

Scandinavia

4 - Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Scandinavia

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

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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!

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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
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Student's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Chronicles 1	2 Chronicles 2	2 Chronicles 3	2 Chronicles 4	2 Chronicles 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: For the Beauty of the Earth	Art Selection 1: Clothes Drying Read: Helene Schjerfbeck bio	Folk Song: My Mother Told Me	Listen to: In the Hall of the Mountain King Read: Edvard Grieg bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Read: Hans Christian Andersen bio				Read: Elementary Geography Book 4, pp. 249-251
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Dan Andersson bio	A Student's Prayer Copywork	Poetry: Childhood	A Student's Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	<i>The Snow Queen</i> Chapters 1-3	<i>The Snow Queen</i> Chapters 4-7	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , by Astrid Lindgren, Chapter 1	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 2	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 3
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Cheese Danish Read: Little Thumbelina				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Student's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Chronicles 6	2 Chronicles 7	2 Chronicles 8	2 Chronicles 9	2 Chronicles 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: For the Beauty of the Earth	Art Selection 2: Portrait of a Girl Review: Helene Schjerfbeck bio	Folk Song: My Mother Told Me	Listen to: Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen Review: Edvard Grieg bio	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Review: Hans Christian Andersen bio				Read: Elementary Geography Book 4, pp. 261-276
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Dan Andersson bio	Colossians 3:16-17 Copywork	Poetry: Log Fire Smoke I	Colossians 3:16-17 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 4	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 5	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 6	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 7	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter</i> , Chapter 8
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Norwegian Sandnøtter Lemon Cookies Read: The Hammer of Thor				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Student's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Chronicles 11	2 Chronicles 12	2 Chronicles 13	2 Chronicles 14	2 Chronicles 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: For the Beauty of the Earth	Art Selection 3: Mother and Child Narrate: Helene Schjerfbeck bio	Folk Song: My Mother Told Me	Listen to: Puck Narrate: Edvard Grieg bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Narrate: Hans Christian Andersen bio				*Read: Elementary Geography Book 4, pp. 224-227
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Dan Andersson bio	Childhood Copywork	Poetry: The Fiddler	Childhood Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 9	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 10	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 11	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 12	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 13
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Easy Swedish Crispbread (Knäckebröd) Read: The Ugly Duckling				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray A Student's Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	2 Chronicles 16	2 Chronicles 17	2 Chronicles 18	2 Chronicles 19	2 Chronicles 20
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: For the Beauty of the Earth	Art Selection 4: The Convalescent Discuss: Helene Schjerfbeck bio	Folk Song: My Mother Told Me	Listen to: Morning Mood Discuss: Edvard Grieg bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Discuss: Hans Christian Andersen bio				*Read: Elementary Geography Book 4, pp. 255-260
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Dan Andersson bio	Homesickness Copywork	Poetry: Homesickness	Homesickness Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 14	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 15	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 16	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 17	<i>Ronia, The Robber's Daughter,</i> Chapter 18
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Icelandic Spice Cake Read: The Werewolf				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Elementary & Middle Grades

Folk-Lore and Legends: Scandinavian, by Charles John Tibbitts
Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, by Hans Christian Andersen
The Little Mermaid, by Hans Christian Andersen
The Steadfast Tin Soldier, by Hans Christian Andersen
Swedish Fairy Tales, by Holger Lundbergh & John Bauer
Number the Stars, by Lois Lowry (WWII)
Pippi Longstocking, by Astrid Lindgren
The Wonderful Adventures of Nils, by Selma Lagerlöf
Anno's Journey, by Mitsumasa Anno
The Yellow Star: The Legend of King Christian X of Denmark, by Carmen Agra Deedy
The Boy who Held Back the Sea, by Thomas Locker
A Day on Skates: The Story of a Dutch Picnic, by Hilda van Stockum
The Crow-Girl, by Bodil Bresdorff
Viking Tales, by Jennie Hall
Nordic Tales: Folktales from Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, and Denmark, by Chronicle Books

Upper Grades

Poetic Edda
Prose Edda

Art books from your library about any of the Dutch Masters would be a fun addition

There is a Danny Kaye movie that is a fictional story about Hans Christian Andersen. It's a delightful movie with many of his fairy tales woven in

Family Read Alouds

The Snow Queen, by Hans Christian Andersen
Ronia, The Robber's Daughter, by Astrid Lindgren

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 **A Student's Prayer** by Thomas Aquinas, and focus on writing and memorizing **Colossians 3:16-17**.

A Student's Prayer:

Creator of all things, true source of light and wisdom, origin of all being, graciously let a ray of your light penetrate the darkness of my understanding. Take from me the double darkness in which I have been born, an obscurity of sin and ignorance. Give me a keen understanding, a retentive memory, and the ability to grasp things correctly and fundamentally. Grant me the talent of being exact in my explanations and the ability to express myself with thoroughness and charm. Point out the beginning, direct the progress, and help in the completion. I ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Colossians 3:16-17:

16 Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in all wisdom, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, with thankfulness in your hearts to God. 17 And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.

Creator of all things,

true source of light and

wisdom, origin of all being,

graciously let a ray of your

light penetrate the darkness

of my understanding.

Take from me the double

darkness in which I have

been born, an obscurity of

sin and ignorance. Give me

a keen understanding,

a retentive memory, and the

ability to grasp things

correctly and fundamentally.

Grant me the talent of

being exact in my

explanations and the ability

to express myself with

thoroughness and charm.

Point out the beginning,

direct the progress,

and help in the completion.

I ask this through Christ

our Lord. Amen.

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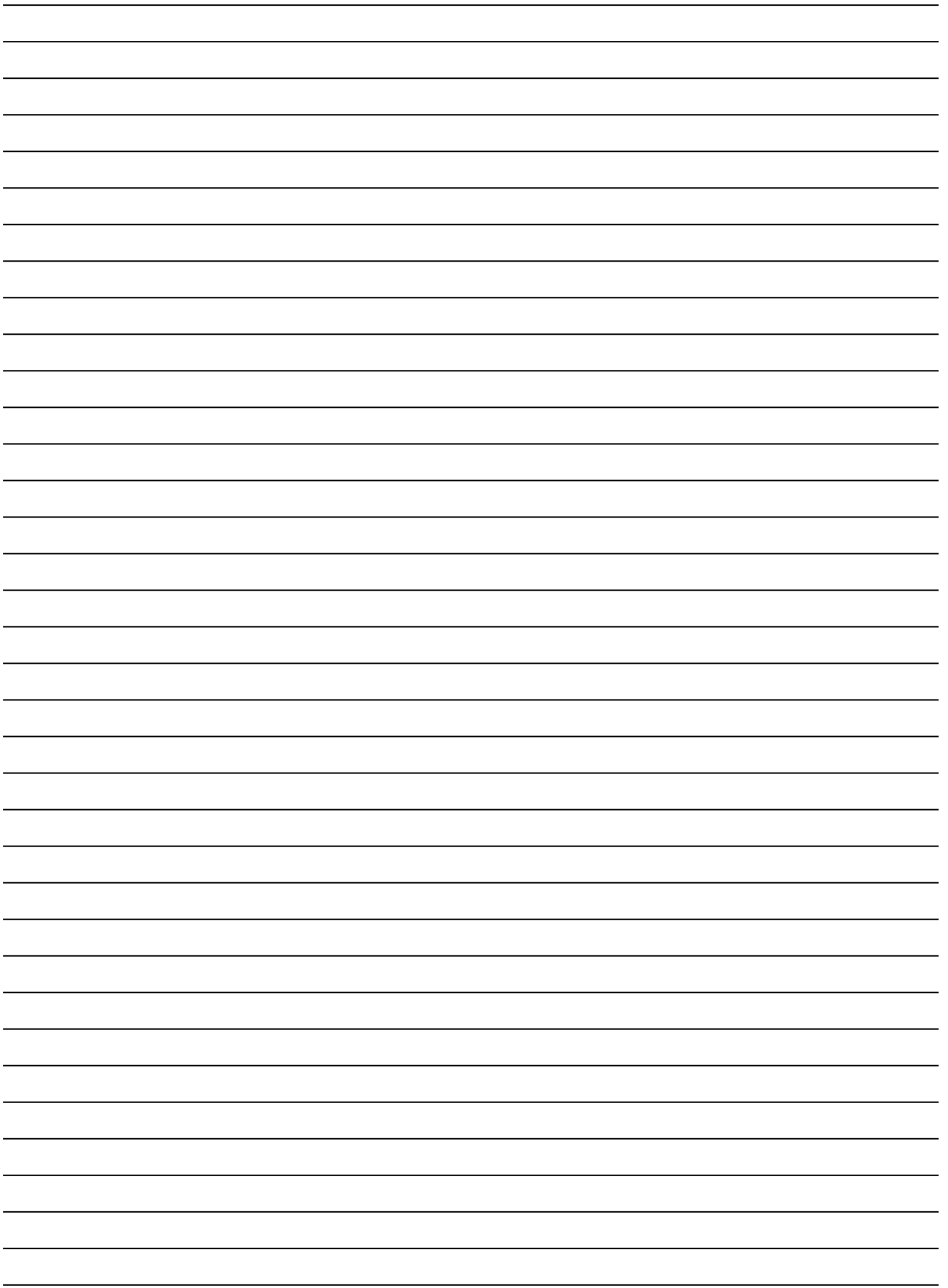
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I ask this through Christ our

Lord. Amen.



16 Let the word of Christ

dwell in you richly, teaching

and admonishing one another

in all wisdom, singing psalms

and hymns and spiritual

songs, with thankfulness in

your hearts to God.

17 And whatever you do,

in word or deed, do

everything in the name of

the Lord Jesus, giving

thanks to God the Father

through him.

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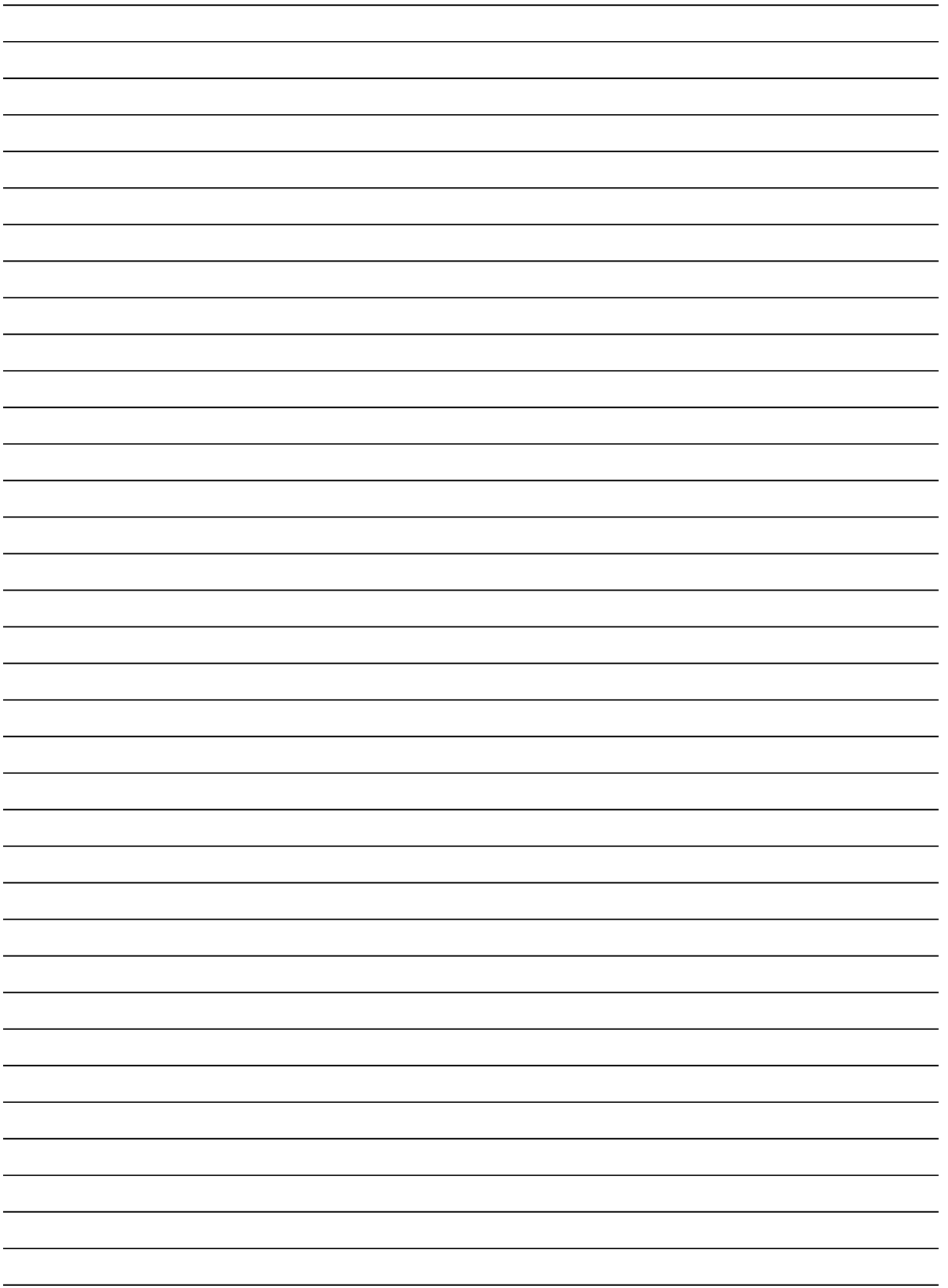
to God. 17 And whatever you do,

in word or deed, do everything in

the name of the Lord Jesus,

giving thanks to God the Father

through him.





Artist & Composer Study

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

- *Clothes Drying*
- *Portrait of a Girl*
- *Mother and Child*
- *The Convalescent*

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

- In the Hall of the Mountain King
- Wedding Day at Troldhaugen
- Puck
- Morning Mood

Artist & Composer Study



Helene Schjerfbeck

July 10, 1862 – January 23, 1946

Helene Schjerfbeck was a remarkable artist who made a significant impact in Finland and within the greater world of art. Helene was born on July 10, 1862, in Helsinki, Finland, to her mother, Olga Johanna, and father, Svante Schjerfbeck. She showed promising skills in art from a young age, and her father gave her pencils and paints, fueling the artistic passion that would follow her throughout her life.

Helene faced many challenges throughout her childhood. At the age of four, she fell down a staircase, leaving her with a hip injury that would cause her to limp for the rest of her life.

This limp also kept her from attending a normal school but undeterred, Helene enrolled at the Finnish Art Society's School of Drawing at the age of eleven, making her their youngest student to attend.

