are often seen carrying soiled bedding out of the burrow and bringing in new, fresh material for nesting.

Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will crochet a colorful tea cozy to honor the British tradition of drinking tea!

This is a beginner-friendly crochet pattern, though some prior knowledge is required. If you are a complete beginner, we recommend checking out the crochet section of our handicraft library to find links to simple stitch tutorials.

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Beginner-Friendly Striped Tea Cozy

Supplies Needed:

- Yarn in any colors you like
- 3.75 mm (F) crochet hook
- Scissors
- Pom pom maker (or cardboard rings)

Glossary of Terms

- CH = Chain
- SC = Single Crochet
- DC = Double Crochet
- ST = Stitch
- T = Turn your work
- SK = Skip
- SL ST = Slip Stitch
- FO = Fasten Off (cut yarn and pull tail through loop to close)

Row 1: Chain (CH) 72. Starting in the 2nd chain from the hook, make 1 single crochet (SC) in each chain across. At the end, chain 3 and turn your work. You should have **71 stitches.**

Row 2: Skip 2 stitches, then make 3 double crochets (3DC) in the next stitch. Repeat this all the way across. At the end, make 1 double crochet (DC) in the very last stitch. Turn your work. You should have **23 clusters.**

(From now on, change yarn color at the start of each new row.)

Now we will make a small space where the teapot spout will poke out.

Row 3: Join your new yarn to the first stitch. CH 3, then make 3DC into the next gap (the space between clusters). Keep making 3DC into each gap until you've made **11 clusters**. Fasten off (FO) and cut your yarn.

Skip one cluster and join yarn in the next cluster. CH 3, then 2DC in the same space. Make 3DC into each gap across again (**11 clusters**). End with 1 DC in the last stitch, and FO.

Row 4: Join your yarn to the stitch. CH 3, 2DC in the same space, and make 3DC in each gap across (**11 clusters total**). End with 1 DC in the last stitch and FO. Skip the cluster again and join in the next cluster. Make 3DC in each gap across (**11 clusters**).

Repeat the patterns of Rows 3 and 4 three more times (8 rows total) or until the gap is tall enough for your teapot spout to fit through.

Round 5: Now we'll work in rounds (going in a circle) instead of rows. Join your yarn to the first stitch and CH3. Make 1DC in the same stitch, then 3DC into each gap around (**10 clusters**). When you reach the spout hole, make 2DC into the last stitch before the hole and 2DC into the first stitch after the hole. Continue with 3DC in each gap until you reach the beginning. SL ST to the top of the CH3 to close the round. (**24 clusters**)

Round 6: CH3, make 2DC in the same space, then 3DC in each gap around. SL ST to join. Repeat Round 6 until your tea cozy is as tall as you want (for most teapots, do this round 2 more times).

Round 7: CH3, 1DC in the same space, 2DC in next gap, 3DC in next gap. Repeat this pattern (2DC, 2DC, 3DC) all around. SL ST to join.

Round 8: CH3, 1 DC in same space, then make 2DC in each gap around. SL ST to join.

Round 9: CH3, 2DC in same space, skip next gap, 3DC in next gap, skip next gap, and repeat all the way around. SL ST to join. (**12 clusters**)



Round 10: Join your yarn in the first gap. CH3, 1 DC in same gap, and make 2DC in each gap around. SL ST to join. (**24 stitches**)

Round 11: SC2, then SC 2 together. Repeat this 6 times. (**18 stitches**)

Round 12: SC1, then SC 2 together. Repeat 6 times. (**12 stitches**)

Cut your yarn and pull the tail through. Use your yarn needle to pull the tail through the front loops of the last 12 stitches and tug tight to close the top hole.

SL ST in one of the bottom corners of the bottom row and CH51. Cut and pull tight. Repeat in the second corner. (These will be for tying the tea cozy in place beneath the handle.)

Optional: If you wish to add a hem to spout hole/handle hole, SL ST or SC across the edges of the gap, alternating 1 stitch in the first row, 2 stitches in the second row, repeating each row.)

Make the Pompom: Use a 3-inch pom pom maker or cardboard circles. Wrap with yarn in the same color as the top of the tea cozy. Tie tightly, trim to make it fluffy, and sew it to the top of your tea cozy.

Make Tea: Put the kettle on and enjoy a cuppa with tea kept warm in your new cozy!

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Awaken to Delight

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