

# King Winter eBook

## King Winter

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# Page 1

## Title: King Winter

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

King Winter

Published by  
Gustav W. Seitz  
Hamburg.

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.

## Page 2

\* \* \* \* \*

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]