

YOUNG ELLA FLAGG, FIELD
WALTER TAYLOR

**THE YOUNG AND
FIELD LITERARY
READERS, BOOK 2**

Walter Field
Ella Young
The Young and Field
Literary Readers, Book 2

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The Young and Field Literary Readers, Book 2:

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Walter Taylor Field

The Young and Field

Literary Readers, Book 2

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Dear Boys and Girls:

Do you like fairy stories?

You do not need to tell us.

We know you like them.

So we are going to give you some to read.

You may have heard some of these stories before, but not many of them.

Some have come from far across the sea, and some have come from our own country.

Mothers have told them to their children again and again, and children have never been tired of them.

We think you will like them, too.

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES

CHILDE ROWLAND

Once upon a time there was a little princess.

Her name was Ellen.

She lived with her mother the queen in a great house by the sea.

She had three brothers.

One day, as they were playing ball, one of her brothers threw the ball over the house.

Ellen ran to get it, but she did not come back.

The three brothers looked for her.

They looked and looked, but they could not find her.

Day after day went by.

At last the oldest brother went to a wise man and asked what to do.

"The princess is with the elves. She is in the Dark Tower," said the wise man.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked the oldest brother.

"It is far away," said the wise man. "You cannot find it."

"I can and I will find it. Tell me where it is," said the oldest brother.

The wise man told him, and the oldest brother set off at once.

The other brothers waited.

They waited long, but the oldest brother did not come back.

Then the next brother went to the wise man.

The wise man told him as he had told the oldest brother.

Then the next brother set out to find the Dark Tower.

The youngest brother waited.

He waited long, but no one came.

Now the youngest brother was called Childe Rowland.

At last Childe Rowland went to his mother the queen and said:

"Mother, let me go and find the Dark Tower and bring home

Ellen and my brothers."

"I cannot let you go. You are all that I have, now," said the queen.

But Childe Rowland asked again and again, till at last the queen said, "Go, my boy."

Then she gave him his father's sword, and he set out.

He went to the wise man and asked the way.

The wise man told him and said:

"I will tell you two things. One thing is for you to do, and one thing is for you not to do.

"The thing to do is this: When you get to the country of the elves, take hold of your father's sword, pull it out quickly, and cut off the head of any one who speaks to you, till you find the princess Ellen.

"The thing not to do is this: Bite no bit and drink no drop till you come back. Go hungry and thirsty while you are in the

country of the elves."

Childe Rowland said the two things over and over, so that he should not forget.

Then he went on his way.

He went on and on and on, till he came to some horses with eyes of fire.

Then he knew he was in the country of the elves.

A man was with the horses.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked Childe Rowland.

"I do not know," said the man. "Ask the man that keeps the cows."

Childe Rowland thought of what the wise man had told him.

He pulled out his father's sword, and off went the man's head.

Then Childe Rowland went on and on, till he came to some cows with eyes of fire.

The man who kept the cows looked at Childe Rowland.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked Childe Rowland.

"I cannot tell. Ask the woman that keeps the hens," said the man.

Childe Rowland took the sword, and off went the man's head.

Then Childe Rowland went on and on, till he came to some hens with eyes of fire.

An old woman was with them.

"Where is the Dark Tower?" asked Childe Rowland.

"Go on and look for a hill," said the old woman. "Go around the hill three times. Each time you go around say:

'Open, door! open, door!
Let me come in.'

When you have gone three times around, a door will open.
Go in."

Childe Rowland did not like to cut off the head of the old woman, but he thought of what the wise man had told him.

So he took hold of the sword, and off went her head.

After this he went on and on and on, till he came to a hill.

He went three times around it, and each time he said:

"Open, door! open, door!
Let me come in."

When he had gone three times around, a door opened. In he went.

The door shut after him, and he was in the dark.

Soon he began to see a dim light.

It seemed to come from the walls.

He went down a long way, and at last he came to another door.

All at once it flew open, and he found himself in a great hall.

The walls were of gold and silver, and were hung with diamonds.

How the diamonds shone!

And there sat the princess Ellen in a great chair of gold, with diamonds all about her head.

When she saw Childe Rowland, she came to him and said:

"Brother, why are you here? If the king of the elves comes, it

will be a sad day for you."

But this did not frighten Childe Rowland. He sat down and told her all that he had done.

She told him that the two brothers were in the tower.

The king of the elves had turned them into stone.

Soon Childe Rowland began to be very hungry, and asked for something to eat.

Ellen went out and soon came back with bread and milk in a golden bowl.

Childe Rowland took it and was about to eat.

All at once he thought of what the wise man had said.

