

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

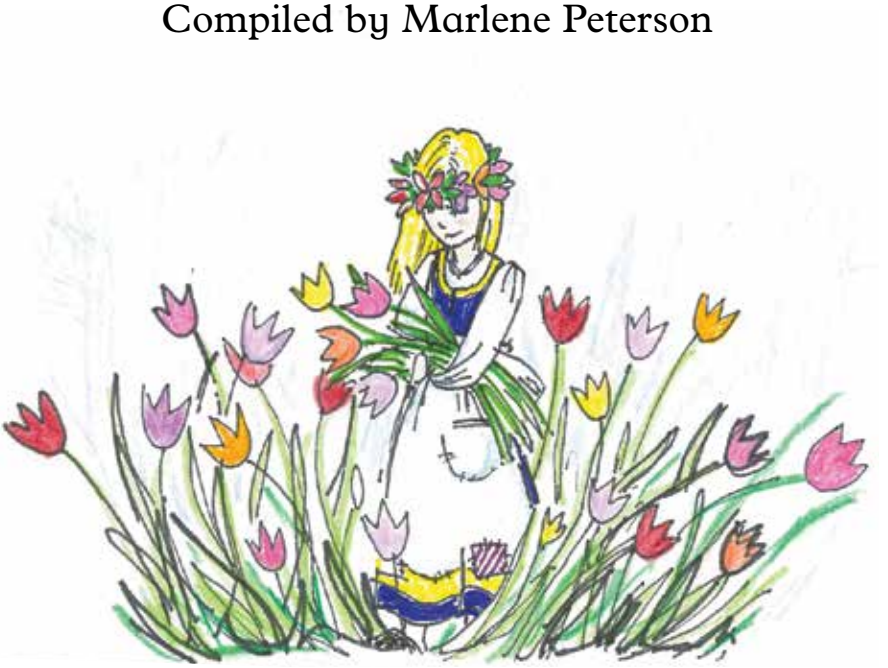
Book One

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book One

Compiled by Marlene Peterson



Libraries of Hope

My Book of Delights
Book One

Copyright © 2019 by Libraries of Hope. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Compiled by: Marlene Peterson, Appomattox, VA (2019).

Book Design: Sara Peterson

Cover Image: A Visit from Grandfather by H.A. Brendekilde, (in public domain), source Wikimedia Commons.

Fine Art Images: All in public domain, source Wikimedia Commons.

Title Page and Page 68 illustrations: Kayleigh Whiteley, Used by Permission.

Libraries of Hope, Inc. Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website: www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