Sadly, her father did not live to see her graduate. When Helene was just thirteen years old, Svante passed away from tuberculosis. A time of hardship fell on her family, and Helene's mother was forced to rent out rooms in their house to make enough money to live on. Despite this unfortunate circumstance, Helene graduated from the Finnish Art School only a year after her father's death, and she continued to pursue her love of art with determination and perseverance.

Upon graduating, Helene continued to learn at Westermarck, a private academy. Her talent and dedication soon caught the attention of art enthusiasts and critics alike. She began exhibiting her work at a young age, gaining recognition for her unique style and technical prowess. This gave her the opportunity to travel to Paris, where she painted and studied with many fellow artists, greatly influencing her style at the time.

One of the defining features of Helene's art was her ability to capture the essence of her subjects with profound emotion and depth. Whether she was painting portraits, landscapes, or still lifes, her work reflected a keen sense of observation and sensitivity to her surroundings. Throughout her career, Helene experimented with various artistic styles, ranging from realism to modernism.

In her early years, she was particularly influenced by French naturalism and en plein air (out-of-doors) painting, using a realistic style where artists would paint scenery and people as they saw them. However, later in her life, her style developed into more modernistic and abstract paintings. In addition to her technical skills, Helene's art reflected her introspective nature and keen psychological insight. Many of her portraits reveal a profound understanding of emotion, capturing the complexities of the human experience with remarkable clarity.

After many years of traveling, Helene moved back to Finland, where she taught at the Art Society school for several years, training the next generation of artists. In 1902, her health became too fragile to continue her teaching, and she stepped down from her position. However, she continued exhibiting her paintings for many years, not only in Finland but also in various countries such as Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. As she aged, she remained an active painter and created a series of abstract self-portraits that depicted her aging profile over the years. These paintings are still highly regarded today.

Helene passed away on January 23, 1946, at the age of 83. However, her legacy extends far beyond the borders of Finland. Her work has been exhibited in galleries and museums around the world, earning her a place among the most celebrated artists of her time. She was a trailblazer in the world of art whose talent and dedication continue to inspire artists and art lovers alike. Through her remarkable body of work, she not only captured the beauty of the world around her but also explored the depths of the human soul with unparalleled insight and sensitivity.

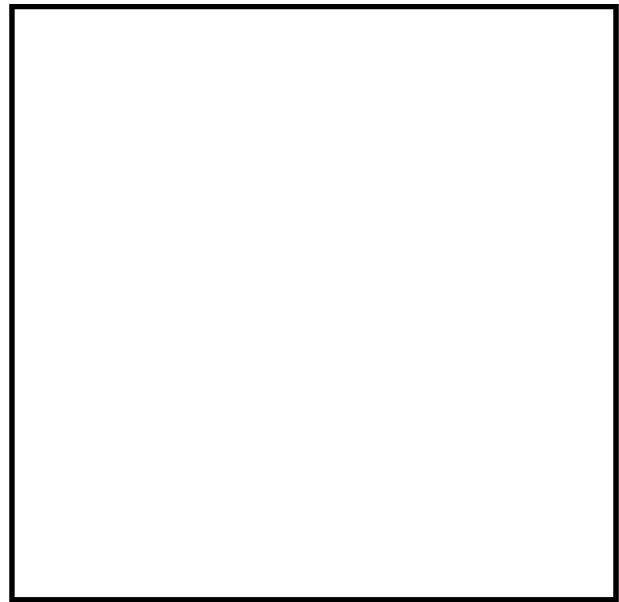
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



Clothes Drying, 1883



Portrait of a Girl, 1885



Mother and Child, 1886



The Convalescent, 1888

Picture Study

Title: _____

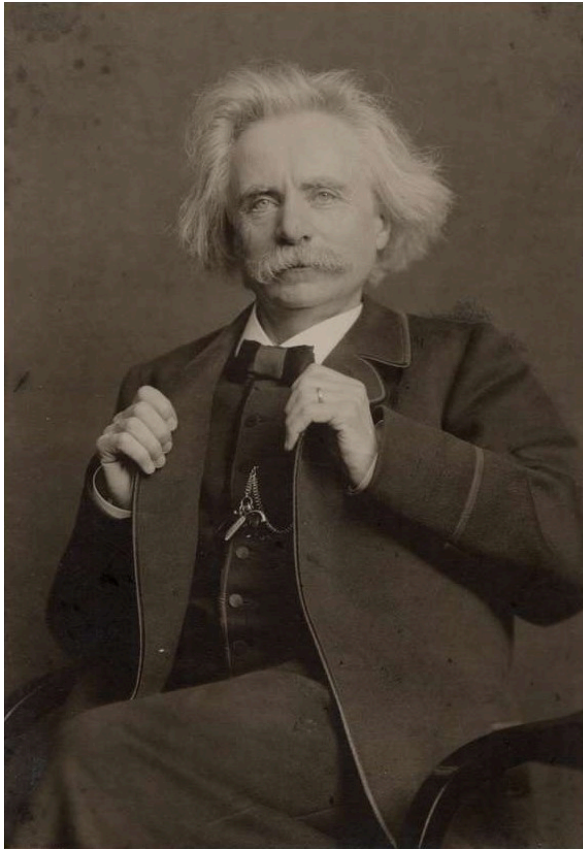
Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

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





Edvard Grieg

15 June 1843 – 4 September 1907

Edvard Grieg was a Norwegian composer born in 1843 who left an enduring mark on the world of classical music. His compositions are like vibrant pictures painted with sound, capturing the essence of Norway's rugged landscapes and folk traditions.

Grieg was born in Bergen, Norway, a picturesque coastal city surrounded by mountains and fjords. From a young age, he showed a deep love for music, learning to play the piano at just six years old. Despite facing challenges throughout his life, including health issues and financial struggles, Grieg's passion for music never waned.

One of Grieg's most famous works is his "Peer Gynt" suite, which features music he composed for the play of the same name by Henrik Ibsen. The suite includes pieces like "Morning Mood," which evokes the tranquility of a Norwegian sunrise, and "In the Hall of the Mountain King," a lively and playful tune that brings to mind mischievous trolls dancing in the mountains.

Grieg's music often reflects the beauty of Norway's natural landscapes. In pieces like "Norwegian Dance No. 2" and "Norwegian March," he incorporates elements of Norwegian folk music, including lively rhythms and catchy melodies that celebrate the country's rich musical heritage. At the time, it was not common to blend classical music with Norwegian culture, yet Grieg's melodies helped to popularize the idea and forge a sense of national pride.

Despite facing criticism from some traditionalists who thought his music was too modern, Grieg's compositions gained popularity both in Norway and abroad. His music was celebrated for its originality and ability to evoke a sense of national identity. This helped to cement his legacy as one of Norway's most beloved composers.

In addition to his compositions for the concert hall, Grieg also wrote many smaller pieces for piano, which are beloved by musicians and audiences alike. Pieces like "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen" and the rest of the compositions within his collection Lyric Pieces showcase Grieg's gift for melody and his ability to capture a wide range of emotions in music.

Throughout his life, Grieg remained deeply connected to his Norwegian roots, drawing inspiration from the country's landscapes, folklore, and traditions. His music continues to be performed and enjoyed by people all over the world, ensuring that his legacy as one of Norway's greatest composers will endure for generations to come.

Classical Pieces

Week 1 - In the Hall of the Mountain King

Week 2 - Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen

Week 3 - Puck

Week 4 - Morning Mood



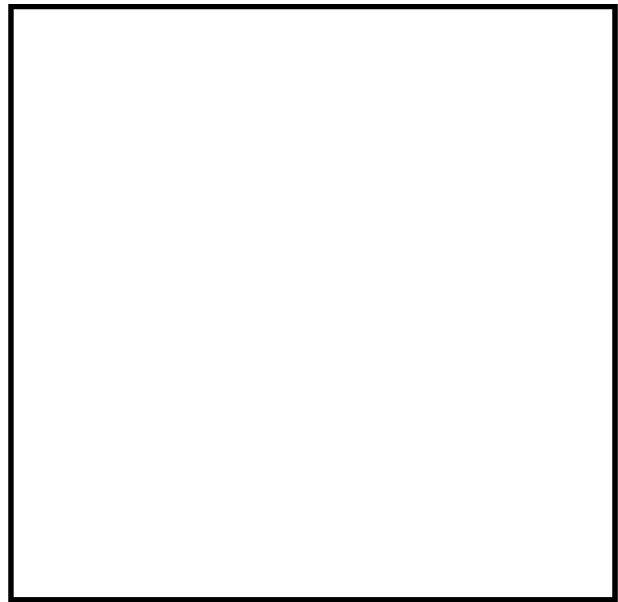
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: For the Beauty of the Earth

"For the Beauty of the Earth" is a hymn that resonates deeply with many people due to its timeless message of gratitude and reverence for the natural world. Written by Folliott Sandford Pierpoint in the 19th century, its origins are steeped in both personal reflection and the broader cultural context of the Victorian era.

Pierpoint, born in 1835, was an English poet, teacher, and hymnist. His composition of "For the Beauty of the Earth" is said to have been inspired by the scenic beauty of the countryside surrounding his hometown of Bath, England. The hymn is a celebration of the wonders of nature, from tall trees to delicate flowers, and it reflects Pierpoint's profound appreciation for the beauty found in the world around him.

During the Victorian period, there was a growing interest in nature and the natural world, fueled in part by the Romantic movement. Poets and writers of the time, such as William Wordsworth and John Keats, emphasized the importance of connecting with nature as a source of inspiration, solace, and spiritual renewal. Pierpoint's hymn emerged within this cultural setting, capturing the sentiments of many who sought to find meaning and beauty in the midst of industrialization and urbanization.

The hymn's enduring popularity can be attributed to its message, which celebrates God for creating life and the wonders of nature. Its opening line, "For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies," sets the tone for a hymn that praises the Creator for the splendor of the natural world. Each stanza offers gratitude for different aspects of creation, from the "joy of ear and eye" to the "love which from our birth over and around us lies." The simple yet profound lyrics invite listeners to be grateful for the little wonders that surround us each and every day and above all, to the One who formed everything.

Throughout the years, "For the Beauty of the Earth" has been embraced by various Christian denominations and has become a beloved staple in hymnals around the world. Its melody, composed by Conrad Kocher, adds to its enduring appeal, inviting congregations to join in singing praises to God for the wonders of creation.

This hymn continues to resonate with people of all backgrounds as a reminder to pause, reflect, and give thanks for the beauty that surrounds us. In an increasingly fast-paced and technology-driven world, the message of "For the Beauty of the Earth" remains as relevant as ever, inviting us to cultivate a deeper appreciation for the natural world and the Creator who made it all possible.

505

For the Beauty of the Earth

1 For the beau - ty of the earth, for the
 2 For the won - der of each hour of the
 3 For the joy of ear and eye, for the
 4 For the joy of hu - man love, broth - er,
 5 For thy - self, best gift di - vine, to our

glo - ry of the skies, for the love which
 day and of the night; hill and vale, and
 heart and mind's de - light, for the mys - tic
 sis - ter, par - ent, child, friends on earth, and
 world so free - ly giv'n; for that great, great

from our birth o - ver and a - round us lies:
 tree and flow'r, sun and moon, and stars of light:
 har - mo - ny link - ing sense to sound and sight:
 friends a - bove; for all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
 love of thine, peace on earth and joy in heav'n:

Lord of all, to thee we raise this our hymn of grate - ful praise.

Text: Folliot S. Pierpoint, 1835–1917, abr., alt.
 Music: Conrad Kocher, 1786–1872, alt.

DIX
 77 77 77

Folk Song: My Mother Told Me

“My Mother Told Me” is an ancient Viking song that dates all the way back to the 13th century. It was originally part of a book called Egill’s Saga. This tale was allegedly written by its titular character, Egill, though it is more likely to have actually been written by an Icelandic poet and historian by the name of Snorri Sturluson. It depicts the story of an Icelandic Viking family through several generations, following warriors in the family and the battles they fought throughout the years.

“My Mother Told Me” is a poem by Egill, the main character, after his first fight with someone as a young boy. He is victorious over the other boy, and he makes up this poem to celebrate, setting a precedent for his future as a warrior poet. The verses describe how his mother told him that he would one day get his own ship and sail to distant lands, fighting many battles and defeating his enemies.

This poem was later set to music and was passed down through the ages, becoming a beloved part of Scandinavian culture. It was most recently brought to modern audiences’ attention by a show called Vikings, which featured it in an episode. Since then, many different artists and musicians have created their own covers of this song, ensuring this piece of history continues to be passed on and celebrated throughout the generations.

My Mother Told Me

Song of the Vikings

Traditional
arr. Marie-Ève Mainguy

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 62. The score consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system (measures 1-7) begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system (measures 8-12) includes a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The third system (measures 13-17) features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system (measures 18-22) returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system (measures 23-26) concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Dan Andersson. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Childhood
- Log Fire Smoke I
- The Fiddler
- Homesickness

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Childhood
- Homesickness

"It is better to fight and fall than to live without hope."

~ Snorri Sturluson, The Prose Edda



Dan Andersson

April 6, 1888 - September 16, 1920

Dan Andersson, a Swedish poet, was a master at painting vivid pictures with his words. Born in 1888 in Ludvika, Sweden, Andersson's life was filled with both beauty and hardship, which he reflected in his poetry.

Growing up, his family struggled with poverty, one that would continue to haunt Dan throughout much of his life. He had to work from a very young age, taking up jobs as a teacher and a forestry worker.

At fourteen, his family sent him to the United States to try and find a better life. Dan did his best to eke out a living in Minnesota, but eventually wrote his family stating that he could find no better opportunities there than when he was in Sweden.

He returned to his family in Sweden and began working as a charcoal burner. Regardless of the hardships he faced, Dan's creative spark burned bright, and he wrote many stories and poems during this time. Through his words, he sought out beauty in the world around him and expressed his deepest thoughts and feelings.

Dan's life began to look up when in 1914-1915, he was able to attend a folk high school (a high school for adults) in Brunnsvik. Receiving a higher education gave him the tools to better express himself creatively, and from then on, he became very active in his writing.

Andersson's poems often captured the essence of nature and the struggles of everyday life. He had a special way of describing the world around him, making readers feel as though they were right there with him, experiencing the same sights, sounds, and emotions. His writing was vivid, depicting each detail of the setting he was describing with raw, simplistic beauty.

