

# MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

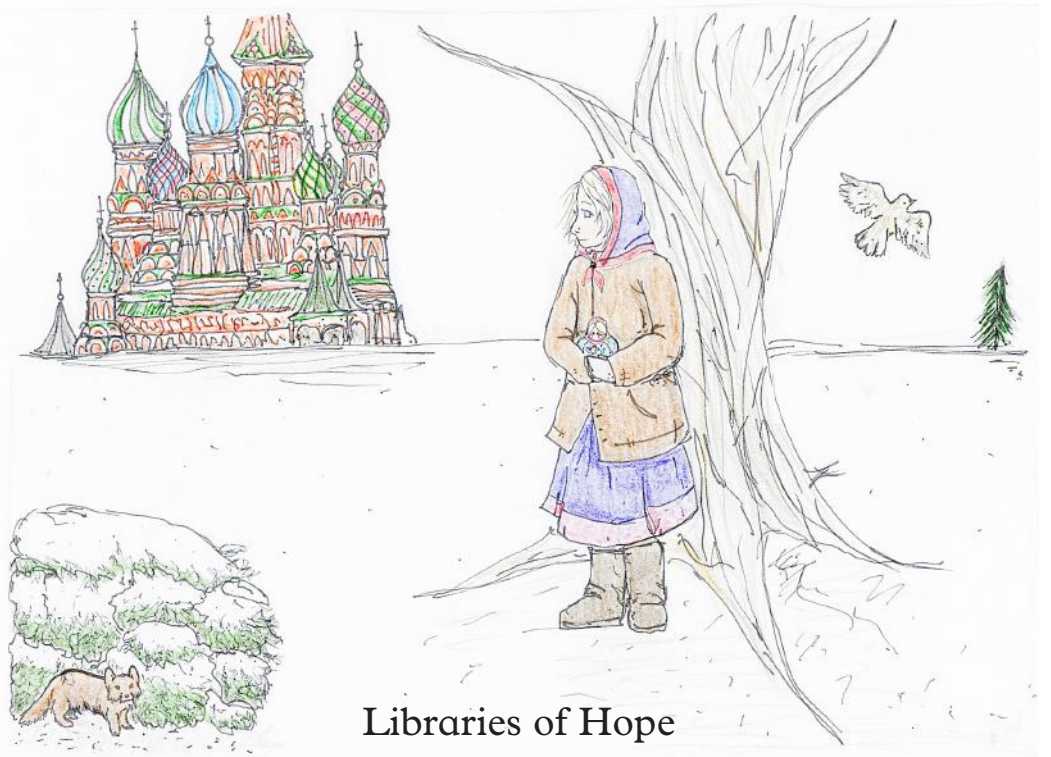
Book Ten

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

My Book of Delights
Book Ten

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Compiled by: Marlene Peterson, Appomattox, VA (2020).

Book Design: Sara Peterson

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Libraries of Hope, Inc. Appomattox, Virginia 24522

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

Printed in the United States of America

# Germany




Meijer van Bremen



# The Little Brother

Hilda and I wanted a little brother for a long time. I had Hilda and Hilda had me; but we wanted a baby brother for both of us.

Last Christmas father came into our little room. “Wake up, Hilda and Hansel!” he said. “I have something to show you.”

We went with him, and there in a cradle lay a tiny baby.

We danced for joy, and father said we must be quiet or we would frighten our baby brother. “Oh! Oh!” we cried; “it is really a baby brother for us to keep.”

