

King Winter eBook

King Winter

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Page 1

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[Transcribers note: This project has some lovely illustrations that are best enjoyed by viewing the HTML edition.]

King Winter

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ENTP at Stationer's Hall

[Illustration]

The sky is dull and grey,
Piercing and chill the blast,
Each step resounds on the frosty ground,
Winter is come at last.

* * * * *

Mamma sits by the fire
Her little ones round her knees.
"How cosy we are, Mamma," they cry,
"Tell us something, if you please."

[Illustration]

[Illustration]



“Tell us about King Winter,
And about Jack Frost, his man;
We’ll not be noisy or naughty at all,
But as good as ever we can.”

* * * * *

“Well then;” says mamma, “you, Jenny,
May knit and listen, my dear;
And Johnny may split up wood, to make
The fire burn bright and clear.”

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

King Winter dwells in the North;
Far away in the Frozen Zone,
In a palace of snow he holds his court,
And sits on an icy throne.

* * * * *

He has cushions of course: his Queen
Made them out of her wedding gown.
Stuffing them well with snowflakes fine,
And soft as eiderdown.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

The King has a trusty servant,
Jack Frost is his name; his nose
Is raspberry red, his beard is white,
And stiff as a crutch it grows.

* * * * *

Old Jack is a sturdy good fellow,
And serves their Majesties well;
He’s here and he’s there, and he’s everywhere,
And does more than I can tell.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]



Each year, as the day comes round,
The king and his royal train
Set off on a tour through the wide wide world,
And sweep over mountain and plain.

* * * * *

His Majesty fails not to visit
Every clime that's not too hot,
To look in upon both high and low,
From the palace down to the cot.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Jack Frost has a busy time then,
But he's helped and advised by the Queen,
That all may be right when the King goes forth,
And everything fit to be seen.



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* * * * *

That the King may have pleasant travel,
And no stone hurt his royal toe,
Her Majesty spreads all over the earth,
A carpet of downy snow.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Fine mirrors the King delights in:
None are finer than Jack can make:
And in matchless sheets of crystal clear
He lays them on river and lake.

* * * * *

The trees, all naked and drear,
He robes in the purest white,
And with icicles shining with rainbow hues,
He makes their branches bright.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

And for want of buds and blossoms
To strew in his Majesty's way,
With magic flowers of his own device
He makes the windows gay.

* * * * *

These wonders wrought in a single night
May well excite surprise;
Amazed is the sun when he gets up at dawn,
And he stares with all his eyes.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Then out come all the boys and girls,
Jack's handiwork to view,



And their noses and cheeks turn red with cold,
Some of them even turn blue.

* * * * *

They pelt each other with snow,
Roll it up in a mighty ball,
And shout and laugh and scamper about,
And heels over head they fall.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

They make a huge man of snow,
As grand as a Russian Czar,
A wooden sword in his hand, in his mouth,
A carrot to serve for cigar.

* * * * *

His eyes, his hair, and his beard,
They paint as black as my shoe
With burnt stick, but they spoil his nose,
For they stick it rather askew.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Then what do you think? For a cockshot
They take him; they pelt him and hit;
They knock off the snowman's ears and nose,
But he does not mind it a bit.

* * * * *

Hurrah! for the good thick ice.
Oh! isn't it jolly? They slide,
They skate, and in sleighs so fine they go,
And swift as the wind they glide.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

King Winter laughs at the sport,
Cries "Bravo!" and claps his hands,



And calling in haste for his man, Jack Frost,
He gives him these commands:

* * * * *

“Go see the papas and mammas,
And bring me word what they say:
Have the children been good and well behaved,
Since last I came this way?”

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

The King trims Christmas trees,
To give to good girls and boys,
With tapers and trinkets of silver and gold,
And all sorts of dainties and toys.

* * * * *



Page 3

The Queen cuts twigs of birch,
Of birch so supple and keen,
And daintily ties them up into rods
The finest that ever were seen.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Soon with this word to the King
Jack Frost comes back at a trot:
“Good have most of the children been,
But some of them have not.”

* * * * *

The King gives him the pretty trees,
The Queen the rods so smart,
And away goes Jack again with his load,
Till every house has its part.

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Cakes, mince-pies nuts and apples,
Good children get from the King.
You can guess what the naughty get,
The rods are the only thing.

* * * * *

“Oh dear mamma,” cries Jenny,
“Johnny’s been good, and so have I!
Pray tell Jack Frost we don’t want the rod,
Oh! do ask him to put it by.”

[Illustration]

[Illustration]

Mamma smiles on her darlings,
They run to her, kiss her, and say:
“How long do you think will it be, Mamma,
Ere King Winter goes away?”



* * * * *

“He will lay upon Baby’s cradle
The snowdrops that early come forth;
And then, my dears, he will bid us good bye
And go back to his home in the North.”

[Illustration]