

# STORY HOUR READERS

FOR YOUNG  
BOYS AND GIRLS

## 美国少儿英语

英文彩色插图版

Book Three



Authored by Ida Coe, Alice J. Christie

〔美〕爱达·寇、爱丽丝·J·克里斯蒂 / 著

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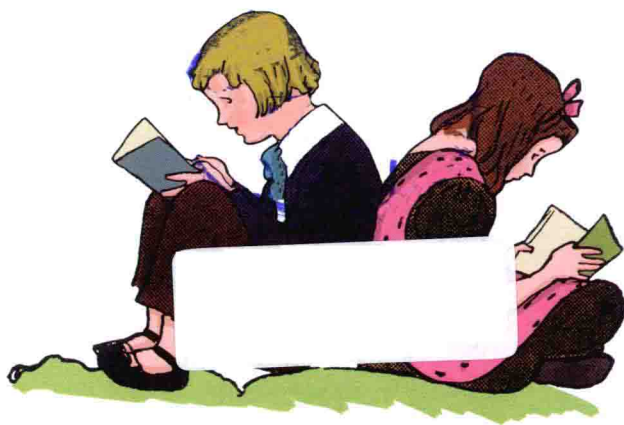
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## THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun I crawl,  
All in the dark, along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read,  
Till it is time to go to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear Land of Story Books.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





With my Little gun I crawl in the dark.

## HANSEL AND GRETEL

In a little cottage at the edge of a forest in Germany, lived Peter, a poor broom maker, and his wife Gertrude. They had two children, Hansel and Gretel.

One day Hansel and Gretel were left alone at home. Their father had gone to the village to sell brooms. Their mother was away, too.

The children were left busily at work. The boy was mending brooms, the girl knitting stockings.

After a time they became tired of their hard work.

“Come, Gretel, let us have some fun!” cried Hansel.

As he spoke, he threw the broom upon the floor, and pulled the stocking from his sister’s hand.

“Oh, yes!” said Gretel. “I will teach you a song, and you can learn the steps of the dance.”

Hansel and Gretel danced about the room.

Gretel sang, while she and Hansel danced,





“First your foot you tap, tap, tap,  
Then your hands you clap, clap, clap;  
Right foot first, left foot then,  
Round about and back again.”

Presently the mother returned home. She entered the room and found Hansel and Gretel at play.

“You lazy children!” she exclaimed. “Why have you not finished your work?”

Taking the broom that Hansel had thrown upon the floor, the mother started to punish him, but the boy was too quick for her.

Hansel ran nimbly about, and as she was trying to catch him, the mother upset a jug of milk. It was all the food there was in the house.



“Oh, mother!” cried Gretel. “You have spilled the milk, and we shall have nothing to eat.”

“Go out into the woods and gather some strawberries. Do not return until you have filled the basket to the brim,” commanded the mother. “Hansel, help your sister pick the berries, and hurry back, both of you, for there is nothing else for supper.”

Towards evening the father returned from the village.

“Ho, ho, good wife!” called Peter. “I have had great luck today, and have sold all my brooms. Now for a good supper! See here—bread and butter, some potatoes, ham and eggs. But where are the children?”

“They have gone to the woods to gather strawberries,” replied Gertrude.

“It is growing dark. Hansel and Gretel should have been here long ago,” said Peter anxiously.

The wife began to prepare supper. The husband went to the door of the cottage and looked out into the darkness.

“Alas, my children!” cried Peter. “I fear that the terrible Witch of the Forest may find them, and that we shall never see them again!”

Meanwhile Hansel and Gretel had filled the

basket with strawberries, and then had wandered into the forest. They sat down upon a mossy bank under a fir tree, to rest.

“Here is a fine strawberry! Taste it,” said Gretel.

She put a berry into Hansel’s mouth and took one for herself.

“I am so hungry! Give me another berry,” said Hansel.

The children tasted another and another of the strawberries, until all were gone.

“Oh, Hansel! We have eaten all of the strawberries,” cried Gretel. “We must fill the basket again.”





The children began to hunt for more berries, but it was now growing dark, and they could find none. To make matters worse, they had lost their way.

Gretel began to cry, but Hansel tried to be very brave.

“I will take care of you, sister,” said he.

“Hark!” said Gretel.

They could hear soft voices among the trees. The children became more frightened than before.

“What is that, near the dark bushes?” whispered Gretel.

“It is only the stump of a tree,” replied Hansel.

“It is making faces at me!” said Gretel.

Hansel made faces back again, trying to drive the strange form away.

Suddenly a light came toward them.

“Oh, here are father and mother looking for us!” cried Gretel.

But no, it was only the light of the will-o'-the-wisp.

Hansel called, “Who is there?”

Echo answered, “Who is there?”

Poor Babes in the Wood! They fled in terror, back to the mossy bank under the fir tree. There they huddled close together.