One of Andersson's most famous works is *Kolvaktarens Visor* (The Charcoal Burner's Songs), a collection of poems that tells the story of a charcoal burner and his life in the Swedish countryside. This collection was likely inspired by Dan's own time as a charcoal worker. Through these poems, Andersson explored themes of love, loss, and the beauty of nature.

He published two other collections in his lifetime- *Kolarhistorier* and *Svarta Ballader*, yet none of them gained recognition while he was living. In fact, when he was publishing *Svarta Ballader*, his final poetry collection, Dan faced such difficulty in finding a publisher that he accepted 25 copies of his book as his only payment in order to get it published. Despite this, Andersson continued to create, fueled by a passion for his craft.

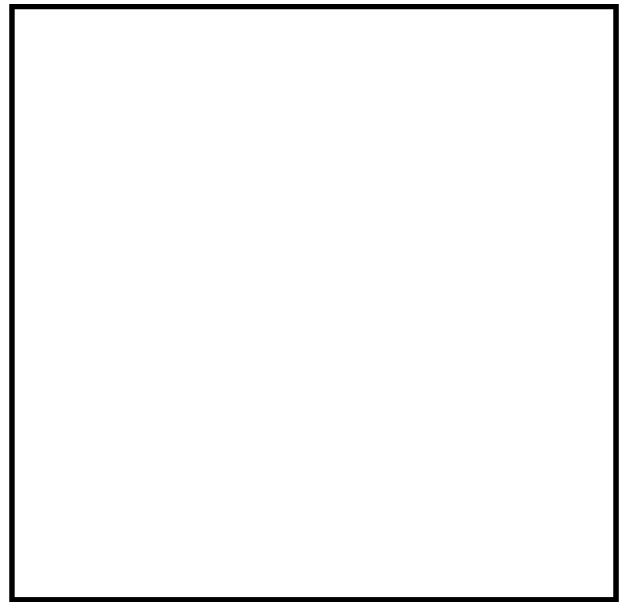
Tragically, Andersson's life was cut short at the age of 32 when he died in 1920 of an accidental poisoning. However, after his death, Andersson's work gained massive fame in Sweden, becoming one of the most well-known poets in Swedish history and being set to music by many artists. His poetry is still widely read and taught in schools, beloved for its celebration of the landscapes of Sweden and the everyday lives of its people. Through his words, he painted vivid pictures that continue to resonate with readers to this day.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Dan Andersson Selections

Childhood

Oh, childhood, oh glorious dream-filled time,
When the world was sunny and hopeful and kind!
How often while miserable, lonely with grime
When I'm drinking I do so in order to find
A way back to the wonderful kingdom of dreams,
Full of palaces, castles and glory,
Where each of my friends is a beacon who beams
And where wild nymphets dance oh so freely.
No obstacles to my happiness stand,
No blockage to travelling free. –
What matter the limits today in this land?
No, my childhood comes back to me. –
I'm tired and I wish once again to reside
In that town, in the heather to sleep.
To dream of chambers golden and wide,
And eternal youth ever to keep.
Oh, let me now slumber as sunset draws nigh
Once more as in days of my youth!
Oh, sing now, thou fir tree, oh thrush now do sigh,
For I am once more just the child of my truth. –
I then lean my head against a tree in the glen,
Release fear and fight from my chest.
Oh, murmur thou birches, oh whisper amen –
And sing me to eternal rest.

Log Fire Smoke I

In the dark depths of forests eternal,
where the steep and gray rock face presides
where the dizzying infinite heather,
and the silent days softly reside,
there, the burning hot fermenting log-fire
makes a bonfire volcanic with dust
and from hundreds of crevices tiny
its gray smoke rises high to the sky.
All around it a guard, black, nocturnal
with eyes blaring porcelain white.
He perspires and battles his hunger
In his bouts with the wintertime nights.
Every fire that burns is fire,
even hidden as if it were dead,
every fire is truly fire,
even when it is not flaming red.
Still it glows down below,
burning in the ravine,
just to appear as flames,
at night when unseen.
Thus does glow, thus does burn
our hate and hope for earthly goods,
the gentle smoke plumes rising
and resting on the still woods.
Thus rise the hidden folk tunes
out of earth and out of fire,
to wend their way all dreamily
o'er the scraggly mountain gyre.
It is naught but smoke, it is traces
of a spirit aroused to the core –
it is gray, it is doused,
it has vanished, it is log-fire smoke – but
nothing more.

Dan Andersson Selections

The Fiddler

I'm a fiddler and I'll play at both weddings and deaths,
in the sunshine, the rain, when the moon takes your breath.
I shall listen to no one, and play as I will
for I play to forget I am on this earth still.
I'll do no harvest labor, not rye and not flax,
for the hand the bow harbors must be kept smooth as wax.
You must not call me lazy, you must not scorn my name
'cause I'd rather go hungry and just live with the shame.
I will not dig the fields, I will not chop the wood,
I will dream 'neath the cherry and not worry for food.
When the sky's red at twilight I shall raise my fiddle high
And play 'til you're all dizzy and not an eye's dry.
I shall play as you bury your beloved in the soil,
I shall play all your grief in a tune with no mirth.
And the sorrow of death which has visited you,
Will gush forth like your mourning direct from my bow.
I shall wander hill and dale during long autumn nights,
In the smoke of myriad log fires I shall sing with all my might.
And as the pitch darkness lays its mist o'er the fen
My bass voice will echo through humanity's den.
I have three strings of sorrow - for the fourth one it gave,
In with a tremor at my dearest friend's grave.
And until my own death day I will follow you with songs -
Await death and be playing on resurrection day long.

Homesickness

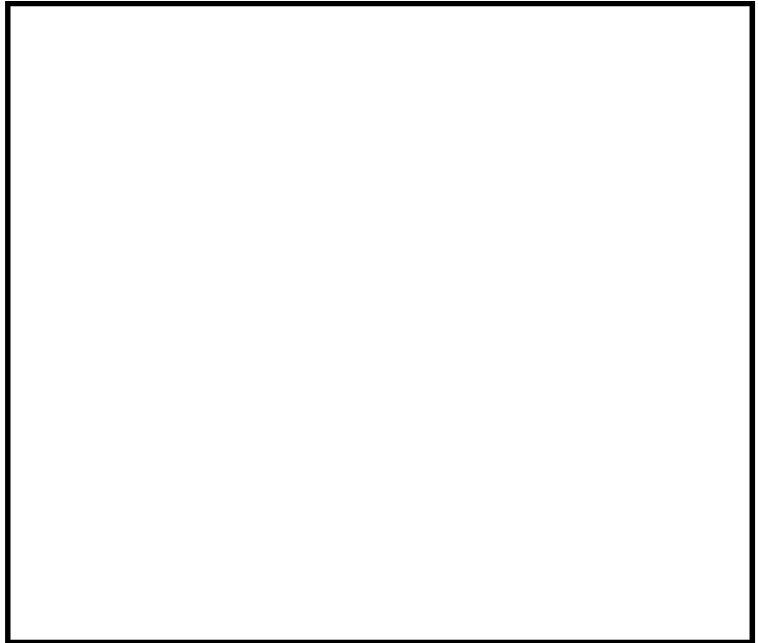
I am tired, I am dulled by the factory,
I would go to my home in brown earth,
to my cabin by the Blodsten bog,
to the peace of the coves of my birth.
I would live on bread and water,
if only I could soon exchange
the city lights and hubub for the night
where the peaceful hours range.
I wish my way to the dale at Pajso,
to the grassy bog at So,
where the dark green depths of the forest
round the mossy fields do grow,
where the sedge grass stands in the meadow
where the springs purl white as milk
and the roots of the flora are woven
into fabric as fine as silk.
I long for the valley at Kango
where red heather adorns the earth
and its flames burn in silent resistance
to the threat of autumnal death -
where the lovely, spritely butterflies
hover on dust-covered wings
and the bumblebee laden with pollen
to the plants does firmly cling.
I wish to be back with poor people
who live by the sweat of their brow,
who labor in summer and battle
cold and misery in winter like now . -
I wish to be back where the clouds skim
through the sky where the stars also shine
and where wilderness rivers gush at whim
keeping time with these new songs of mine.

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

Oh, childhood, oh glorious

dream-filled time,

When the world was

sunny and hopeful and kind!

How often while miserable,

lonely with grime

When I'm drinking I do so

in order to find

A way back to the

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Full of palaces, castles and

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I then lean my head against

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Release fear and fight

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Oh, murmur thou birches,

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Handwriting practice lines consisting of 15 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).

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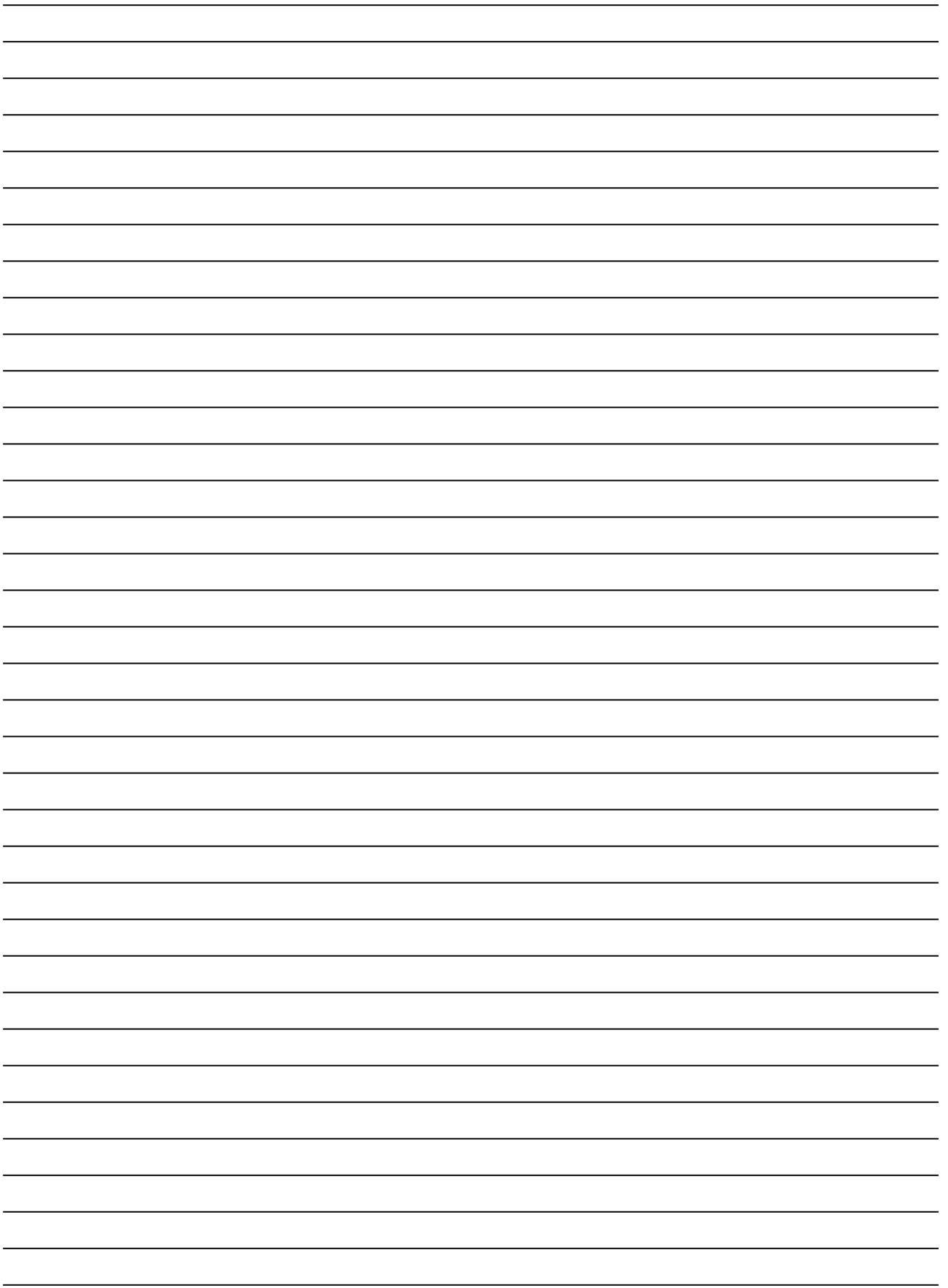
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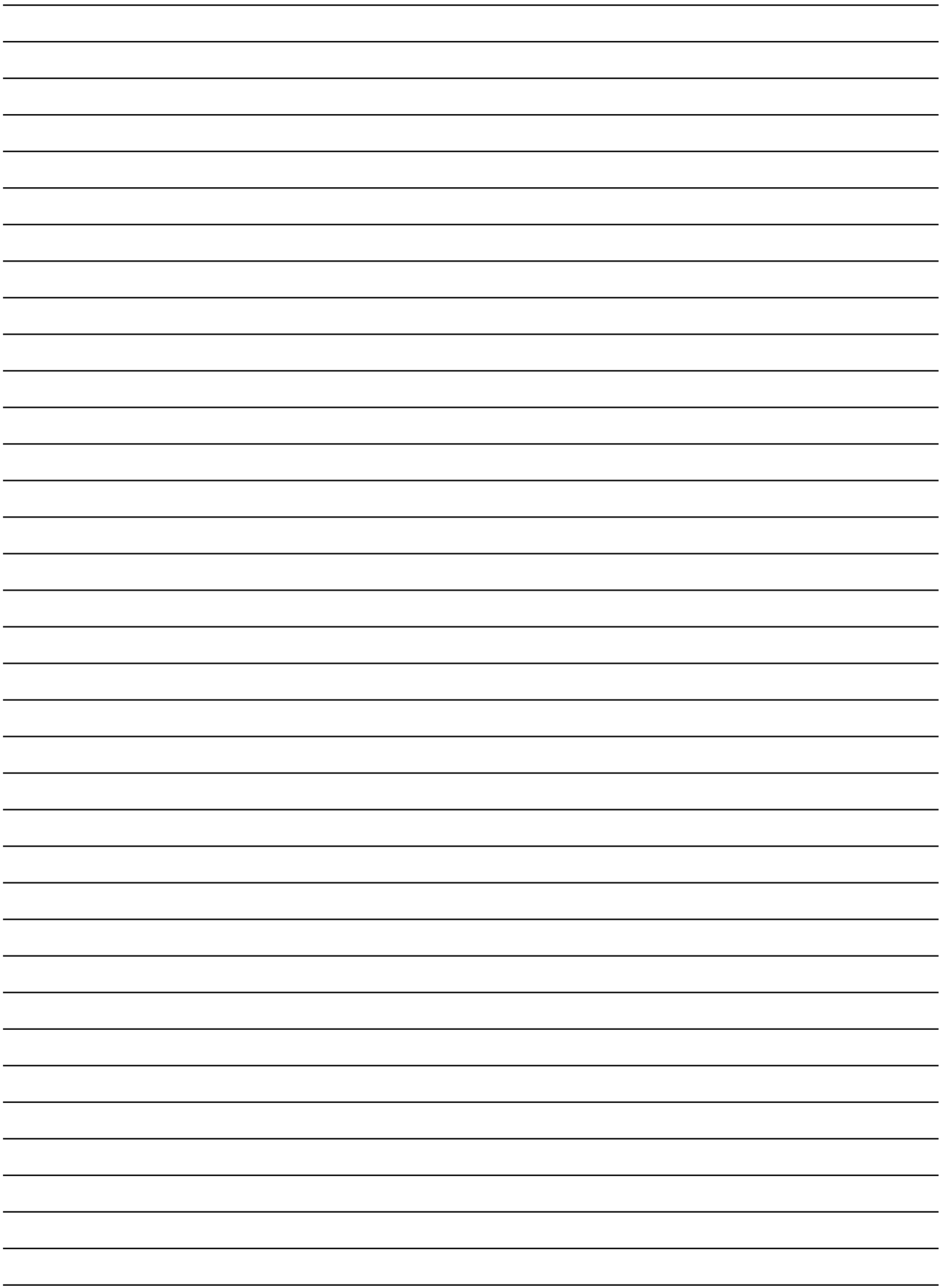
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Tea Times

In this session we are giving you four Scandinavian recipes for our hospitality tea: Cheese Danish, Norwegian Sandnøtter Lemon Cookies, Easy Swedish Crispbread (Knäckebröd), and Icelandic Spice Cake.

