

# Scotland

6-Week Morning Time Session | [AwakenToDelight.com](http://AwakenToDelight.com)



## *Scotland*

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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

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Cover image: *The Scottish Highlands*, Gustave Doré, 1875, Public Domain

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# What is Morning Time?

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

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

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

## About this Curriculum:

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

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

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

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

*Aligha*

# 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>	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation				
<i>Bible</i>	John 1	John 2	John 3	John 4	John 5
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go	Read: Allan Ramsay Biography, Art Selection 1: King George III in Coronation Robes	Folk Song: Loch Lomond	Read: Thomas Erskine Biography, Listen to: Quartet in C Minor	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Read: Saint Andrew biography				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Robert Burns Browning Biography	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation Copywork	Poetry: A Red, Red Rose	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 1	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 2	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 3	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 4, 5	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 6, 7
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Scottish Shortbread, Read: The Battle of the Birds	*Alt. Read Aloud: Treasure Island			*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>	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation				
<i>Bible</i>	John 6	John 7	John 8	John 9	John 10
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go	Review: Allan Ramsay Biography, Art Selection 2: Queen Charlotte	Folk Song: Loch Lomond	Review: Thomas Erskine Biography, Listen to: Sinfonia a Quattro in G Major	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Robert Burns Browning Biography	Matthew 5:14-16 Copywork	Poetry: To a Mouse	Matthew 5:14-16 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 8	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 9	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 10	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 11, 12	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 13, 14
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Dundee Cake, Read: The Mermaid Wife				*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>	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation				
<i>Bible</i>	John 11	John 12	John 13	John 14	John 15
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go	Narrate: Allan Ramsay Biography, Art Selection 3: Emily Marchioness of Kildare	Folk Song: Loch Lomond	Narrate: Thomas Erskine Biography, Listen to: Overture in C major, Op. 1, No. 2	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Robert Burns Browning Biography	A Red, Red Rose Copywork	Poetry: To a Louse	A Red, Red Rose Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 15	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 16	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 17	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 18, 19	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 20, 21
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Cranachan, Read: The Gillie Dhu				*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>	Prayer For Joy in God's Creation				
<i>Bible</i>	John 16	John 17	John 18	John 19	John 20, 21
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty &amp; Nature Loop</i>	Hymn: O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go	Discuss: Allan Ramsay, Art Selection 4: Portrait of a Lady	Folk Song: Loch Lomond	Discuss: Thomas Erskine, Listen to: Sonata in C Major - Minuet	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Robert Burns Browning	To a Mouse Copywork	Poetry: Aud Lang Syne	To a Mouse Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 22	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 23	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 24	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 25	*In Freedom's Cause Ch. 26, 27
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Millionaire Shortbread, Read: The Smith and the Fairies				*Nature journal *Nature walk

\* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

# Recommended Reading List

## Elementary & Middle Grades

*Tam Lin*, by Jane Yolen

*Scotland's Story*, by H. E. Marshall

*Celtic Tales*, by Kate Forrester

*Story of the Orchestra*, by Robert Levine

*The Princess and the Goblin*, by George MacDonald

*Queen's Own Fool*, by Jane Yolen (age 10 and up)

*Little House on the Highlands*, by Melissa Wiley

*The Far Side of the Loch*, by Melissa Wiley

*Down to the Bonny Glen*, by Melissa Wiley

*Beyond the Heather Hills*, by Melissa Wiley

*Secret of the Ron Mor Skerry*, by Rosalie K. Fry

*Lassie Come Home*, by Eric Knight

*The Scottish Fairy Book*, by Elizabeth Grierson

*Our Little Scotch Cousin*, by Blance McManus

*The Scotch Twins*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins

*Always Room for One More*, by Sorche Nic Leodhas

*At the Back of the North Wind*, by George MacDonald

*The Light Princess*, by George MacDonald

*The Wee Scotch Piper*, by Madeline Brandeis

*Robert the Bruce: The King and the Spider*, by Molly MacPherson and Teresa Martinez

\**Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson

## Upper Grades

*The Complete Poems and Songs of Robert Burns*, by Michael Short

*How the Scots Invented the Modern World: The True Story of How Western Europe's Poorest Nation Created Our World & Everything in It*, by Arthur Herman

*In Freedom's Cause*, by G. A. Henty

*Phantastes*, by George MacDonald

*Rob Roy*, by Sir Walter Scott

*The 39 Steps*, by John Buchan

*Macbeth*, by William Shakespeare (Folger edition)

*Kidnapped*, by Robert Louis Stevenson

*Peter & Wendy*, by J.M. Barrie

*A Short History of Scotland*, by Andrew Lang

*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Hyde*, by Robert Louis Stevenson

## Geography

Charlotte Mason's Elementary Geography

# Prayer & Scripture Memorization

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

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

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

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

This session, we will learn the **Prayer for Joy in God's Creation** and focus on writing and memorizing **Matthew 5:14-16**.

## Prayer For Joy in God's Creation:

*O heavenly Father, who hast filled the world with beauty:  
Open our eyes to behold thy gracious hand in all thy works;  
that, rejoicing in thy whole creation, we may learn to serve  
thee with gladness; for the sake of him through whom all  
things were made, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

## Matthew 5:14-16 (NKJV)

*14 "You are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do they light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on a lampstand, and it gives light to all who are in the house. 16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven.*

14 "You are the light of

the world. A city that is

set on a hill cannot be

hidden. 15 Nor do they

light a lamp and put it

under a basket, but on a

lampstand, and it gives light

to all who are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine

before men, that they may

see your good works and

glorify your Father in

heaven.

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that is set on a hill cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do

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who are in the house. 16 Let your light so shine

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and glorify your Father in heaven.

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14 "You are the light of the world.

A city that is set on a hill

cannot be hidden. 15 Nor do they

light a lamp and put it under a

basket, but on a lampstand,

and it gives light to all who are

in the house. 16 Let your light so

shine before men, that they may see

*your good works and glorify*

*your Father in heaven.*



O heavenly Father, who

hast filled the world with

beauty:

Open our eyes to behold

thy gracious hand in all thy

works;

that, rejoicing in thy whole

creation, we may learn to

serve

thee with gladness; for the

sake of him through whom

all

things were made, thy Son

Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

O heavenly Father, who hast filled the world

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with beauty:

---

Open our eyes to behold thy gracious hand in

---

all thy works;

---

that, rejoicing in thy whole creation, we may

---

learn to serve

---

thee with gladness; for the sake of him

---

through whom all

---

things were made, thy Son Jesus Christ our

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Lord. Amen.

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O heavenly Father, who hast

filled the world with beauty:

Open our eyes to behold thy

gracious hand in all thy works;

that, rejoicing in thy whole

creation, we may learn to serve

thee with gladness; for the sake of

him through whom all

things were made, thy Son Jesus

Christ our Lord. Amen.





## Artist & Composer Study

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

- *King George III in Coronation Robes*
- *Queen Charlotte*
- *Emily Marchioness of Kildare*
- *Portrait of a Lady*

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

- Quartet in C minor
- Sinfonia a Quattro in G major
- Overture in C major, Op. 1, No. 2
- Sonata in C Major - Minuet

Artist & Composer Study



## Allan Ramsay

October 13, 1713 – August 10, 1784

Allan Ramsay was a renowned Scottish portrait painter and artist in the 18th century. He was born on October 13, 1713, in Edinburgh, Scotland, to Allan Ramsay Sr., a poet and author, and Christian Ross Ramsay, the daughter of a noble family. Growing up in an artistic household, it was no surprise that Allan developed a love for art at an early age. His parents encouraged his talent and sent him to study art in London when he was 20 years old. Three years later, he traveled to Italy to continue his artistic studies.

During his time in Italy, Ramsay studied under the famous Italian artists Francesco Solimena and Francesco Ferrandi (who was known as Imperiali). He also met other influential artists, such as Pompeo Batoni, whose work he greatly admired. These encounters greatly influenced Ramsay's style and technique, which is evident in his later

works. He spent a total of three years in Italy before returning to Scotland.

In 1761, Ramsay's career reached its peak when he was appointed as the Principal Painter in Ordinary to King George III. This prestigious position not only solidified his reputation as a skilled artist but also gave him access to paint portraits of the royal family and other notable figures. His most famous portrait is that of King George III, which now hangs in Buckingham Palace. Ramsay's portraits were highly sought after, leading him to become one of the most in-demand artists of his time.

Aside from painting portraits, Ramsay also painted landscapes and historical paintings. His style was influenced by classical art with a focus on naturalistic representation and attention to detail. He also incorporated elements of Rococo, which were popular at the time. Ramsay's works were admired for their vibrant colors, delicate brushstrokes, and lifelike expressions. He had a talent for capturing the personality and essence of his subjects, making his portraits stand out among others.

Throughout his career, Ramsay also taught and mentored aspiring artists, one of these notable students being Scottish portrait and landscape painter Alexander Nasmyth. He passed away on August 10, 1784, leaving behind a rich artistic legacy that still influences artists to this day. His works can be found in prestigious galleries around the world, including the National Gallery in London and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. He is celebrated as one of Scotland's greatest artists.

# Artist Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

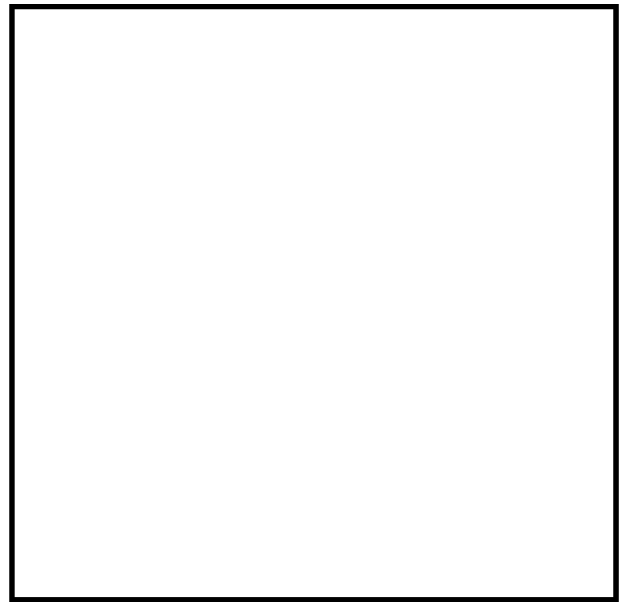
**Artist Fun Facts:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Art Mediums Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Artworks:** \_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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\_\_\_\_\_



