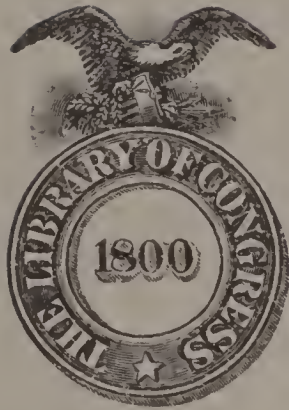


STORY-BOOK TALES



MINA PEARL ASHTON



Class PE 119

Book A76

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STORY-BOOK TALES

By

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LUDWIG and REGINA

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CHICAGO

ABOUT THE BOOK . A76

Three things are necessary in the writing of a primary reader: first, that the material used be of vital interest to the children; second, that it be written in language that the child can understand; third, that it shall have educational value. With these requirements in mind, the author of **STORY BOOK TALES** for several years has been making selections from the best of child literature in the preparation of this book. Every story in the list has a fascination for the children, and the most interesting fables and fairy tales are to be found in this volume.

Unlike many readers written for children, this book has been prepared by a teacher and every lesson has been used in actual recitation work many times. Special care has been taken to eliminate words foreign to the child, thus keeping the vocabulary well within the range of children of the first grade. All stories used are rich in those qualities which stimulate the imagination of the child and establish ideas which children can appreciate. Special attention has also been given to the inclusion of material which can easily be retold and dramatized by the children.

E. W. HOWEY,
Superintendent of Schools,
Defiance, Ohio.

DEC 30 1926

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“Dear little child, this little book
Is less a primer than a key
To sunder gates where wonder waits
Your Open Sesame!”

—*Rupert Hughes*

The Dandelion

A long, long time ago
the Angel of the Flowers
came down to earth.

She was looking
for the best flower in the world.

She went into the meadow.

She went into the woods.

She went into the garden.

At last she came
to a red tulip.

“Bright tulip,”
asked the Angel of the Flowers,
“where do you wish to live?”



“I want to live
on the castle lawn,”
said the tulip.

“I want the princess to see me.”

The Angel of the Flowers
shook her head sadly.

And she went away.

She went on and on
until she came to a violet.

“Sweet violet,”
asked the Angel of the Flowers,
“where do you wish to live?”

“I want to live in the woods,”
said the violet.

“I want to be
in the cool shade.



Something to Cut and Paste

I want to be by the brook.
I do not want the sun
to fade my blossoms.”

The Angel of the Flowers
shook her head sadly.

And she went away.

She went on and on
until she came
to a bright yellow dandelion.

“Yellow dandelion,”
asked the Angel of the Flowers,
“where do you wish to live?”

“I want to live in the meadow,”
said the dandelion.

“I want to live by the roadside.

I want to be
where the children are.”

“Oh dandelion!”
said the Angel of the Flowers,
“you are the best flower
in the world.

You shall live in the meadow.

You shall live by the brook.

You shall live by the roadside.

You shall live everywhere.

You will make the children
happy.”

That is why the dandelion
comes so early in the spring.

And that is why
it stays so late in the fall.



See-Saw

See-saw, up and down

Which is the way

To London Town?

See-saw, up and down,

This is the way

To London Town.

One foot up,

The other foot down,

This is the way

To London Town.

The Old Woman and the Fox

Once upon a time
an old woman had a flock
of sheep and goats.

She was very old.

She could not work any more.

She wanted some one
to take care of her flock.

So she went out
to find a boy.

She walked on and on
until she met Mr. Bear.

Mr. Bear said,
“Good morning, old woman.
Where are you going to-day?”

The old woman said,
“I am looking for some one
to tend my flock.”

“Will I do?” asked Mr. Bear.

“Let me hear you call,”
said the old woman.

“Ugh, ugh,” called Mr. Bear.

“No, no,” said the old woman.

“You call too loud.

My flock
would run away and hide.

No, no, you will not do.”

The old woman walked on
until she met Mr. Wolf.



Something to Cut and Paste

Mr. Wolf said,

“Good morning, old woman.

Where are you going to-day?”

The old woman said,

“I am looking for some one
to tend my flock.”

“Will I do?” asked Mr. Wolf.

“Let me hear you call,”
said the old woman.

“Ho-y, ho-y,” called Mr. Wolf.