We will also have three Fairy Tale teas and a Mythology teatime:

Fairy Tale Tea: *Little Thumbelina*, by Hans Christian Andersen (Danish)

Mythology Teatime: *Asgard Stories*, "The Hammer of Thor," by Foster & Cummings (Norwegian)

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Ugly Duckling*, by Hans Christian Andersen (Danish)

Fairy Tale Tea: *The Swedish Fairy Book*, "The Werewolf," by Clara Stroebe (Swedish)

"Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers."

~ Hans Christian Andersen

Tea Times



Cheese Danishes

Ingredients

1 large egg plus 1 yolk
8 oz cream cheese, softened
3 T sugar, plus more for dusting
1 tsp lemon juice
1/4 tsp vanilla extract
One 17.3-oz box frozen puff pastry sheets, thawed

Directions

Preheat the oven to 400° F and line two pans with parchment paper. Set out two sheets of puff pastry to thaw, cutting each one into four squares. Fold the corners of each square about an inch, making the shape of octagons.

Beat cream cheese, yolk, vanilla, lemon juice, and sugar with an electric mixer on medium-high. Spoon about 2 T of the cream cheese mixture into the middle of each pastry without spreading it.

In a separate bowl, beat a whole egg and 1 tsp of water. Brush egg wash over the top and sides of the pastry, then dust heavily with sugar. Bake for about 18 minutes until puffed and golden in color. Let cool before serving.

Norwegian Sandnøtter Lemon Cookies

Ingredients

2/3 c butter
3/4 c sugar
2 eggs
2 1/2 c potato starch or corn starch
2 tsp baking powder
1 large lemon

Directions

Preheat oven to 350° F. Line baking sheet with parchment paper and set aside. Mix sugar and

butter until fluffy, then add eggs. Mix baking powder, starch, and grated lemon peel in separate bowl, then add to egg mixture. Scoop out dough, rolling it into small balls, and put them on baking sheet, separating them by about 2 inches. Flatten with fingers, shaping the dough. Bake for 10 minutes, or until crisp and golden. Let cakes cool before storing in airtight container.



Easy Swedish Crispbread (Knäckebröd)



Ingredients

1 c dark rye flour
1 c all purpose flour
½ c rolled oats
½ tsp fine salt
1 tsp sugar
2 tsp instant dry yeast
¾ c milk
2 T unsalted butter melted and cooled,
plus more melted butter for brushing
Large sea salt crystals for sprinkling

Directions

Whisk oats, flours, sugar, salt, and yeast. Then, stir in butter and milk. Knead dough in bowl until dough is combined (dough should be stiff and slightly sticky). Cover dough and let rise for an hour.

Preheat oven to 375° F. Split dough into 6 equal parts and cover with plastic wrap. Roll each section of dough, one at a time, into a thin circle on parchment paper. Roll as thin as you can- the thinner it is, the crispier it will be! Poke dough all over with a fork or simply roll with a knobbed rolling pin (kruskavel).

Using a biscuit cutter, cut a one inch hole out of the middle. Brush both the smaller circle and the larger crispbread with butter, sprinkle them with sea salt, and move the parchment paper to a baking sheet. Bake for 12-15 minutes, or until crispy and golden brown. Repeat with remaining dough sections.

Icelandic Spice Cake

Ingredients

- 1 c unsalted butter, room temperature
- 1 c sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 2 c all purpose flour
- 1 tsp unsweetened cocoa powder
- 1 tsp ground cardamom
- 1 tsp ground cloves
- 2 tsp ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 1 1/2 c milk

Directions

Preheat oven to 350° F, then grease a 9×5 loaf pan with butter.

Cream butter and sugar together in a large bowl until white and fluffy. Then add in eggs and vanilla extract, beating for one minute.

In a separate bowl, whisk together flour, baking soda, baking powder, cocoa powder, spices, and a pinch of salt. Next, add dry ingredients into the wet mixture in three parts, mixing carefully each time to make sure they are thoroughly incorporated.

Mix milk into batter slowly, making sure to scrape sides of the bowl to ensure your batter is fully combined and smooth.

Pour batter into pan, smoothing over with a spatula. Bake until a toothpick comes out clean from the center, about 75-90 minutes. Cool, then serve with tea or coffee.



Little Thumbelina

by Hans Christian Andersen

There was once a woman who wished very much to have a little child. She went to a fairy and said: "I should so very much like to have a little child. Can you tell me where I can find one?"

"Oh, that can be easily managed," said the fairy. "Here is a barleycorn; it is not exactly of the same sort as those which grow in the farmers' fields, and which the chickens eat. Put it into a flowerpot and see what will happen."

"Thank you," said the woman; and she gave the fairy twelve shillings, which was the price of the barleycorn. Then she went home and planted it, and there grew up a large, handsome flower, somewhat like a tulip in appearance, but with its leaves tightly closed, as if it were still a bud.

"It is a beautiful flower," said the woman, and she kissed the red and golden-colored petals; and as she did so the flower opened, and she could see that it was a real tulip. But within the flower, upon the green velvet stamens, sat a very delicate and graceful little maiden. She was scarcely half as long as a thumb, and they gave her the name of Little Thumb, or Thumbelina, because she was so small.

A walnut shell, elegantly polished, served her for a cradle; her bed was formed of blue violet leaves, with a rose leaf for a counterpane. Here she slept at night, but during the day she amused herself on a table, where the peasant wife had placed a plate full of water.

Round this plate were wreaths of flowers with their stems in the water, and upon it floated a large tulip leaf, which served the little one for a boat. Here she sat and rowed herself from side to side, with two oars made of white horsehair. It was a very pretty sight. Thumbelina could also sing so softly and sweetly that nothing like her singing had ever before been heard.

One night, while she lay in her pretty bed, a large, ugly, wet toad crept through a broken pane of glass in the window and leaped right upon the table where she lay sleeping under her rose-leaf quilt.

"What a pretty little wife this would make for my son," said the toad, and she took up the walnut shell in which Thumbelina lay asleep, and jumped through the window with it, into the garden.

In the swampy margin of a broad stream in the garden lived the toad with her son. He was uglier even than his mother; and when he saw the pretty little maiden in her elegant bed, he could only cry "Croak, croak, croak."

"Don't speak so loud, or she will wake," said the toad, "and then she might run away, for she is as light as swan's-down."

We will place her on one of the water-lily leaves out in the stream; it will be like an island to her, she is so light and small, and then she cannot escape; and while she is there we will make haste and prepare the stateroom under the marsh, in which you are to live when you are married."

Far out in the stream grew a number of water lilies with broad green leaves which seemed to float on the top of the water. The largest of these leaves appeared farther off than the rest, and the old toad swam out to it with the walnut shell, in which Thumbelina still lay asleep.

The tiny creature woke very early in the morning and began to cry bitterly when she found where she was, for she could see nothing but water on every side of the large green leaf, and no way of reaching the land.

Meanwhile the old toad was very busy under the marsh, decking her room with rushes and yellow wildflowers, to make it look pretty for her new daughter-in-law. Then she swam out with her ugly son to the leaf on which she had placed poor Thumbelina. She wanted to bring the pretty bed, that she might put it in the bridal chamber to be ready for her. The old toad bowed low to her in the water and said, "Here is my son; he will be your husband, and you will live happily together in the marsh by the stream."

"Croak, croak, croak," was all her son could say for himself. So the toad took up the elegant little bed and swam away with it, leaving Thumbelina all alone on the green leaf, where she sat and wept. She could not bear to think of living with the old toad and having her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes who swam about in the water beneath had seen the toad and heard what she said, so now they lifted their heads above the water to look at the little maiden.

As soon as they caught sight of her they saw she was very pretty, and it vexed them to think that she must go and live with the ugly toads.

"No, it must never be!" So they gathered together in the water, round the green stalk which held the leaf on which the little maiden stood, and gnawed it away at the root with their teeth. Then the leaf floated down the stream, carrying Thumbelina far away out of reach of land.

Thumbelina sailed past many towns, and the little birds in the bushes saw her and sang, "What a lovely little creature." So the leaf swam away with her farther and farther, till it brought her to other lands. A graceful little white butterfly constantly fluttered round her and at last alighted on the leaf. The little maiden pleased him, and she was glad of it, for now the toad could not possibly reach her, and the country through which she sailed was beautiful, and the sun shone upon the water till it glittered like liquid gold. She took off her girdle and tied one end of it round the butterfly, fastening the other end of the ribbon to the leaf, which now glided on much faster than before, taking Thumbelina with it as she stood.

Presently a large cockchafer flew by. The moment he caught sight of her he seized her round her delicate waist with his claws and flew with her into a tree. The green leaf floated away on the brook, and the butterfly flew with it, for he was fastened to it and could not get away.

Oh, how frightened Thumbelina felt when the cockchafer flew with her to the tree! But especially was she sorry for the beautiful white butterfly which she had fastened to the leaf, for if he could not free himself he would die of hunger. But the cockchafer did not trouble himself at all about the matter. He seated himself by her side, on a large green leaf, gave her some honey from the flowers to eat, and told her she was very pretty, though not in the least like a cockchafer.

After a time all the cockchafers who lived in the tree came to pay Thumbelina a visit. They stared at her, and then the young lady cockchafers turned up their feelers and said, "She has only two legs! how ugly that looks." "She has no feelers," said another. "Her waist is quite slim. Pooh! she is like a human being."

"Oh, she is ugly," said all the lady cockchafers. The cockchafer who had run away with her believed all the others when they said she was ugly. He would have nothing more to say to her, and told her she might go where she liked. Then he flew down with her from the tree and placed her on a daisy, and she wept at the thought that she was so ugly that even the cockchafers would have nothing to say to her. And all the while she was really the loveliest creature that one could imagine, and as tender and delicate as a beautiful rose leaf.

During the whole summer poor little Thumbelina lived quite alone in the wide forest. She wove herself a bed with blades of grass and hung it up under a broad leaf, to protect herself from the rain. She sucked the honey from the flowers for food and drank the dew from their leaves every morning.

So passed away the summer and the autumn, and then came the winter—the long, cold winter. All the birds who had sung to her so sweetly had flown away, and the trees and the flowers had withered. The large shamrock under the shelter of which she had lived was now rolled together and shriveled up; nothing remained but a yellow, withered stalk. She felt dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn, and she was herself so frail and delicate that she was nearly frozen to death. It began to snow, too; and the snowflakes, as they fell upon her, were like a whole shovelful falling upon one of us, for we are tall, but she was only an inch high. She wrapped herself in a dry leaf, but it cracked in the middle and could not keep her warm, and she shivered with cold.

Near the wood in which she had been living was a large cornfield, but the corn had been cut a long time; nothing remained but the bare, dry stubble, standing up out of the frozen ground. It was to her like struggling through a large wood.

Oh! how she shivered with the cold. She came at last to the door of a field mouse, who had a little den under the corn stubble. There dwelt the field mouse in warmth and comfort, with a whole roomful of corn, a kitchen, and a beautiful dining room. Poor Thumbelina stood before the door, just like a little beggar girl, and asked for a small piece of barleycorn, for she had been without a morsel to eat for two days.

"You poor little creature," said the field mouse, for she was really a good old mouse, "come into my warm room and dine with me."

She was pleased with Thumbelina, so she said, "You are quite welcome to stay with me all the winter, if you like; but you must keep my rooms clean and neat, and tell me stories, for I shall like to hear them very much." And Thumbelina did all that the field mouse asked her, and found herself very comfortable.

"We shall have a visitor soon," said the field mouse one day; "my neighbor pays me a visit once a week. He is better off than I am; he has large rooms, and wears a beautiful black velvet coat. If you could only have him for a husband, you would be well provided for indeed. But he is blind, so you must tell him some of your prettiest stories."

Thumbelina did not feel at all interested about this neighbor, for he was a mole. However, he came and paid his visit, dressed in his black velvet coat.

"He is very rich and learned, and his house is twenty times larger than mine," said the field mouse.

He was rich and learned, no doubt, but he always spoke slightly of the sun and the pretty flowers, because he had never seen them. Thumbelina was obliged to sing to him, "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home," and many other pretty songs. And the mole fell in love with her because she had so sweet a voice; but he said nothing yet, for he was very prudent and cautious. A short time before, the mole had dug a long passage under the earth, which led from the dwelling of the field mouse to his own, and here she had permission to walk with Thumbelina whenever she liked. But he warned them not to be alarmed at the sight of a dead bird which lay in the passage. It was a perfect bird, with a beak and feathers, and could not have been dead long. It was lying just where the mole had made his passage. The mole took in his mouth a piece of phosphorescent wood, which glittered like fire in the dark. Then he went before them to light them through the long, dark passage. When they came to the spot where the dead bird lay, the mole pushed his broad nose through the ceiling, so that the earth gave way and the daylight shone into the passage.