*King George III in Coronation Robes, c. 1765*



*Queen Charlotte, c. 1762*



*Emily, Marchioness of Kildare, c. 1764-1766*



*Portrait of a Lady, c 1762*

# Picture Study

Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Date Created: \_\_\_\_\_

Art Mediums Used: \_\_\_\_\_

Further Study: \_\_\_\_\_

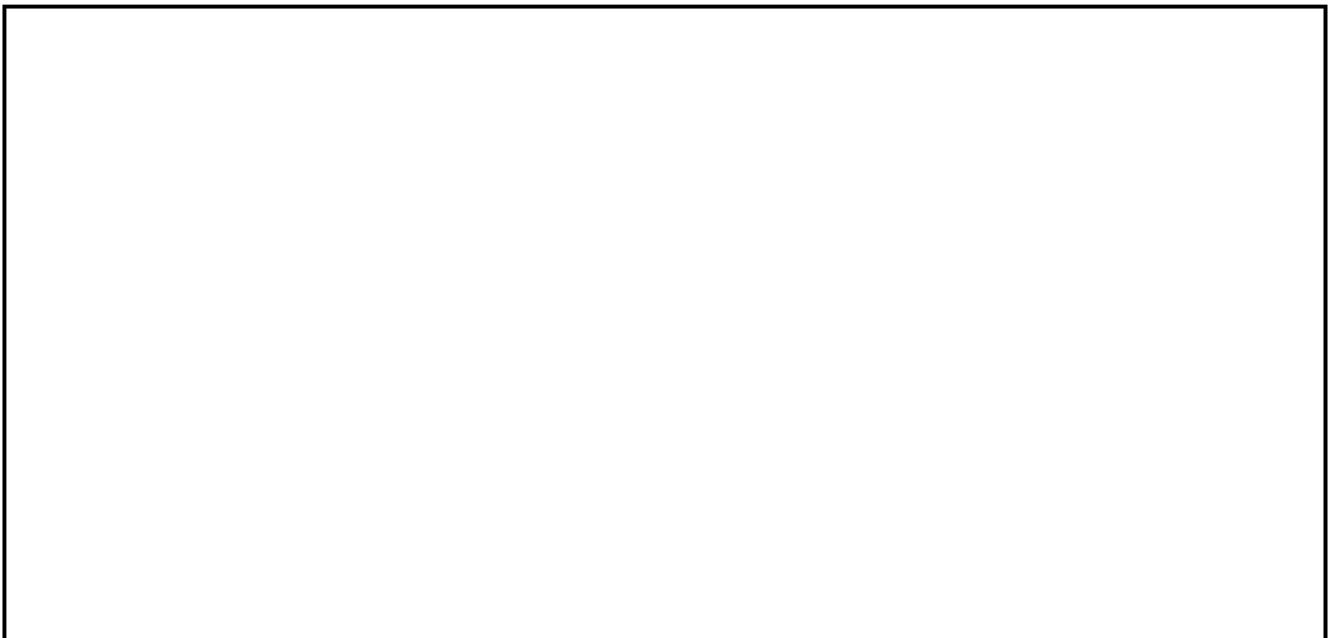
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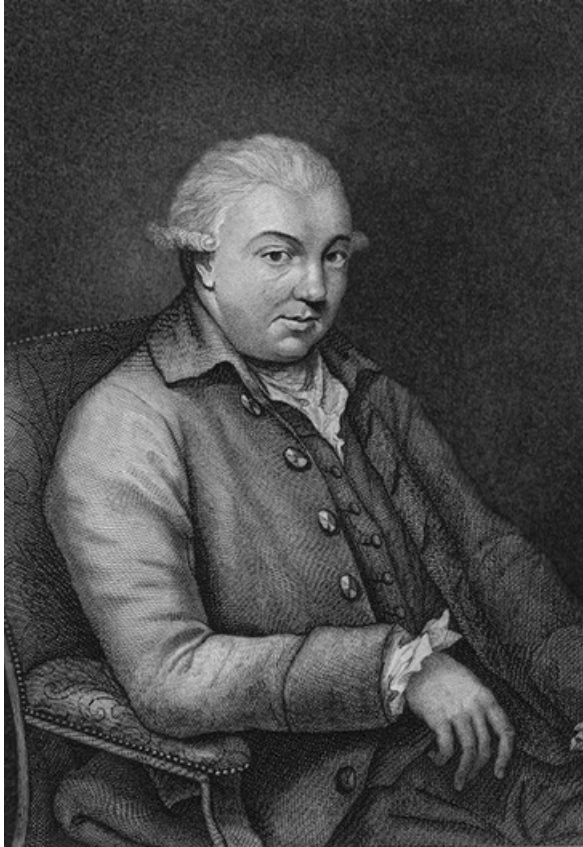
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**Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.**





# Thomas Erskine

January 10, 1750 – October 9, 1781

Thomas Alexander Erskine, the 6th Earl of Kellie, was born on September 1, 1732, in Fife, Scotland. From an early age, he showed a remarkable passion for music. As a child, he received his first music lessons before leaving Scotland to study in Mannheim, Germany, under Johann Stamitz, a renowned composer of the time.

After returning to Scotland in 1756, his virtuosity with the violin earned him the nickname "Fiddler Tam." He published 6 of his "Overtures" in Edinburgh during 1761, and later visited London, where an overture he composed for *The Maid on the Mill* gained rapid popularity.

Erskine's compositions reflect his deep understanding of classical forms balanced with a distinctive affinity for Scottish traditional music.

His notable works include symphonies, string quartets, and numerous compositions for chamber orchestra. These pieces blend the classical structure that he encountered on his travels throughout Europe with the traditional rhythms and melodies native to his homeland.

As Erskine continued to compose and perform, his reputation as a skilled musician grew. His works became known for their vibrant energy and intricate yet accessible melodies, making them beloved by audiences across Europe, particularly resonating with his Scottish audience. His music was much-loved in his day, with one German magazine even describing him as "one of the finest musical composers of the age."

His high-flying lifestyle left a strain on him, however, and Erskine eventually succumbed to a fever while traveling and passed away on October 9, 1781, in Edinburgh, Scotland. Unfortunately, much of Erskine's music did not survive through the years due to his absentmindedness- he often composed at the spur of the moment, frequently losing or giving away his pieces of music. Thankfully, a few did manage to survive, and many long years after his death, his music has seen a resurgence in public interest due to the beauty of his compositions. Erskine's legacy as a composer lives on today, inspiring new generations to discover the beauty and richness of classical music.

# Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Quartet in C Minor

Week 2 - Sinfonia a Quattro in G Major

Week 3 - Overture in C major, Op. 1, No. 2

Week 4 - Sonata in C Major - Minuet



# Composer Study

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Place of Birth:** \_\_\_\_\_

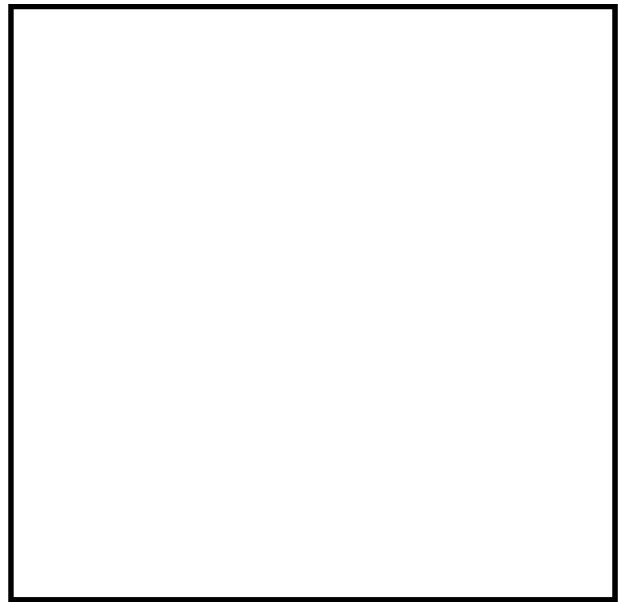
**Composer Fun Facts:**

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**Instruments Used:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Famous Compositions:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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**Further Study:**

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# Hymn: O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson, a Scottish minister and theologian, wrote the beloved hymn "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go" in 1882. This hymn is considered one of his most famous works and has been translated into multiple languages.

Matheson himself had an intriguing and moving life story. Born in 1842, he was the son of a prominent Scottish businessman. Despite being born with poor eyesight, Matheson excelled academically and went on to study at the University of Glasgow and the University of Edinburgh. After completing his studies, Matheson became a minister in several parishes in Scotland. However, his eyesight continued to deteriorate, and he began to go blind. This did not deter him from pursuing his calling as a minister and theologian.

"O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go" was written during one of Matheson's most difficult periods in life. He had been engaged to be married, but unfortunately, his fiancé ended their engagement after realizing the challenges of being married to a blind man. His sister stepped in and faithfully assisted him herself for many years, but would eventually fall in love and get married, moving away. On the eve before his sister's wedding, Matheson was inspired to write this hymn, realizing that God would always be there for him and be his source of strength, even when people in his life left.

The lyrics of "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go" reflect Matheson's personal struggles and faith in God's unending love and support. The hymn has four stanzas, each stanza expressing a beautiful picture of finding solace and joy in God during times of hardship.

Today, the hymn is beloved by Christians all around the world and has been featured in many hymnals. It is a testament to Matheson's personal experiences and his unshakable belief in God's unwavering love for all. This hymn continues to be a source of comfort and solace for many who face challenges and hardships in their own lives. It is a powerful reminder that no matter what we may face, God's love will never let us go.

# O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go Lyrics

O Love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee.  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
that in thine ocean depths its flow  
may richer, fuller be.

O Light that follows all my way,  
I yield my flick'ring torch to thee.  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
that in thy sunshine's blaze its day  
may brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to thee.  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
and feel the promise is not vain,  
that morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from thee.  
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,  
and from the ground there blossoms red,  
life that shall endless be.

# O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Mathenson

Albert L. Peace

O Love that wilt not let me go, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
O Light that fol - lowest all my way, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
O Joy that seek - est me through pain, \_\_\_\_\_ I  
O Cross that lift - est up my head, \_\_\_\_\_ I

rest my wea - ry soul in thee; \_\_\_\_\_ I give thee back the life I  
yield my flick - ering torch to thee; \_\_\_\_\_ my heart re - stores its bor - rowed  
can not close my heart to thee; \_\_\_\_\_ I trace the rain - bow through the  
dare not ask to fly from thee; \_\_\_\_\_ I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, \_\_\_\_\_ that in thine o - cean depths its  
ray, \_\_\_\_\_ that in thy sun - shine's blaze its  
rain, \_\_\_\_\_ and feel the prom - ise is not  
dead, \_\_\_\_\_ and from the ground there blos - soms

flow may rich - er, full - er be.  
day may bright - er, fair - er be.  
vain that morn shall tear - less be.  
red life that shall end - less be.

# Folk Song: Loch Lomond

The folk song "Loch Lomond" is a traditional Scottish ballad that has been passed down through generations and has evolved over time. It is believed to have originated in the 18th century and is associated with the area around Loch Lomond, a large freshwater lake located in the Scottish Highlands.

The exact origins of the song are unknown, but it is thought to have emerged after an uprising among the Scottish Highlanders, who tried to restore the Stuart lineage to the throne. This attempt, known as the "Jacobite rising of 1745," or "The Forty-Five Rebellion," ultimately failed, and many soldiers who participated in the uprising were jailed or executed. The lyrics of this folk song depict the longing of a captured Jacobite rebel for his homeland and his love, who is waiting for him on the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. He is due to be executed and fears he will never see either again in life, but believes that after his death, he will "take the low road," and his spirit will find rest in his homeland.