Printed in the United States of America

Sweden



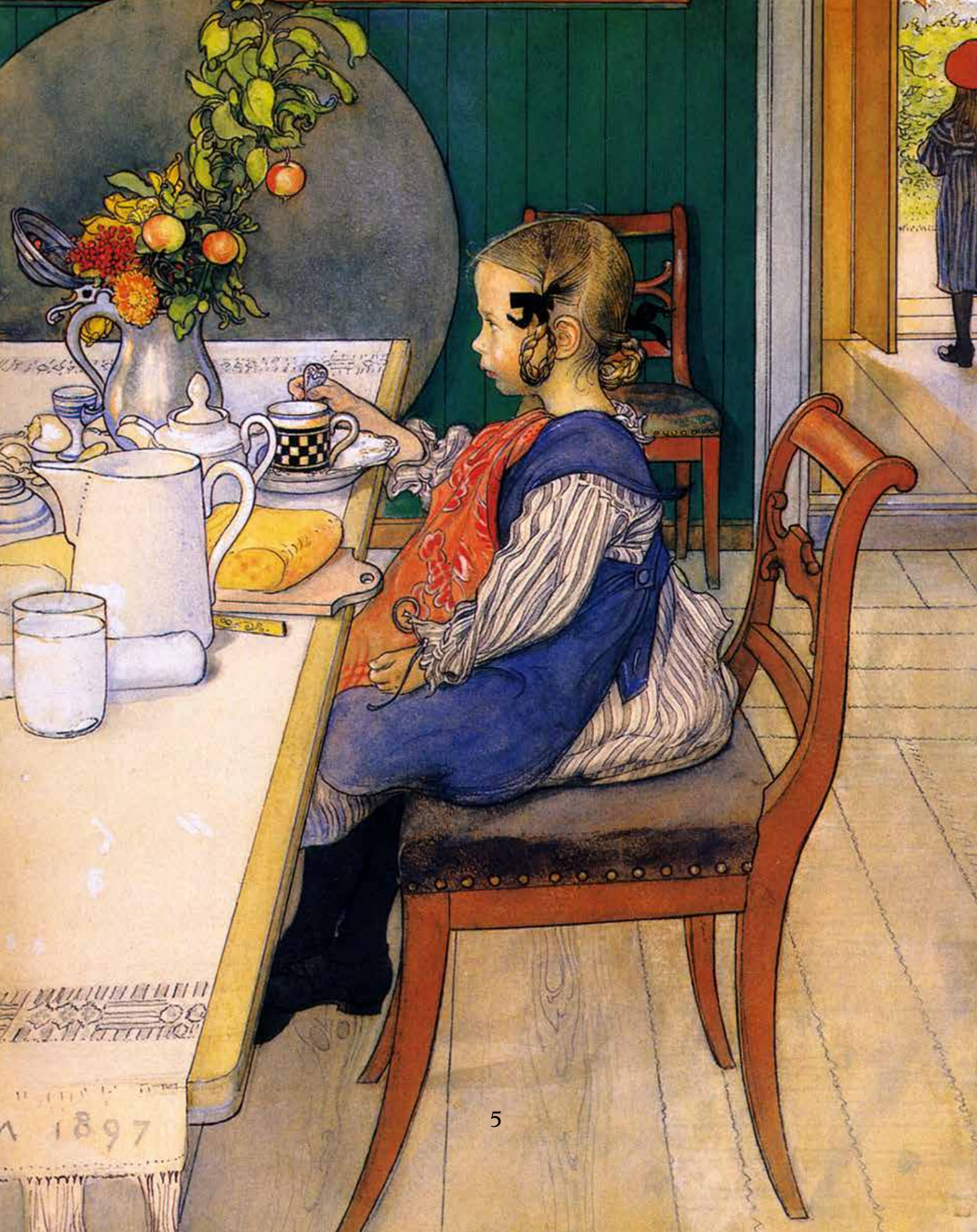


Swedish Painter

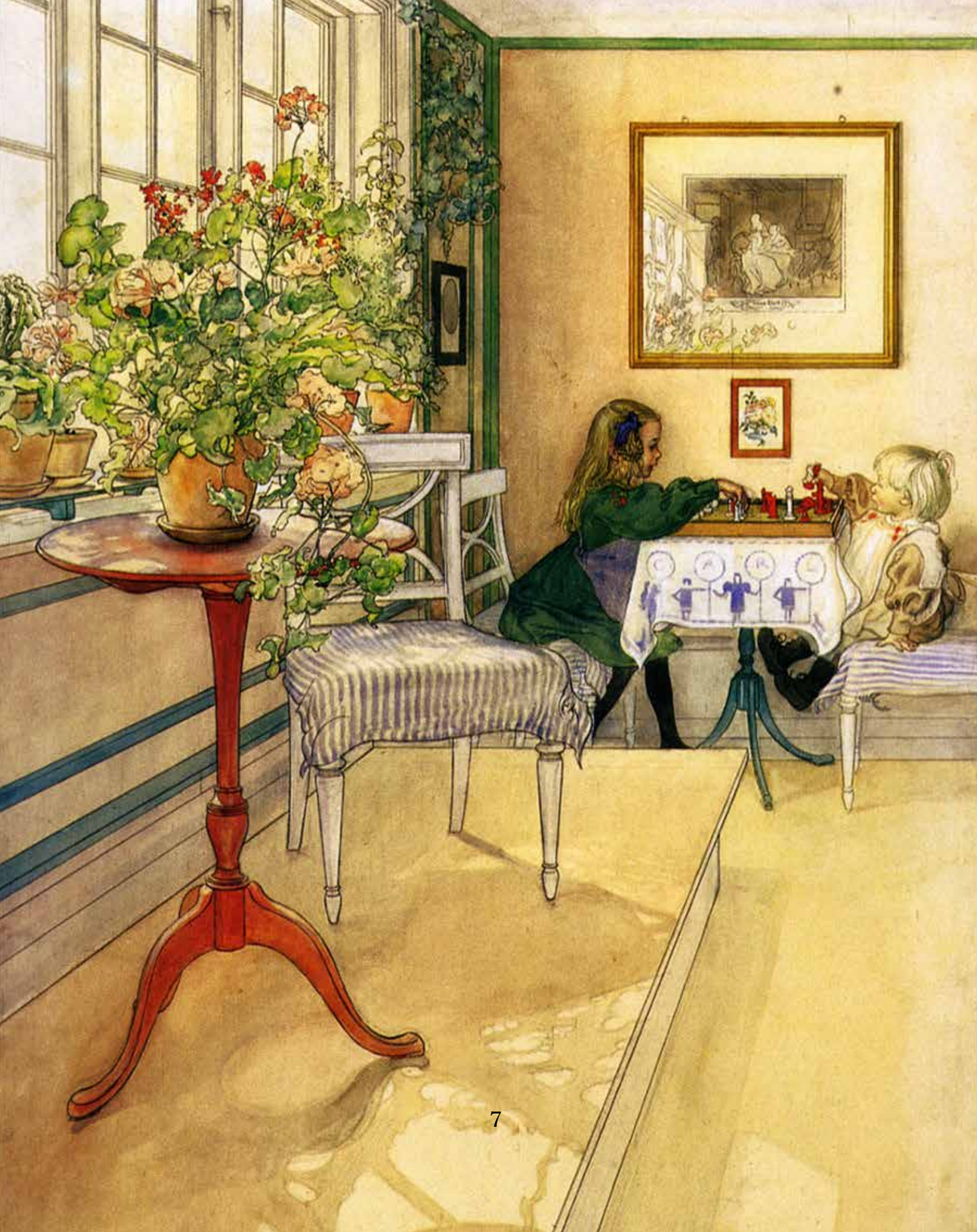
Carl Larsson



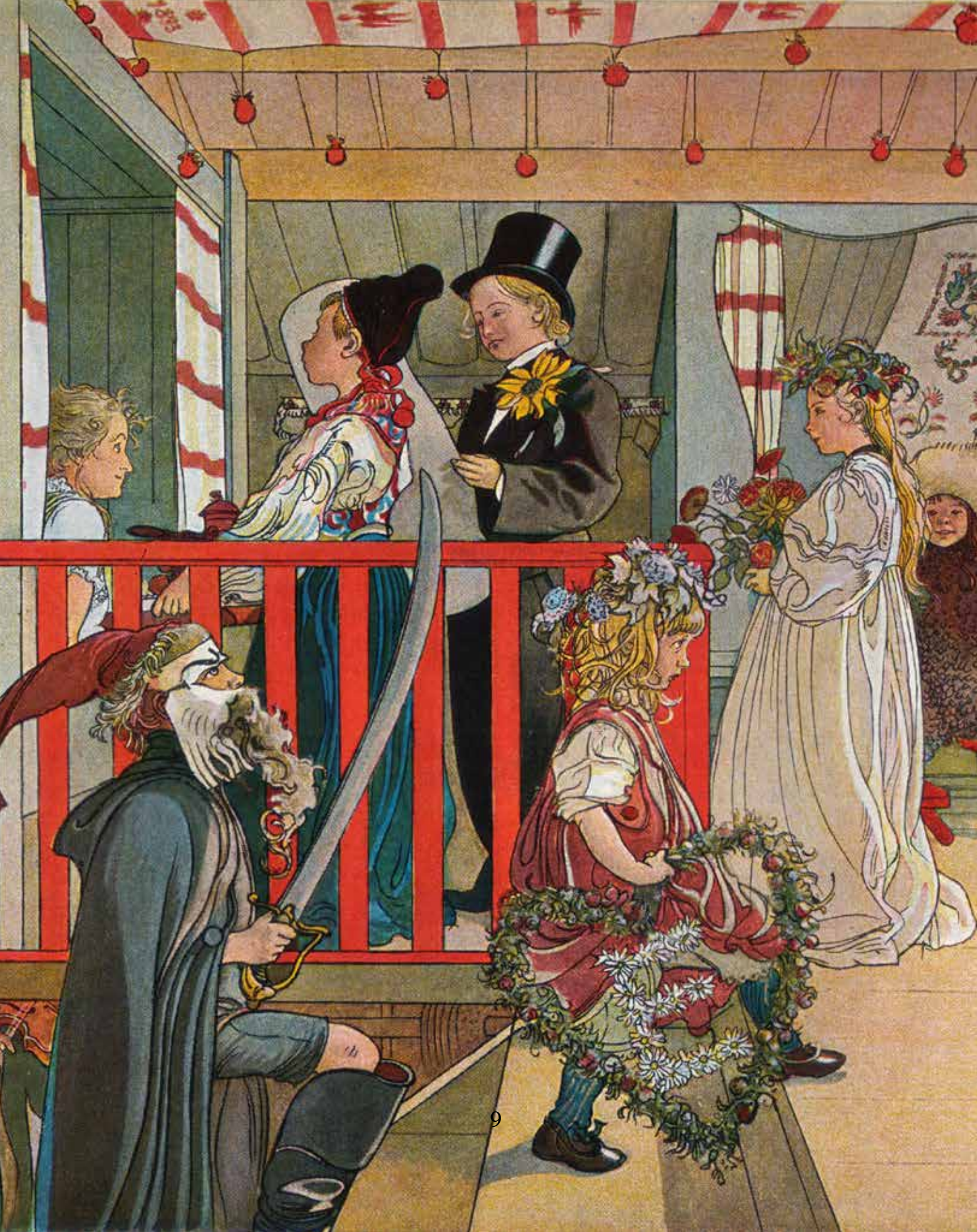

Guds Fred

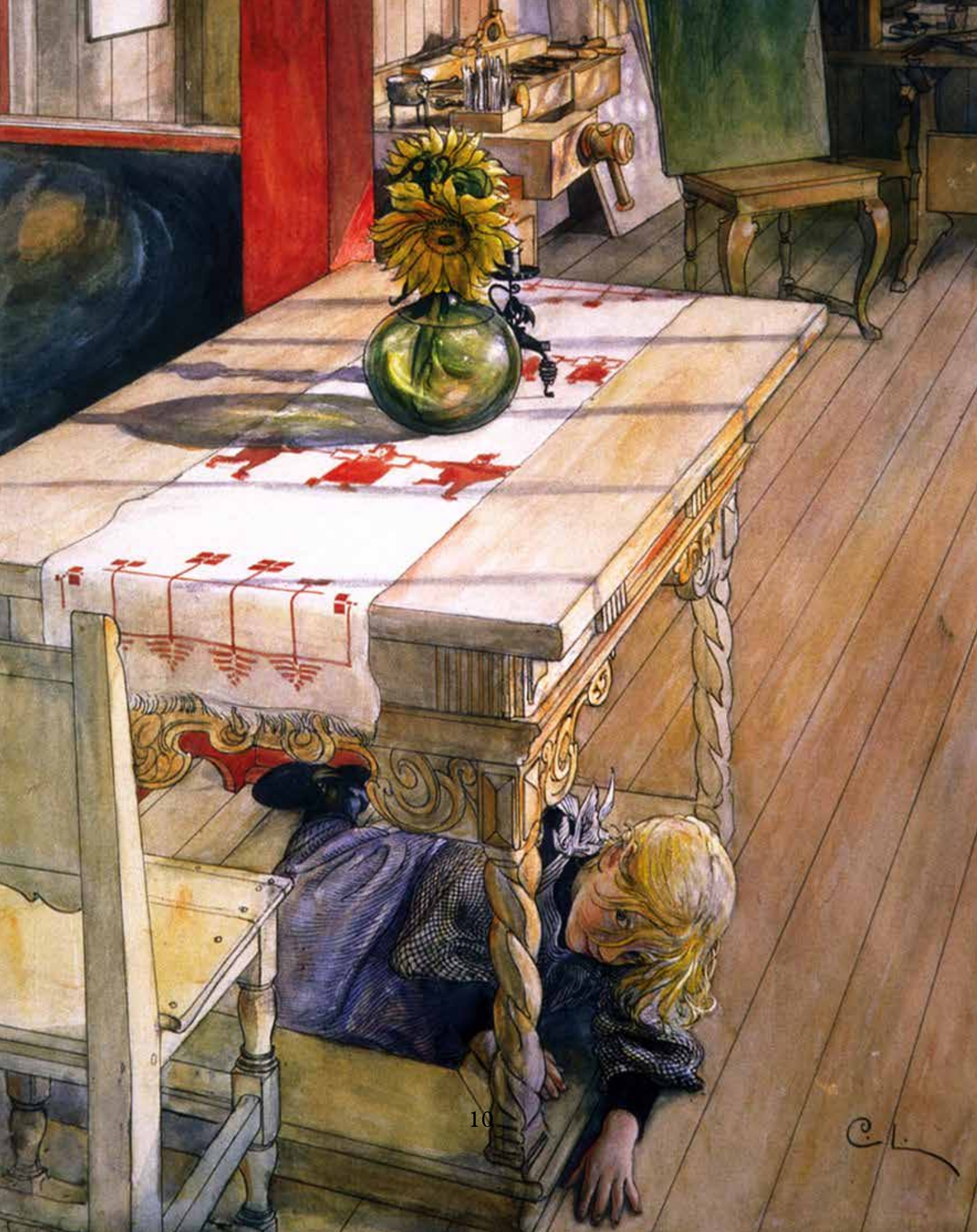

1897





















Swedish Painter

Bengt Nordenberg



I see you, little stars,
I see you in the night:
You shine far, far above me,
With your pretty twinkling light.

Where are you in the daytime?
I've looked for you in vain.
Only when darkness falls
Do you shine out again.







At the Gates of Dalby

Painted by Hugo Salmson

My name is Inga. Do you think that is a funny name? I live in Sweden. I am five years old.

We have come to this big gate to wait for my father and mother. They are at work on the farm. They work hard all day.

My big sister takes care of us. Her name is Marit. She is a good sister. She keeps the house neat and cooks our food. Our baby loves her as well as he loves our mother. Isn't he a pretty baby? His name is Olaf.

Oscar is my brother. He goes to school, and so he has shoes. I have to wear shoes when I go to church.

I do not like to wear shoes. They hurt my feet.

This is not my Sunday dress. Marit made this dress for me. It has a pocket in it.

Do you like a pocket in a dress? I do. I like to put things into my pocket. Guess what is in it now. Cherries!

I have a wooden doll at home. My father made it with his knife. He can make many things with his knife. He made Olaf a little basket from a

cherry stone.

Marit can open this gate if she wishes; but we do not care to go on the other side.

There are not many flowers over in that field, and there are big stones which trip baby and make him fall.

There are not so many stones over here. The farmer has picked them up to make his stone wall.

I took care of baby this morning. Marit told me that if I took care of him so that she could work, she would take us across the fields to meet our father and mother.

I played with him until he was tired, and then Marit put him into his wooden cradle, and I rocked him to sleep.

He did not waken until Oscar came home from school, and we started out for a walk.

We found that the cherries on one of our trees were ripe. Oscar climbed the tree and picked some into his cap. I have some in my pocket.

When you come to Sweden, we will pick cherries for you; but you must come when the cherries are ripe.

Norway





Norweigian Painter

Jahn Ekenæs













Nikolina

by Celia Thaxter

Oh, tell me, little children,
have you seen her—
The tine maid from Norway,
Nikolina?
Oh, her eyes are blue
as cornflowers in the corn,
And her cheeks are rosy red
as skies at morn.

