

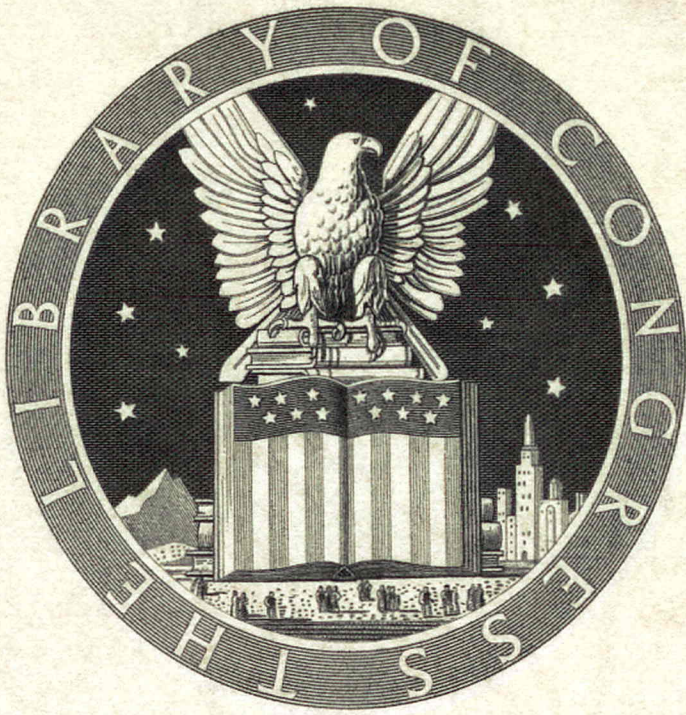


**KING WINTER**



\$ 200

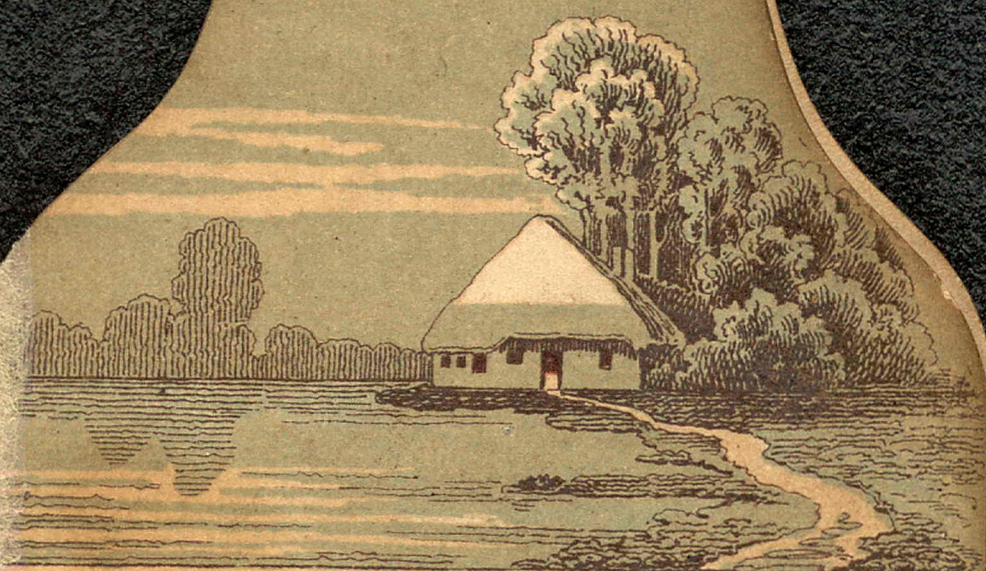
very scarce  
title.



RARE BOOK COLLECTION

1859  
"Grand"  
to per  
Sept on  
9th, 1859  
1859

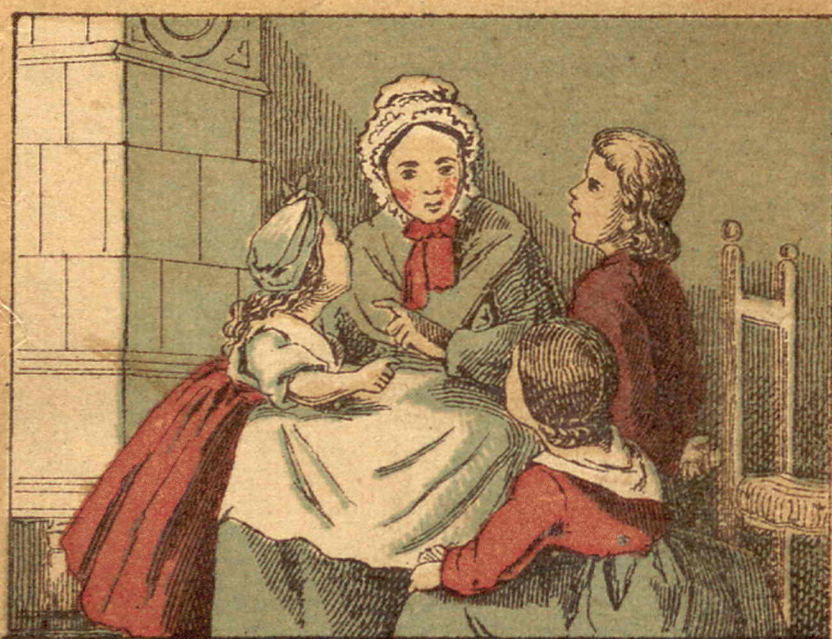




*The sky is dull and grey,  
Piercing and chill the blast,  
Each step resounds on the frosty ground,  
Winter is come at last.*