As the song was passed down orally, different variations and interpretations emerged. In some versions, the rebel is joined by his comrades in arms, while others focus solely on his love. The melody also changed over time, with multiple arrangements and variations being recorded. Over the years, "Loch Lomond" became a popular folk song in Scotland and beyond, with many artists covering it in their own unique styles. It has been featured in movies and TV shows and has even been used as a rallying cry at sporting events.

Today, "Loch Lomond" remains an important part of Scottish culture, representing the resilience of the Scottish people and the longing many feel for their homeland. Its haunting melody and emotional lyrics continue to capture the hearts of listeners, making it a beloved folk song that will continue to be passed down for generations to come.

# Loch Lomond Lyrics

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,  
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,  
Where me & my true love were ever wont to gae,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O ye'll tak' the high road an' I'll tak' the low,  
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,  
Wher'n soft purple hue, the highland hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloaming (dusk).

O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.  
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,  
Though the waeful may cease frae their grieving.


O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,  
And I'll be in Scotland a'fore ye,  
But me and my true love will never meet again,  
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.


Traditional Scottish


# Loch Lomond


TTBB


Arranged by Daniel Froehling


Tenor  By\_\_\_ yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, where the sun\_\_\_ shines\_\_\_ bright on Loch


Tenor  By\_\_\_ yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch -


Baritone  By\_\_\_ yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch

Bass  By\_\_\_ yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, where the sun\_\_\_ shines\_\_\_ bright on Loch

T.  Lo - mond

T.  Lo - mond where me and my true love will ne - 'er meet a - gain on the bon-nie bon-nie banks o'er Loch

Bar.  Lo - mond where me and my true love will ne - 'er meet a - gain on the bon-nie bon-nie banks o'er Loch

B.  Lo - mond

T.  Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scot - land a -

T.  Lo - mond Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scot - land a -

Bar.  Lo - mond Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scot - land a -

B.  Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scot - land a -

Here are extra verses of the song.  
 If you use the additional verses I'd advise shortening  
 the last two measures to one measure with the  
 end of the song being sung as written.

12  
T. fore ye. But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, on the

T. fore ye. But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, on the

Bar. fore ye. But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, on the

B. fore ye. But me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain, on the

15  
T. bon - nie bon - nie banks O' Loch Lo - mond

T. bon - nie bon - nie banks O' Loch Lo - mond

Bar. bon - nie bon - nie banks O' Loch Lo - mond

B. bon - nie bon - nie banks O' Loch Lo - mond

Here are extra verses of the song.  
If you use the additional verses I'd advise shortening  
the last two measures to one measure with the  
end of the song being sung as written.

'Twas there that we perted in yon shady glen  
On the steep, steep sides Oh Loch Lomond  
Where in purple hue, the highland hills we view,  
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.  
Chorus

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flouers spring  
An' in sunshine the waters are sleeping  
But the broken heart, it kens nae second spring again  
Though the world knows not how we are grieving.  
Chorus

Feel Free to Use this Music To Your Heart's Content.  
This song is free for you to use any way you want.  
God Bless Music and The Scottish Highlands.



# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

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

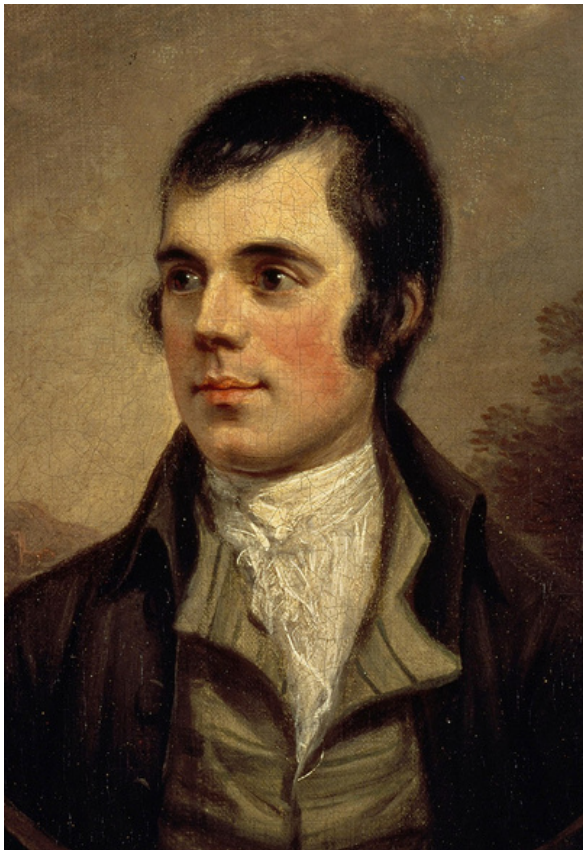
- A Red, Red Rose
- To a Mouse
- To a Louse
- Aud Lang Syne

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:

- A Red, Red Rose
- To a Mouse

*There is scarcely anything to which I am so feelingly alive as the honour and welfare of my country, and, as a poet, I have no higher enjoyment than singing her sons and daughters.*

~ Robert Burns



## Robert Burns

25 January 1759 – 21 July 1796

Robert Burns, also known as Rabbie Burns, was a man who captured the hearts and minds of people through his lyrical poetry. Born in 1759 in Alloway, Ayrshire, Scotland, Burns grew up with humble beginnings on a farm, where he learned traditional Scottish folk songs from his mother. His early exposure to the oral tradition of storytelling and song would greatly influence his writing style, and he would later go on to become Scotland's national poet.

Despite facing financial struggles throughout his life, Burns was determined to pursue his passion for poetry and became known by critics as the "Heaven-taught ploughman," meaning that though he came from humble beginnings, he had great talent.

He wrote extensively about love, nature, politics, and social issues, often using Scottish dialects and incorporating traditional Scottish music into his work. His poems were relatable and spoke to the common people, making him a beloved figure among the working class.

In 1786, Burns published his first collection of poems called *Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, which received critical acclaim and made him a literary sensation. He gained popularity not only in Scotland but also in England and beyond, with his works being translated into multiple languages. One of Burns' most famous works is "Auld Lang Syne," a song that is still sung around the world on New Year's Eve. Other notable works include "To a Mouse," "A Red, Red Rose," and "Tam o' Shanter." His poems were not only beautiful but also reflected his beliefs and values. Burns was an advocate for equality, social justice, and democracy, which can be seen in many of his works.

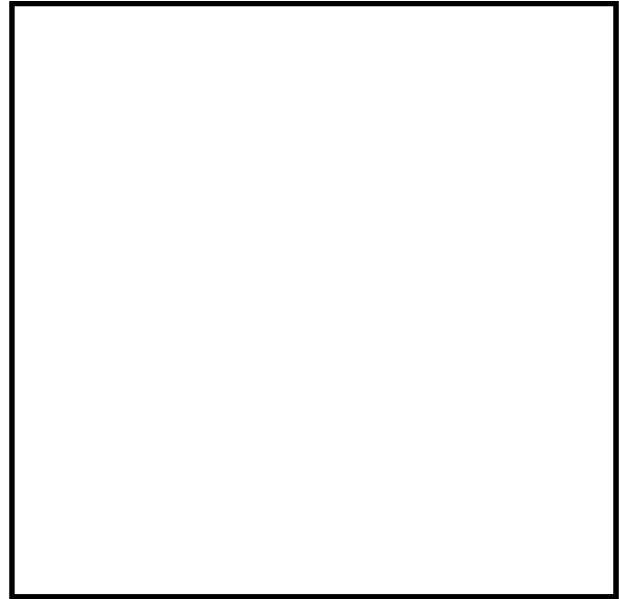
Sadly, Burns passed away at the young age of 37 due to heart disease, leaving behind a wife and several children. However, his impact on Scottish literature and culture is immeasurable. He has been commemorated through statues, memorials, and an annual celebration of his life and work called Burns Night. His works have had a global impact and influenced notable figures including William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Steinbeck, and Bob Dylan. There is even a crater on Mercury named after him! Through his words, Burns spoke to the struggles and joys of everyday life, making him not only a poet but also a voice for the people, and he is celebrated worldwide as one of Scotland's finest writers.

# Poet Study

Poet: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_



**3 Facts About the Poet:**

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**Best Known Poems by the Poet:**

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# Robert Burns Selections

## A Red, Red Rose

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

## Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne.  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine!  
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

# Robert Burns Selections

## To a Mouse

On Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,  
November 1785.

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
    Wi' bickerin brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee  
    Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
    Which makes thee startle,  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
    An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen-icker in a thrave  
    'S a sma' request:  
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,  
    An' never miss 't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!  
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,  
    O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
    Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary Winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble  
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,  
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain:  
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men  
    Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
    For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,  
    On prospects drear!  
An' forward tho' I canna see,  
    I guess an' fear!

# Robert Burns Selections

## To a Louse

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie!  
Your impudence protects you sairly:  
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,  
Owre gawze and lace;  
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,  
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,  
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,  
How daur ye set your fit upon her,  
Sae fine a Lady!  
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,  
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;  
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,  
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
In shoals and nations;  
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,  
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight,  
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right,  
Till ye've got on it,  
The vera topmost, towrin height  
O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,  
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:  
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
Or fell, red smeddum,  
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy  
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;  
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
On 's wylecoat;  
But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!  
How daur ye do 't?

O Jenny dinna toss your head,  
An' set your beauties a' abroad!  
Ye little ken what cursed speed  
The blastie's makin!  
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us!  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
An' foolish notion:  
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
And ev'n Devotion!

# Poetry Study

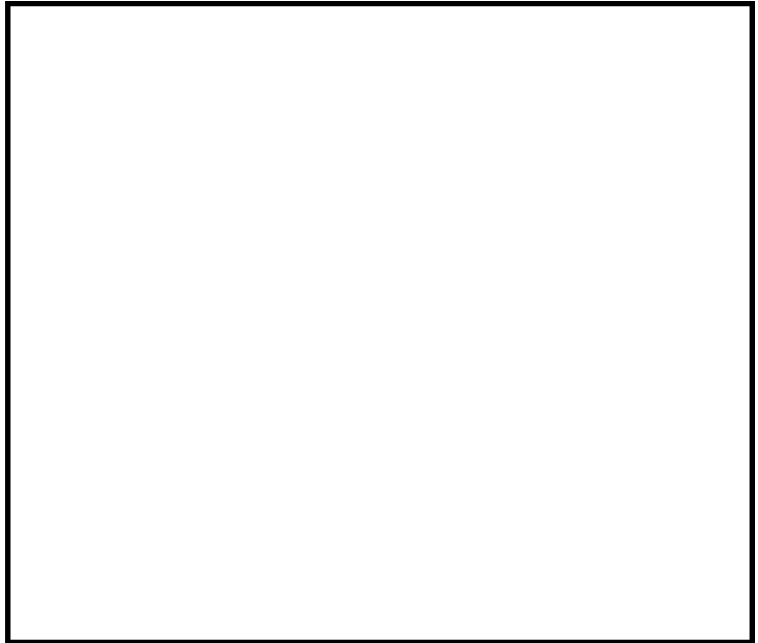
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**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:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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

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---

O my Luve is like a red,

red rose

That's newly sprung in

June;

O my Luve is like the

melody

That's sweetly played in

tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie

lass,

So deep in luvè am I;

And I will luvè thee still,

my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry,

my dear,

And the rocks melt wi'

the sun;

I will love thee still,

my dear,

While the sands o' life

shall run.