In her little garden
many a flower is growing—
Red, gold, and purple,
in the soft wind blowing—
But the child that stands
among the blossoms gay
Is sweeter, quainter,
brighter far than they.





The Goats in the Turnip Field

A Tale from Norway

Once a boy had three fine goats. Every morning he took them to the hill so that they could eat the green grass. The goats were very happy on the hill. When evening came, the boy would take them home.

Once they ran into a turnip field. The boy could not get them out. What do you think he did? He sat down and cried. Along came a rabbit, hop, hop, hop.

"Why are you crying?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, oh! I cannot get my goats out of the turnip fields," said the boy.

"I will do it for you," said the rabbit.

So he ran after the goats. But he could not get them out. Then the rabbit sat down and cried.

Soon a fox came along.

"Rabbit, why are you crying?" asked the fox.

"I cry because the boy cries," he said. "The boy cries because he cannot get his goats out of the turnip field."

"I will do it for him," said the fox.

So the fox ran after the goats. But he could

not get them out. Then the fox sat down and cried.

As they were crying, a wolf came by.

"Fox, why are you crying?" asked the wolf.

"I cry because the rabbit cries," said the fox. "The rabbit cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get his goats out of the turnip field."

"I will do it for him," said the wolf.

So the wolf ran after the goats. But he could not get them out. Then the wolf sat down and cried, too.

A little bee saw them all crying.

"Wolf, why are you crying?" said the bee.

"I cry because the fox cries," said the wolf. "The fox cries because the rabbit cries. The rabbit cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get his goats out of the turnip field."

"I will do it for him," said the bee.

Then they all stopped crying and began to laugh.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" they said. "How can a little bee like you do it?"

But the bee flew into the turnip field. He flew right to a big goat's back.

"Buzz-z-z!" he said, and out the goats ran!

Do you know why they ran out so fast? They ran all the way home, too. The boy laughed and ran after them.





Three Billy Goats Gruff

A Tale from Norway

Once there were three billy goats. There was Little Billy Goat Gruff. There was Big Billy Goat Gruff. And there was Great Big Billy Goat Gruff.

The goats' home was by a bridge. Over the bridge was a hillside. There was grass on the hillside. The billy goats wanted the grass. They wanted to eat it. They wanted to get fat.

Little Billy Goat Gruff said, "I will go over the bridge."

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff said, "A big troll is under the bridge. Trolls eat billy goats."

Little Billy Goat Gruff said, "The troll will not eat me. Trolls do not eat little billy goats."

Little Billy Goat Gruff went on the bridge. The bridge said, "Trip-trip."

The troll said, "Who trips over my bridge?"

"Little Billy Goat Gruff trips over the bridge."

"Why do you trip over my bridge?"

"I want to eat the grass on the hillside."

"You shall not trip over my bridge. I will eat you."

"Do not eat me. Big Billy Goat Gruff will

come. You can eat him."

"Go on, then," said the troll.

"Trip-trip, trip-trip, trip-trip."

And Little Billy Goat Gruff went to the hillside.

Big Billy Goat Gruff said, "The troll did not eat Little Billy Goat Gruff. I will go over the bridge."

"Trip-trip, trip-trip," said the bridge.

The troll said, "Who trips over my bridge?"

"Big Billy Goat Gruff trips over the bridge."

"Why do you trip over my bridge?"

"I want to eat the grass on the hillside."

"You shall not eat the grass. I will eat you."

"Do not eat me. Great Big Billy Goat Gruff is big. He will come over the bridge. You can eat him."

"Go on, then," said the troll.

"Trip-trip, trip-trip, trip-trip."

And Big Billy Goat Gruff went to the hillside.

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff said, "I will go over the bridge. I can make the troll run."

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff went on the bridge. The bridge said, "Trip-trip, trip-trip."

The troll said, "Who trips over my bridge?"

"Great Big Billy Goat Gruff trips over the

bridge."

"Why do you trip over my bridge?"

"I want to eat the grass on the hillside."

"You shall not trip over my bridge. I will eat you."

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff said, "Come from under the bridge. I want to see you. I want you to see me. I want you to see my big horns."

The troll came from under the bridge. He saw Great Big Billy Goat Gruff. He saw the big horns.

Great Big Billy Goat Gruff ran at the troll with his horns. The troll fell into the water. Then Great Big Billy Goat Gruff went to the hillside.

The billy goats ate the grass. And they got fat.





Denmark





Danish Painter

Hans Andersen Brendekilde





If you wish to be happy
All the day,
Make some one else happy—
That's the way.



I Meant to Do My Work Today

by Richard LeGallienne

I meant to do my work today –
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand –
So what could I do but laugh and go?

The Sunbeam

by Emilie Poulsson

"What shall I send to the earth today?"
Said the great, round golden sun.
"Let us go down to work and play!"
Said the sunbeams, every one.

Down to the earth the sunbeams crept,
To children in their beds,
Touching the eyes of those who slept,
And gilding the little heads.

"Wake, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present! wake and see!
We've brought you a sunny day!"





The Dewdrop

Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night,
Are you in the sky?



Kind words are little sunbeams
That sparkle as they fall.



Good Morning Merry Sunshine

by Emilie Poulsson

Good morning, merry sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You have scared the little stars away,
And driven away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night,
Before I stopped my playing;
How did you get ‘way over there,
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child,
I just go ‘round to see
My little children of the east,
who rise and watch for me.

I waken all the birds and bees
And flowers on my way,
And last of all the little child
Who stayed out late to play.





Only One Mother

Hundreds of stars
In the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells
On the shore together

Hundreds of birds
That go singing by,
Hundreds of bees
In the summer weather;
Hundreds of dewdrops
To greet the morn,
Hundreds of lambs
In the crimson clover;

Hundreds of butterflies
On the lawn,
But only one mother,
The wide world over.





Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight
Whiter than snow
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow.