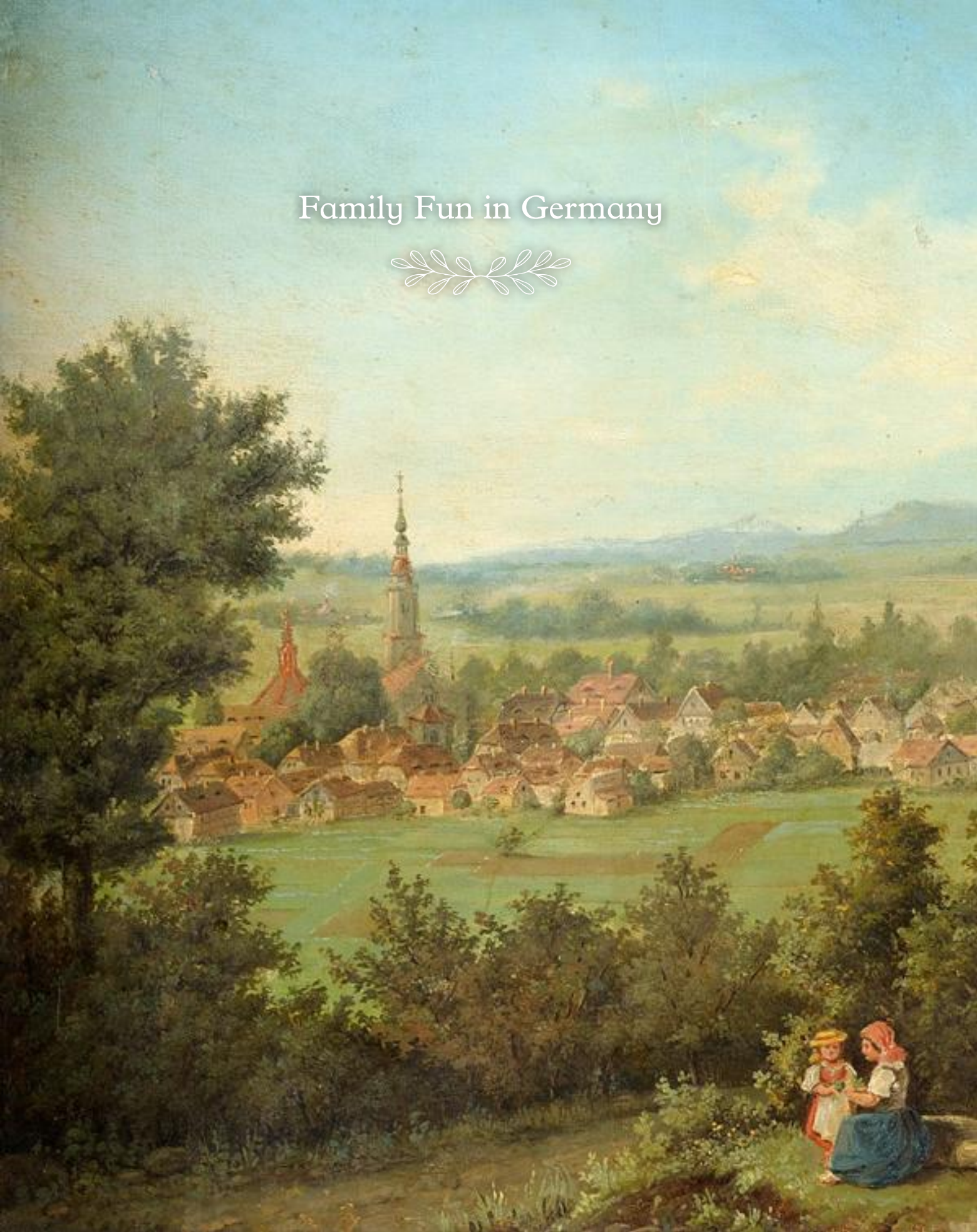
Father told us to kiss the baby very softly.

Our baby brother is growing bigger every day. We never get tired of looking at him. How sweetly he is sleeping. I wonder what he is dreaming about.

We think he is the dearest baby in the whole world.



# Family Fun in Germany









# The Human Heart

By William Wordsworth

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears.









Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty;
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through.

–Elizabeth Barrett Browning



From the woods, the father, coming,
Gladly now is turning homeward
To his dear and cheerful cottage.

–Wilhelm Schiller






TH BU





# The Elves and the Shoemaker

A German folk tale

Once upon a time there was a shoemaker. He was a good man and worked hard. Still he was poor.

One day he had only one piece of leather and no money.

He cut a pair of shoes out of leather and laid it on the table.

"It is late," he said. "I will get up early in the morning and make the shoes."

But the next morning there stood a pair of shoes on the table. They were well made. Every stitch was in the right place.

Soon a man came in. The shoes pleased him. So he bought them and paid a big price for them.

The shoemaker bought enough leather for two pairs of shoes. That night he cut them out and laid them on the table. And the next morning there stood two pairs of shoes.

Two men came in that day. "These are fine shoes," they said; and they paid a good price for them.

This time the shoemaker bought enough leather for four pairs of shoes. Again he cut them out and laid them on the table. The next morning there stood four pairs of shoes.

And so it went on. Each night he cut out his leather. Each morning he found the shoes with every stitch in the right place. Each day he sold them and bought more leather. At last he became rich.

One night just before Christmas, he said to his wife, "Let us sit up tonight and see who does our work."

So they hid before the door.

At midnight in came two little elves, skipping and jumping. They ran to the table and sat down. They took up the leather and began to stitch and hammer. The shoemaker could not take his eyes off them. The little elves worked till the shoes were made. They then placed them on the table and away they ran.

The next morning the shoemaker's wife said, "These little elves have made us rich, let us do something for them. I will make coats and trousers for them and you make some shoes."

So the shoemaker made two little pairs of shoes, and his good wife made two little coats and two little pairs of trousers. That night they laid them on the table and hid behind the door again.