And fare thee weel,

my only luve!

And fare thee weel awhile!

And I will come again,

my luve,

Though it were ten

Thousand mile.

Blank handwriting practice lines consisting of solid top and bottom lines and a dashed middle line.

O my Luve is like a red, red rose

---

That's newly sprung in June;

---

O my Luve is like the melody

---

That's sweetly played in tune.

---

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

---

So deep in luve am I;

---

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

---

Till a' the seas gang dry.

---

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

---

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

---

I will love thee still, my dear,

---

While the sands o' life shall run.

---

And fare thee weel, my only luve!

---

And fare thee weel awhile!

---

And I will come again, my luve,

---

Though it were ten thousand mile.

---

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---

O my Love is like a red, red rose

That's newly sprung in June;

O my Love is like the melody

That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,

So deep in love am I;

And I will love thee still,

my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry,

my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

I will love thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!

And fare thee weel awhile!

And I will come again, my love,

Though it were ten thousand mile.

**A Red, Red Rose**

O my Luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luve is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Lined writing area consisting of 20 horizontal lines.

On Turning her up in her

Nest, with the Plough,

November 1785.

Wee, sleeket, cowran,

tim'rous beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy

breastie!

Thou need na start awa

sae hasty,

Wi' bickerin brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an'

chase thee

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's

dominion

Has broken Nature's social

union,

And justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born

companion,

An' fellow-mortals!

I doubt na, whyles, but

thou mayst thieve;

What then? poor beastie,

thou maun live!

A daimen-icker in a thrave

S a sma' request:

I'll get a blessin wi' the

lave,

An' never miss t!

Thy wee-bit housie, too,

in ruin!

It's silly wa's the win's are

strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a

a new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds

ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid

bare an' waste,

An' weary Winter comin

fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the

blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coulter

past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves

an' stibble

Has cost thee monie a

weary nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out,

for a thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the Winter's

sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no

thy-lane,

In proving foresight may be

vain:

The best laid schemes o'

Mice an' Men

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but

grief an' pain,

For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest,

compar'd wi' me!

The present only toucheth

thee:

But O ch! I backward cast

my e'e,

On prospects dream!

And forward tho' I canna

see,

I guess an' fear!

On Turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,

---

November 1785.

---

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie,

---

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

---

Thou need na start awa sae hasty,

---

Wi' bickerin brattle!

---

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee

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Wi' murd'ring pattle!

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---

Has broken Nature's social union,

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An' justifies that ill opinion,

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Which makes thee startle,

---

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,

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An' fellow-mortal!

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A daimen-icker in a thrave

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'S a sma' request:

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I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,

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An' never miss 't!

---

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!

---

It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!

---

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

---

O' foggage green!

---

An' bleak December's winds ensuin,

---

Baith snell an' keen!

---

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,

---

An' weary Winter comin fast,

---

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

---

Thou thought to dwell,

---

Till crash! the cruel coulter past

---

Out thro' thy cell.

---

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble

---

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!

---

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

---

But house or hald,

---

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,

---

An' cranreuch cauld!

---

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,

---

In proving foresight may be vain:

---

The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men

---

Gang aft a'gley,

---

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,

---

For promis'd joy!

---

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!

---

The present only toucheth thee:

---

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

---

On prospects drear!

---

An' forward tho' I canna see,

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I guess an' fear!

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On Turning her up in her Nest,

with the Plough, November 1785.

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous

beastie,

O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa sae

hasty,

Wi' bickerin brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase

thee

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

Has broken Nature's social union,

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Which makes thee startle,

At me, thy poor, earth-born

companion,

An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou

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What then? poor beastie,

thou maun live!

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'S a sma' request:

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An' never miss 't!

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It's silly wa's the win's are

strewin!

An' naething, now, to big a

new ane,

O' foggage green!

An' bleak December's winds

ensuin,

Baith smell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an'

waste,

An' weary Winter comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash! the cruel coultter past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an'

stibble

Has cost thee monie a weary

nibble!

Now thou's turn'd out, for a'

thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,

An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane,

In proving foresight may be

vain:

The best laid schemes o' Mice an'

Men

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an'

pain,

For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi'

me!

The present only toucheth thee:

But Och! I backward cast my e'e,

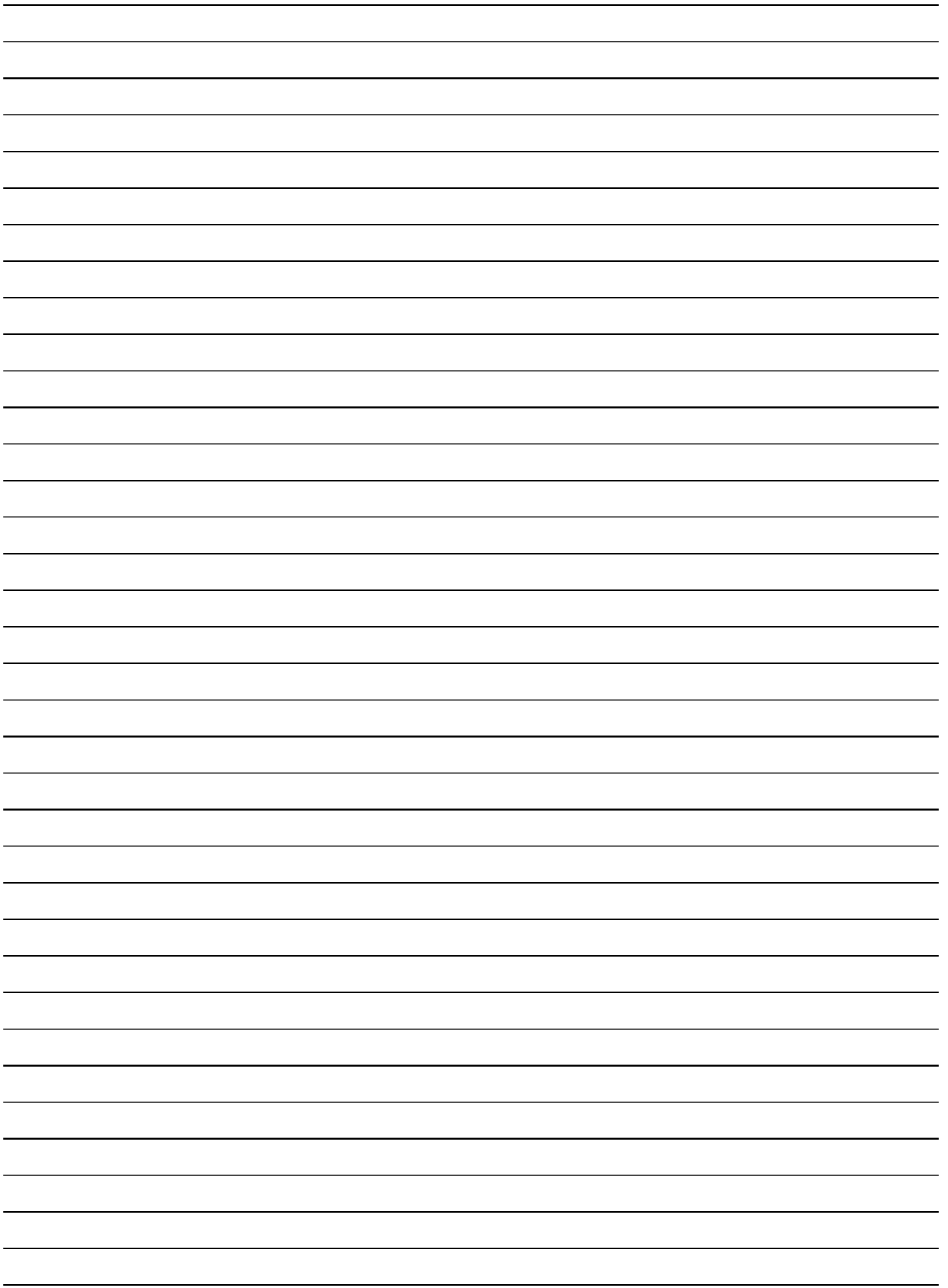
On prospects drear!

An' forward tho' I canna see,

I guess an' fear!









## Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you four recipes for our hospitality tea: Scottish Shortbread, Dundee Cake, Cranachan, and Millionaire Shortbread.

We will also have four folk and fairy-tale-themed teas:

Fairy-Tale Tea 1: *The Lilac Fairy Book*, "The Battle of the Birds," by Andrew Lang

Fairy-Tale Tea 2: *The Book of Elves and Fairies*, "The Gillie Dhu," by Frances Jenkins Olcott

Fairy-Tale Tea 3: *Folk-Lore and Legends: Scotland*, "The Mermaid Wife," by W. W. Gibbings

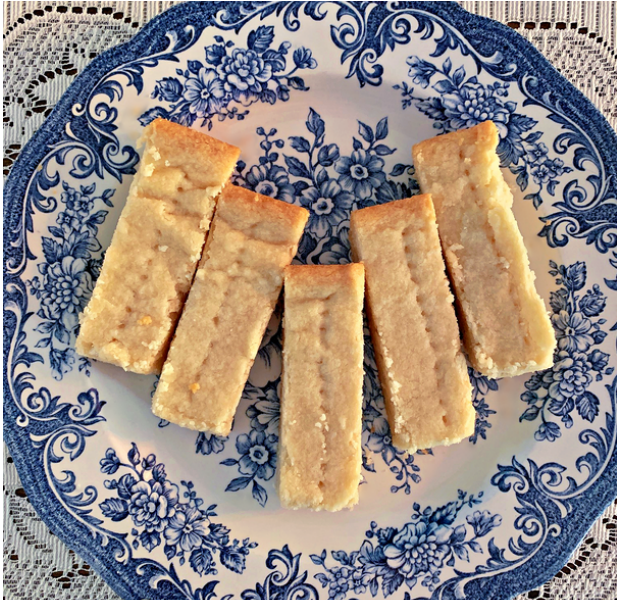
Fairy-Tale Tea 4: *The Book of Elves and Fairies*, "The Smith and the Fairies," by Frances Jenkins Olcott

*"One gift the fairies gave me ... the love of books, the magic key that opens the enchanted door."*

~ Andrew Lang, *Ballades & Rhymes*

Tea Times

# Scottish Shortbread



## Ingredients

2 c all-purpose flour  
2 sticks butter, cubed and softened at room temperature  
½ c sugar  
½ tsp salt

## Directions

Preheat the oven to 350°. Butter an 8 or 9-inch square baking pan. (Alternatively, you can use a round cake pan and cut the shortbread into triangles.)

Add the sugar, flour, salt, and butter in a food processor and pulse until it's combined and looks like coarse breadcrumbs, but it is soft and comes together when you press it with your fingers. If it's too dry and crumbly, it needs to be pulsed a bit longer.