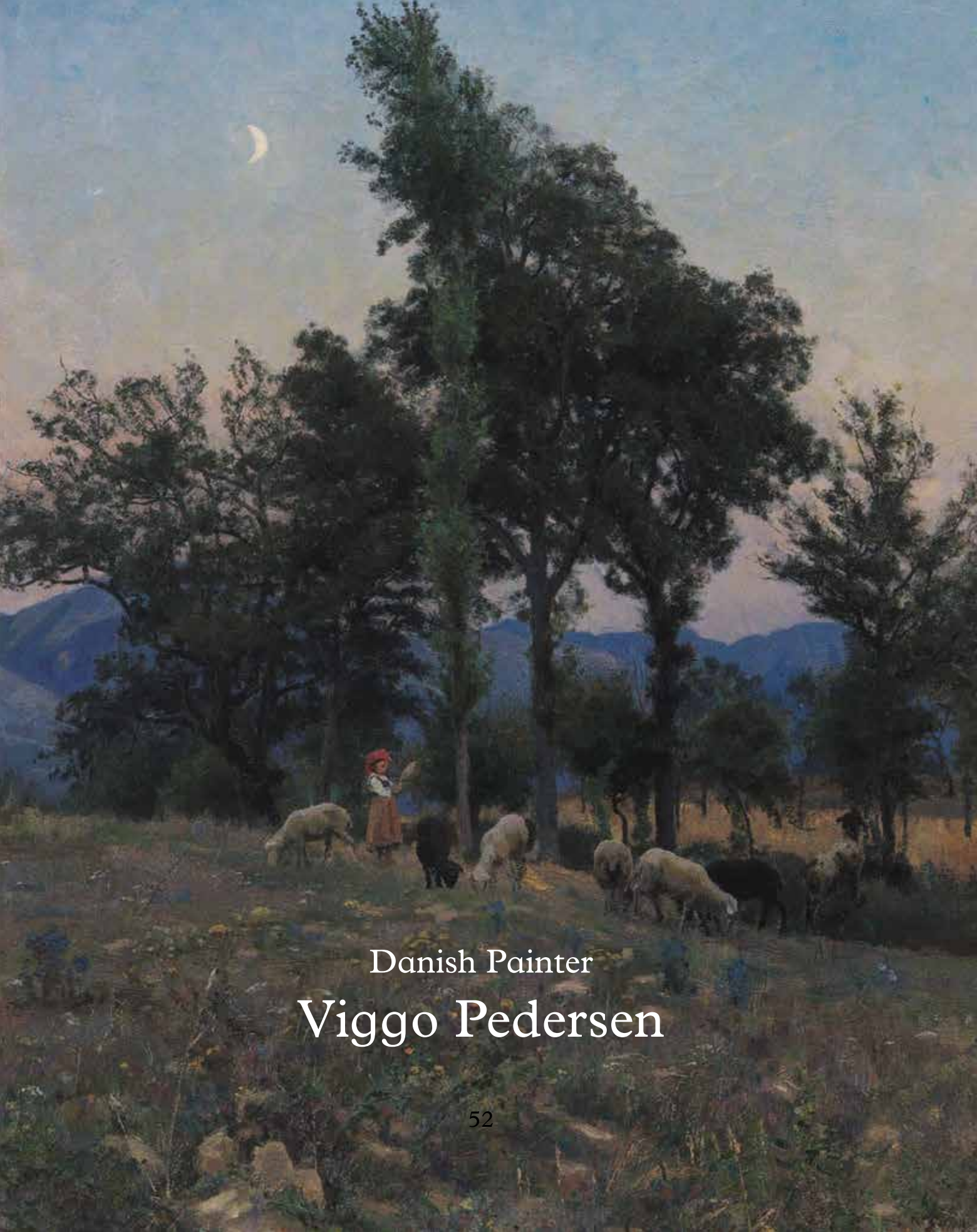
Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

Morning Hymn

Father, we thank Thee for the light,
And for the blessings of the night;
For rest and food, and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.





Danish Painter

Viggo Pedersen



Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!



Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

The Sun Is Climbing

The sun is climbing in the sky,
We're glad to know;
Days will be longer by and by,
And brighter grow.

The sun is climbing in the sky,
The snow will go;
Days will be warmer by and by,
And flowers will grow.





Hans Christian Andersen

A little more than two hundred years ago, Hans Christian Andersen was born far across the sea in the country of Denmark. His home had but two small rooms, and a little garden.

The father of Hans was a shoemaker. Little Hans was the only child in the family. His father liked to take him out into the woods where he ran about and picked wild flowers and gathered sweet berries.

Sometimes his father read stories and plays to Hans. Then he made a little toy theater for him, and cut out pictures that could be moved about. His grandmother told him many stories, too, and he loved to play in his little theater the stories that they told him.

Hans was a shy boy. At school he would not go out to play, but sat in the schoolroom alone. When the boys wanted him to play with them, he ran away. Then they laughed at him, so that he was often very sad.

His father died when he was a small boy. So his mother had to leave him alone while she went out to work. He went to school little, but spent most

of his time reading stories and playing with his little theater. He liked to write plays of his own, though he was not good at spelling.

When he got older, his mother thought he should go to school more and learn to sew clothes. But he did not like school or work. He liked to sing. He felt sure that he was born to some great thing, though what it was he could not tell.

Do you know what he did when he grew up?



The Little Fir Tree

by Hans Christian Andersen

A little fir tree grew in the forest. The sun shone on it. The soft air kissed its leaves.

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the air.

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the sunshine.

But the little tree was not happy. It took no joy in the warm sunshine. It did not hear the birds sing. It wanted to be tall like the pine trees and spread out its branches. Then it could look out on the world and bow to its friends.

One day some of the pine trees were cut down. The branches were cut off and the trunks were taken out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree.

"I know," said the swallow. "I saw them on great ships at sea. They were tall, stately masts, and they sailed over the seas."

"I wish I could go to sea," said the little fir tree.

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the air.

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the sunshine.

When Christmas time came many fir trees were taken out of the forest.



"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree.

"I know," said the swallow. "I saw them in the houses in town. They stood in the middle of a warm room. They were covered with cakes and apples and candies and toys."

"Will they take me some time?" asked the fir tree. "I want to go."

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the air.

"Be happy, O fir tree," said the sunshine.

The next Christmas the little fir tree heard a man say, "This is the prettiest tree. Let us take it."

Then it was cut down and taken out of the forest.

The little fir tree was carried into a big room, where everything was bright and beautiful. Some ladies came in and hung bags of candies and dolls on its branches. They hung apples and nuts all over it. They put red, white, and blue candles on it. And at the top they hung a golden star.

"How beautiful it is!" they said.

At last it was night. The wax candles were lighted, and the little fir tree trembled with joy. Soon the door opened and the children came in. They shouted for joy when they saw the beautiful tree. And they danced about it with their new toys.

After a while the candles burned out. Nothing was left on the tree but the golden star. The children went away and the little fir tree was left alone. Then it thought of the forest, the birds, and the flowers.



The Real Princess

by Hans Christian Andersen

Once upon a time there was a prince. He traveled all over the world to look for a real princess. He went to every king he could find, and to each one he said the same thing:

"O King, I am seeking a real princess. If I find one, she shall become my wife."

At last he came back home again. His mother, the queen, found him sitting on the steps of the palace.

"Did you find a princess?" she asked.

"I found many of them," he replied. "They always said they were real, but I could not be sure."

That night there was a heavy storm. The wind howled and the rain poured. At the very worst part of the storm, there came a knock at the palace gate.

"Who is there?" asked the guard.

"A real princess. May I come in? I am very cold."

Her hair was dripping with rain, and her gown was torn and muddy.