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







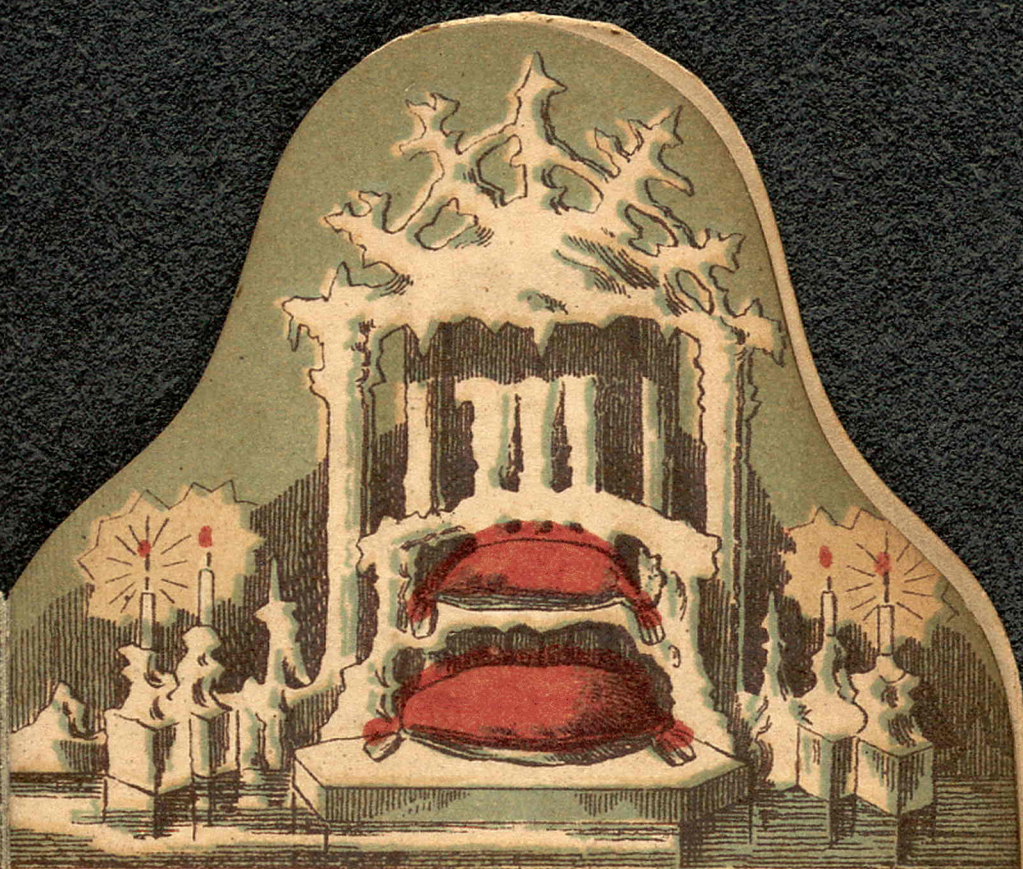
*"Tell us about King Winter,  
And about Jack Frost, his man;  
We'll not be noisy or naughty at all,  
But as good as ever we can."*



*"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."*







*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.*



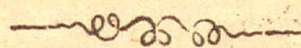
*He has cushions of course: his Queen  
Made them out of her wedding gown.  
Stuffing them well with snowflakes fine,  
And soft as eiderdown.*