Pour the mixture into the greased baking pan and firmly press down on the mixture with your hands or with the bottom of a measuring cup. Prick the shortbread with a fork, creating rows, then run a knife between each row to make cutting the shortbread easier after it's baked.

Place the shortbread on the middle rack and bake for 30-35 minutes or until light golden and firm. Allow to cool, then cut and serve. (Shortbread can be stored in an airtight container for several weeks.)

# Dundee Cake

## Ingredients

¾ c butter, softened  
1 c packed brown sugar  
3 large eggs  
Zest of one orange  
5 T orange marmalade  
1 ½ c all-purpose flour  
1 tsp baking powder  
½ tsp salt  
⅓ c almond flour  
1 ¼ c golden raisins  
1 ¼ c raisins  
20-30 whole blanched almonds



## Directions

Preheat the oven to 300° and grease an bundt or tube cake pan.

Cream the sugar and butter and add eggs one at a time, along with a few teaspoons of flour. Add the orange zest and marmalade, and beat until combined. Add the rest of the flour, baking powder, salt, and almond flour, stirring gently until combined. Add the raisins.

Pour the batter into the prepared cake pan and smooth the top. Bake 15-20 minutes or until the top of the batter is mostly set. Arrange the almonds on top of the cake in concentric circles, then continue baking another 20-30 minutes. (The almonds will sink into the batter if they are added too soon.) The cake is done when a toothpick inserted comes out clean. Let the cake cool in the pan for about 10 minutes before transferring it to a wire rack to cool completely.

# Cranachan



## Ingredients

2 c whipping cream  
½ c steel cut oats  
2 c fresh raspberries  
3 T orange juice  
2 T honey

## Directions

Spread your oats evenly over a cookie sheet and broil until toasted. Remove from heat and set aside to cool.

Pick out a few of the nicest-looking raspberries and set aside. Take the rest and crush with a fork.

Take your whipping cream and whip until stiff peaks form. Add orange juice and honey, then fold in most of the toasted oats, leaving a little to sprinkle over the top.

Spoon cream and raspberries in layers into a glass or jar. Top with raspberries, oats, and a drizzle of honey. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for 30 minutes before serving.

# Millionaire's Shortbread

## Ingredients

### Shortbread Crust

2 c all-purpose flour  
1 c (2 sticks) butter,  
room temperature  
½ c granulated sugar,  
packed  
1 egg yolk  
1 tsp vanilla extract  
½ tsp salt

### Caramel

1 14oz can  
condensed milk  
½ c butter  
1 c packed brown  
sugar  
¼ c honey  
1 tsp vanilla  
½ tsp salt

### Chocolate Ganache

1 ½ c semisweet chocolate  
chips  
⅓ cup heavy cream  
1 pinch sea salt to sprinkle  
on top (optional)



## Directions

Preheat oven to 350° and line a 9x9 inch baking dish with parchment paper or foil.

Cream the butter, sugar, and salt until light and fluffy. Add the vanilla and egg yolk, then add the flour in a few batches and combine.

Transfer to your prepared pan and press into an even layer, then bake at 350° for about 20 minutes or until the edges are golden.

While the crust is baking, make the caramel by combining the butter, brown sugar, salt, vanilla, condensed milk, and honey. Place over medium heat and whisk until melted, then continue whisking while the caramel bubbles and darkens. It's ready when it starts to thicken and pull away from the edges of the pot.

Pour caramel onto the shortbread and smooth to the edges, creating a flat layer. Chill for about 10 minutes until the caramel sets.

Melt chocolate with cream either over the stove or in the microwave, stirring in between. Pour the chocolate over the caramel and smooth into an even layer. Sprinkle with salt if desired, then chill and cut into pieces.

# The Battle of the Birds

by Andrew Lang

There was to be a great battle between all the creatures of the earth and the birds of the air. News of it went abroad, and the son of the king of Tethertown said that when the battle was fought he would be there to see it, and would bring back word who was to be king. But in spite of that, he was almost too late, and every fight had been fought save the last, which was between a snake and a great black raven. Both struck hard, but in the end the snake proved the stronger, and would have twisted himself round the neck of the raven till he died had not the king's son drawn his sword, and cut off the head of the snake at a single blow. And when the raven beheld that his enemy was dead, he was grateful, and said:

'For thy kindness to me this day, I will show thee a sight. So come up now on the root of my two wings.' The king's son did as he was bid, and before the raven stopped flying, they had passed over seven bens and seven glens and seven mountain moors.

'Do you see that house yonder?' said the raven at last. 'Go straight for it, for a sister of mine dwells there, and she will make you right welcome. And if she asks, "Wert thou at the battle of the birds?" answer that thou wert, and if she asks, "Didst thou see my likeness?" answer that thou sawest it, but be sure thou meetest me in the morning at this place.'

The king's son followed what the raven told him and that night he had meat of each meat, and drink of each drink, warm water for his feet, and a soft bed to lie in.

Thus it happened the next day, and the next, but on the fourth meeting, instead of meeting the raven, in his place the king's son found waiting for him the handsomest youth that ever was seen, with a bundle in his hand.

'Is there a raven hereabouts?' asked the king's son, and the youth answered:

'I am that raven, and I was delivered by thee from the spells that bound me, and in reward thou wilt get this bundle. Go back by the road thou camest, and lie as before, a night in each house, but be careful not to unloose the bundle till thou art in the place wherein thou wouldst most wish to dwell.'

Then the king's son set out, and thus it happened as it had happened before, till he entered a thick wood near his father's house. He had walked a long way and suddenly the bundle seemed to grow heavier; first he put it down under a tree, and next he thought he would look at it.

The string was easy to untie, and the king's son soon unfastened the bundle. What was it he saw there? Why, a great castle with an orchard all about it, and in the orchard fruit and flowers and birds of very kind. It was all ready for him to dwell in, but instead of being in the midst of the forest, he did wish he had left the bundle unloosed till he had reached the green valley close to his father's palace.

Well, it was no use wishing, and with a sigh he glanced up, and beheld a huge giant coming towards him.

'Bad is the place where thou hast built thy house, king's son,' said the giant.

'True; it is not here that I wish to be,' answered the king's son.

'What reward wilt thou give me if I put it back in the bundle?' asked the giant.

'What reward dost thou ask?' answered the king's son.

'The first boy thou hast when he is seven years old,' said the giant.

'If I have a boy thou shalt get him,' answered the king's son, and as he spoke the castle and the orchard were tied up in the bundle again.

'Now take thy road, and I will take mine,' said the giant. 'And if thou forgettest thy promise, I will remember it.'

Light of heart the king's son went on his road, till he came to the green valley near his father's palace. Slowly he unloosed the bundle, fearing lest he should find nothing but a heap of stones or rags. But no! all was as it had been before, and as he opened the castle door there stood within the most beautiful maiden that ever was seen.

'Enter, king's son,' said she, 'all is ready, and we will be married at once,' and so they were.

The maiden proved a good wife, and the king's son, now himself a king, was so happy that he forgot all about the giant. Seven years and a day had gone by, when one morning, while standing on the ramparts, he beheld the giant striding towards the castle. Then he remembered his promise, and remembered, too, that he had told the queen nothing about it. Now he must tell her, and perhaps she might help him in his trouble.

The queen listened in silence to his tale, and after he had finished, she only said:

'Leave thou the matter between me and the giant,' and as she spoke, the giant entered the hall and stood before them.

'Bring out your son,' cried he to the king, 'as you promised me seven years and a day since.'

The king glanced at his wife, who nodded, so he answered:

'Let his mother first put him in order,' and the queen left the hall, and took the cook's son and dressed him in the prince's clothes, and led him up to the giant, who held his hand, and together they went out along the road. They had not walked far when the giant stopped and stretched out a stick to the boy.

'If your father had that stick, what would he do with it?' asked he.

'If my father had that stick, he would beat the dogs and cats that steal the king's meat,' replied the boy.

'Thou art the cook's son!' cried the giant. 'Go home to thy mother'; and turning his back he strode straight to the castle.

'If you seek to trick me this time, the highest stone will soon be the lowest,' said he, and the king and queen trembled, but they could not bear to give up their boy.

'The butler's son is the same age as ours,' whispered the queen; 'he will not know the difference,' and she took the child and dressed him in the prince's clothes, and the giant let him away along the road. Before they had gone far he stopped, and held out a stick.

'If thy father had that rod, what would he do with it?' asked the giant.

'He would beat the dogs and cats that break the king's glasses,' answered the boy.

'Thou art the son of the butler!' cried the giant. 'Go home to thy mother'; and turning round he strode back angrily to the castle.

'Bring out thy son at once,' roared he, 'or the stone that is highest will be lowest,' and this time the real prince was brought.

But though his parents wept bitterly and fancied the child was suffering all kinds of dreadful things, the giant treated him like his own son, though he never allowed him to see his daughters. The boy grew to be a big boy, and one day the giant told him that he would have to amuse himself alone for many hours, as he had a journey to make. So the boy wandered to the top of the castle, where he had never been before. There he paused, for the sound of music broke upon his ears, and opening a door near him, he beheld a girl sitting by the window, holding a harp.

'Haste and begone, I see the giant close at hand,' she whispered hurriedly, 'but when he is asleep, return hither, for I would speak with thee.' And the prince did as he was bid, and when midnight struck he crept back to the top of the castle.

'To-morrow,' said the girl, who was the giant's daughter, 'to-morrow thou wilt get the choice of my two sisters to marry, but thou must answer that thou wilt not take either, but only me. This will anger him greatly, for he wishes to betroth me to the son of the king of the Green City, whom I like not at all.'

Then they parted, and on the morrow, as the girl had said, the giant called his three daughters to him, and likewise the young prince to whom he spoke.

'Now, O son of the king of Tethertown, the time has come for us to part. Choose one of my two elder daughters to wife, and thou shalt take her to your father's house the day after the wedding.'

'Give me the youngest instead,' replied the youth, and the giant's face darkened as he heard him.

'Three things must thou do first,' said he.

'Say on, I will do them,' replied the prince, and the giant left the house, and bade him follow to the byre, where the cows were kept.

'For a hundred years no man has swept this byre,' said the giant, 'but if by nightfall, when I reach home, thou has not cleaned it so that a golden apple can roll through it from end to end, thy blood shall pay for it.'

All day long the youth toiled, but he might as well have tried to empty the ocean. At length, when he was so tired he could hardly move, the giant's youngest daughter stood in the doorway.

'Lay down thy weariness,' said she, and the king's son, thinking he could only die once, sank on the floor at her bidding, and fell sound asleep. When he woke the girl had disappeared, and the byre was so clean that a golden apple could roll from end to end of it. He jumped up in surprise, and at that moment in came the giant.

'Hast thou cleaned the byre, king's son?' asked he.

'I have cleaned it,' answered he.

'Well, since thou wert so active to-day, to-morrow thou wilt thatch this byre with a feather from every different bird, or else thy blood shall pay for it,' and he went out.