“No, no,” said the old woman.

“You call too loud.

My flock
would run away and hide.

No, no, you will not do.”

The old woman walked on until she met Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox said,
“Good morning, old woman.
Where are you going to-day?”

The old woman said,
“I am looking for some one
to tend my flock.”

“Will I do?” asked Mr. Fox.

“Let me hear you call,”
said the old woman.

“Del dal, del dal,”
called Mr. Fox softly.

“Del dal, del dal.”

“Yes, yes, you will do, Mr. Fox,”
said the old woman.

“I will take you to my flock.”

One day

Mr. Fox would eat a sheep.

The next day

he would eat a goat.

At last the flock became very small.

One day the old woman said,

“Mr. Fox, how is my flock?”

Mr. Fox hung his head.

He did not know what to say.

Then he said,

“A wolf came out of the woods
and killed some of your flock.”

The old woman was very sorry
to lose her sheep and goats.

She thought and thought.

The old woman said,
“Mr. Fox must be sorry too.”

The next day the old woman said,
“I will go to the field
to see my flock.

I will carry
Mr. Fox a drink of cream.”

The old woman went
to the field.

She saw Mr. Fox eating a sheep.

How frightened she was!

Mr. Fox heard her coming.

He started to run away.



But the old woman
threw the pitcher of cream
at Mr. Fox.

It hit the end
of Mr. Fox's tail.

And that is why
the end of the fox's tail is white.

The Hares and the Frogs

Once upon a time
many rabbits lived in a forest.

There were hundreds of big animals
living in the forest too.

The rabbits were afraid
of these big animals.

They hid in the tall grass.

The wind blew
through the trees.

The wind blew
through the tall grass.

This frightened the rabbits.

One rabbit said,
“Let us run away.”



Another rabbit said,
“Let us run away.”

So they all ran away.

They ran and they ran
until they came to a brook.

Many frogs sat
on the bank of the brook.

They heard the rabbits running.



Something to Cut and Paste

This frightened the frogs.

So they jumped
far out into the brook.

The rabbits saw the frogs jump
into the brook.

An old rabbit said,
“Stop running!
Stop running!
Let us stop our running.
See, the frogs are afraid of us.
How frightened they are!
We do not need to run away
from animals bigger than we are.
Let us go home.”

So they stopped running
and went home.



Peek-A-Boo

Peek-a-boo!

I see you,

Hiding behind the chair.

Peek-a-boo!

I see you,

I see you hiding there!



King's Horses

King's horses, king's horses,

What time of day?

One o'clock, two o'clock,

Off and away.

One o'clock, two o'clock,

What time of day?

Come again, go again,

Off and away.

The Three Wishes

A long time ago
Mr. and Mrs. Woodman lived
in a big forest.

Every day
Mr. Woodman cut down trees.

One day
Mr. Woodman took his ax
and went out to work.

He went up
to a beautiful, big oak tree.

He was going to cut it down.

A fairy came
and stood by the tree.

“Oh, Mr. Woodman,”
said the fairy.

“Do not cut down
this beautiful tree.

Please let it grow.

I will grant your next three wishes.”

How surprised Mr. Woodman was!

Then he said,

“I will do as you say.”

So he picked up his ax
and went home.

He thought and thought
about the fairy.

At last he reached the cottage.

He was very hungry.

There was no supper for him.

So he said, “I wish
I had some sausage for supper.”



There was the sausage before him.

“What is this?”

asked Mrs. Woodman.

Then Mr. Woodman told her
all about the fairy.

“You are silly,”

said Mrs. Woodman.

“I wish this sausage was
at the end of your nose.”

And there it was,
on the end of Mr. Woodman’s nose!

How surprised they were!

He pulled and pulled
and tried to get it off.

She pulled and pulled
and tried to get it off.

Then they both pulled.

But it would not come off.

Then Mr. Woodman said,
“I have one more wish.

I wish this sausage
would come off my nose.”

And it did.



Willy Boy

“Willy boy, Willy boy,
Where are you going?
I will go with you,
If that I may.”

“I’m going to the meadow
To see them a-mowing;
I’m going to help them
To make the hay.”



Little Girl

“Little girl, little girl,
Where have you been?”

“Gathering roses
To give to the queen.”

“Little girl, little girl,
What gave she you?”