At midnight in came the two little elves, skipping and jumping. They jumped upon the table and sat down to work. They looked about for the leather and saw none. Then they saw the little clothes. They put them on and danced for joy.

At last they jumped from the table, ran out the door, and skipped away. No one has ever seen them since. But the shoemaker and his wife are always happy at their work.





# The Young Musician

There was once a little boy who loved music better than any other thing. He was born in Germany and his name was George Frideric Handel.

His father was a barber and surgeon who cared nothing for music.

Little George was always singing sweet melodies of his own and could play simple songs.

But his father didn't like it.

"The boy will know nothing but music, and may become only a wandering singer!" thought his father. "I wish him to be a lawyer. I will put a stop to this everlasting music."

Then the father sent every musical instrument out of the house.

George missed them very much. He hardly dared sing aloud.

A kind aunt, who saw how the boy longed for some instrument, hid a little spinet in the attic, and told George he could play it. Its tinkling notes were too soft to be heard in the rooms below.

Night after night little George crept out of bed up to the attic to play on his dear spinet.



Beautiful melodies floated on the empty air as his tiny fingers pressed the keys.

To the boy, the attic seemed filled with singing angels.

One night George was missed from his bed. Everyone in the house started looking for him.

His father, with his white hair flowing from beneath his cap, took a lantern and went from room to room.

Finally they went up to the attic. What did they hear as they drew near the door? Faint strains, as of fairy music, floated upon the still air.

The father threw open the heavy door and there, in his night clothes, sat his little son with both hands upon the spinet.

His father was very angry.

Later, one Sunday, when George was still a little boy, the church organist lifted him on the stool and told him he could play the church organ.

The duke heard him play and sent for George's father.

"I insist your son be allowed to study music and I shall pay for it."

His father finally said, "Yes."

And we are glad for that because George Handel became one of the greatest musicians the world has ever known.





# Ludwig von Beethoven

The music of Beethoven is loved by people all over the world.

When he was about thirty years old, something very sad happened to him. He began to lose his hearing. He tried the best doctors, but they could do nothing for him. His deafness slowly increased.

When he first knew of his deafness, he told no one. He stopped going to the homes of his friends, because he could not bear to have them know that he was growing deaf.

Beethoven was never happier than when he was out in the countryside among the trees and the flowers and the birds. He spent all his summers there. Every day he wandered for hours through the woods. He wrote a friend, "My deafness troubles me less here than elsewhere. Every tree seems to speak to me of God. How happy am I to wander through the cool paths of the forest! No one can love the country as I do!"

Some of his most beautiful music was composed in the thickest part of the woods as he sat by an old oak tree. Yet, "he, the maker of sweet sounds, could not hear his own voice."

You may want to find a recording of his Pastoral Symphony and listen for the birds and the brooks and the sheep grazing in the meadow. If you carefully pay attention, you'll find them.

# The Page and the King

One day, King Frederick rang the bell to call his page to do some duty. He rang again, but no one came. Stepping into the room where the page should be, he found him fast asleep on a sofa, and a letter by his side.

The king took the letter and read it. It contained the thanks of a mother to her son for sending her so much of his wages to support her, and also her prayer that God would bless him and help him to do his duty well. Softly the king stepped back into his room, took a roll of money and put it into the page's pocket with the letter.

Again he rang the bell, so loudly that the page awoke and quickly came to him.

"You sleep soundly, boy," said the king.

The page did not know what reply to make. Feeling the weight in his pocket, he took it out and saw that it was a roll of money. Looking at the king, he burst into tears without saying a word.

"What is the matter?" asked the king. "What has happened to you?"

"Ah, sir," said he, "I know not how this money came into my pocket. I did not take it."

"My lad," said the king, "God can send us good even in our sleep. You may give that money to your mother and tell her that I shall not forget either her or you."





# Austria





"Gladness of heart is the life of man."
–Ecclesasticus



Artists Ferdinand Georg Waldmüller and Franz Defregger show us how Austrians "gladdened their hearts."


They loved nature.





They sang.





They looked at pictures.





They learned.





They worked.







They served their country.







They made memories.

They loved their grandparents.









They served others.





# A Riddle

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every place.





And they prayed.



Answer: The Letter “E”





## Some People

By Rachel Field

Isn't it strange some people make
You feel so tired inside,
Your thoughts begin to shrivel up
Like leaves all brown and dried!

But when you're with some other ones,
It's stranger still to find
Your thoughts as thick as fireflies
All shiny in your mind!



## Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore

By William Brighty Rands

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—
No doubt you have heard the name before—
Was a boy who never would shut the door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,
"Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore
We really do wish you would shut the door!"





# A Boy With a Really Long Name

If you have sung Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star, you have sung a tune by Mozart, a great composer who was born in Austria.