Before the sun was up, the youth took his bow and his quiver and set off to kill the birds. Off to the moor he went, but never a bird was to be seen that day. At last he got so tired with running to and fro that he gave up heart.

'There is but one death I can die,' thought he. Then at midday came the giant's daughter.

'Thou art tired, king's son?' asked she.

'I am,' answered he; 'all these hours have I wandered, and there fell but these two blackbirds, both of one colour.'

'Lay down thy weariness on the grass,' said she, and he did as she bade him, and fell fast asleep.

When he woke the girl had disappeared, and he got up, and returned to the byre. As he drew near, he rubbed his eyes hard, thinking he was dreaming, for there it was, beautifully thatched, just as the giant had wished. At the door of the house he met the giant.

'Hast thou thatched the byre, king's son?'

'I have thatched it.'

'Well, since thou hast been so active to-day, I have something else for thee! Beside the loch thou seest over yonder there grows a fir tree. On the top of the fir tree is a magpie's nest, and in the nest are five eggs. Thou wilt bring me those eggs for breakfast, and if one is cracked or broken, thy blood shall pay for it.'

Before it was light next day, the king's son jumped out of bed and ran down to the loch. The tree was not hard to find, for the rising sun shone red on the trunk, which was five hundred feet from the ground to its first branch. Time after time he walked round it, trying to find some knots, however small, where he could put his feet, but the bark was quite smooth, and he soon saw that if he was to reach the top at all, it must be by climbing up with his knees like a sailor. But then he was a king's son and not a sailor, which made all the difference.

However, it was no use standing there staring at the fir, at least he must try to do his best, and try he did till his hands and knees were sore, for as soon as he had struggled up a few feet, he slid back again. Once he climbed a little higher than before, and hope rose in his heart, then down he came with such force that his hands and knees smarted worse than ever.

'This is no time for stopping,' said the voice of the giant's daughter, as he leant against the trunk to recover his breath.

'Alas! I am no sooner up than down,' answered he.

'Try once more,' said she, and she laid a finger against the tree and bade him put his foot on it. Then she placed another finger a little higher up, and so on till he reached the top, where the magpie had built her nest.

'Make haste now with the nest,' she cried, 'for my father's breath is burning my back,' and down he scrambled as fast as he could, but the girl's little finger had caught in a branch at the top, and she was obliged to leave it there. But she was too busy to pay heed to this, for the sun was getting high over the hills.

'Listen to me,' she said. 'This night my two sisters and I will be dressed in the same garments, and you will not know me. But when my father says 'Go to thy wife, king's son,' come to the one whose right hand has no little finger.'

So he went and gave the eggs to the giant, who nodded his head.

'Make ready for thy marriage,' cried he, 'for the wedding shall take place this very night, and I will summon thy bride to greet thee.' Then his three daughters were sent for, and they all entered dressed in green silk of the same fashion, and with golden circlets round their heads. The king's son looked from one to another. Which was the youngest? Suddenly his eyes fell on the hand of the middle one, and there was no little finger.

'Thou hast aimed well this time too,' said the giant, as the king's son laid his hand on her shoulder, 'but perhaps we may meet some other way'; and though he pretended to laugh, the bride saw a gleam in his eye which warned her of danger.

The wedding took place that very night, and the hall was filled with giants and gentlemen, and they danced till the house shook from top to bottom. At last everyone grew tired, and the guests went away, and the king's son and his bride were left alone.

'If we stay here till dawn my father will kill thee,' she whispered, 'but thou art my husband and I will save thee, as I did before,' and she cut an apple into nine pieces, and put two pieces at the head of the bed, and two pieces at the foot, and two pieces at the door of the kitchen, and two at the big door, and one outside the house. And when this was done, and she heard the giant snoring, she and the king's son crept out softly and stole across to the stable, where she led out the blue-grey mare and jumped on its back, and her husband mounted behind her. Not long after, the giant awoke.

'Are you asleep?' asked he.

'Not yet,' answered the apple at the head of the bed, and the giant turned over, and soon was snoring as loudly as before. By and bye he called again.

'Are you asleep?'

'Not yet,' said the apple at the foot of the bed, and the giant was satisfied. After a while, he called a third time, 'Are you asleep?'

'Not yet,' replied the apple in the kitchen, but when in a few minutes, he put the question for the fourth time and received an answer from the apple outside the house door, he guessed what had happened, and ran to the room to look for himself.

The bed was cold and empty!

'My father's breath is burning my back,' cried the girl, 'put thy hand into the ear of the mare, and whatever thou findest there, throw it behind thee.' And in the mare's ear there was a twig of sloe tree, and as he threw it behind him there sprung up twenty miles of thornwood so thick that scarce a weasel could go through it. And the giant, who was striding headlong forwards, got caught in it, and it pulled his hair and beard.

'This is one of my daughter's tricks,' he said to himself, 'but if I had my big axe and my wood-knife, I would not be long making a way through this,' and off he went home and brought back the axe and the wood-knife.

It took him but a short time to cut a road through the blackthorn, and then he laid the axe and the knife under a tree.

'I will leave them there till I return,' he murmured to himself, but a hoodie crow, which was sitting on a branch above, heard him.

'If thou leavest them,' said the hoodie, 'we will steal them.'

'You will,' answered the giant, 'and I must take them home.' So he took them home, and started afresh on his journey.

'My father's breath is burning my back,' cried the girl at midday. 'Put thy finger in the mare's ear and throw behind thee whatever thou findest in it,' and the king's son found a splinter of grey stone, and threw it behind him, and in a twinkling twenty miles of solid rock lay between them and the giant.

'My daughter's tricks are the hardest things that ever met me,' said the giant, 'but if I had my lever and my crowbar, I would not be long in making my way through this rock also,' but as he had got them, he had to go home and fetch them. Then it took him but a short time to hew his way through the rock.

'I will leave the tools here,' he murmured aloud when he had finished.

'If thou leavest them, we will steal them,' said a hoodie who was perched on a stone above him, and the giant answered:

'Steal them if thou wilt; there is no time to go back.'

'My father's breath is burning my back,' cried the girl; 'look in the mare's ear, king's son, or we are lost,' and he looked, and found a tiny bladder full of water, which he threw behind him, and it became a great lock. And the giant, who was striding on so fast, could not stop himself, and he walked right into the middle and was drowned.

The blue-grey mare galloped on like the wind, and the next day the king's son came in sight of his father's house.

'Get down and go in,' said the bride, 'and tell them that thou hast married me. But take heed that neither man nor beast kiss thee, for then thou wilt cease to remember me at all.'

'I will do thy bidding,' answered he, and left her at the gate. All who met him bade him welcome, and he charged his father and mother not to kiss him, but as he greeted them his old greyhound leapt on his neck, and kissed him on the mouth. And after that he did not remember the giant's daughter.

All that day she sat on a well which was near the gate, waiting, waiting, but the king's son never came. In the darkness she climbed up into an oak tree that shadowed the well, and there she lay all night, waiting, waiting.

On the morrow, at midday, the wife of a shoemaker who dwelt near the well went to draw water for her husband to drink, and she saw the shadow of the girl in the tree, and thought it was her own shadow.

'How handsome I am, to be sure,' said she, gazing into the well, and as she stopped to behold herself better, the jug struck against the stones and broke in pieces, and she was forced to return to her husband without the water, and this angered him.

'Thou hast turned crazy,' said he in wrath. 'Go thou, my daughter, and fetch me a drink,' and the girl went, and the same thing befell her as had befallen her mother.

'Where is the water?' asked the shoemaker, when she came back, and as she held nothing save the handle of the jug he went to the well himself. He too saw the reflection of the woman in the tree, but looked up to discover whence it came, and there above him sat the most beautiful woman in the world.

'Come down,' he said, 'for a while thou canst stay in my house,' and glad enough the girl was to come.

Now the king of the country was about to marry, and the young men about the court thronged the shoemaker's shop to buy fine shoes to wear at the wedding.

'Thou hast a pretty daughter,' said they when they beheld the girl sitting at work.

'Pretty she is,' answered the shoemaker, 'but no daughter of mine.'

'I would give a hundred pounds to marry her,' said one.

'And I,' 'And I,' cried the others.

'That is no business of mine,' answered the shoemaker, and the young men bade him ask her if she would choose one of them for a husband, and to tell them on the morrow. Then the shoemaker asked her, and the girl said that she would marry the one who would bring his purse with him. So the shoemaker hurried to the youth who had first spoken, and he came back, and after giving the shoemaker a hundred pounds for his news, he sought the girl, who was waiting for him.

'Is it thou?' inquired she. 'I am thirsty, give me a drink from the well that is yonder.' And he poured out the water, but he could not move from the place where he was; and there he stayed till many hours had passed by.

'Take away that foolish boy,' cried the girl to the shoemaker at last, 'I am tired of him,' and then suddenly he was able to walk, and betook himself to his home, but he did not tell the others what had happened to him.

Next day there arrived one of the other young men, and in the evening, when the shoemaker had gone out and they were alone, she said to him, 'See if the latch is on the door.' The young man hastened to do her bidding, but as soon as he touched the latch, his fingers stuck to it, and there he had to stay for many hours, till the shoemaker came back, and the girl let him go. Hanging his head, he went home, but he told no one what had befallen him.

Then was the turn of the third man, and his foot remained fastened to the floor, till the girl unloosed it. And thankfully, he ran off, and was not seen looking behind him.

'Take the purse of gold,' said the girl to the shoemaker, 'I have no need of it, and it will better thee.' And the shoemaker took it and told the girl he must carry the shoes for the wedding up to the castle.

'I would fain get a sight of the king's son before he marries,' sighed she.

'Come with me, then,' answered he; 'the servants are all my friends, and they will let you stand in the passage down which the king's son will pass, and all the company too.'

Up they went to the castle, and when the young men saw the girl standing there, they led her into the hall where the banquet was laid out and poured her out some wine. She was just raising the glass to drink when a flame went up out of it, and out of the flame sprang two pigeons, one of gold and one of silver. They flew round and round the head of the girl, when three grains of barley fell on the floor, and the silver pigeon dived down, and swallowed them.

'If thou hadst remembered how I cleaned the byre, thou wouldst have given me my share,' cooed the golden pigeon, and as he spoke three more grains fell, and the silver pigeon ate them as before.

'If thou hadst remembered how I thatched the byre, thou wouldst have given me my share,' cooed the golden pigeon again; and as he spoke three more grains fell, and for the third time they were eaten by the silver pigeon.

'If thou hadst remembered how I got the magpie's nest, thou wouldst have given me my share,' cooed the golden pigeon.

Then the king's son understood that they had come to remind him of what he had forgotten, and his lost memory came back, and he knew his wife, and kissed her. But as the preparations had been made, it seemed a pity to waste them, so they were married a second time, and sat down to the wedding feast.

# The Mermaid Wife

by W.W. Gibbings

Excerpt from *Folk-Lore and Legends: Scotland*

A story is told of an inhabitant of Unst, who, in walking on the sandy margin of a voe, saw a number of mermen and mermaids dancing by moonlight, and several seal-skins strewed beside them on the ground. At his approach they immediately fled to secure their garbs, and, taking upon themselves the form of seals, plunged immediately into the sea. But as the Shetlander perceived that one skin lay close to his feet, he snatched it up, bore it swiftly away, and placed it in concealment.