Could she be a real princess?

“I will make sure,” said the queen.

She went to prepare a fine bed for the princess. The bed was very high and soft. Under the very lowest mattress, the placed a tiny pea.

“I hope you will rest well tonight,” said the queen.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, the princess was very pale.

“Did you rest well?” asked the queen.

“Not at all,” said the poor princess. “There was a great lump in my bed, and I really could not sleep at all.”

The prince and his mother both laughed for joy.

“Our long search has ended,” they cried. “We have found the real princess.”

As for the pea, it was put in a box and laid in a safe place. If it is not lost, it is there still.






Stars

The Stars

by Christina Rossetti

What do the stars do
Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
Or the clouds can fly?

A Little Boy's Dream

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his mother's lap.
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What did the little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.





If I Were a Sunbeam

by Lucy Larcom

If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through;
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go:
Into lowliest hovels
Dark with want and woe;
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine.

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die, or shine.



Daisies

by Frank Dempster Sherman

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the Night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the Moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

The Star Money

There was once a little girl who was very, very poor. She had no father or mother. She had no home and no warm bed to sleep in. She had very little to eat, and so she was often hungry. But she had an old coat and a warm cap that a kind woman had given her.

One cold day, the little girl was walking along a road. She had on her coat and her cap, and she had a piece of bread in her hand.

"I am happy today," said the little girl, "because I am warm and have something to eat."

Just as the little girl was about to eat her bread, she met an old man.

"Little girl," he said, "I am very hungry. Will you give me some of your bread?"

The little girl gave him all the bread she had, and went on her way. Soon she met a little child.

"I am cold," said the child. "I am very, very cold."

The little girl gave her warm cap to the child and went on her way. After a while the little girl met another child, who was crying.

"Why are you crying?" she said.

The child said, “I am very cold.”

“Do not cry any more,” said the girl. “Here is my coat. It will keep you warm.”

She gave her coat to the child, and went on again. Soon it grew dark and very, very cold. The little girl did not know where to go. She looked all around her, but she saw no house.

Then she looked up into the sky. There she saw many bright stars. As she watched the stars, she thought some of them were falling.

The little girl looked down at the ground. There were no stars on the ground, but she saw some pieces of shining money. The little girl took the money.

First she bought good food, and then she bought warm coats and caps for other children who were poor. Then she bought a warm cap and coat for herself.



The Other Me

by Hamish Hendry

He goes beside me in the Sun;
And he is dark, though I am fair;
Both when I walk, and when I run,
The Other Me is always there!

I often tell him Things I know,
But not a word has he to say;
Yet still he goes to Roads I go,
And likes to play the Games I play.

Sometimes the Other Me is Tall,
And stretches far, far down the street;
Sometimes the Other Me is Small,
And tries to hide beneath my feet!

Last week the Other Me was lost,
One bad day when it rained and blew;
He hid when he was wanted most,
But where he went I never knew.

He came back when the Lamp was lit;
I saw him dance across the Floor,
And jump into my Bed, and sit;--
How strange I never heard the Door!

The Shadow

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Explorers



Christopher Columbus

A long time ago a little boy lived far away over the sea. His name was Christopher Columbus, and his home was in Italy.

He liked to go down by the ocean and watch the great ships as they came in from other lands. Sometimes the sailors would tell him about the lands far away.

He loved the sea. He said, "I will be a sailor someday."

His father said, "Then you must work hard."

Columbus found out many wonderful things about the winds, the waves, and the tides. By and by he went to sea.

He said, "The world is round. There is land west of us."

"O, no!" said everyone to him. They laughed at Columbus, but he would not give up. He asked a king for his help to find new lands. The king laughed, too, and would not help.

Columbus thought, "Will no one help me?"

Then he went to another king.

This king said, "There is no land in the west!" He sent Columbus away.

At last, Columbus went to a queen who lived in Spain. Columbus said to her, "Will you help me? I think there is land in the west."

The queen said, "I think you are right."

She said she would help him, and she gave him three small ships. Now, Columbus was very happy. He forgot that he was very poor.

And in 1492, the three little ships sailed from Spain. After many, many days, a sailor cried, "Land! Land!"

When they landed, Columbus knelt under the tall trees. He gave thanks to God, who had brought them safely to the new land in the west.





India





Painter

Edwin Lord Weeks









The Blind Men and the Elephant

Once there were six blind men who stood by the roadside and begged. There were many things the blind men had never seen.

They had never seen elephants, though they often heard about them.

One morning, it was told them that an elephant was coming down the road.

They called to the driver, "Please stop, sir, and let us see your elephant."

"How can you see him?" asked the driver, "for not one of you can see anything."

"Allow us to touch him, so that we may learn what he looks like."

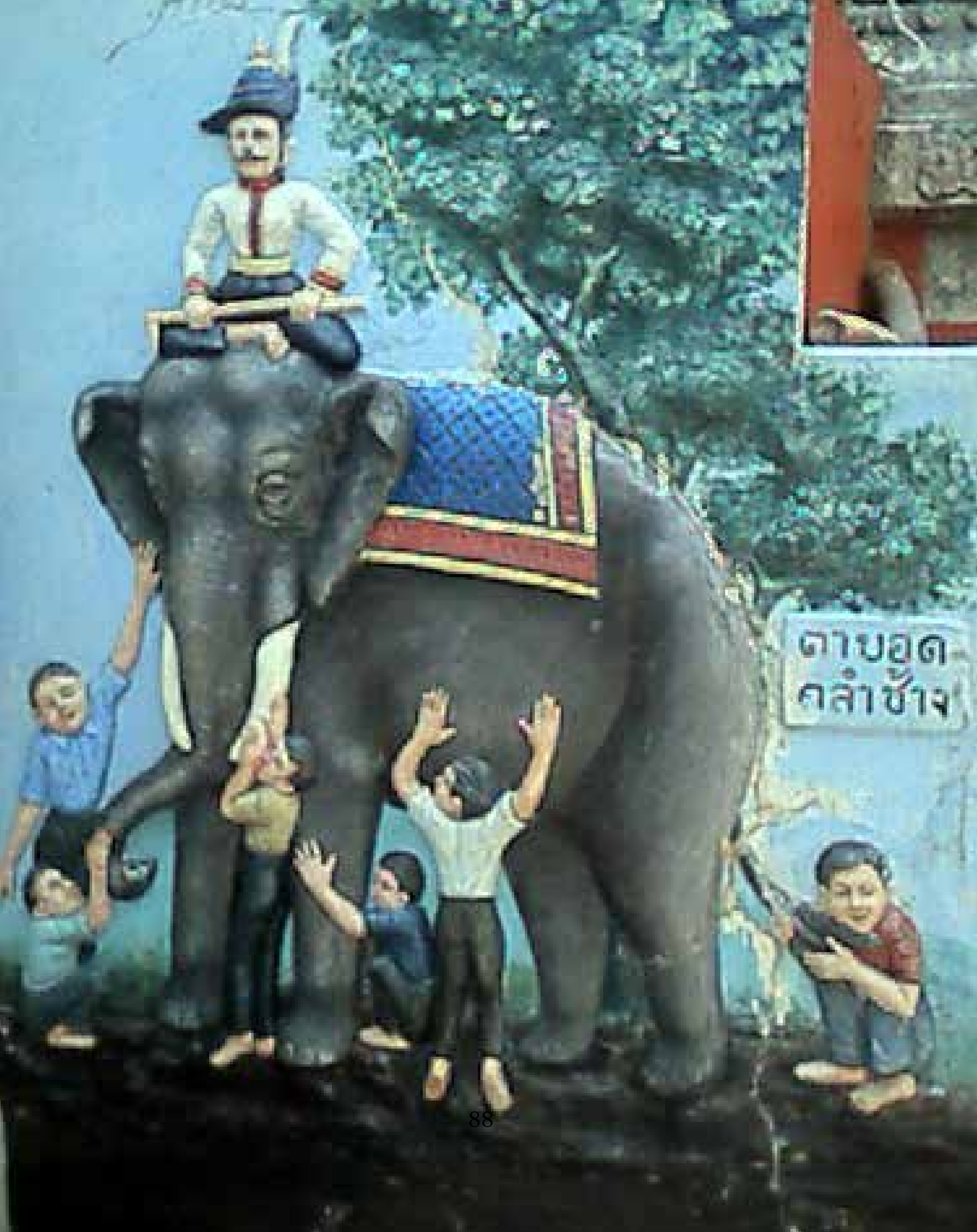
The first man put his hand on the elephant's side. "He is just like a wall."