When the boy was only three, he could play little tunes. At four, he could learn a short piece in half an hour. When he didn't have any more music, he would make up some.

His father was his teacher and Mozart dearly loved his father. He would say, "Next to God comes papa."

He played so well, the King asked him to come and play for him. The little fellow pleased the King very much. The King's daughter was also pleased. The little boy would jump up into the lap of the princess and kiss her.

Years later, when he had grown to be a man, someone counted his pieces. There were more than six hundred of them. Mozart had worked very hard.

Now it is your turn to work hard. Mozart had a long name and you will want to learn to read it.

Are you ready?

Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Theophilus Sigismundus Mozart.







# Russia




Н. Богданов-Бельский
1916

# There Isn't Time

By Eleanor Farjeon

There isn't time, there isn't time
To do the things I want to do,
With all the mountain-tops to climb,
And all the woods to wander through,
And all the seas to sail upon,
And everywhere there is to go,
And all the people, every one
Who lives upon the earth, to know.
There's only time, there's only time
To know a few, and do a few,
And then sit down and make a rhyme
About the rest I want to do.


Russian children like to learn...
365
1895


...just like you.


They like to play with their siblings...


...just like you.


They like to sing…


...and dance...
...just like you.



They like to play in the water...


...and the snow...
...just like you.



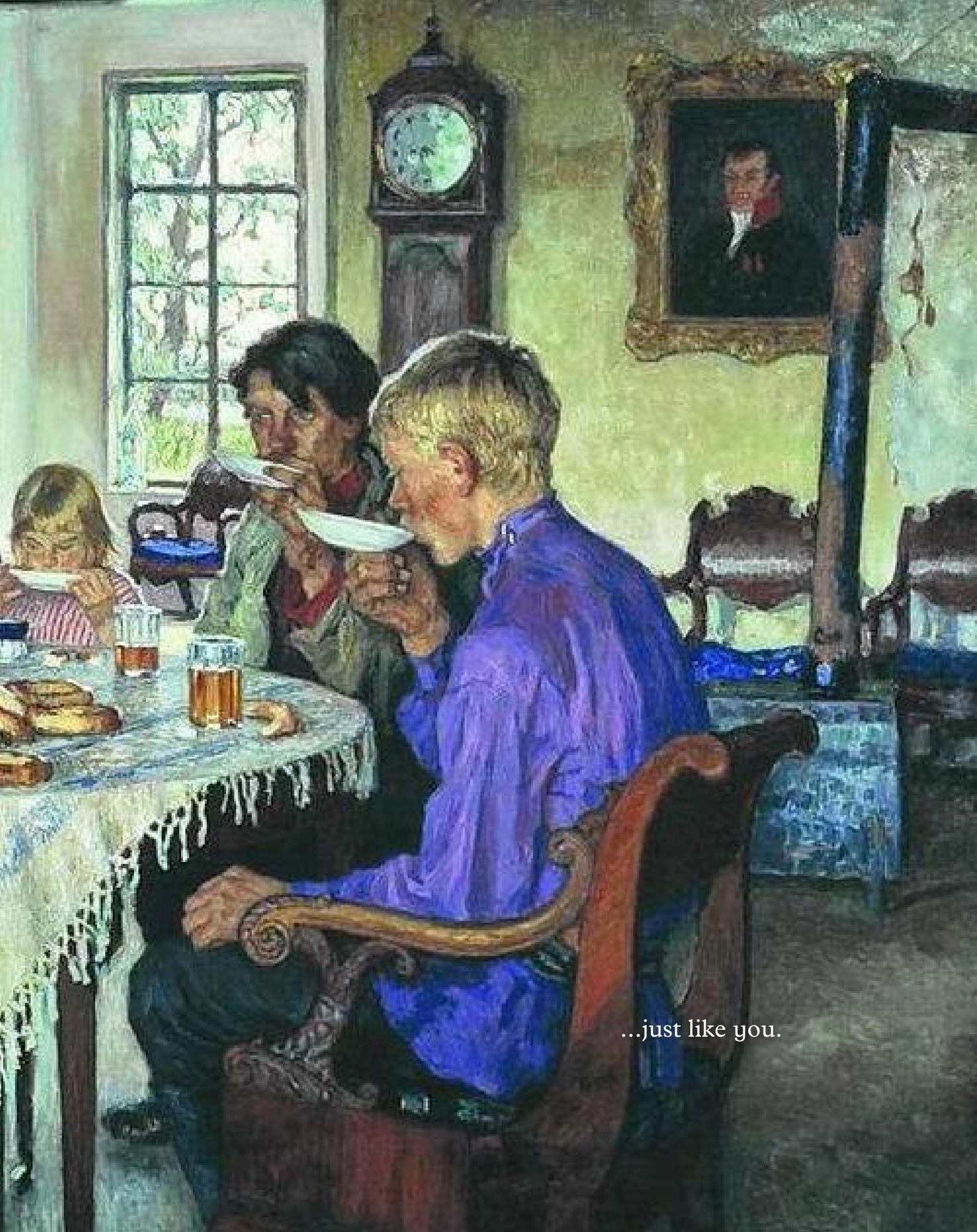
Families celebrate together...