In the middle of the floor lay a swallow, his beautiful wings pulled close to his sides, his feet and head drawn up under his feathers—the poor bird had evidently died of the cold. It made little Thumbelina very sad to see it, she did so love the little birds; all the summer they had sung and twittered for her so beautifully. But the mole pushed it aside with his crooked legs and said: "He will sing no more now. How miserable it must be to be born a little bird! I am thankful that none of my children will ever be birds, for they can do nothing but cry 'Tweet, tweet,' and must always die of hunger in the winter."

"Yes, you may well say that, as a clever man!" exclaimed the field mouse. "What is the use of his twittering if, when winter comes, he must either starve or be frozen to death? Still, birds are very high bred."

Thumbelina said nothing, but when the two others had turned their backs upon the bird, she stooped down and stroked aside the soft feathers which covered his head, and kissed the closed eyelids.

"Perhaps this was the one who sang to me so sweetly in the summer," she said; "and how much pleasure it gave me, you dear, pretty bird."

The mole now stopped up the hole through which the daylight shone, and then accompanied the ladies home. But during the night Thumbelina could not sleep; so she got out of bed and wove a large, beautiful carpet of hay. She carried it to the dead bird and spread it over him, with some down from the flowers which she had found in the field mouse's room. It was as soft as wool, and she spread some of it on each side of the bird, so that he might lie warmly in the cold earth.

"Farewell, pretty little bird," said she, "farewell. Thank you for your delightful singing during the summer, when all the trees were green and the warm sun shone upon us." Then she laid her head on the bird's breast, but she was alarmed, for it seemed as if something inside the bird went "thump, thump." It was the bird's heart; he was not really dead, only benumbed with the cold, and the warmth had restored him to life. In autumn all the swallows fly away into warm countries; but if one happens to linger, the cold seizes it, and it becomes chilled and falls down as if dead. It remains where it fell, and the cold snow covers it.

Thumbelina trembled very much; she was quite frightened, for the bird was large, a great deal larger than herself (she was only an inch high). But she took courage, laid the wool more thickly over the poor swallow, and then took a leaf which she had used for her own counterpane and laid it over his head.

The next night she again stole out to see him. He was alive, but very weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment to look at Thumbelina, who stood by, holding a piece of decayed wood in her hand, for she had no other lantern. "Thank you, pretty little maiden," said the sick swallow; "I have been so nicely warmed that I shall soon regain my strength and be able to fly about again in the warm sunshine."

"Oh," said she, "it is cold out of doors now; it snows and freezes. Stay in your warm bed; I will take care of you."

She brought the swallow some water in a flower leaf, and after he had drunk, he told her that he had wounded one of his wings in a thornbush and could not fly as fast as the others, who were soon far away on their journey to warm countries. At last he had fallen to the earth, and could remember nothing more, nor how he came to be where she had found him.

All winter the swallow remained underground, and Thumbelina nursed him with care and love. She did not tell either the mole or the field mouse anything about it, for they did not like swallows. Very soon the springtime came, and the sun warmed the earth. Then the swallow bade farewell to Thumbelina, and she opened the hole in the ceiling which the mole had made. The sun shone in upon them so beautifully that the swallow asked her if she would go with him. She could sit on his back, he said, and he would fly away with her into the green woods. But she knew it would grieve the field mouse if she left her in that manner, so she said, "No, I cannot."

"Farewell, then, farewell, you good, pretty little maiden," said the swallow, and he flew out into the sunshine.

Thumbelina looked after him, and the tears rose in her eyes. She was very fond of the poor swallow.

"Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, as he flew out into the green woods, and Thumbelina felt very sad. She was not allowed to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which had been sowed in the field over the house of the field mouse had grown up high into the air and formed a thick wood to Thumbelina, who was only an inch in height.

"You are going to be married, little one," said the field mouse. "My neighbor has asked for you. What good fortune for a poor child like you! Now we will prepare your wedding clothes. They must be woolen and linen. Nothing must be wanting when you are the wife of the mole."

Thumbelina had to turn the spindle, and the field mouse hired four spiders, who were to weave day and night. Every evening the mole visited her and was continually speaking of the time when the summer would be over. Then he would keep his wedding day with Thumbelina; but now the heat of the sun was so great that it burned the earth and made it hard, like stone. As soon as the summer was over the wedding should take place. But Thumbelina was not at all pleased, for she did not like the tiresome mole.

Every morning when the sun rose and every evening when it went down she would creep out at the door, and as the wind blew aside the ears of corn so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how beautiful and bright it seemed out there and wished so much to see her dear friend, the swallow, again. But he never returned, for by this time he had flown far away into the lovely green forest.

When autumn arrived Thumbelina had her outfit quite ready, and the field mouse said to her, "In four weeks the wedding must take place."

Then she wept and said she would not marry the disagreeable mole.

"Nonsense," replied the field mouse. "Now don't be obstinate, or I shall bite you with my white teeth. He is a very handsome mole; the queen herself does not wear more beautiful velvets and furs. His kitchens and cellars are quite full. You ought to be very thankful for such good fortune."

So the wedding day was fixed, on which the mole was to take her away to live with him, deep under the earth, and never again to see the warm sun, because he did not like it. The poor child was very unhappy at the thought of saying farewell to the beautiful sun, and as the field mouse had given her permission to stand at the door, she went to look at it once more.

"Farewell, bright sun," she cried, stretching out her arm towards it; and then she walked a short distance from the house, for the corn had been cut, and only the dry stubble remained in the fields.

"Farewell, farewell," she repeated, twining her arm around a little red flower that grew just by her side. "Greet the little swallow from me, if you should see him again."

"Tweet, tweet," sounded over her head suddenly. She looked up, and there was the swallow himself flying close by. As soon as he spied Thumbelina he was delighted. She told him how unwilling she was to marry the ugly mole, and to live always beneath the earth, nevermore to see the bright sun. And as she told him, she wept.

"Cold winter is coming," said the swallow, "and I am going to fly away into warmer countries. Will you go with me? You can sit on my back and fasten yourself on with your sash. Then we can fly away from the ugly mole and his gloomy rooms—far away, over the mountains, into warmer countries, where the sun shines more brightly than here; where it is always summer, and the flowers bloom in greater beauty. Fly now with me, dear little one; you saved my life when I lay frozen in that dark, dreary passage."

"Yes, I will go with you," said Thumbelina; and she seated herself on the bird's back, with her feet on his outstretched wings, and tied her girdle to one of his strongest feathers.

The swallow rose in the air and flew over forest and over sea—high above the highest mountains, covered with eternal snow. Thumbelina would have been frozen in the cold air, but she crept under the bird's warm feathers, keeping her little head uncovered, so that she might admire the beautiful lands over which they passed. At length they reached the warm countries, where the sun shines brightly and the sky seems so much higher above the earth. Here on the hedges and by the wayside grew purple, green, and white grapes, lemons and oranges hung from trees in the fields, and the air was fragrant with myrtles and orange blossoms. Beautiful children ran along the country lanes, playing with large gay butterflies; and as the swallow flew farther and farther, every place appeared still more lovely.

At last they came to a blue lake, and by the side of it, shaded by trees of the deepest green, stood a palace of dazzling white marble, built in the olden times. Vines clustered round its lofty pillars, and at the top were many swallows' nests, and one of these was the home of the swallow who carried Thumbelina.

"This is my house," said the swallow; "but it would not do for you to live there—you would not be comfortable. You must choose for yourself one of those lovely flowers, and I will put you down upon it, and then you shall have everything that you can wish to make you happy."

"That will be delightful," she said, and clapped her little hands for joy.

A large marble pillar lay on the ground, which, in falling, had been broken into three pieces. Between these pieces grew the most beautiful large white flowers, so the swallow flew down with Thumbelina and placed her on one of the broad leaves. But how surprised she was to see in the middle of the flower a tiny little man, as white and transparent as if he had been made of crystal!

He had a gold crown on his head, and delicate wings at his shoulders, and was not much larger than was she herself. He was the angel of the flower, for a tiny man and a tiny woman dwell in every flower, and this was the king of them all.

"Oh, how beautiful he is!" whispered Thumbelina to the swallow.

The little prince was at first quite frightened at the bird, who was like a giant compared to such a delicate little creature as himself; but when he saw Thumbelina he was delighted and thought her the prettiest little maiden he had ever seen. He took the gold crown from his head and placed it on hers, and asked her name and if she would be his wife and queen over all the flowers.

This certainly was a very different sort of husband from the son of the toad, or the mole with his black velvet and fur, so she said Yes to the handsome prince. Then all the flowers opened, and out of each came a little lady or a tiny lord, all so pretty it was quite a pleasure to look at them. Each of them brought Thumbelina a present; but the best gift was a pair of beautiful wings, which had belonged to a large white fly, and they fastened them to Thumbelina's shoulders, so that she might fly from flower to flower.

Then there was much rejoicing, and the little swallow, who sat above them in his nest, was asked to sing a wedding song, which he did as well as he could; but in his heart he felt sad, for he was very fond of Thumbelina and would have liked never to part from her again.

"You must not be called Thumbelina any more," said the spirit of the flowers to her. "It is an ugly name, and you are so very lovely. We will call you Maia."

"Farewell, farewell," said the swallow, with a heavy heart, as he left the warm countries, to fly back into Denmark. There he had a nest over the window of a house in which dwelt the writer of fairy tales. The swallow sang "Tweet, tweet," and from his song came the whole story.

The Hammer of Thor

by Foster & Cummings

Sif was the wife of mighty Thor, the thunder-god, and she was very proud of her beautiful golden hair, which she combed and braided with great care. One morning when she awoke she was filled with grief and dismay to find that her lovely hair had been cut off in the night, while she slept. Her husband happened to be away that day, but when he came home late at night, Sif was careful to keep out of his sight, she felt so ashamed of her shorn head.

Thor, however, soon called for Sif, and when he saw what had been done to her, he was very angry. Now Thor had a quick temper; every one feared his fierce anger. "Who could have done this wicked deed?" thought he. "There is only one among all the Æsir who would think of doing such a thing!"

Thor lost no time in finding Loki, and that mischief-god had to admit that he was the guilty one, but he begged Thor to give him just a few days, and he promised to get something for Sif that would make her look more beautiful than ever. So Thor decided to give him a chance to try, and commanded him to give back to Sif her golden hair.

Now Loki knew a place where some wonderful workmen lived, so he went off, as fast as he could go, to Niflheim, the home of the dwarfs, under the earth, and asked one of them to make quickly some golden hair for Sif. Besides this, he asked for two gifts to carry to the gods Odin and Frey, so that they might be on his side if Thor should bring his complaint before the Æsir.

Loki did not have to wait long before the dwarf brought him a quantity of beautiful hair, spun from the finest golden thread. It had the wonderful power of growing just like real hair, as soon as it touched any one's head. Besides this, there was a spear for Odin, which never missed its aim, no matter how far it was thrown, and for Frey, a ship that could sail through the air as well as the sea. Although it was large enough to hold all the gods and their horses, yet it could be folded so that it was small enough to put in one's pocket.

Loki was greatly pleased with these wonderful presents, and declared that this dwarf must be the most skillful workman of them all. Now it happened that another dwarf, named Brock, heard him say this, and he told Loki that he was sure he and his brother could make more wonderful things than these.

Loki did not believe that could be done, but he told Brock to try his skill; the Æsir should judge between them and the one who should fail in the trial must lose his head.

Then Brock called his brother, Sindri, and they set to work at once. They first built a great fire, and Sindri threw into it a lump of gold; then he told Brock to blow the bellows while he went out, and be sure not to stop blowing until he should come back.

Brock thought this an easy task, but his brother had not long been gone when a huge fly came in and buzzed about his face, and bothered him so that he could hardly keep on blowing; still he was able to finish his work, so that when Sindri came back, they took out of the fire an enormous wild boar, which gave out light, and could travel through the air with wonderful speed.

On the second day Sindri threw another lump of gold into the fire, and left his brother to blow the bellows. Again the buzzing, stinging fly came, and was even more troublesome than before; but Brock tried very hard to be patient, and was able to bear it without stopping his work until Sindri returned. Then they took from the fire a magic ring of gold, from which eight new rings fell off every week.

The third day a lump of iron was put into the fire, and Brock was again left alone. In came the cruel fly,—have you guessed that it was really that mischief-maker Loki? He bit the poor little dwarf so hard on the forehead that the blood ran down into his eyes, and blinded him so that he could no longer see to do his work.

Poor Brock had to stop just before Sindri came home, but not before the hammer which they were making in the fire was nearly finished, only the handle came out rather too short. This magic hammer was named Miölnir. It had the power of never missing its mark, and would always return to the hand which threw it.

When Loki appeared at last before the Æsir, with the two dwarf brothers and their gifts, it was declared that they had made the finest things, for the hammer, which was given to Thor, would surely be most useful in keeping the giants out of Asgard.

When Loki found that the judgment was against him, he started to run away; but Thor soon made him turn back by threatening to throw his hammer after him.

Then Loki had to collect his wits, and think of some way to escape losing his head, instead of making the dwarfs pay the forfeit, as he had expected. At last he told Brock and Sindri that they could have his head, according to the agreement, but as nothing had been said about his neck, they could not, of course, touch that.

Thus the wily Loki, by his wit, saved his life.

The Ugly Duckling

by Hans Christian Andersen

It was so beautiful in the country. It was the summer time. The wheat fields were golden, the oats were green, and the hay stood in great stacks in the green meadows. The stork paraded about among them on his long red legs, chattering away in Egyptian, the language he had learned from his lady mother.

All around the meadows and cornfields grew thick woods, and in the midst of the forest was a deep lake. Yes, it was beautiful, it was delightful in the country.

In a sunny spot stood a pleasant old farmhouse circled all about with deep canals; and from the walls down to the water's edge grew great burdocks, so high that under the tallest of them a little child might stand upright. The spot was as wild as if it had been in the very center of the thick wood.

In this snug retreat sat a duck upon her nest, watching for her young brood to hatch; but the pleasure she had felt at first was almost gone; she had begun to think it a wearisome task, for the little ones were so long coming out of their shells, and she seldom had visitors. The other ducks liked much better to swim about in the canals than to climb the slippery banks and sit under the burdock leaves to have a gossip with her. It was a long time to stay so much by herself.

At length, however, one shell cracked, and soon another, and from each came a living creature that lifted its head and cried "Peep, peep."

"Quack, quack!" said the mother; and then they all tried to say it, too, as well as they could, while they looked all about them on every side at the tall green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look about as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"What a great world it is, to be sure," said the little ones, when they found how much more room they had than when they were in the eggshell.