So he threw the bowl down upon the floor, and said:

"Not a bit will I bite,
Not a drop will I drink,
Till Ellen is free."

Then they heard a great noise outside, and some one cried out:

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood
Of an Englishman!"

The door of the hall flew open and the king of the elves came in.

Childe Rowland took his sword.

They fought and they fought.

At last Childe Rowland beat the king of the elves down to the ground.

"Stop!" cried the king of the elves. "I have had enough."

"I will stop when you set free the princess Ellen and my brothers," said Childe Rowland.

"I will set them free," said the king.

He went at once to a cupboard and took out a blood-red bottle.

Out of this bottle he let a drop or two fall upon the eyes of the two brothers, and up they jumped.

Childe Rowland took the hand of his sister and went out of the door, and up the long way.

The two brothers went after them and left the king of the elves alone.

Then they came out from the hill and found their way back to their own country.

How glad the queen was!

TOM TIT TOT

Once a woman made five pies.

When she had made them, she found that they were too hard.

So the woman said to her daughter:

"Put those pies into the cupboard and leave them there a little while and they'll come again."

She meant that they would get soft.

But the girl said to herself,

"Well, if they'll come again, I think I will eat them."

So she ate them all up.

At supper time the woman said,

"Daughter, get one of those pies. I think they must have come again."

The girl went to the cupboard and looked, but no pies were there.

Then she came back to her mother and said,

"No, they have not come again."

"Well, bring one," said the mother. "I want one for my supper."

"But I can't. They have not come."

"Yes, you can. Bring me one."

"But I ate them all up."

"What!" said the mother, "You bad, bad girl!"

The woman could not stop thinking about those five pies.

As she sat at the door spinning, she kept mumbling to herself:

"My daughter ate five pies to-day,
My daughter ate five pies to-day."

The king was going by, and he heard the woman mumbling.

"What are you saying, woman?" asked the king.

The woman did not like to tell him about the pies, so she said:

"My daughter spun five skeins to-day,
My daughter spun five skeins to-day."

"Well, well, well!" said the king, "I didn't know that any one could spin so much as that!"

"My daughter knows how to spin," said the woman.

The king thought a little while.

Then he said: "I want a wife. If your daughter can spin as much as that, I will make her my wife. She shall have fine clothes, and for eleven months in every year she may do anything she wishes. But the last month of the year she must spin five skeins each day. If she doesn't, she must have her head cut off."

"Very well," said the woman.

She thought how fine it would be if her daughter should be the queen.

The girl could have a good time for eleven months, anyway, and there would surely be some way to get the skeins spun.

So the king took the girl away and made her queen.

For eleven months she had everything she could think of.

She had gold and silver and diamonds and fine clothes and good things to eat.

But when the last month of the year came, she began to think what she should do about those five skeins.

She did not have long to think, for the king took her into a room, all by herself, and said:

"Here is a spinning wheel, and here is a chair, and here is some flax.

"Now, my dear, sit down and spin five skeins before night, or off goes your head."

Then he turned and went out.

How frightened she was!

She could not spin.

She could only sit down and cry.

All at once there was a rap at the door.

She jumped up and opened it, and what should she see but a little black thing with a long tail!

"What are you crying about?" asked the little black thing.

"It would do no good to tell you," said the queen.

"How do you know that?" asked the little black thing, and he twirled his tail.

"Well, I will tell you," she said. And she told him all that the king had said to her.

"Then," said the little black thing, "I will come here to your window every morning and take some flax, and bring it back at

night all spun.

"If you can guess my name, you shall pay nothing for my work.

"You may try three times each night, when I bring back the skeins. But if you can't guess my name before the last day of the month, I will carry you off with me."

The queen thought that she could surely guess, so she said:

"Very well. Take the flax."

"Yes," said the little black thing, and my! how he twirled his tail!

That night he came back with five skeins of spun flax, but she could not guess his name.

So it went on day after day. Every night the little black thing brought five skeins, but she could not guess his name.

On the last day of the month the king came in to see her.

"You are doing well, my dear," said he.

"I think I shall not have to cut off your head, after all."

So he had a fine supper brought in, and they ate it together.

As they were eating, the king said:

"I was hunting to-day in the woods, and I heard a queer song. It came from a hole in the ground. I looked in, and there sat a little black thing with a long tail. He was spinning. He twirled his tail as he spun, and sang:

'Nimmy, nimmy, not!

I'm Tom Tit Tot.'"

The queen at once jumped up and danced all around the table, but she said nothing.

The king thought she was glad because her spinning was done.

That night the little black thing brought the last five skeins of flax.

"Well," he said, "what is my name? You may guess three times more."