...and help each other...

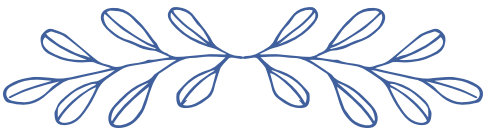

...just like your family.
Nicolas de Dmitrieff.


And families eat together...



...just like you.





Little bells, pretty flowers of the steppes,
Turning your faces my way.
Why do you droop your heads
On such a bright May day?

As you shake your heads in grasses,
What do you whisper and say?

–Russian Poem





# Fortune and the Beggar

A Russian Fable

A poor beggar, with a ragged old bag, crept along the road one day, begging his bread.

As he went he grumbled to himself because there were so many rich men in the world.

"The rich never think that they have enough," he said to himself. "They always want more than they have. Now if I had a very little money, I should be happy. I should not want too much."

A fairy named Fortune, who brought good gifts to men, heard the poor beggar grumbling to himself and came to him.

"Friend," said Fortune, "I have wanted to help you. Open your bag. I will give you all the gold that it will hold. But if any falls out upon the ground, it will turn to dust. Your bag is old. Don't try to have it too full, for if you do, it will break, and you will lose it all."

The beggar was so happy  that he began to dance up and down.

He opened his bag and let the gold run into a big, yellow stream. Soon the bag was almost full.

“Is that enough?” asked Fortune.

“No,” said the beggar, “not yet.”

“The bag is old. It is going to break,” said Fortune.

“Never fear!” said the beggar.

“But you are now a rich man. Isn’t that enough?” asked Fortune.

“A little more,” said the beggar.

“Now,” said Fortune, “the bag is full, but take care, or you will lose it.”

“Just a little more,” said the beggar.

Fortune put in just a little more. The bag broke. All the gold fell through upon the ground and turned to dust.





The beggar had nothing left but his old broken bag. He was as poor as he had been before.







# A Boy in Russia

Leo Tolstoy grew up on a beautiful country estate in Russia. One day, when Leo was five years old, his older brother told him, "I know a secret which will make all men happy when it is discovered. There will be no more diseases and no more troubles. No one will be angry with anyone else, and all will love each other."

His brother said he had written the great secret of happiness on a green stick which he buried near the edge of a river.

Leo was never able to find the green stick, but as he grew older, he spent his life trying to discover the secret so that he could share it with others.

He wrote many books that tell us what he learned. When you are older, maybe you will like to read them.

What do you think was written on the green stick?