On returning to the shore he met the fairest damsel that was ever gazed upon by mortal eyes, lamenting the robbery, by which she had become an exile from her submarine friends, and a tenant of the upper world. Vainly she implored the restitution of her property; the man had drunk deeply of love, and was inexorable; but he offered her protection beneath his roof as his betrothed spouse. The merlady, perceiving that she must become an inhabitant of the earth, found that she could not do better than accept of the offer. This strange attachment subsisted for many years, and the couple had several children.

The Shetlander's love for his merwife was unbounded, but his affection was coldly returned. The lady would often steal alone to the desert strand, and, on a signal being given, a large seal would make his appearance, with whom she would hold, in an unknown tongue, an anxious conference. Years had thus glided away, when it happened that one of the children, in the course of his play, found concealed beneath a stack of corn a seal's skin; and, delighted with the prize, he ran with it to his mother.

Her eyes glistened with rapture—she gazed upon it as her own—as the means by which she could pass through the ocean that led to her native home. She burst forth into an ecstasy of joy, which was only moderated when she beheld her children, whom she was now about to leave; and, after hastily embracing them, she fled with all speed towards the sea-side.

The husband immediately returned, learned the discovery that had taken place, ran to overtake his wife, but only arrived in time to see her transformation of shape completed—to see her, in the form of a seal, bound from the ledge of a rock into the sea. The large animal of the same kind with whom she had held a secret converse soon appeared, and evidently congratulated her, in the most tender manner, on her escape. But before she dived to unknown depths, she cast a parting glance at the wretched Shetlander, whose despairing looks excited in her breast a few transient feelings of commiseration.

"Farewell!" said she to him, "and may all good attend you. I loved you very well when I resided upon earth, but I always loved my first husband much better."

# The Gillie Dhu

by Frances Jenkins Olcott

Excerpt from *The Book of Elves and Fairies*

**From Scotland:**

Once upon a time a little girl, named Jessie, was wandering in the wood, and lost her way. It was Summer time, and the air was warm. She wandered on and on, trying to find her way home, but she could not find the path out of the wood. Twilight came, and weary and footsore she sat down under a fir tree, and began to cry.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" said a voice behind her.

Jessie looked around, and saw a pretty little man dressed in moss and green leaves. His eyes were dark as dark, and his hair was black as black, and his mouth was large and showed a hundred white teeth as small as seed pearls. He was smiling merrily, and his cream-yellow cheeks were dimpled, and his eyes soft and kindly. Indeed, he seemed so friendly that Jessie quite forgot to be afraid.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" he asked again. "Your tear-drops are falling like dew on the blue flowers at your feet!"

"I've lost my way," sobbed Jessie, "and the night is coming on."

"Do not cry, little girl," said he gently. "I will lead you through the wood. I know every path—the rabbit's path, the hare's path, the fox's path, the goat's path, the path of the deer, and the path of men."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" exclaimed Jessie, as she looked the tiny man up and down, and wondered to see his strange clothes.

"Where do you dwell, little girl?" asked he.

So Jessie told him, and he said: "You have been walking every way but the right way. Follow me, and you'll reach home before the stars come out to peep at us through the trees."

Then he turned around, and began to trip lightly in front of her, and she followed on. He went so fast that she feared she might lose sight of him, but he turned around again and again and smiled and beckoned. And when he saw that she was still far behind, he danced and twirled about until she came up. Then he scampered on as before.

At length Jessie reached the edge of the wood, and, oh, joy! there was her father's house beside the blue lake. Then the little man, smiling, bade her good-bye.

"Have I not led you well?" said he. "Do not forget me. I am the Gillie Dhu from Fairyland. I love little girls and boys. If you are ever lost in the wood again, I will come and help you! Good-bye, little girl! Good-bye!"

And laughing merrily, he trotted away, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

# The Smith and the Fairies

by Frances Jenkins Olcott

Excerpt from *The Book of Elves and Fairies*

## From Scotland:

Years ago there lived in Scotland an honest, hard-working smith. He had only one child, a boy, fourteen years of age, cheerful, strong, and healthy.

Suddenly the boy fell ill. He took to his bed, and moped away whole days. No one could tell what was the matter with him. Although he had a tremendous appetite, he wasted away, getting thin, yellow, and old.

At last one morning, while the smith was standing idly at his forge, with no heart for work, he was surprised to see a Wise-man, who lived at some distance, enter his shop. The smith hastened to tell him about his son, and to ask his advice.

The Wise-man listened gravely, then said: "The boy has been carried away by the Little People, and they have left a Changeling in his place."

"Alas! And what am I to do?" asked the smith. "How am I ever to see my own son again?"

"I will tell you how," answered the Wise-man. "But first, to make sure that it is not your own son you have, gather together all the egg-shells you can get. Go into the room where the boy is, and spread them out carefully before him. Then pour water in them, and carry them carefully in your hands, two by two. Carry them as though they were very heavy, and arrange them around the fireplace."

The smith, accordingly, collected as many egg-shells as he could find. He went into the room, and did as the Wise-man had said.

He had not been long at work, before there came from the bed where the boy lay, a great shout of laughter, and the boy cried out:—

"I am now eight hundred years old, and I have never seen the like of that before!"

The smith hurried back, and told this to the Wise-man.

"Did I not assure you," said the Wise-man, "that it is not your son whom you have? Your son is in a Fairy Mound not far from here. Get rid as soon as possible of this Changeling, and I think I may promise you your son again."

"You must light a very great and bright fire before the bed on which this stranger is lying. He will ask you why you are doing so. Answer him at once: 'You shall see presently when I lay you upon it.' If you do this, the Changeling will become frightened and fly through the roof."

The smith again followed the Wise-man's advice; kindled a blazing fire, and answered as he had been told to do.

And, just as he was going to seize the Changeling and fling him on the fire, the thing gave an awful yell, and sprang through the roof.

The smith, overjoyed, returned to the Wise-man, and told this to him.

"On Midsummer Night," said the Wise-man, "the Fairy Mound, where your boy is kept, will open. You must provide yourself with a dirk and a crowing cock. Go to the Mound. You will hear singing and dancing and much merriment going on. At twelve o'clock a door in the Mound will open. Advance boldly. Enter this door, but first stick the dirk in the ground before it, to prevent the Mound from closing. You will find yourself in a spacious apartment, beautifully clean; and there working at a forge, you will see your son. The Fairies will then question you, and you must answer that you have come for your son, and will not go without him. Do this, and see what happens!"

Midsummer Night came, and the smith provided himself with a dirk and a crowing cock. He went to the Fairy Mound, and all happened as the Wise-man had said.

The Fairies came crowding around him, buzzing and pinching his legs; and when he said that he had come for his son, and would not go away without him, they all gave a loud laugh.

At the same minute the cock, that was dozing in the smith's arms, woke up. It leaped to his shoulder, and, clapping its wings, crowed loud and long.

At that the Fairies were furious. They seized the smith and his son and threw them out of the Mound, and pulled up the dirk and flung it after them. And in an instant all was dark.

For a year and a day the boy never spoke, nor would he do a turn of work. At last one morning as he was watching his father finish a sword, he exclaimed:—

"That's not the way to do it!"

And taking the tools from his father's hands, he set to work, and soon fashioned a glittering sharp sword, the like of which had never been seen before.

From that day on, the boy helped his father, and showed him how to make Fairy swords, and in a few years they both became rich and famous. And they always lived together contentedly and happily.



## Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen Shakespeare's infamous "Macbeth."

Read it from Charles & Mary Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* in the following pages. 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

# Macbeth: Tales from Shakespeare

## by Charles & Mary Lamb

When Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him 'All hail! king that shalt be hereafter!' Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy, but much happier! and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air, and vanished: by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters, or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor: an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said: 'Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?' 'That hope,' answered the general, 'might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence.'

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.

It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well-pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honoured hostess, lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles; and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness, to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father; and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken, how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe 'that milked her; but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast, and dashed its brains out, if she had so sworn to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's room, whom he despatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried: 'Murder,' which woke them both, but they said a short prayer; one of them said: 'God bless us!' and the other answered 'Amen'; and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say 'Amen,' when the fellow said 'God bless us!' but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried: 'Sleep no more: Macbeth cloth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life.' Still it cried: 'Sleep no more,' to all the house. 'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state, that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper, the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying, that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof, if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect, than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air, when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child: all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or cauldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood: to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth, whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered: 'Where are they? let me see them.' And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife; for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute. 'Then live, Macduff!' cried the king; 'what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live; that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder.'

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying, that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. 'Sweet bodements! good!' cried Macbeth; 'who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?' Here the cauldron sank into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them; by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant; nobody loved or honoured him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst: steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death, but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it) 'with armour on his back.' Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with a false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege: here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm. When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred, that as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move! 'Liar and slave!' cried Macbeth: 'if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou cost as much by me': for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood did move! 'However,' said he, 'if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end.' With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff, above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat: but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him; and smiling confidently he said to Macduff: 'Thou lovest thy labour, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born.'

'Despair thy charm,' said Macduff, 'and let that lying spirit whom thou hast served, tell thee, that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother.'

'Accursed be the tongue which tells me so,' said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way; 'and let never man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee.'

'Then live!' said the scornful Macduff; 'we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written: 'Here men may see the tyrant!''

'Never,' said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; 'I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who was never born of woman, yet will I try the last.'

With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm; who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek, amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.



## History & Geography

For this session's History & Geography, we have included a biography of Scotland's national saint, Saint Andrew, for you and your family to study!

Learn about Loch Ness, Mary Queen of Scots, William Wallace, and more! (These documentaries are on the website and not included in the PDF.)

*'The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.'*

~Robert Burns

History & Geography



## Saint Andrew

Saint Andrew, also known as the "First-Called Apostle," was one of the twelve apostles of Jesus Christ.

He is celebrated as a saint in both the Eastern Orthodox and Catholic churches.

Born in Bethsaida, Galilee, during the first century AD, Andrew was originally a follower of John the Baptist.

He was a fisherman by trade, working together with his brother, Simon Peter. Andrew was there when John the Baptist proclaimed that Jesus was the Messiah, after which he left and told his brother. Later, the two were called by Jesus to follow him and become "fishers of men," so they left their nets behind to become His disciples. Because of this, Andrew is often referred to by scholars as the "First-Called Apostle."

Andrew was a devoted follower of Jesus, witnessing many miracles and teachings firsthand. After the death and resurrection of Christ, he traveled extensively as a missionary, spreading the good news of the Gospel throughout modern-day Turkey and Greece. He continued teaching about Jesus for the remainder of his life, boldly sharing his faith with others despite threats from the leaders of his day.

According to tradition, Andrew was martyred for his faith in the city of Patras, Greece. The governor of the city had ordered that he stop preaching the gospel and speaking of Jesus, but Andrew refused to compromise his beliefs. He is said to have been crucified on an X-shaped cross, which is now known as the Cross of Saint Andrew and is a prominent symbol in Christianity.