The second man put his hand on the elephant's tusk. "You are wrong. He is like a spear."

The third man put his hand on the elephant's trunk. "You are wrong. He is soft and round like a snake."

The fourth man put his hand on one of his legs. "You are wrong. He is like a tree."

The fifth man put his hand on his ear. "You


ตาบอด
คลำช้าง

are wrong. He is like a big fan."

The sixth man took hold of his tail. "You are wrong. He is like a rope."

For a long time the six blind men sat by the side of the road quarreling about the elephant. Each insisted that he knew just what the elephant was like. Each thought the others were wrong. Each said unkind things because the others did not agree with him.

But the elephant and the driver went on, not caring what any of the blind men thought.



The Quails

Once upon a time, some quails lived near the edge of a forest. They chose the wisest among them to be their leader. A man had a house near the forest. He supported himself and his wife by catching and selling birds. When he saw the quails together, he threw a large net over them. He carried them to market, and there he sold the birds. The wise leader thought of a way to escape.

"You must be ready to work together, or we shall not succeed. The next time the man tries to



catch you with his net, put your head through the net. Then all pull hard and fly together to the nearest thorn bush. The sharp thorns will catch the net so that you can leave it on the bush and fly to the meadow.

The plan worked and for many days the man could not catch a single bird. But one day, one of the quails stepped on the wing of another quail, and a little feather fell out.

"How dare you pick my feathers?"

"Please excuse me, I meant no harm."

"Indeed you did!"

And a foolish quarrel was started. The whole flock became excited and took sides in the quarrel. While they were quarreling, the man threw his large net over the quails.

"Why do you not lift the net?" called one side to the other.

"We do not intend to lift it. We did all of the work last time," replied the second side.

This was the man's chance. He carried them to market. When the leader of the quails saw the birds in the net, he said, "My poor quails! The enemy was sure to catch you when you no longer worked together."

The Timid Hares

Once there was a timid little hare who was always afraid something dreadful was going to happen. She was always saying, "What if the earth should fall in? What would happen then?"

One day, after she had been saying this to herself many times, a great coconut fell from a tree.

"What was that!" said the hare. She jumped as if she had been shot. "The earth must be falling in!" she cried. So she ran and ran as fast as she could run. Soon she met another hare.

"O Brother Hare," she said, "run for your life! The earth is falling in."

"What is that you say!" cried the other hare. "Then I will run too!"

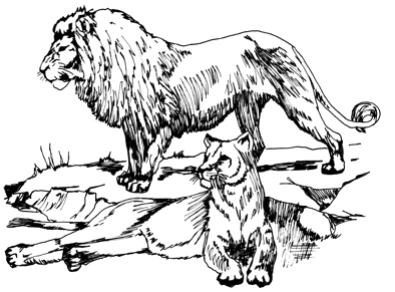


This hare told another hare, and the other hare told the other hares, and soon all the hares were running as fast as they could run, and crying: "The earth is falling in! O, the earth is falling in!"

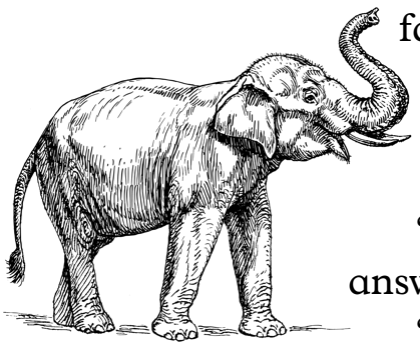
The big beasts heard them, and they too began to run and to cry: "The earth is falling in! O, the

earth is falling in! Run for your life!"

A wise old lion saw them running and heard them crying.



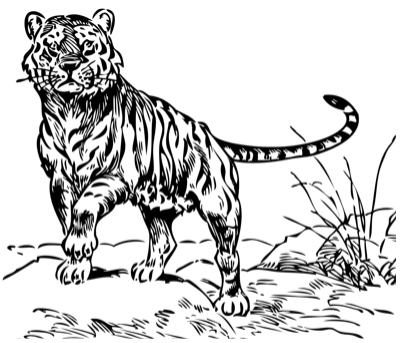
"I cannot see that the earth is falling in," he said. Then he cried out to the poor frightened beasts to stop.



"What are you saying?" he asked.

"We said the earth is falling in," answered the elephants.

"What makes you think so?" asked the lion.



"The tigers told us," said the elephants.

"What makes the tigers think so?"

"The bears told us," said the tigers.

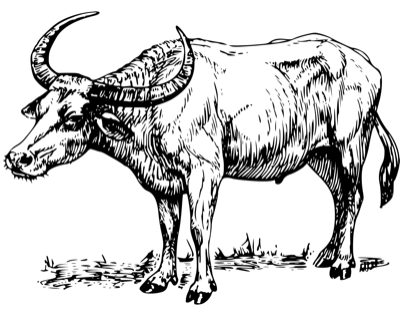


"What makes the bears think so?"