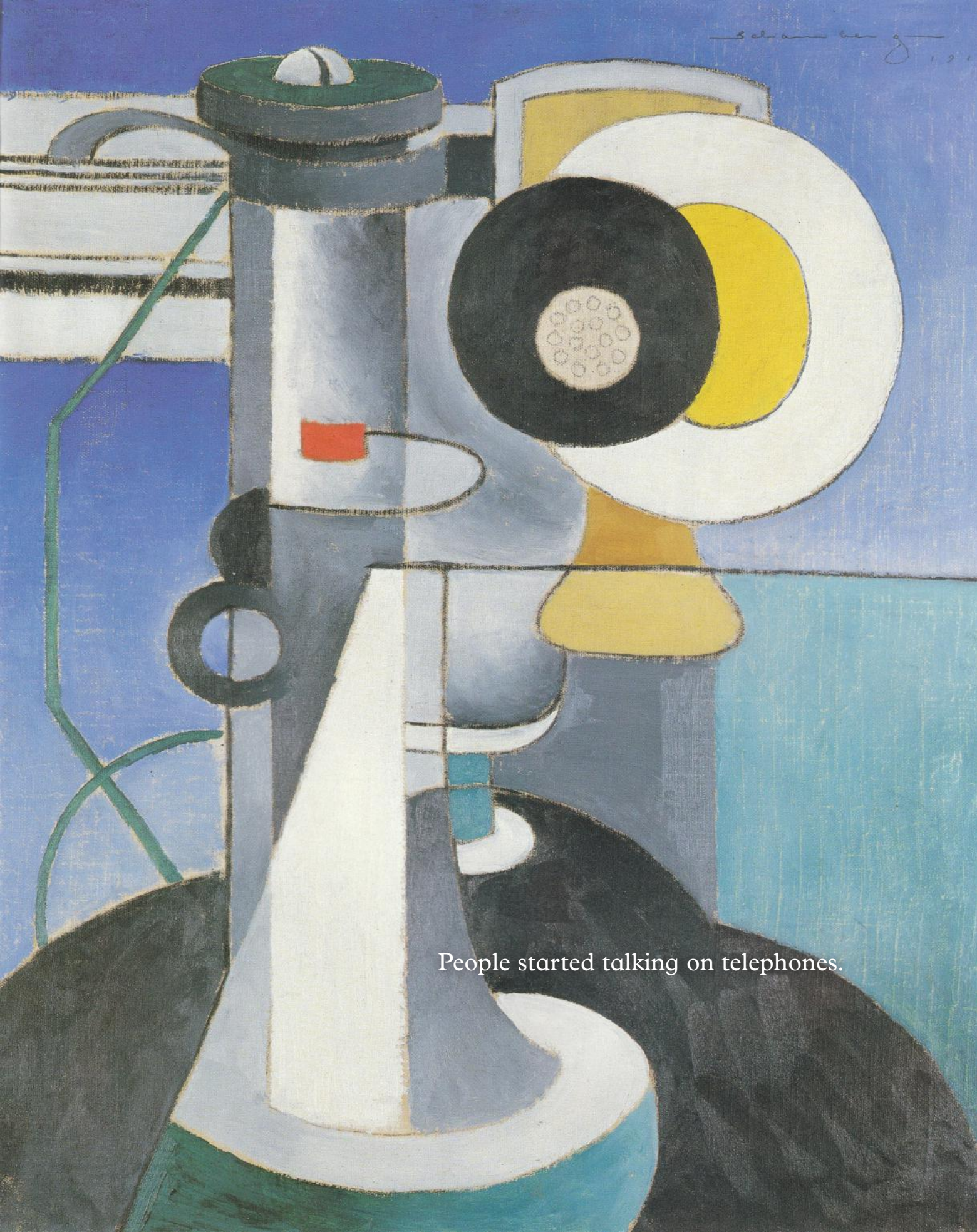

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
–John Keats

# America in the 1900s




America became home to
people from all over the world.


A B C



People started talking on telephones.



# Eletelephony

By Laura E. Richards

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! no! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