“She gave me a diamond
As big as my shoe.”

The Lion and the Mouse

One day Mr. Lion was asleep
in the woods.

Gray Mouse was playing
in the woods.

He ran this way and that way.

All at once
he ran right over Mr. Lion's nose.

This woke Mr. Lion.

He was very angry.

Mr. Lion said,
“Well, it is Gray Mouse.

How dare you run
over my nose and waken me!”

Mr. Lion put his big paw
right on Gray Mouse.

He held him fast.

How frightened the mouse was!

Gray Mouse said,

“Oh please, Mr. Lion, let me go!

I was just playing.

If you will let me go,

I will be your friend.

I will help you some time.”

How Mr. Lion laughed!

Could a little gray mouse
help a big, strong lion?

Mr. Lion said,

“I will let you go this time.

But stay out of my way.”

Then he lifted his big paw.



Something to Cut and Paste

Gray Mouse said,
“Thank you, thank you.
Thank you, kind Mr. Lion.”
And he ran away.

One day Mr. Lion was walking
in the woods.

He walked this way and that way.

He walked
right into a big, strong net.

He pulled and pulled.

But he could not get away.

It held him fast.

Mr. Lion roared.

He roared and roared.

Gray Mouse said,
“I hear Mr. Lion.



I will help him.”

How Gray Mouse ran!
He ran to Mr. Lion
as fast as he could run.

Gray Mouse said,
“Wait, Mr. Lion.

I will help you.

I will gnaw the rope.”

Then Gray Mouse went to work with his sharp teeth.

He gnawed and gnawed the rope.

Mr. Lion stretched.

He stretched and stretched.

Snap! Snap!

The rope broke.

And Mr. Lion was free.

Mr. Lion said,

“Thank you, kind Gray Mouse.

You are very little.

But you are a good friend.”

Then Gray Mouse ran home.



Lady Moon

Lady moon, lady moon,
Sailing so high!
Drop down to baby
From out the blue sky.
Babykin, babykin,
Down far below
I hear thee calling
But I cannot go.

The Camel and the Pig

A long, long time ago

Mr. Camel went out for a walk.

He met Mr. Pig.

He had never seen a pig before.

He thought

Mr. Pig looked so funny.

So Mr. Camel said, “Mr. Pig,
the greatest thing in the world
is to be tall.

See how tall I am!”

Mr. Pig looked at Mr. Camel,
standing so tall.

Then Mr. Pig said,
“You are wrong, Mr. Camel.



Something to Cut and Paste

The greatest thing in the world
is to be short.

See how short I am!”

Mr. Camel looked down
at Mr. Pig.

He did not believe
what Mr. Pig said.

He thought and thought.

At last Mr. Camel said,
“Mr. Pig, I will prove to you
that the greatest thing in the world
is to be tall.

If I do not,
I will give you my hump.”

“All right,” said Mr. Pig.

“I will prove to you
that the greatest thing in the world
is to be short.

If I do not,
I will give you my snout.”

“All right,” said Mr. Camel.

So Mr. Pig and Mr. Camel
walked off together.

They walked on and on
until they came to a garden.

It had a low wall all around it.
Mr. Camel looked over the wall.
He saw the nice things
in the garden.

Then he put his head
over the wall.

He ate and ate.

He ate all the green things
he wanted.

Mr. Pig could not even see
the nice garden.

Mr. Camel said;
“The best thing in the world
is to be tall.”

Mr. Pig did not say a word.

So they walked on together.

They walked and walked.

At last they came to another garden.

It had a high wall around it.

There was a pretty gate
in the wall.

Mr. Pig saw the gate.



He squeezed under it.
He was in the garden.
He ate and ate.
He ate all the green things
he wanted.

Then he came out again.

Mr. Pig said,

“The best thing in the world is to be short.”

Mr. Camel did not say a word.

He thought and thought.

At last Mr. Camel said,

“It is good to be tall.

It is good to be short.

I will keep my hump.

You may keep your snout.”

Mr. Camel was glad to keep his hump.

Mr. Pig was glad to keep his snout.

So they went home happy.



Mary Had a Pretty Bird

Mary had a pretty bird,
With feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow!

The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary,
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.



Little White Lily

Little White Lily

Smells very sweet;

On her head sunshine,

Rain at her feet.