Saint Andrew's legacy goes beyond his missionary work and martyrdom. He is also credited with founding the Church of Byzantium, which later became known as Constantinople and is now Istanbul, Turkey. He is also the patron saint of Scotland. According to legend, a king named Óengus II (King Angus MacFergus) had a dream in which Saint Andrew appeared and assured him of victory in his upcoming battle against the Angles. The next day, Óengus won the battle and gave thanks to Saint Andrew by making him the patron saint of Scotland and bringing his relics from Greece to Scotland.

Saint Andrew is also reflected in the Scottish flag, commonly known as the Saltire or the Saint Andrew's Cross. Legend has it that a white saltire was seen in the sky during a battle, inspiring Óengus to adopt it as his emblem. Today, this flag is still used as the national flag of Scotland and serves as a symbol of the country's connection to Saint Andrew.

In addition to being the patron saint of Scotland, Saint Andrew also holds special significance for fishermen, singers, and maidens. He is often depicted with a fishing net or book in hand, making him an inspirational figure for those who share his profession or interests.

Today, modern Christians can take inspiration from Andrew's boldness and dedication to sharing the Gospel. May we always remember to be "fishers of men" in our own lives, spreading the light and love of Christ wherever we go.



## 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

## Red Squirrel *Sciurus vulgaris*

- Red squirrels have two toes and four fingers on each paw.
- Red squirrels have the ability to swim.
- The nest that a red squirrel makes is called a drey and is usually found in a tree hollow or log.
- Red squirrels are very defensive about their territories.
- These small creatures are very vocal creatures, screeching and squeaking to communicate.



# 1

## Scotch Thistle *Onopordum acanthium*

- This plant is biennial, meaning it takes two years to complete its life cycle.
- It is also known as the "cotton thistle."
- It is the national flower of Scotland and can be seen in much more than just gardens. You can spot them throughout the countryside, at homes, and in parks.
- The thistle grows like a weed, with the leaves, roots, and stems growing in its first year and the plant flowers in the second year.
- Thistles have very sharp thorns, making them very dangerous if you're not familiar with them.



# 2

## Scottish Wildcat *Felis silvestris silvestris*

- Scottish wildcats eat grass sometimes in order to fight off the parasites they regularly contract.
- They usually bury their poop unless they are trying to communicate. If they are, they will sometimes leave it out in order to mark their territory.
- These mammals can live up to 7 years in the wild and 15 in captivity.
- Scottish wildcats are very fearful of humans and avoid contact with them. When nearby, they usually become very aggressive due to feeling threatened.
- Scottish wildcats are a crepuscular species, meaning they are most active at dawn and dusk.



# 2

## Gorse *Ulex*

- Gorse can bloom all year long, but the blooming reaches its peak in the fall and spring.
- The flowers on the gorse shrub have a coconut scent, which smells good to us and attracts many insects for pollination.
- Its name comes from the Old English word "gorst," meaning uncultivated areas. These uncultivated areas are where gorse shrubs usually grow.
- Gorse shrubs produce yellow flowers that are sometimes used for dyes.
- Gorse is a perennial plant, meaning it has a long lifespan.



# 3

## Weasel *Mustela*



- Weasels can kill prey that is larger than their own bodies.
- They often take down rabbits or squirrels.
- It is not uncommon for weasels to sneak into chicken coops and eat their eggs.
- Weasels have many predators, including owls and snakes.
- There are seventeen different species of weasels.
- Weasels are skilled climbers, runners, and swimmers.

# 3

## Shetland Mouse-ear *Cerastium nigrescens*



- This plant was first recorded by Thomas Edmondston, who was only twelve when he spotted it in 1837.
- Another popular name for the Shetland mouse-ear is "Edmondston's Chickweed."
- Shetland Mouse-ear is an endemic plant.
- The leaves and stems of the plant are a purplish color and are covered in hair.
- This plant means a lot to the country of Scotland and is protected under Scotland's Wildlife and Countryside Act.

# 4

## Earless Seal *Phocidae*



- Earless seals are the only seals that live in the extreme polar regions of the world.
- Earless seals have been hunted quite regularly for their hides or oil, resulting in some of these species nearly being exterminated by mankind.
- Earless seals actually do have ears, but they aren't easily spotted at first sight.
- These sleek creatures are specialized for life in the water but spend time on the dry land when it's time to breed.
- Earless seals communicate by slapping the water and making grunting noises.

# 4

## Bog Myrtle *Myrica gale*



- Bog myrtle is a small, woody shrub that usually only grows about 2 meters high.
- Some refer to bog myrtle as "sweet gale" because of the sweet smell that comes from rubbing its leaves in your hand.
- Bog myrtle is hard to spot in the wintertime because its leaves disappear.
- Bog myrtle is a great plant to combine with citronella to repel insects.
- The name bog myrtle is due to it growing in bogs, marshes, and other wetland areas.



# Handicraft Lesson

## Handicraft

A sporran is a small pouch commonly made of leather or fur and worn on a belt or strap in front of a kilt — a traditional part of the male Scottish Highland dress.

For this handicraft, we will create a simplified sporran out of leather. Because leather can be a bit difficult to work with, we recommend this project for older kids and teens.

However, to simplify it for younger kids, substitute felt or craft foam for the leather, and embroidery floss for leather thread. (No need to punch holes in them.)

*"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

# Leather Sporrán

## Supplies

- Scrap leather or small pack from craft store
- Waxed leather thread
- Embroidery floss
- Embroidery needle
- Button or bead
- Velcro dot
- Scissors
- Optional for leather only: leather hole punch tool OR awl, mallet, and self-healing mat
- Template

## Directions

1. Cut out the sporran template and draw around the three shapes onto your piece of leather or felt using a pen or pencil.
2. Cut out the shapes from the leather or felt, and using the template as a guide, mark the holes around the edges.
3. For leather only: Use the leather hole punch (or mallet and awl) to punch the holes around both the front and back pieces, as well as the belt loop.
4. Lay the belt loop on top of the back section of the sporran, making sure to line up the marked or punched holes and sew together.





5. Leaving a 1.5-inch tail at the beginning, sew the belt loop onto the back section of the sporran. Repeat so the top of the belt loop is held in place by 2 neat stitches. Take your thread straight down to the hole below and secure the bottom of your belt loop in the same way. When you have finished, leave a 1.5-inch tail and snip off the excess thread. Tie your tails together to secure your stitches. (This knot will be on the inside of your sporran.)



6. Place the back section of the sporran on a table with the belt loop facing down.

7. Tie a knot at the end of your thread, then lay the front section of your sporran on top of the back section. If you have pre-punched your holes, make sure they line up. Use a running stitch to sew both layers together.

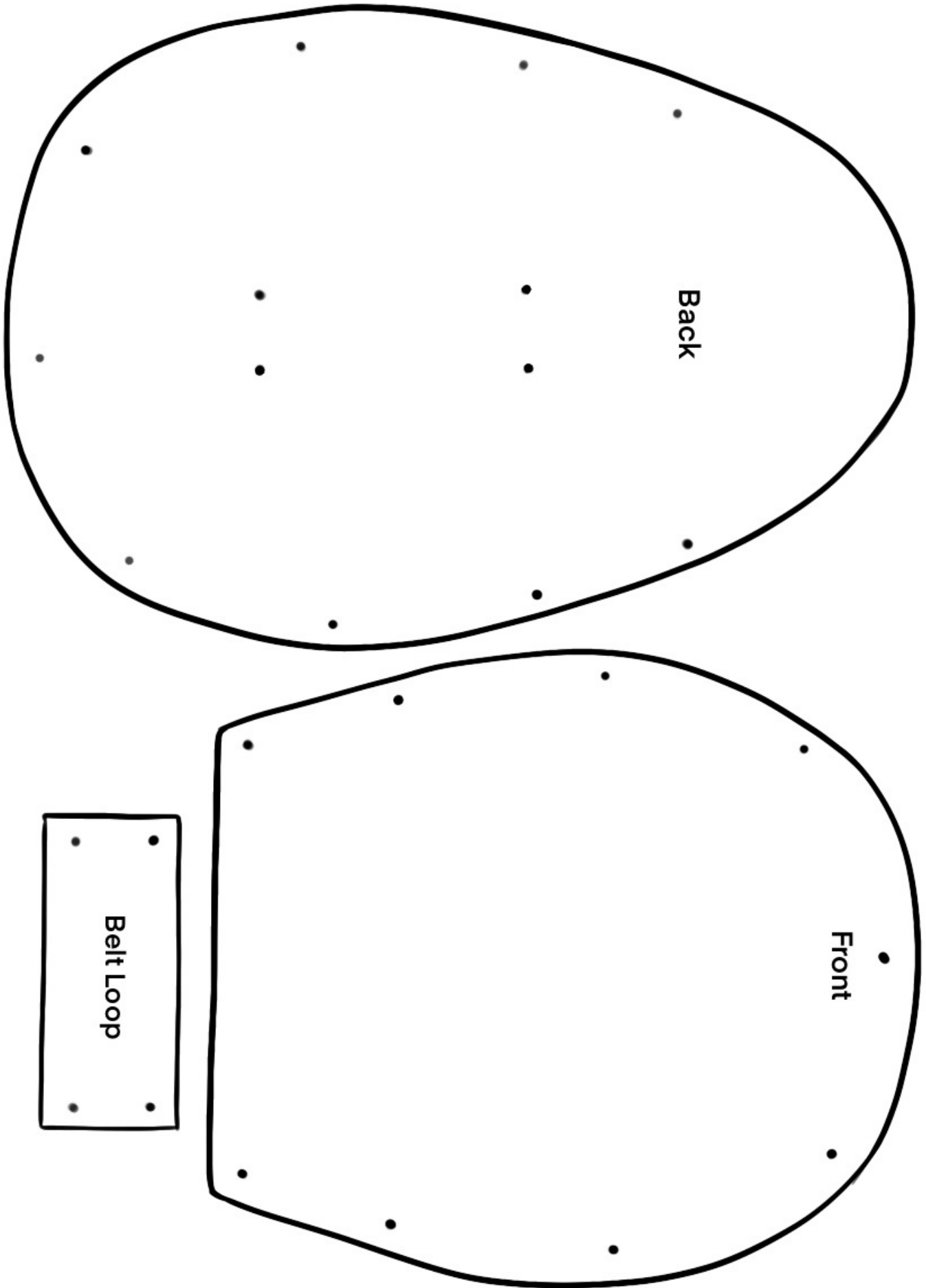
8. Make the tassel by wrapping the embroidery thread around four of your fingers about 8 times. Slide the thread off your fingers. Tie a piece of thread about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch from one end to form the top of your tassel. Trim the loops at the bottom.



9. Stitch the tassel and the button (or bead) to the top of the "flap" (the back layer folded over the front) of your sporran.

10. Attach the velcro dot to the underside of the flap and the top piece so that they close securely.

11. Thread a belt through the belt loop and wear your sporran over your jeans, dress, or kilt!



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