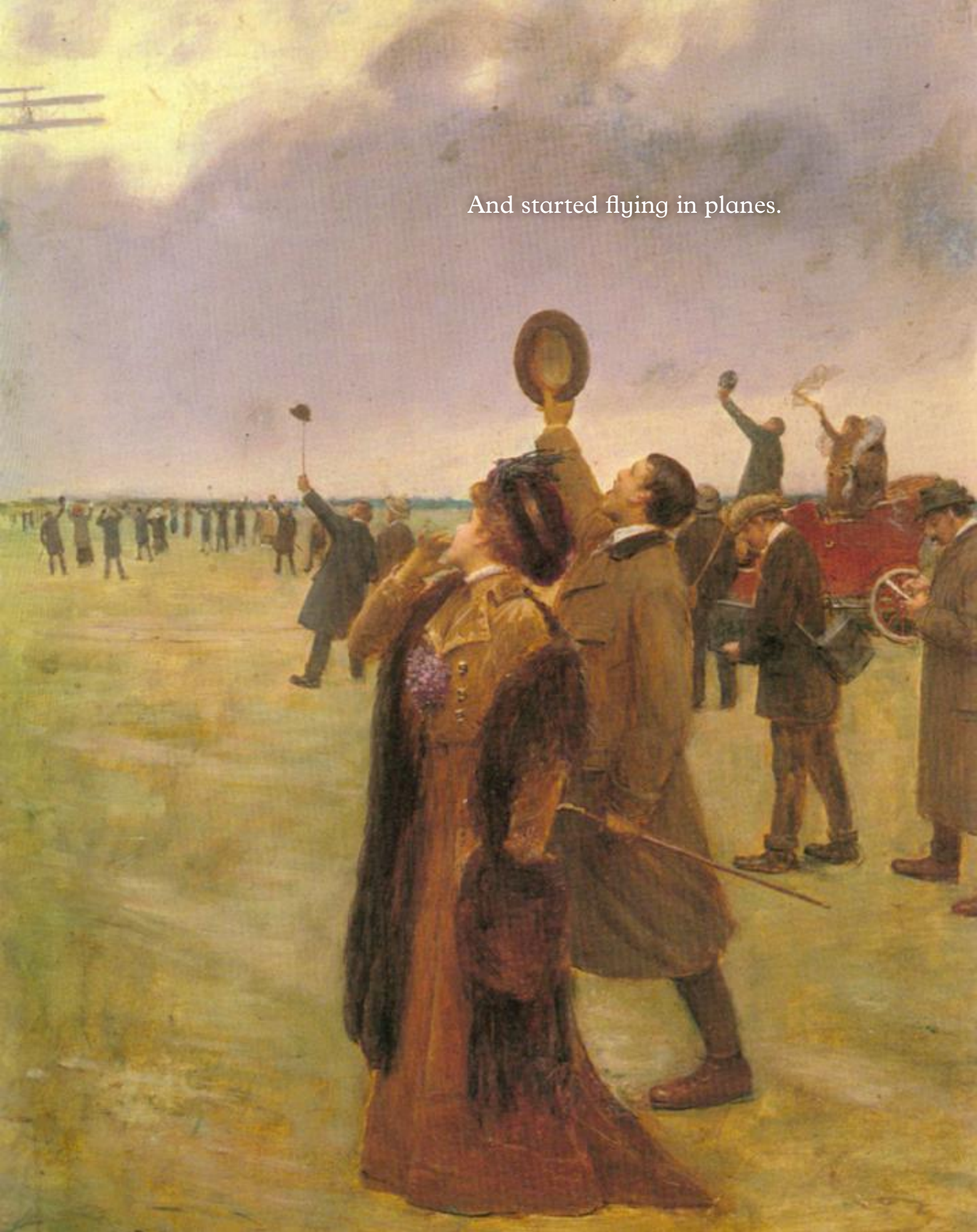


# High Flight

By John Gillespie Magee Jr., 1909

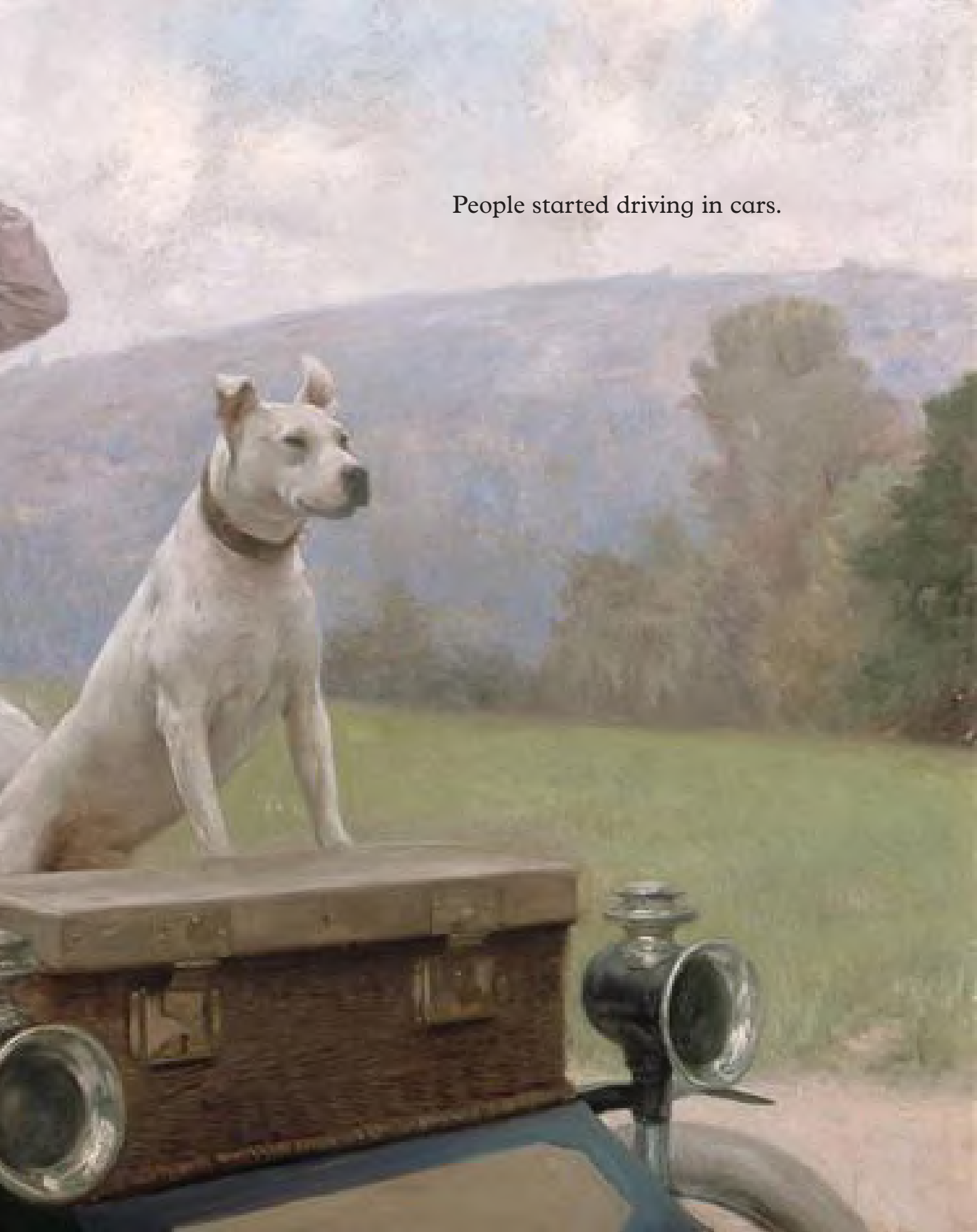
"Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds,—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air…

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace.
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
—Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."