Thanks to the sunshine,

Thanks to the rain,

Little White Lily

Is happy again.

—George Macdonald

I Saw a Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were candies in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made
of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.



The captain was a duck,
With a jacket on his back;
When the ship began to sail,
The captain said, "Quack, quack!"

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time
there was a little red hen.

She lived in a little house.

Sly Fox lived
in a den near by.

Sly Fox wanted to catch
little Red Hen.

He thought and thought how he
could do it.

He said,
“I will catch little Red Hen.”

He went to his mother and said,
“I am going to catch little Red Hen.

Put the kettle on.

We will boil her for dinner.”

“All right,” said his mother.

So Sly Fox took his big bag and went over the hill.

Little Red Hen was very wise.

When she went to market, she would lock her door and put the key in her pocket.

When she went in the house she would lock her door behind her.

One day little Red Hen went out in the yard to pick up sticks.

Sly Fox was coming over the hill.

He saw little Red Hen go into the yard.



Something to Cut and Paste

So he lay very still.

Then he went
into little Red Hen's house.

He hid behind the door.

Soon little Red Hen
came into the house.

She locked the door
behind her.

She put the big key in her pocket.

Then she saw Sly Fox.

How frightened little Red Hen was!

She was so frightened
she dropped her sticks.

She flew to a high beam.

She looked down at Sly Fox.

She said, "Go home, Sly Fox!"



“You can’t catch me.”

Sly Fox said,

“Yes, I will catch you.

I will catch you, little Red Hen.

See if I don’t.”

Now, what do you think
Sly Fox did?

He stood
in the middle of the floor
right under little Red Hen.

Then he ran around
to catch his tail.

He ran round and round.
Little Red Hen watched him.

He ran faster and faster.

Soon little Red Hen got dizzy,
watching Sly Fox.

She could hardly hold on
to the beam.

At last she fell to the floor.

Sly Fox picked her up quickly.

He put her into his big bag.

And he went home.

He had a long way to go.

He was very tired.

He sat down to rest.

He went to sleep.

How frightened little Red Hen was!

She thought and thought.

Then she took her scissors
out of her pocket.

They went snip snap, snip snap.

Little Red Hen cut a big hole
in the bag and jumped out.

She took a big stone
and put it in the bag.

She took her needle
out of her pocket.

She sewed up the big hole.



Then she ran home
as fast as she could run.

She ran into the house.

She locked the door
with the big key.

Sly Fox awoke.

He walked on and on.

His big bag was very heavy.

At last he reached home.

He said,

“Mother, is the kettle boiling?”

“Yes,” said the mother.

Then Sly Fox held the big bag over the kettle of boiling water.

The big stone fell into the kettle.

Splash, splash!

The hot water went all over Sly Fox.

The hot water went all over Mother Fox.

And they were dead.

Little Red Hen was happy in her little house on the hill.



The Bear and the Fox

One cold morning
Mr. Bear went out for a walk.

He walked and walked
until he met Mr. Fox.

Mr. Bear said,
“Good morning, Mr. Fox.

Where did you get those fine fish?”

Mr. Fox said,
“I caught them in the pond.
Come, I will show you
how to catch some.”

So Mr. Bear and Mr. Fox walked
over to the pond.

It was very cold.

The pond was frozen over
with ice.

They walked out
on the ice.

Mr. Fox said,
“You are big and strong:
First you must make a hole
in the ice.

Then put your tail down deep
into the water.

Keep it there
a long, long time.

When you pull it up,
you will have as many fish
as I have.”

“Thank you, Mr. Fox,”
said Mr. Bear.

Then Mr. Fox ran home.

Mr. Bear made a hole
in the ice.

He sat down on the ice.

He put his tail down deep
into the water.

He sat and sat.

He sat there
a long, long time.



Something to Cut and Paste

At last Mr. Bear said,
“I believe I have some fish now.
I will see.

I will pull my tail
out of the water.”

So he tried
to pull his tail out of the water.

But it was frozen fast.

He pulled and pulled.

He pulled with all his might.

At last his tail broke off.

How sorry Mr. Bear was!

He lost his tail.

He did not have any fish.

That is why

Mr. Bear has a short tail.



Little Cock Sparrow

A little cock sparrow

Sat on a green tree;

And he chirruped and chirruped,

So merry was he!