"Is this all the world, do you imagine?" said the mother. "Wait till you have seen the garden. Far beyond that it stretches down to the pastor's field, though I have never ventured to such a distance. Are you all out?" she continued, rising to look. "No, not all; the largest egg lies there yet, I declare. I wonder how long this business is to last. I'm really beginning to be tired of it;" but for all that she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you to-day?" quacked an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"There's one egg that takes a deal of hatching. The shell is hard and will not break," said the fond mother, who sat still upon her nest. "But just look at the others. Have I not a pretty family? Are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

They are the image of their father—the good for naught! He never comes to see me.”

“Let me see the egg that will not break,” said the old duck. “I’ve no doubt it’s a Guinea fowl’s egg. The same thing happened to me once, and a deal of trouble it gave me, for the young ones are afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. Let me take a look at it.

Yes, I am right; it’s a Guinea fowl, upon my word; so take my advice and leave it where it is. Come to the water and teach the other children to swim.”

“I think I will sit a little while longer,” said the mother. “I have sat so long, a day or two more won’t matter.”

“Very well, please yourself,” said the old duck, rising; and she went away.

At last the great egg broke, and the latest bird cried “Peep, peep,” as he crept forth from the shell.

How big and ugly he was! The mother duck stared at him and did not know what to think. “Really,” she said, “this is an enormous duckling, and it is not at all like any of the others. I wonder if he will turn out to be a Guinea fowl. Well, we shall see when we get to the water—for into the water he must go, even if I have to push him in myself.”

On the next day the weather was delightful. The sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, and the mother duck took her whole family down to the water and jumped in with a splash. “Quack, quack!” cried she, and one after another the little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant and swam about quite prettily, with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible; their legs went of their own accord; and the ugly gray-coat was also in the water, swimming with them.

“Oh,” said the mother, “that is not a Guinea fowl. See how well he uses his legs, and how erect he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all, if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now. I will take you into grand society and introduce you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat.”

When they reached the farmyard, there was a wretched riot going on; two families were fighting for an eel’s head, which, after all, was carried off by the cat. “See, children, that is the way of the world,” said the mother duck, whetting her beak, for she would have liked the eel’s head herself. “Come, now, use your legs, and let me see how well you can behave. You must bow your heads prettily to that old duck yonder; she is the highest born of them all and has Spanish blood; therefore she is well off.

Don’t you see she has a red rag tied to her leg, which is something very grand and a great honor for a duck; it shows that every one is anxious not to lose her, and that she is to be noticed by both man and beast. Come, now, don’t turn in your toes; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide apart, just like his father and mother, in this way; now bend your necks and say ‘Quack!’”



The ducklings did as they were bade, but the other ducks stared, and said, "Look, here comes another brood—as if there were not enough of us already! And bless me, what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don't want him here"; and then one flew out and bit him in the neck.

"Let him alone," said the mother; "he is not doing any harm."

"Yes, but he is so big and ugly. He's a perfect fright," said the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out. A little biting will do him good."

"The others are very pretty children," said the old duck with the rag on her leg, "all but that one. I wish his mother could smooth him up a bit; he is really ill-favored."

"That is impossible, your grace," replied the mother. "He is not pretty, but he has a very good disposition and swims as well as the others or even better. I think he will grow up pretty, and perhaps be smaller. He has remained too long in the egg, and therefore his figure is not properly formed;" and then she stroked his neck and smoothed the feathers, saying: "It is a drake, and therefore not of so much consequence. I think he will grow up strong and able to take care of himself."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Now make yourself at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me."

And so they made themselves comfortable; but the poor duckling who had crept out of his shell last of all and looked so ugly was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks but by all the poultry.

"He is too big," they all said; and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out like a vessel in full sail and flew at the duckling. He became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly as to be laughed at by the whole farmyard.

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So it went on from day to day; it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you" and his mother had been heard to say she wished he had never been born.

The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry pushed him with her feet. So at last he ran away, frightening the little birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings. "They are afraid because I am so ugly," he said. So he flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. "What sort of a duck are you?" they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question. "You are exceedingly ugly," said the wild ducks; "but that will not matter if you do not want to marry one of our family."

Poor thing! he had no thoughts of marriage; all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes and drink some of the water on the moor. After he had been on the moor two days, there came two wild geese, or rather goslings, for they had not been out of the egg long, which accounts for their impertinence. "Listen, friend," said one of them to the duckling; "you are so ugly that we like you very well. Will you go with us and become a bird of passage? Not far from here is another moor, in which there are some wild geese, all of them unmarried. It is a chance for you to get a wife. You may make your fortune, ugly as you are."

"Bang, bang," sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and the water was tinged with blood. "Bang, bang," echoed far and wide in the distance, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the rushes.

The sound continued from every direction, for the sportsmen surrounded the moor, and some were even seated on branches of trees, overlooking the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees, and as it floated away across the water, a number of sporting dogs bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them wherever they went.

How they terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the same moment a large, terrible dog passed quite near him. His jaws were open, his tongue hung from his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his nose close to the duckling, showing his sharp teeth, and then "splash, splash," he went into the water, without touching him.

"Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for several hours and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it.

Towards evening he reached a poor little cottage that seemed ready to fall, and only seemed to remain standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first. The storm continued so violent that the duckling could go no farther. He sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that the door was not quite closed, in consequence of one of the hinges having given way.

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"Bang, bang," sounded in the air, and the two wild geese fell dead among the rushes, and the water was tinged with blood. "Bang, bang," echoed far and wide in the distance, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up from the rushes.

The sound continued from every direction, for the sportsmen surrounded the moor, and some were even seated on branches of trees, overlooking the rushes. The blue smoke from the guns rose like clouds over the dark trees, and as it floated away across the water, a number of sporting dogs bounded in among the rushes, which bent beneath them wherever they went.

How they terrified the poor duckling! He turned away his head to hide it under his wing, and at the same moment a large, terrible dog passed quite near him. His jaws were open, his tongue hung from his mouth, and his eyes glared fearfully. He thrust his nose close to the duckling, showing his sharp teeth, and then "splash, splash," he went into the water, without touching him.

"Oh," sighed the duckling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

And so he lay quite still, while the shot rattled through the rushes, and gun after gun was fired over him. It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited quietly for several hours and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it.

Towards evening he reached a poor little cottage that seemed ready to fall, and only seemed to remain standing because it could not decide on which side to fall first. The storm continued so violent that the duckling could go no farther. He sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that the door was not quite closed, in consequence of one of the hinges having given way.



There was, therefore, a narrow opening near the bottom large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night. Here, in this cottage, lived a woman, a cat, and a hen.

The cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie Short-legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had been her own child. In the morning the strange visitor was discovered; the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What is that noise about?" said the old woman, looking around the room. But her sight was not very good; therefore when she saw the duckling she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. "Oh, what a prize!" she exclaimed. "I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some ducks' eggs. I must wait and see."

So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks; but there were no eggs.

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress; and they always said, "We and the world," for they believed themselves to be half the world, and by far the better half, too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No." "Then have the goodness to cease talking." "Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?" said the cat. "No." "Then you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low-spirited; but when the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, he began to feel such a great longing for a swim that he could not help speaking of it.

"What an absurd idea!" said the hen. "You have nothing else to do; therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is so delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful, indeed! it must be a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen. "Why, you must be crazy! Ask the cat—he is the cleverest animal I know; ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion. Ask our mistress, the old woman; there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would relish swimming and letting the water close over her head?"

"I see you don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat or the old woman?—I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been so well received here. Are you not in a warm room and in society from which you may learn something? But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage and soon found water on which it could swim and dive, but he was avoided by all other animals because of his ugly appearance.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold; then, as winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them into the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snowflakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood among the reeds, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting amid radiant clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans; and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea.

They mounted higher and higher in the air, and the ugly little duckling had a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck towards them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened even himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful, happy birds! And when at last they were out of his sight, he dived under the water and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He knew not the names of these birds nor where they had flown, but he felt towards them as he had never felt towards any other bird in the world.

He was not envious of these beautiful creatures; it never occurred to him to wish to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only treated him kindly and given him encouragement.

The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant who was passing by saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe and carried the duckling home to his wife.

The warmth revived the poor little creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm, so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter cask, then into the meal tub and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed and tumbled over each other in their efforts to catch him, but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining and heard the lark singing and saw that all around was beautiful spring.

Then the young bird felt that his wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides and rose high into the air. They bore him onwards until, before he well knew how it had happened, he found himself in a large garden. The apple trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream, which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling saw these lovely birds and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

"I will fly to these royal birds," he exclaimed, "and they will kill me because, ugly as I am, I dare to approach them. But it does not matter; better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, pushed about by the maiden who feeds the poultry, or starved with hunger in the winter."

Then he flew to the water and swam towards the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

"Kill me," said the poor bird and he bent his head down to the surface of the water and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image—no longer a dark-gray bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan.

To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg. He now felt glad at having suffered sorrow and trouble, because it enabled him to enjoy so much better all the pleasure and happiness around him; for the great swans swam round the newcomer and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children and threw bread and cake into the water.

"See," cried the youngest, "there is a new one;" and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands and shouting joyously, "There is another swan come; a new one has arrived."

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water and said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all, he is so young and pretty." And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do, he was so happy—yet he was not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this while I was the despised ugly duckling."

The Swedish Fairy Book

by Clara Stroebe

The Werewolf

Once upon a time there was a king, who reigned over a great kingdom. He had a queen, but only a single daughter, a girl. In consequence the little girl was the apple of her parents' eyes; they loved her above everything else in the world, and their dearest thought was the pleasure they would take in her when she was older. But the unexpected often happens; for before the king's daughter began to grow up, the queen her mother fell ill and died. It is not hard to imagine the grief that reigned, not alone in the royal castle, but throughout the land; for the queen had been beloved of all. The king grieved so that he would not marry again, and his one joy was the little princess.

A long time passed, and with each succeeding day the king's daughter grew taller and more beautiful, and her father granted her every wish. Now there were a number of women who had nothing to do but wait on the princess and carry out her commands. Among them was a woman who had formerly married and had two daughters. She had an engaging appearance, a smooth tongue and a winning way of talking, and she was as soft and pliable as silk; but at heart she was full of machinations and falseness.

Now when the queen died, she at once began to plan how she might marry the king, so that her daughters might be kept like royal princesses. With this end in view, she drew the young princess to her, paid her the most fulsome compliments on everything she said and did, and was forever bringing the conversation around to how happy she would be were the king to take another wife. There was much said on this head, early and late, and before very long the princess came to believe that the woman knew all there was to know about everything. So she asked her what sort of a woman the king ought to choose for a wife. The woman answered as sweet as honey:

"It is not my affair to give advice in this matter; yet he should choose for queen some one who is kind to the little princess. For one thing I know, and that is, were I fortunate enough to be chosen, my one thought would be to do all I could for the little princess, and if she wished to wash her hands, one of my daughters would have to hold the wash-bowl and the other hand her the towel."

This and much more she told the king's daughter, and the princess believed it, as children will. From that day forward the princess gave her father no peace, and begged him again and again to marry the good court lady. Yet he did not want to marry her. But the king's daughter gave him no rest; but urged him again and again, as the false court lady had persuaded her to do. Finally, one day, when she again brought up the matter, the king cried:

"I can see you will end by having your own way about this, even though it be entirely against my will. But I will do so only on one condition."

"What is the condition?" asked the princess.

"If I marry again," said the king, "it is only because of your ceaseless pleading. Therefore you must promise that, if in the future you are not satisfied with your step-mother or your step-sisters, not a single lament or complaint on your part reaches my ears."

This she promised the king, and it was agreed that he should marry the court lady and make her queen of the whole country.

As time passed on, the king's daughter had grown to be the most beautiful maiden to be found far and wide; the queen's daughters, on the other hand, were homely, evil of disposition, and no one knew any good of them. Hence it was not surprising that many youths came from East and West to sue for the princess's hand; but that none of them took any interest in the queen's daughters. This made the step-mother very angry; but she concealed her rage, and was as sweet and friendly as ever.

Among the wooers was a king's son from another country. He was young and brave, and since he loved the princess dearly, she accepted his proposal and they plighted their troth. The queen observed this with an angry eye, for it would have pleased her had the prince chosen one of her own daughters. She therefore made up her mind that the young pair should never be happy together, and from that time on thought only of how she might part them from each other.

An opportunity soon offered itself. News came that the enemy had entered the land, and the king was compelled to go to war. Now the princess began to find out the kind of step-mother she had. For no sooner had the king departed than the queen showed her true nature, and was just as harsh and unkind as she formerly had pretended to be friendly and obliging. Not a day went by without her scolding and threatening the princess; and the queen's daughters were every bit as malicious as their mother.

But the king's son, the lover of the princess, found himself in even worse position. He had gone hunting one day, had lost his way, and could not find his people. Then the queen used her black arts and turned him into a werewolf, to wander through the forest for the remainder of his life in that shape. When evening came and there was no sign of the prince, his people returned home, and one can imagine what sorrow they caused when the princess learned how the hunt had ended. She grieved, wept day and night, and was not to be consoled. But the queen laughed at her grief, and her heart was filled with joy to think that all had turned out exactly as she wished.

Now it chanced one day, as the king's daughter was sitting alone in her room, that she thought she would go herself into the forest where the prince had disappeared. She went to her step-mother and begged permission to go out into the forest, in order to forget her surpassing grief. The queen did not want to grant her request, for she always preferred saying no to yes. But the princess begged her so winningly that at last she was unable to say no, and she ordered one of her daughters to go along with her and watch her.

That caused a great deal of discussion, for neither of the step-daughters wanted to go with her; each made all sorts of excuses, and asked what pleasures were there in going with the king's daughter, who did nothing but cry. But the queen had the last word in the end, and ordered that one of her daughters must accompany the princess, even though it be against her will. So the girls wandered out of the castle into the forest. The king's daughter walked among the trees, and listened to the song of the birds, and thought of her lover, for whom she longed, and who was now no longer there. And the queen's daughter followed her, vexed, in her malice, with the king's daughter and her sorrow.

After they had walked a while, they came to a little hut, lying deep in the dark forest. By then the king's daughter was very thirsty, and wanted to go into the little hut with her step-sister, in order to get a drink of water. But the queen's daughter was much annoyed and said: "Is it not enough for me to be running around here in the wilderness with you? Now you even want me, who am a princess, to enter that wretched little hut. No, I will not step a foot over the threshold! If you want to go in, why go in alone!"