How he twirled his tail!

"Is it Jack?" she asked.

"No, it is not Jack," he said.

"Is it Tom?" she asked.

"No, it is not Tom."

You should have seen him laugh!

"One more guess; then I take you," said the little black thing, and he twirled his tail again.

This time the queen laughed.

She looked at him a long time and then said:

"Nimmy, nimmy, not!

You're Tom Tit Tot."

At that the little black thing gave a great cry, and away he flew, out into the dark.

The queen never saw him again.

POEMS BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

LAMBKINS

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
Watch by them and bleat.

FERRY ME ACROSS THE WATER

"Ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."
"If you've a penny in your purse,
I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do."

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

CORAL

"O sailor, come ashore.
What have you brought for me?"
"Red coral, white coral,
Coral from the sea.

"I did not dig it from the ground
Nor pluck it from a tree;
Feeble insects made it
In the stormy sea."

THE SWALLOW

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;

Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

WRENS AND ROBINS

Wrens and robins in the hedge,
Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
Everywhere!

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

FABLES FROM ÆSOP

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A lion was asleep in the woods. A little mouse ran over his paw. The lion woke up and caught him.

"You are a very little mouse, but I think I will eat you," he said.

"Do not eat me," said the mouse, "I am so little! Let me go. Some time I may be of help to you."

The lion laughed.

"What can you do?" he said.

But he let the mouse go.

Not very long after this the lion was caught by some men and made fast with a rope.

The men left him and went to get more rope, to bind him.

"Now is my time!" said the mouse.

He ran to the lion and began to gnaw the rope.

He gnawed and he gnawed.

At last he gnawed through the rope and set the lion free.

"You laughed at me," said the mouse, "but have I not helped you?"

"You have saved my life," said the lion.

THE HONEST WOODCUTTER

One day a woodcutter lost his ax in a pond.

He sat down by the water and said to himself, "What shall I do? I have lost my ax."

All at once a man stood beside him.

"What have you lost?" asked the man.

"I have lost my ax," said the woodcutter.

The man said nothing, but jumped into the pond and soon came out with a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"No," said the honest woodcutter, "my ax was not a golden ax."

The man jumped in again, and soon came out with a silver ax.

"Is this your ax?" asked the man.

"No," said the woodcutter, "my ax was not a silver ax."

Again the man jumped in.

This time he came out with the ax that the woodcutter had lost.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woodcutter, "thank you! How glad I am! But who are you, kind sir? You must be more than a man."

"I am Mercury," said the other, "and you are an honest woodcutter. I will give you the golden ax and the silver ax."

The woodcutter thanked him and went home.

Soon he met another woodcutter and told what Mercury had

done.

This other woodcutter thought he should like a golden ax, too. So he went to the pond and threw his ax into the water.

Then he sat down and began to cry,

"O, I have lost my ax! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Mercury came again and jumped into the water.

Soon he came out with a golden ax.

"Is this your ax?" he asked.

"O, yes, yes! that is my ax," said the man.

"No, it is not," said Mercury. "You are not an honest woodcutter, and you shall have no golden ax."

"Then get my own ax for me," said the woodcutter.

"Get it yourself," said Mercury.

With that he went away and was seen no more.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

(Once a wolf was eating his supper. He was hungry and he ate very fast. He ate so fast that he swallowed a bone. A crane was going by. The wolf called to the crane.)

Wolf. My dear crane, come, help me. I have a bone in my throat. Crane. What do you want me to do?

Wolf. Put your bill down my throat and pull out the bone.

Crane. You will bite off my head.

Wolf. O, no, I will not. I will pay you well.

(The crane came and put his head into the wolf's mouth. Then he ran his long bill down the wolf's throat and so pulled out the bone.)

Crane. There, Brother Wolf, there is the bone. Now give me my pay.

Wolf. You have had your pay.

Crane. No, I have not.

Wolf. You have had your head in the mouth of a wolf, you have pulled it out, and your life is saved. What more can you ask?

Crane. After this, I will keep away from a wolf.

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

Once a country mouse asked her cousin, the town mouse, to come and visit her.

The town mouse came, and the country mouse gave her the best she had to eat.

It was only a little wheat and corn.

The town mouse ate some of it.

Then she said:

"Cousin, how can you live on this poor corn and wheat? Come to town with me, and I will give you something good."

So the two mice set off and soon came to town.

The town mouse lived well and had everything she wished for.

She had cake and pie and cheese and everything good to eat.

O, it was so good!

The country mouse was hungry, and she ate and ate and ate.

"How rich my cousin is," she said, "and how poor I am!"

As she said this, there was a great barking at the door.

Then two dogs ran into the room.