But a naughty boy came

With bow and arrow,

Determined to shoot

Little cock sparrow.

“This little cock sparrow
Shall make me a stew,”
Said this naughty boy.

“A little pie, too.”

“Oh, no!” said the sparrow,

“I won’t make a stew.”

So he fluttered his wings

And away he flew.





Come Away

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and posies see;
Get your hats and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.



Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring;
Talk and laugh, and dance and
sing.

Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children too may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

The Farmer and the Stork

Mr. Farmer was walking
about his field.

He said,
“I will plow this field.
I will sow some seed.”

Some black crows were sitting
in a tree.

They saw Mr. Farmer sow the seed.
They laughed and said,
“Let us find it.”

So they flew down into the field.
They scratched and scratched.
They found the seed.

The next morning
Mr. Farmer went to the field.

He saw what the crows had done.

He said,

“I will spread some nets.

I will catch those crows.”

So he spread some nets all about.

Then he went home.

The crows came again.

A stork came with them.

They flew about.

They were caught in the nets.

The stork was caught too.

He tried to get away.

He tried again and again.

But he could not get away.

He pulled and pulled.

He broke his leg.



Something to Cut and Paste

How sorry he was
that he had come with the crows!

He was frightened too.

Mr. Farmer came out to the field
and found them.

He saw the stork.

“Ha, ha!” he said.

“You have been taking my seed.
I have you fast now.”

“Oh, Mr. Farmer,”
cried the stork,

“let me go!

See, my leg is broken.

I am a stork.

I am a good bird.

I do not look like a crow.”



Mr. Farmer looked at the stork.
He shook his head.

Mr. Farmer said,
“I have you fast.
You may be a good bird.
But you were flying with the crows.
Now you must die with them.
‘Birds of a feather flock together.’ ”

The Unhappy Pine Tree

Once upon a time
a little Pine Tree grew
in a big forest.

Its leaves were long, green needles.
It did not like its needles.
It was not happy.

One day little Pine Tree said,
“I wish I had leaves of gold.”

It said it over and over.

The Fairy of the Trees
heard little Pine Tree.

The next morning
when little Pine Tree awoke,
it was covered with leaves of gold.

How happy it was!

Little Pine Tree said,
“How beautiful I am!
My leaves shine in the sun.
I am the most beautiful tree
in the forest.”

One day a man came
into the forest.

He had a big bag on his arm.
He saw the tree
with the leaves of gold.

He said,
“I will pick these gold leaves.
I will put them
into my big bag.

Then I will be rich.”

The man picked all the gold leaves.

Little Pine Tree was bare.

Little Pine Tree was sad.

Then it said,

“I wish I had leaves of glass.

The man would not take them.”

It said it over and over.

The Fairy of the Trees
heard little Pine Tree.

The next morning
when little Pine Tree awoke,
it was covered with leaves of glass.

How they sparkled in the sun!

They looked like diamonds!

Soon the wind began to blow.

The rain fell fast.

It shook little Pine Tree very hard.

The glass leaves broke and fell
to the ground.

Little Pine Tree was bare.

Little Pine Tree was sad.

Then it said,

“I want to be like other trees.

I wish I had big green leaves.”

It said it over and over.

The Fairy of the Trees
heard little Pine Tree.

The next morning
when little Pine Tree awoke,
it was covered
with big green leaves.

A mother goat and her kids
came along.



They ate all the green leaves
on the tree.

Little Pine Tree was bare.

Little Pine Tree was sad.

Then it said, "I wish I had
my own long, green needles."

The Fairy of the Trees
heard little Pine Tree.

The next morning
when little Pine Tree awoke,
it was covered
with long, green needles.

How happy it was!

Little Pine Tree said,
"Long, green needles are best
for pine trees, after all."



Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking
the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream
on thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs,
I guess;
And the gentle moon
is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The Bye-Low Song

Say, birdies,

when your bed-time comes

And underneath your mother's wing

You're tucked away

so carefully,

Does Mamma-Birdie to you sing

The Bye-Low Song?

Say, little lamb,

with curly hair,

That in the field is gamboling

The whole day through,

when bed-time comes,

Does Mamma-Sheep then to you sing

The Bye-Low Song?