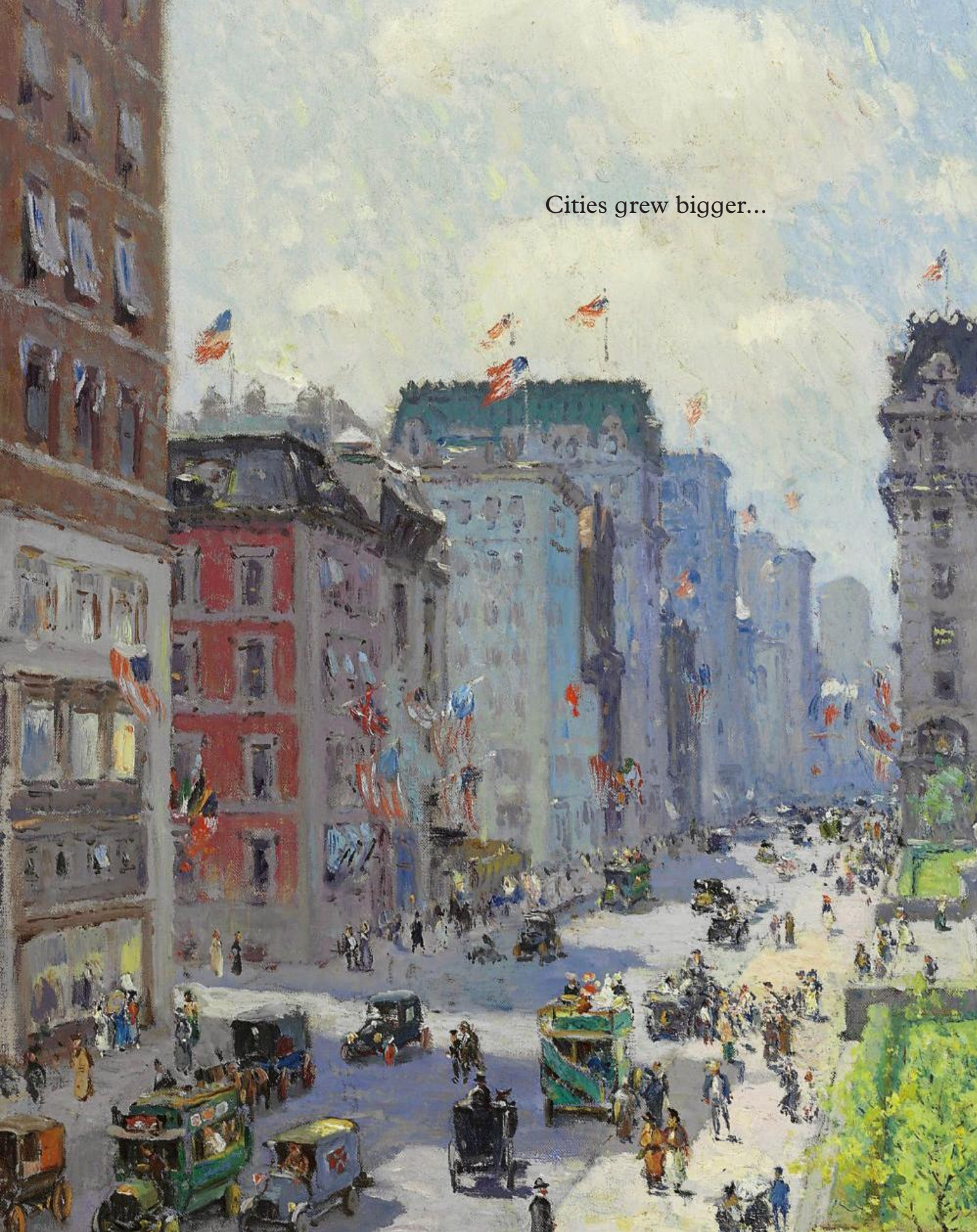


And started flying in planes.





People started driving in cars.


Cities grew bigger...





...and buildings grew taller.



What do you think
America will look like in a
hundred years from now?



Night has called the sun to rest
Homeward winds the flocks of sheep.
Day for children, too, is over,
Come, my children, come to sleep.
–Czechoslovakian nursery rhyme





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