"The buffaloes told us," said the bears.

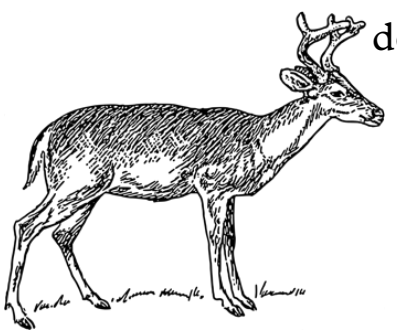
"What makes the buffaloes think so?"

"The deer told us," said the buffaloes.



"What makes the deer think so?"

"The monkeys told us," said the deer.



"What makes the monkeys think so?"

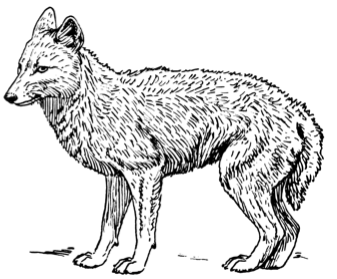
"The jackals said so," said the monkeys.



"And how did the jackals know?"

"The hares said it was so," said the jackals.

"And how did the hares know?"



One of the hares then said that another hare told him, and the other hare said that another told him, and so it went on until at last they came to the first little hare.

"Little hare," said the lion, "why did you say that the earth was falling in?"

"I saw it there, under that big coconut tree," said the little hare.

"Come and show me," said the lion.

"O, no, no!" said the little hare. "I am so frightened. I couldn't go!"

"Jump on my back," said the lion.

The little hare at last jumped up on the lion's back, and the lion took her back to the big tree. Just then another coconut fell with a great noise among the leaves.

"O, run, run!" cried the timid hare. "There is that dreadful thing again!"

"Stop and look," said the lion.

As the hare could not get down from the lion's back, she had to stop and look.

"Now what do you think it is?" asked the lion.

“I think it must be a coconut,” said the little hare.

“Then I think you had better go and tell the other beasts,” said the lion.

So the little hare told the other beasts that the earth was not falling in after all. It was a coconut that was falling.



Index of Artwork

Britta and I, Carl Larsson (1895) 2
Karin and Kersti, Carl Larsson (1898) 3
The Kitchen, Carl Larsson (1898) 4
Getting Ready for a Game, Carl Larsson (1901) 4
A Late Riser's Miserable Breakfast, Carl Larsson (1900) 5
Breakfast Under the Big Birch, Carl Larsson (1896) 6
Christmas Eve, Carl Larsson (1904) 6
The Chess Game, Carl Larsson (1902) 7
Christmas Morning, Carl Larsson (1904) 8
Nameday at the Storage House, Carl Larsson (1898) 9
Hide and Seek, Carl Larsson (1898) 10
By the Cellar, Carl Larsson (1917) 11
Mirror Portrait (with Brita), Carl Larsson (1895) 12
Breakfast in the Open, Carl Larsson (1920) 13
Esbjörn at the Study Corner, Carl Larsson (1912) 13
Lisbeth Fishing, Carl Larsson (1898) 14
Flowers on the Windowsill, Carl Larsson (1894) 14
Photo of Swedish Painter Bength Nordenberg (1854) 15
Kyrkrodd, Dalarna, Bengt Nordenberg (1854) 16
Leaving Home (Dalecarlian Scene), Bengt Nordenberg (1876) 17
The Veterans (From Days Gone By), Bengt Nordenberg (1882) 17
At the Gates of Dalby, Hugo Salmson (1884) 18
Two Women in National Costumes from Flesberg in Numedal, Jahn Ekenæs 22
A Lucky Duck Hunt, Jahn Ekenæs (1909) 23
Family in a Norwegian Fjord Landscape, Jahn Ekenæs (1908) 24
Trout Fishing, Jahn Ekenæs (1896) 25
Ruse Fishing, Jahn Ekenæs (circa 1900) 25
Women Doing Laundry, Jahn Ekenæs (1891) 26
Ice Fishing, Jahn Ekenæs (1910) 26
Winter Landscape with Folk Life, Jahn Ekenæs (1875) 27
Pier with Fishing Boats, Jahn Ekenæs (1901) 27
Brita, a Cat, and a Sandwich, Carl Larsson (1898) 28
Shepherd Family with Goats, Bengt Nordenberg (1863) 30

Illustration by Florence Liley Young from "What Happened Then" (1918).....34
L. A. Ring Painting Near Aasum Smithy, H.A. Brendekilde (1893).....40
Portrait of H. A. Brendekilde, Laurits Andersen Ring (1882) 40
Soap-Bubbles, H.A. Brendekilde (1906) 41
Three Little Girls Picking Blackberries, H.A. Brendekilde (circa 1885).....42
Aksesamlere Raagelund, H. A. Brendekilde (1883) 43
Springtime; the First Anemones, H.A. Brendekilde (1889) 44
In Thought, H.A. Brendekilde (1906) 47
At the Garden Bank, H.A. Brendekilde (1913) 48
Two Girls Picking Flowers in a Forest in Springtime, H. A. Brendekilde (1903) 50
Two Girls With Needle-Work Sitting in a Farm Yard, H. A. Brendekilde (1902) 51
Evening Scene. Sheep, Viggo Pedersen (1883) 52
Sunset Over the Sea at Haga, Kullen, Viggo Pedersen (1916) 54
The Plough Team, Viggo Pedersen (1917) 55
H. C. Andersen Reading, Elisabeth Jerichau Baumann (1862) 56, 58
Decorating the Tree, Carl Larsson (1917) 60
The Princess and the Pea, Edmund Dulac (1911) 65
Starry Night, Vincent Van Gogh (1889) 66
Little Boy from India, Kayleigh Whiteley (2019) 68
Apple Blossom, Carl Larsson (1894) 69
Marguerites, Frederick Morgan (1889) 70
Me and My Shadow, Jessie Willcox Smith (circa 1905) 74
Desembarco de Colón, Dióscoro Puebla (1862) 79
Edwin Lord Weeks in his Paris Studio (circa 1885-1890) 82
The Hour of Prayer at the Pearl Mosque, Agra, Edwin Lord Weeks (1888-89) 83
Festival at Fatehpur Sikri, Edwin Lord Weeks (circa 1885) 83
Indian Prince And Parade Ceremony, Edwin Lord Weeks (1895) 84
Rajah Starting on a Hunt, Edwin Lord Weeks (circa 1892).....85
Before A Mosque, Edwin Lord Weeks (1883) 86
Illustrated Proverb: Blind Men and the Elephant, Pawyi Lee 88
Coturnix communis, Alfred William Strutt (circa 1890) 90
Clipart for "The Timid Hares" from Stockio.com, June 2019 92-95