They chased the mice about, barking all the time.

At last the mice ran into a hole.

"Good-by, cousin, I am going home," said the country mouse.

"What! Are you going so soon?" asked the other.

"Yes, I do not like that kind of music with my supper. It is

better to have corn and wheat and be safe than to have cake and cheese and be always in fear," said the country mouse.

THE WIND AND THE SUN

Once the wind and the sun had a quarrel.

The sun said,

"I am stronger than you."

The wind said,

"No, I am stronger than you."

"Let us see," said the sun. "Here comes a man with a big cloak.

Can you make him take it off?"

"Surely I can," said the wind.

"Try," said the sun.

The sun went behind the clouds.

The wind began to blow.

How he did blow!

But the man pulled his cloak close about him.

He did not care for the wind.

At last the wind gave it up.

"Now you try," he said to the sun.

The sun came out from the clouds.

He shone down upon the man.

"How warm it is!" said the man. "I must take off my cloak."

So he took off his cloak.

"You have beaten," said the wind. "You are stronger than I."

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

A little ant once fell into a pond.

A dove was perching in a tree over the water.

The dove saw the ant fall.

She pulled off a leaf with her bill and let it drop into the water.

"There, little ant! get on that leaf, and you will be safe," she said.

The ant jumped upon the leaf, and the wind blew it to the shore of the pond.

Not long after this, a man laid a net to catch the dove.

He pulled it in and found the dove caught fast in it.

The ant saw the man with the net, and ran up his leg and bit him.

"O!" said the man, "what is that?"

He let the net drop to the ground, and the dove flew away.

Next time the dove saw the ant, she said:

"Good ant, you saved my life."

"You saved my life once, and I only tried to pay you back," said the ant.

THE LARK AND HER NEST

A lark had made her nest in a field of wheat.

The wheat was almost ripe.

One day the old lark said to her young ones:

"The men will soon come to cut this wheat. You must watch for them and tell me all you see or hear while I am away."

Then she left them and went to get something for them to eat.

When she came home, she asked,

"Did you see or hear anything?"

"Yes, mother," said the young ones.

"The owner of the field came and looked at the wheat. He said, 'This wheat is ripe. It must be cut at once. I will ask my neighbors to come and help me cut it.'"

"That is good," said the old lark.

"Must we not leave the nest?" asked the young ones.

"No," said the mother. "If the man waits for his neighbors to come and help him, he will wait a long time."

Next day the owner came again.

"This wheat must be cut," said he. "I cannot wait for my neighbors. I must ask my uncles and cousins."

When the old lark came home, the young ones said:

"O, mother! we must leave the nest now.

"The man said that he should ask his uncles and cousins to help him cut the wheat."

"We will not go yet," said the mother. "If he waits for his uncles and cousins, he will wait a long time."

The next day the man came again. His boy was with him.

"We can't wait any longer," he said. "We must cut the wheat ourselves."

Soon the mother lark came home.

The young ones told her what the man had said.

"Now we must be off," she cried. "When a man sets out to do his work himself, it will be done."

So the lark and her young ones left the nest and found another home.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

A dog once had a piece of meat.

He was going home with it.

On the way he had to go across a bridge over some water.

He looked into the water, and there he thought he saw another dog.

The dog looked like himself and had a piece of meat in his mouth, too.

It was his shadow in the water.

"That meat looks good. I want it," said the dog.

"My piece is not big enough. I will take the meat away from that other dog."

So he barked at the other dog.

As he opened his mouth to bark, his piece of meat fell into the water.

"Splash!" it went, and that was the last he ever saw of it.

"If I had let that dog keep his piece of meat, I should not have lost my own," he said.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

A hungry fox once saw some sweet grapes hanging over a wall.

"I want those grapes," he said to himself.

So he jumped for them.

He did not get them.

He jumped again.

Still he did not get them.

He jumped again and again.

They were too high.

At last he gave it up and went away.

"I don't want those grapes," he said.

"They are sour grapes. I know they are sour. They are not fit to eat."

POEMS BY MARY MAPES DODGE

FOUR LITTLE BIRDS

Four little birds all flew from their nest —
Flew north, flew south, flew east and west;

They thought they would like a wider view,
So they spread their wings and away they flew.

IN THE BASKET

Hark! do you hear my basket
Go "kippy! kippy! peek"?
Maybe my funny basket
Is learning how to speak.

If you want to know the secret,
Go ask the speckled hen,
And tell her when I've warmed them
I'll bring them back again.

COUSIN JEREMY

He came behind me and covered my eyes;

"Who is this?" growled he, so sly.

"Why, Cousin Jeremy, how can I tell,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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