The king's daughter lost no time; but did as her step-sister advised, and stepped into the little hut. When she entered she saw an old woman sitting there on a bench, so enfeebled by age that her head shook. The princess spoke to her in her usual friendly way: "Good evening, motherkin. May I ask you for a drink of water?"

"You are heartily welcome to it," said the old woman. "Who may you be, that step beneath my lowly roof and greet me in so winning a way?"

The king's daughter told her who she was, and that she had gone out to relieve her heart, in order to forget her great grief. "And what may your great grief be?" asked the old woman.

"No doubt it is my fate to grieve," said the princess, "and I can never be happy again. I have lost my only love, and God alone knows whether I shall ever see him again."

And she also told her why it was, and the tears ran down her cheeks in streams, so that any one would have felt sorry for her. When she had ended the old woman said: "You did well in confiding your sorrow to me. I have lived long and may be able to give you a bit of good advice. When you leave here you will see a lily growing from the ground. This lily is not like other lilies, however, but has many strange virtues. Run quickly over to it, and pick it. If you can do that then you need not worry, for then one will appear who will tell you what to do."

Then they parted and the king's daughter thanked her and went her way; while the old woman sat on the bench and wagged her head. But the queen's daughter had been standing without the hut the entire time, vexing herself, and grumbling because the king's daughter had taken so long.

So when the latter stepped out, she had to listen to all sorts of abuse from her step-sister, as was to be expected. Yet she paid no attention to her, and thought only of how she might find the flower of which the old woman had spoken. They went through the forest, and suddenly she saw a beautiful white lily growing in their very path. She was much pleased and ran up at once to pick it; but that very moment it disappeared and reappeared somewhat further away.

The king's daughter was now filled with eagerness, no longer listened to her step-sister's calls, and kept right on running; yet each time when she stooped to pick the lily, it suddenly disappeared and reappeared somewhat further away. Thus it went for some time, and the princess was drawn further and further into the deep forest. But the lily continued to stand, and disappear and move further away, and each time the flower seemed larger and more beautiful than before.

At length the princess came to a high hill, and as she looked toward its summit, there stood the lily high on the naked rock, glittering as white and radiant as the brightest star. The king's daughter now began to climb the hill, and in her eagerness she paid no attention to stones nor steepness. And when at last she reached the summit of the hill, lo and behold! the lily no longer evaded her grasp; but remained where it was, and the princess stooped and picked it and hid it in her bosom, and so heartfelt was her happiness that she forgot her step-sisters and everything else in the world.

For a long time she did not tire of looking at the beautiful flower. Then she suddenly began to wonder what her step-mother would say when she came home after having remained out so long. And she looked around, in order to find the way back to the castle. But as she looked around, behold, the sun had set and no more than a little strip of daylight rested on the summit of the hill. Below her lay the forest, so dark and shadowed that she had no faith in her ability to find the homeward path. And now she grew very sad, for she could think of nothing better to do than to spend the night on the hill-top. She seated herself on the rock, put her hand to her cheek, cried, and thought of her unkind step-mother and step-sisters, and of all the harsh words she would have to endure when she returned. And she thought of her father, the king, who was away at war, and of the love of her heart, whom she would never see again; and she grieved so bitterly that she did not even know she wept.

Night came and darkness, and the stars rose, and still the princess sat in the same spot and wept. And while she sat there, lost in her thoughts, she heard a voice say: "Good evening, lovely maiden! Why do you sit here so sad and lonely?"

She stood up hastily, and felt much embarrassed, which was not surprising. When she looked around there was nothing to be seen but a tiny old man, who nodded to her and seemed to be very humble. She answered: "Yes, it is no doubt my fate to grieve, and never be happy again. I have lost my dearest love, and now I have lost my way in the forest, and am afraid of being devoured by wild beasts."

"As to that," said the old man, "you need have no fear. If you will do exactly as I say, I will help you."

This made the princess happy; for she felt that all the rest of the world had abandoned her. Then the old man drew out flint and steel and said: "Lovely maiden, you must first build a fire." She did as he told her, gathered moss, brush and dry sticks, struck sparks and lit such a fire on the hill-top that the flame blazed up to the skies. That done the old man said: "Go on a bit and you will find a kettle of tar, and bring the kettle to me." This the king's daughter did. The old man continued: "Now put the kettle on the fire." And the princess did that as well. When the tar began to boil, the old man said: "Now throw your white lily into the kettle." The princess thought this a harsh command, and earnestly begged to be allowed to keep the lily. But the old man said: "Did you not promise to obey my every command? Do as I tell you or you will regret it." The king's daughter turned away her eyes, and threw the lily into the boiling tar; but it was altogether against her will, so fond had she grown of the beautiful flower.

The moment she did so a hollow roar, like that of some wild beast, sounded from the forest. It came nearer, and turned into such a terrible howling that all the surrounding hills reëchoed it. Finally there was a cracking and breaking among the trees, the bushes were thrust aside, and the princess saw a great grey wolf come running out of the forest and straight up the hill. She was much frightened and would gladly have run away, had she been able. But the old man said: "Make haste, run to the edge of the hill and the moment the wolf comes along, upset the kettle on him!" The princess was terrified, and hardly knew what she was about; yet she did as the old man said, took the kettle, ran to the edge of the hill, and poured its contents over the wolf just as he was about to run up.

And then a strange thing happened: no sooner had she done so, than the wolf was transformed, cast off his thick grey pelt, and in place of the horrible wild beast, there stood a handsome young man, looking up to the hill. And when the king's daughter collected herself and looked at him, she saw that it was really and truly her lover, who had been turned into a werewolf.

It is easy to imagine how the princess felt. She opened her arms, and could neither ask questions nor reply to them, so moved and delighted was she. But the prince ran hastily up the hill, embraced her tenderly, and thanked her for delivering him. Nor did he forget the little old man, but thanked him with many civil expressions for his powerful aid. Then they sat down together on the hill-top, and had a pleasant talk. The prince told how he had been turned into a wolf, and of all he had suffered while running about in the forest; and the princess told of her grief, and the many tears she had shed while he had been gone.

So they sat the whole night through, and never noticed it until the stars grew pale and it was light enough to see. When the sun rose, they saw that a broad path led from the hill-top straight to the royal castle; for they had a view of the whole surrounding country from the hill-top. Then the old man said: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything out yonder?"

"Yes," said the princess, "I see a horseman on a foaming horse, riding as fast as he can."

Then the old man said: "He is a messenger sent on ahead by the king your father. And your father with all his army is following him."

That pleased the princess above all things, and she wanted to descend the hill at once to meet her father. But the old man detained her and said: "Wait a while, it is too early yet. Let us wait and see how everything turns out."

Time passed and the sun was shining brightly, and its rays fell straight on the royal castle down below. Then the old man said: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything down below?"

"Yes," replied the princess, "I see a number of people coming out of my father's castle, and some are going along the road, and others into the forest."

The old man said: "Those are your step-mother's servants. She has sent some to meet the king and welcome him; but she has sent others to the forest to look for you." At these words the princess grew uneasy, and wished to go down to the queen's servants. But the old man withheld her and said: "Wait a while, and let us first see how everything turns out."

More time passed, and the king's daughter was still looking down the road from which the king would appear, when the old man said: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything down below?"

"Yes," answered the princess, "there is a great commotion in my father's castle, and they are hanging it with black."

The old man said: "That is your step-mother and her people. They will assure your father that you are dead."

Then the king's daughter felt bitter anguish, and she implored from the depths of her heart: "Let me go, let me go, so that I may spare my father this anguish!"

But the old man detained her and said: "No, wait, it is still too early. Let us first see how everything turns out."

Again time passed, the sun lay high above the fields, and the warm air blew over meadow and forest. The royal maid and youth still sat on the hill-top with the old man, where we had left them. Then they saw a little cloud rise against the horizon, far away in the distance, and the little cloud grew larger and larger, and came nearer and nearer along the road, and as it moved one could see it was agleam with weapons, and nodding helmets, and waving flags, one could hear the rattle of swords, and the neighing of horses, and finally recognize the banner of the king. It is not hard to imagine how pleased the king's daughter was, and how she insisted on going down and greeting her father. But the old man held her back and said: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything happening at the castle?"

"Yes," answered the princess, "I can see my step-mother and step-sisters coming out, dressed in mourning, holding white kerchiefs to their faces, and weeping bitterly."

The old man answered: "Now they are pretending to weep because of your death. Wait just a little while longer. We have not yet seen how everything will turn out."

After a time the old man said again: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything down below?"

"Yes," said the princess, "I see people bringing a black coffin—now my father is having it opened. Look, the queen and her daughters are down on their knees, and my father is threatening them with his sword!"

Then the old man said: "Your father wished to see your body, and so your evil step-mother had to confess the truth."

When the princess heard that she said earnestly: "Let me go, let me go, so that I may comfort my father in his great sorrow!"

But the old man held her back and said: "Take my advice and stay here a little while longer. We have not yet seen how everything will turn out."

Again time went by, and the king's daughter and the prince and the old man were still sitting on the hill-top. Then the old man said: "Lovely maiden, turn around! Do you see anything down below?"

"Yes," answered the princess, "I see my father and my step-sisters and my step-mother with all their following moving this way."

The old man said: "Now they have started out to look for you. Go down and bring up the wolf's pelt in the gorge." The king's daughter did as he told her. The old man continued: "Now stand at the edge of the hill." And the princess did that, too. Now one could see the queen and her daughters coming along the way, and stopping just below the hill. Then the old man said: "Now throw down the wolf's pelt!" The princess obeyed him, and threw down the wolf's pelt according to his command. It fell directly on the evil queen and her daughters. And then a most wonderful thing happened: no sooner had the pelt touched the three evil women than they immediately changed shape, and turning into three horrible werewolves, they ran away as fast as they could into the forest, howling dreadfully.

No more had this happened than the king himself arrived at the foot of the hill with his whole retinue. When he looked up and recognized the princess, he could not at first believe his eyes; but stood motionless, thinking her a vision. Then the old man cried: "Lovely maiden, now hasten, run down and make your father happy!"

There was no need to tell the princess twice. She took her lover by the hand and they ran down the hill. When they came to the king, the princess ran on ahead, fell on her father's neck, and wept with joy. And the young prince wept as well, and the king himself wept; and their meeting was a pleasant sight for every one.

There was great joy and many embraces, and the princess told of her evil step-mother and step-sisters and of her lover, and all that she had suffered, and of the old man who had helped them in such a wonderful way. But when the king turned around to thank the old man he had completely vanished, and from that day on no one could say who he had been or what had become of him.

The king and his whole retinue now returned to the castle, where the king had a splendid banquet prepared, to which he invited all the able and distinguished people throughout the kingdom, and bestowed his daughter on the young prince. And the wedding was celebrated with gladness and music and amusements of every kind for many days. I was there, too, and when I rode through the forest I met a wolf with two young wolves, and they showed me their teeth and seemed very angry. And I was told they were none other than the evil step-mother and her two daughters.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen “Hamlet,” the bard’s classic tragedy set in Denmark.

Read it from E. Nesbit’s *Beautiful Stories from Shakespeare* 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!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance.

Shakespeare

Hamlet

by E. Nesbit

Hamlet was the only son of the King of Denmark. He loved his father and mother dearly--and was happy in the love of a sweet lady named Ophelia. Her father, Polonius, was the King's Chamberlain. While Hamlet was away studying at Wittenberg, his father died. Young Hamlet hastened home in great grief to hear that a serpent had stung the King, and that he was dead. The young Prince had loved his father so tenderly that you may judge what he felt when he found that the Queen, before yet the King had been laid in the ground a month, had determined to marry again--and to marry the dead King's brother.

Hamlet refused to put off mourning for the wedding. "It is not only the black I wear on my body," he said, "that proves my loss. I wear mourning in my heart for my dead father. His son at least remembers him, and grieves still."

Then said Claudius the King's brother, "This grief is unreasonable. Of course you must sorrow at the loss of your father, but--"

"Ah," said Hamlet, bitterly, "I cannot in one little month forget those I love."

With that the Queen and Claudius left him, to make merry over their wedding, forgetting the poor good King who had been so kind to them both.

And Hamlet, left alone, began to wonder and to question as to what he ought to do. For he could not believe the story about the snake-bite. It seemed to him all too plain that the wicked Claudius had killed the King, so as to get the crown and marry the Queen. Yet he had no proof, and could not accuse Claudius.

And while he was thus thinking came Horatio, a fellow student of his, from Wittenberg. "What brought you here?" asked Hamlet, when he had greeted his friend kindly.

"I came, my lord, to see your father's funeral."

"I think it was to see my mother's wedding," said Hamlet, bitterly. "My father! We shall not look upon his like again."

"My lord," answered Horatio, "I think I saw him yesternight."

Then, while Hamlet listened in surprise, Horatio told how he, with two gentlemen of the guard, had seen the King's ghost on the battlements. Hamlet went that night, and true enough, at midnight, the ghost of the King, in the armor he had been wont to wear, appeared on the battlements in the chill moonlight. Hamlet was a brave youth.

Instead of running away from the ghost he spoke to it--and when it beckoned him he followed it to a quiet place, and there the ghost told him that what he had suspected was true. The wicked Claudius had indeed killed his good brother the King, by dropping poison into his ear as he slept in his orchard in the afternoon.

"And you," said the ghost, "must avenge this cruel murder-- on my wicked brother. But do nothing against the Queen-- for I have loved her, and she is your mother. Remember me."

Then seeing the morning approach, the ghost vanished.

"Now," said Hamlet, "there is nothing left but revenge. Remember thee--I will remember nothing else--books, pleasure, youth--let all go--and your commands alone live on my brain."

So when his friends came back he made them swear to keep the secret of the ghost, and then went in from the battlements, now gray with mingled dawn and moonlight, to think how he might best avenge his murdered father.

The shock of seeing and hearing his father's ghost made him feel almost mad, and for fear that his uncle might notice that he was not himself, he determined to hide his mad longing for revenge under a pretended madness in other matters.

And when he met Ophelia, who loved him--and to whom he had given gifts, and letters, and many loving words--he behaved so wildly to her, that she could not but think him mad. For she loved him so that she could not believe he would be as cruel as this, unless he were quite mad. So she told her father, and showed him a pretty letter from Hamlet. And in the letter was much folly, and this pretty verse--

"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love."

And from that time everyone believed that the cause of Hamlet's supposed madness was love. Poor Hamlet was very unhappy. He longed to obey his father's ghost--and yet he was too gentle and kindly to wish to kill another man, even his father's murderer. And sometimes he wondered whether, after all, the ghost spoke truly.