I know that when my bed-time
comes,
And I am tired of everything,
I cannot go to sleep unless
I hear my Mamma softly sing
The Bye-Low Song.

The Whale and the Elephant

One day Brother Rabbit
was hopping along on the sand.

He saw Mr. Whale.

He saw Mr. Elephant.

They were talking together.

So Brother Rabbit sat very still.

He wanted to hear
what they were talking about.

He listened and listened.

Mr. Elephant said,
“Mr. Whale you are the biggest
thing in the sea.

I am the biggest thing
on the land!

If we go together,
we can rule all the animals
in the world.”

Mr. Whale said, “All right.

That suits me.

We will do it.”

Brother Rabbit

thought and thought.

He flopped his long ears.

He shook his head.

At last he said,

“They won’t rule me.

I will play a trick on them.”

So Brother Rabbit ran away.

He got a great big rope.

He took his big drum.

He hid it in the bushes.

Then he hopped along on the sand until he met Mr. Whale.

Brother Rabbit said,
“Please, Mr. Whale,
will you help me?

My best cow is fast in the mud.
I can't pull her out.

You are so big and strong.

I know you could pull her out.”

This pleased Mr. Whale.

He said,
“Yes, I will help you.”

Then Brother Rabbit said,
“I will tie
this end of the rope to you.

I will tie
the other end to my cow.

When I am ready
I will beat my big drum.”

“All right,” said Mr. Whale.

So Brother Rabbit tied the rope
to Mr. Whale.

Then he hopped along on the sand
until he met Mr. Elephant.

Brother Rabbit said,
“Please, Mr. Elephant,
will you help me?

My best cow is fast in the mud.

I can't pull her out.

You are so big and strong.

I know you can pull her out.”

This pleased Mr. Elephant.

He said, "Yes, I will help you."

Then Brother Rabbit said,
"I will tie
this end of the rope to you.

I will tie
the other end to my cow.

When I am ready,
I will beat my big drum."

"All right," said Mr. Elephant.

So Brother Rabbit
tied the end of the rope
around Mr. Elephant's trunk.

Then he ran away into the bushes.
He began to beat his big drum.
Mr. Whale began to pull.



Mr. Elephant began to pull.

They both pulled.

Mr. Whale pulled harder.

Mr. Elephant pulled harder.

Mr. Whale said,
“My, this cow is heavy.”
So he put his tail
down deep into the water.

Mr. Elephant said,
“My, this cow is heavy.”
So he put his feet
deep into the sand.

He pulled very hard.
And as he pulled he wrapped
the rope around his trunk.

He wrapped it round and round.

Mr. Whale began to slide
toward the land.

So he dived head first
into the sea.

This pulled Mr. Elephant
clear off his feet.

It pulled him down to the sea.

He was very, very angry.

He pulled with all his might.

He pulled Mr. Whale
clear out of the water.

Mr. Whale said,

“Who is pulling me?”

Mr. Elephant said,

“Who is pulling me?”

Then they saw the rope.

Mr. Elephant said,

“I will show you how to play cow.”

Mr. Whale said,

“I will show you how to fool me.”



Something to Cut and Paste

They began to pull again.

The rope broke.

Mr. Whale fell over into the sea.

Mr. Elephant fell over

into the bushes.

Mr. Elephant shook his head.

Mr. Whale shook his head.

Now they were so ashamed.

They would not speak

to each other.

So that broke up the bargain
between them.

Mr. Elephant went home.

Mr. Whale went home.

Brother Rabbit sat in the bushes.

He laughed

and laughed and laughed.

Evergreen Trees

It was very cold.
The wind blew hard.
The little birds were flying around.
They wanted to fly
to the warm South.

One little bird could not go.
It had a broken wing.
It could not fly so far.
It must stay
in the cold North all winter.

The little bird with the broken
wing was very sad.

It did not like to stay alone
in the cold.

But the little bird said,
“I wish some tree
could keep its leaves
all winter.

Then I could keep warm.
I will try and find one.”

At last the other birds flew away
to the South.

The little bird with the broken
wing was all alone.

So he hopped along
until he came to a birch tree.

The sad little bird said,
“I have a broken wing.

Please may I live
in your branches till spring?”

“No,” said the birch tree
“I must take care
of my leaf buds.”
So the poor little bird went
away.

He was sad.

He said,
“Some tree will help me.”