Presently a little man with a long white beard stood before them. He was dressed in gray clothes, and he carried a gray sack upon his back.

Hansel and Gretel were not afraid of the little man, for he seemed very friendly.

The little man sang softly,

“Golden slumbers close your eyes,

Smiles awake you when you rise.

Sleep, pretty darlings, do not cry,

And I will sing a lullaby.

Lullaby, lullaby, the Sandman am I.”

Then the Sandman threw into their tired eyes the sand of sleep. Soon the children had gone safely to Slumberland.





At midnight a little elf, whose home was deep  
in the heart of an oak tree, came forth and rang a  
fairy bell. He sang,

"Twelve small strokes on my tinkling bell— 'Twas  
made of the white snail's pearly shell; —

Midnight comes, and all is well!

Hither, hither, wing your way,

'Tis the dawn of the fairy day!"

At the last stroke of twelve, a troop of fairies  
and wood nymphs appeared. They danced merrily  
to the tune of the flower bells, forming a ring  
around the children.

When the sun's rays began to shine through  
the branches of the trees, the fairies tripped away.  
Only the Dew Fairy remained. She sprinkled dew  
upon the children's faces with her magic wand.

The Dew Fairy sang,

"Awake you, O children dear,

Wake you and rise!

The sun glowing brightly, peeps

Into your eyes!"

Then the Dew Fairy departed.

"O Hansel! Hear the birds singing! Where are  
we?" exclaimed Gretel. "Come, Hansel, wake up!"







The children looked about them in wonder. The giant trees had disappeared, and near them stood a little house.

“What a pretty cottage!” said Hansel. “Why, it is a candy house! The roof is chocolate, and the windows are sugar plums. What a queer fence! It is gingerbread!”

Soon they heard some one say, in a squeaky voice,

“Nibble, nibble, little mouse,

Who is nibbling my sweet house?”

The children only ate and sang and laughed.

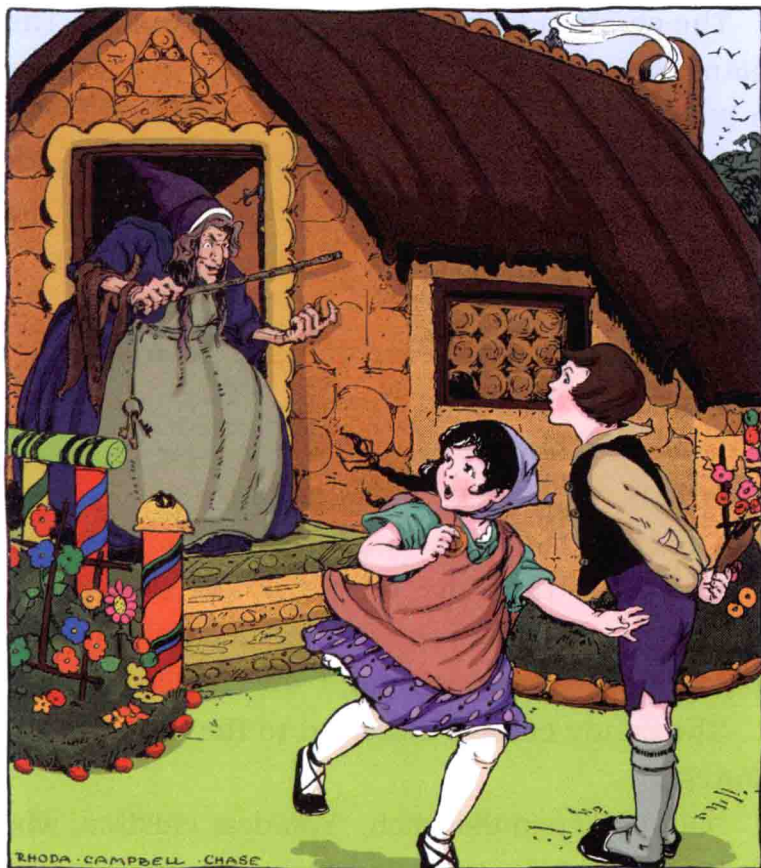
Suddenly the door of the house flew open. An old witch came out. On her head she wore a pointed hat, and in her hand she carried a stick.

The candy cottage belonged to the Witch of the Forest.

“Oh, ho!” cried the witch. “You dear children, who led you here? Come in, and I will give you candies, cakes, apples, and nuts—all that you wish to eat!”

Hansel and Gretel were frightened. They started to run away, but the old witch waved her Elder Bush above her head. It cast a spell over the children. They could not move.

Then the witch put Hansel into a cage. She brought from the cottage a basket of sugar



plums, candies, and nuts. She gave him the sweets to eat.

“You will soon be fat enough to cook,” she muttered. “I will bake the girl first.”

Grasping the little girl’s arm, she shook her roughly, saying, “Go into the house and set the table while I build a fire.”