Just at this time some actors came to the Court, and Hamlet ordered them to perform a certain play before the King and Queen. Now, this play was the story of a man *who had been murdered in his garden by a near relation, who afterwards married the dead man's wife.*

You may imagine the feelings of the wicked King, as he sat on his throne, with the Queen beside him and all his Court around, and saw, acted on the stage, the very wickedness that he had himself done. And when, in the play, the wicked relation poured poison into the ear of the sleeping man, the wicked Claudius suddenly rose, and staggered from the room--the Queen and others following.

Then said Hamlet to his friends--

"Now I am sure the ghost spoke true. For if Claudius had not done this murder, he could not have been so distressed to see it in a play."

Now the Queen sent for Hamlet, by the King's desire, to scold him for his conduct during the play, and for other matters; and Claudius, wishing to know exactly what happened, told old Polonius to hide himself behind the hangings in the Queen's room. And as they talked, the Queen got frightened at Hamlet's rough, strange words, and cried for help, and Polonius behind the curtain cried out too. Hamlet, thinking it was the King who was hidden there, thrust with his sword at the hangings, and killed, not the King, but poor old Polonius.

So now Hamlet had offended his uncle and his mother, and by bad hap killed his true love's father. "Oh! what a rash and bloody deed is this," cried the Queen.

And Hamlet answered bitterly, "Almost as bad as to kill a king, and marry his brother." Then Hamlet told the Queen plainly all his thoughts and how he knew of the murder, and begged her, at least, to have no more friendship or kindness of the base Claudius, who had killed the good King. And as they spoke the King's ghost again appeared before Hamlet, but the Queen could not see it. So when the ghost had gone, they parted.

When the Queen told Claudius what had passed, and how Polonius was dead, he said, "This shows plainly that Hamlet is mad, and since he has killed the Chancellor, it is for his own safety that we must carry out our plan, and send him away to England."

So Hamlet was sent, under charge of two courtiers who served the King, and these bore letters to the English Court, requiring that Hamlet should be put to death. But Hamlet had the good sense to get at these letters, and put in others instead, with the names of the two courtiers who were so ready to betray him. Then, as the vessel went to England, Hamlet escaped on board a pirate ship, and the two wicked courtiers left him to his fate, and went on to meet theirs.

Hamlet hurried home, but in the meantime a dreadful thing had happened. Poor pretty Ophelia, having lost her lover and her father, lost her wits too, and went in sad madness about the Court, with straws, and weeds, and flowers in her hair, singing strange scraps of songs, and talking poor, foolish, pretty talk with no heart of meaning to it. And one day, coming to a stream where willows grew, she tried to bang a flowery garland on a willow, and fell into the water with all her flowers, and so died.

And Hamlet had loved her, though his plan of seeming madness had made him hide it; and when he came back, he found the King and Queen, and the Court, weeping at the funeral of his dear love and lady.

Ophelia's brother, Laertes, had also just come to Court to ask justice for the death of his father, old Polonius; and now, wild with grief, he leaped into his sister's grave, to clasp her in his arms once more.

"I loved her more than forty thousand brothers," cried Hamlet, and leapt into the grave after him, and they fought till they were parted.

Afterwards Hamlet begged Laertes to forgive him.

"I could not bear," he said, "that any, even a brother, should seem to love her more than I."

But the wicked Claudius would not let them be friends. He told Laertes how Hamlet had killed old Polonius, and between them they made a plot to slay Hamlet by treachery.

Laertes challenged him to a fencing match, and all the Court were present. Hamlet had the blunt foil always used in fencing, but Laertes had prepared for himself a sword, sharp, and tipped with poison. And the wicked King had made ready a bowl of poisoned wine, which he meant to give poor Hamlet when he should grow warm with the sword play, and should call for drink.

So Laertes and Hamlet fought, and Laertes, after some fencing, gave Hamlet a sharp sword thrust. Hamlet, angry at this treachery--for they had been fencing, not as men fight, but as they play--closed with Laertes in a struggle; both dropped their swords, and when they picked them up again, Hamlet, without noticing it, had exchanged his own blunt sword for Laertes' sharp and poisoned one. And with one thrust of it he pierced Laertes, who fell dead by his own treachery.

At this moment the Queen cried out, "The drink, the drink! Oh, my dear Hamlet! I am poisoned!"

She had drunk of the poisoned bowl the King had prepared for Hamlet, and the King saw the Queen, whom, wicked as he was, he really loved, fall dead by his means.

Then Ophelia being dead, and Polonius, and the Queen, and Laertes, and the two courtiers who had been sent to England, Hamlet at last found courage to do the ghost's bidding and avenge his father's murder--which, if he had braced up his heart to do long before, all these lives had been spared, and none had suffered but the wicked King, who well deserved to die.

Hamlet, his heart at last being great enough to do the deed he ought, turned the poisoned sword on the false King.

"Then--venom--do thy work!" he cried, and the King died.

So Hamlet in the end kept the promise he had made his father. And all being now accomplished, he himself died. And those who stood by saw him die, with prayers and tears, for his friends and his people loved him with their whole hearts. Thus ends the tragic tale of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.



History & Geography

History & Geography

Scandinavia most commonly refers to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. For this study, we will focus only on these lands. However, sometimes it is used as a synonym for the Nordic Countries (which include Finland, Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands). If you wish to include the other countries in your geography study, then you can include the optional chapters as well.

We have included a biography of Hans Christian Andersen, the beloved Danish author who wrote many of the world's most famous fairy tales, below.

We recommend reading [CM Geography: Book 4 - The Countries of Europe: Their Scenery and Peoples](#), by Charlotte Mason.

- Chapter on Denmark (pp. 249-254)
- Scandinavia pp. 261-276
- *Optional*: Russia (section on Finland and the Finns) pp. 224-227
- *Optional*: Iceland pp. 255-260

“The past is the mirror that reflects the future.”

~ Snorri Sturluson, The Prose Edda



Hans Christian Andersen

April 2, 1805 – August 4, 1875

Hans Christian Andersen was a Danish writer born in 1805, known for his enchanting fairy tales that have captivated readers for generations. His stories, like "The Little Mermaid," "The Ugly Duckling," and "The Emperor's New Clothes," have become timeless classics loved by people all around the world.

Andersen's life wasn't always a fairy tale. He was born into a poor family in Denmark and faced many hardships growing up. His father had no education beyond elementary school, and his mother was illiterate, but despite these humble beginnings, Andersen had big dreams. His father began to read him stories as a child, and they sparked his sense of creativity.

After receiving a basic education at a local school for poor families, Andersen began to work as an apprentice at various jobs. Yet he was not satisfied with this life, and at fourteen, Andersen left his small hometown and traveled to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, to pursue his dreams as an actor. This move would change Andersen's life, but not in the way he was expecting. He was accepted into the Royal Danish Theater; however, his singing voice began to change soon after. It wasn't until another member of the theater remarked that they could see him as a poet that things began to change. Andersen took this comment deeply to heart and began to focus on his writing from that moment onward.

The director of the Royal Danish Theater advocated for Andersen, convincing King Frederick VI to send him to a grammar school and give him a partial scholarship. Despite the amazing opportunity, this was a dark time for Andersen because the teachers were very unkind and discouraging to him. However, these years ultimately led to him getting into the University of Copenhagen in 1828, which helped him further his education. Andersen continued to write despite the hardship and discouragement he had endured, refusing to give up on his dreams.

Eventually, Andersen's hard work paid off. He published a short story that brought attention to his writing, followed by a play and a collection of short poems. These works brought him enough success to begin traveling throughout Europe, which became a great source of inspiration for his work.

In 1835, he published a biographical novel called *The Improvisatore*, which was a smashing success and propelled his career to even greater heights. That same year, he published his first collection of fairy tales, which included stories like "The Tinderbox" and "Thumbelina." These stories quickly became popular, and Andersen's fame began to grow. He went on to write many more fairy tales, each one filled with magic, adventure, and important life lessons.

What makes Andersen's fairy tales so special is their universal appeal. His stories often feature characters who face challenges and overcome adversity, teaching readers valuable lessons about kindness, bravery, and the power of believing in oneself. Andersen had a unique gift for storytelling, weaving together vivid imagery and memorable characters that continue to resonate with readers of all ages.

Throughout his life, Andersen never forgot his roots or the struggles he faced on his journey to becoming a celebrated author. He often expressed these hardships in his stories, identifying with the lonely and the outcast and demonstrating how one could overcome these struggles. This relatable, human element in his stories is what made them so beloved and enduring. He continued writing until 1872, just a few years before his death in 1875. He left behind a legacy of imagination, inspiration, and timeless tales, reminding us that sometimes the greatest magic can be found in the simplest of stories.



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

Nature Study



1

Grey Pug
Eupithecia subfuscata

- It is found throughout the Palearctic region and the Near East. It is also found in North America.
- The species flies at night and is attracted to light.
- The forewings of this species are grey (occasionally with an ochreous tinge) and marked with pale fascia and radial lines which give it a mottled appearance.
- Melanism is common in this species - there is too much pigment and the moth appears all black.
- The adults fly in May and June, with a second brood sometimes emerging in August.
- The species overwinters as a pupa.



1

Valerian
Valeriana officinalis

- It is consumed as food by the larvae of some butterfly and moth species, including the grey pug.
- Crude extract of valerian root may have sedative and anxiolytic effects, and is commonly sold in supplements to promote sleep.
- In the summer, the mature plant may have a height of 5 ft.
- Valerian bears sweetly scented pink or white flowers.
- The herb's name comes from the Latin verb valere (to be strong, healthy) and the personal name Valeria.
- Valerian root is a cat attractant, similar to catnip.



2

Breckland Thyme
Thymus serpyllum

- Breckland Thyme is a species of flowering plant in the mint family Lamiaceae.
- Breckland Thyme produces scents ranging from heavily herbal to lightly lemon, depending on the variety.
- It is a plant of thin soils and can be found growing on sandy-soiled heaths, rocky outcrops, hills, banks, roadsides, and riverside sand banks.
- The usually pink or mauve flowers have a tube-like calyx and an irregular straight-tubed, hairy corolla.
- Breckland Thyme grows to 1-in tall with creeping stems up to 4 in long.



2

Gray Wolf
Canis lupus

- It is distinguished from other Canis species by its larger size and less pointed features, particularly on the ears and muzzle.
- It is the only species of Canis to have a range encompassing both Eurasia and North America.
- The gray wolf is one of the world's best-known and most researched animals.
- Although the fear of wolves is pervasive in many human societies, the majority of recorded attacks on people have been attributed to animals suffering from rabies.
- The Latin "lupus" is a Sabine loanword.
- It is the largest extant member of its family.



3

Fin Whale
Balaenoptera physalus

- It is the second-largest species on Earth after the blue whale.
- American naturalist Roy Chapman Andrews called the fin whale "the greyhound of the sea ... for its beautiful, slender body is built like a racing yacht and the animal can surpass the speed of the fastest ocean steamship."
- Fin whales are rorquals, members of the family Balaenopteridae, which also includes the humpback whale, the blue whale, Bryde's whale, the sei whale, and the minke whale.
- The fin whale is usually distinguished by its tall spout, long back, prominent dorsal fin, and asymmetrical coloration.



3

Cowslip
Primula veris

- The species is native throughout most of temperate Europe and western Asia, and although absent from more northerly areas including much of northwest Scotland, it reappears in northernmost Sutherland and Orkney and in Scandinavia.
- The species name veris (of spring) is the genitive case form of the Latin "ver" (spring).
- In the Middle Ages, it was also known as St. Peter's herb or Petrella and was sought after by Florentine apothecaries.
- The cowslip is frequently found on more open ground than the primrose.



4

Greater Knapweed
Centaurea scabiosa

- Greater knapweed is found growing in dry grasslands, hedgerows, and cliffs on lime-rich soil.
- The plant is sometimes confused with devils-bit scabious, however, the leaves on this plant are arranged alternately, whereas in devils-bit they are opposite.
- The plant's upright-branched stems end in singular thistle-like flowerheads.
- This species is very valuable to bees.
- This is the only known food plant for caterpillars of the Coleophoridae case-bearer moth 'Coleophora didymella.'



4

European Hedgehog
Erinaceus europaeus

- A generally common and widely distributed species that can survive across a wide range of habitat types.
- Leucistic or 'blonde' hedgehogs occasionally occur—they are believed to have a pair of rare recessive genes, giving rise to their black eyes and creamy-colored spines.
- This species is largely nocturnal.
- The European hedgehog is omnivorous.
- A favorite in European gardens, both for its endearing appearance and its preference for eating a range of garden pests



Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be making a flower pot bookmark out of felt!

The region of Scandinavia is filled with beautiful varieties of wildflowers that grow throughout the thick forests, tall mountainsides, and moors.

Choose your favorite colors for the petals and center to make it your own, or make yours white with a yellow center to represent the marguerite daisy- the national flower of Denmark!

"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

Flower Pot Bookmark

You will need:

- Felt fabric (colors of your choice)
- Pencil
- Scissors
- Needle and thread

Step 1: Select felt fabrics for the bookmarks. You will need green felt for the stem and the leaf patterns, brown for the pot (or any color you want), and felt for the flower. Trace the template patterns on the felt that you've selected and cut them out nicely.

Step 2: The flower includes 2 layers, front and back. Grab the flower cutouts and place the small round shapes in the center of the flowers.



Step 3: Use needle and thread to stitch the round shape onto the center of the flower. I did double cross stitches to attach the round shapes to the flowers.

Step 4: Now place the 2 center-stitched flowers together, with their center-stitched parts facing outside. Prepare your needle and thread to stitch around the sides; by doing this, you will join the flower layers. Do not stitch completely around the sides, but keep a 1 cm small opening.

Step 5: Grab the 2 cutouts for the pot pattern and place them together. Prepare needle and thread to stitch around the sides to join the 2 pot layers. Do not stitch all around; keep a 1 cm small opening.

Step 6: We've kept a 1-cm small opening for both the flower and the pot pattern. Now grab the stem cutouts (the long strip).



Step 7: Insert 1 end of the stem into the flower pattern through the opening.

Step 8: Take the other end of the stem and insert it into the pot pattern through its small opening.

Step 9: Stitch the flower opening to close it and also to attach the stem to the flower.

Step 10: Similarly, stitch to attach the other end of the stem to the pot and to close the small opening of the pot pattern. Once the stitching is done, make sure to tie a knot before cutting off each thread.

Step 11: Attach the flower just below the flower. It's easier and sturdier to use a hot glue gun to attach the leaves to the stem, instead of stitching.



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