He hopped along
until he came to an oak tree.

He said,
“I have a broken wing.
Please may I live
in your branches till spring?”

“No,” said the oak tree.

“I must rest.”

So the little bird went away.

Then he hopped along
until he came to a willow tree.

He said,

“I have a broken wing.

Please may I live
in your branches till spring?”

The willow tree said,

“No, I must rest.

See, my leaves are turning yellow.”

The little bird was very sad.

“I will try one more tree,”
he said.

As he hopped along,
he came to a spruce tree.

The spruce tree said,
“Where are you going, little bird?”

The little bird said,
“I have a broken wing.

Please may I live
in your branches till spring?”

“Yes,” said the spruce tree.

“You may stay all winter.”

“Oh, thank you!”
said the little bird.

A pine tree stood
near the spruce tree.

“I will help keep the wind
off the little bird,”
said the pine tree.

“I will give him some berries,”
said the juniper tree.



So the little bird
was happy again.

It sang and sang.

It sang its sweetest song.

The Frost King and
the North Wind came along.

The North Wind blew the leaves
from the birch tree.



It blew the leaves
from the oak tree.

It blew the leaves
from the willow tree.

The Frost King said,
“Be good to the spruce tree.
Be good to the pine tree.
Be good to the juniper tree.
They helped the little bird
with the broken wing.”

So they kept their leaves
all winter.

They have kept
their leaves all winter
ever since.





Babes in the Wood

My dear, do you know
How, a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight!
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.
And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long
They sang them this song:
“Poor babes in the wood!
Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember
The babes in the wood?”

Little Sunshine

A little old woman
and a little old man
lived near a wood.

They had a cow.

They had a horse.

They worked in the field all day.

The wood was thick and dark.

There were no paths into it.

One day
a little girl came to live
with the little old woman
and the little old man.

She was very happy.

She always smiled.

Everybody loved her.

They called her Little Sunshine.



Her mother taught her to sew.
She taught her to bake.
She taught her to spin.
Sometimes some one would help her.
Her mother did not like this.
She wanted her little girl
to do her work all alone.

One day
she gave Little Sunshine
a big pile of flax to spin.

Her mother said,
“Take this to your room.
Do not come out
until it is done.
Do not let any one help you.”

Little Sunshine went to her room.
She shut her door fast.
She sat down to spin.
The big wheel went
round and round.

Soon the work was done.

Little Sunshine heard a noise.
It sounded like “Squeak, squeak.”

Little Sunshine looked up.
She saw a little gray mouse.
It ran to her.

Little Sunshine said,
“What do you want, little mouse?”

Little Gray Mouse said,
“I want something to eat.”

Little Sunshine looked around.
She found a bit of fat.

She asked, “Will this do?”

“Yes,” said Little Gray Mouse.

He began to eat the fat.

They heard a loud rap
at the door.

A big voice said,
“Let me in! Let me in!”

Little Sunshine was frightened.
But she went to the door
and opened it.

There stood a big brown bear.
He said, "I have come to play
blindman's buff with you."

Little Sunshine was afraid.
Little Gray Mouse ran to her.
He said, "Do not be afraid.
I will help you."

Little Sunshine took her apron.
She tied it over the bear's eyes.
Little Gray Mouse
blew out the fire.

He hung a string of bells
around his neck.

Little Sunshine hid
in the corner.

Little Gray Mouse ran
round the room.

He ran round and round.

He ran under the chair.

He ran over the table.

He ran

over the spinning wheel.

Big Bear could not catch him.

Big Bear said,

“I will catch you.”

Little Gray Mouse
shook his bells harder.

He ran faster.

Big Bear was tired and dizzy.

He said, "Enough, Little Sunshine.
You can play better than I."

Big Bear pulled the apron
off his eyes.

He said, "Little Sunshine,
will you pull me out of my skin?"

"I will try," said Little Sunshine.

She pulled and pulled.

Off came the bear's skin.

There stood a lovely Prince.

He said,

"You are to go home with me.

You are to live in my palace.

You will be Princess Sunshine."

Paths opened into the dark wood.



The Prince took Princess Sunshine to his palace.

Princess Sunshine was kind to the little mice.

All the tabby cats in her kingdom wore bells about their necks.

The little mice were happy too.



Little Tee Wee

Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

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