*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.*



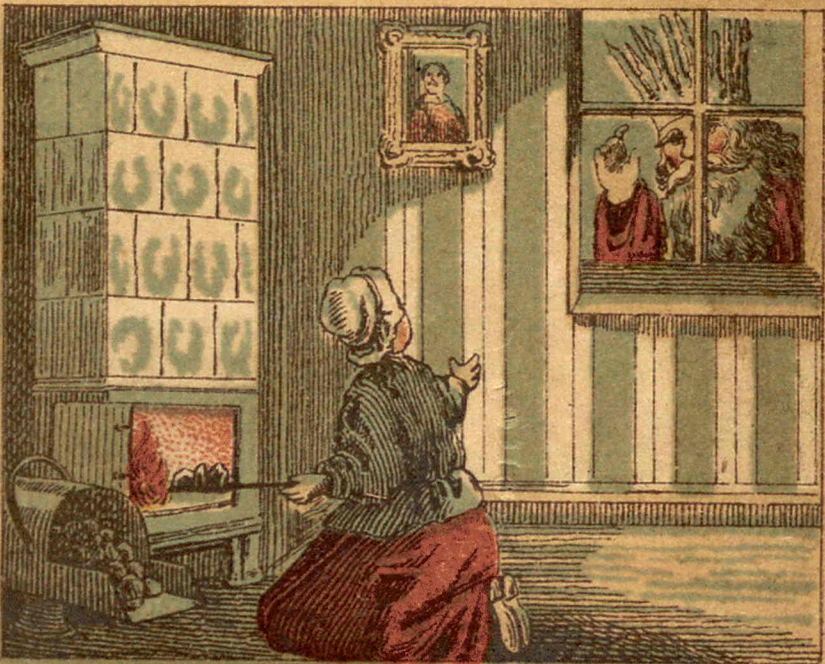




*Each year, as the day comes round,  
The king and his royal train  
Set off on a tour through the wide  
wide world,  
And sweep over mountain and plain.*



*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.*











*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.*



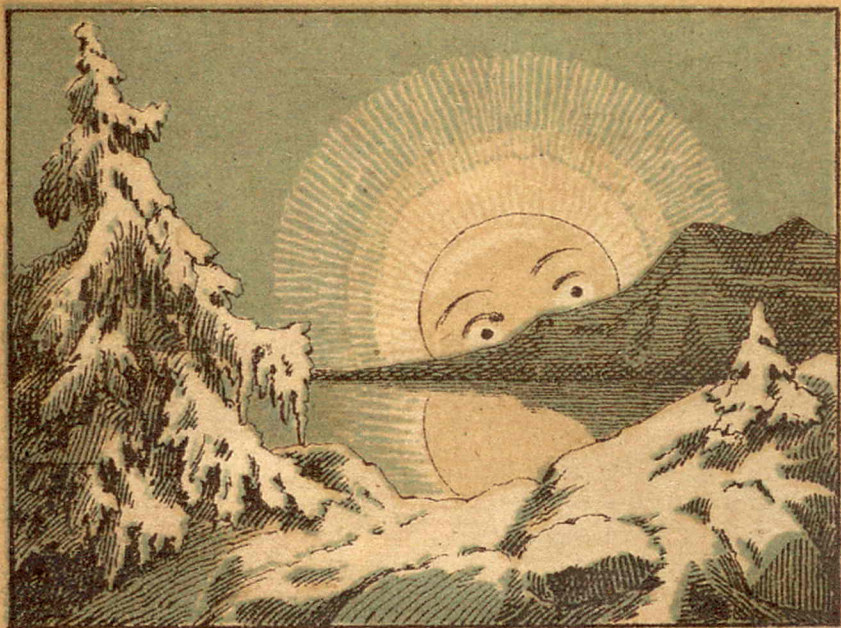




*And for want of buds and blossoms  
To strew in his Majesty's way,  
With magic flowers of his own device.  
He makes the windows gay.*



*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.*







*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.*







*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.*







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



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







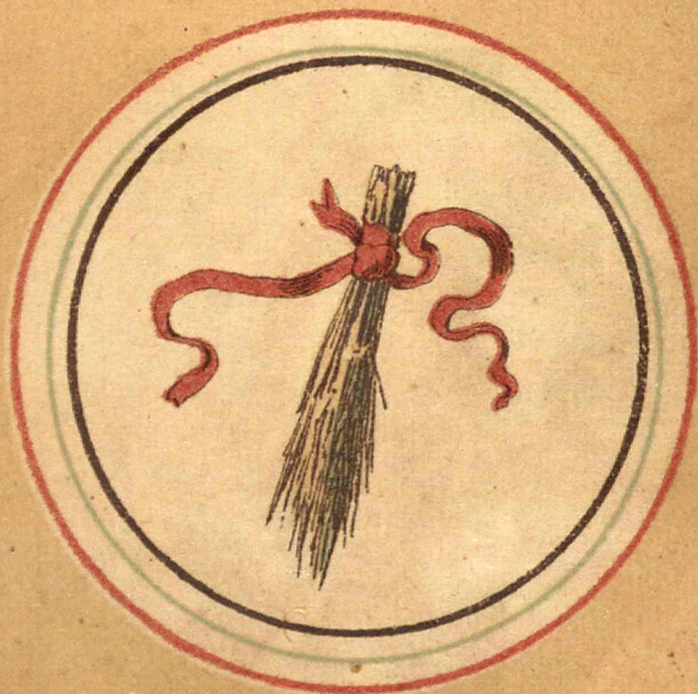




*The King trims Christmas trees,  
To give to good girls and boys,  
With tapers and trinkets of silver  
and gold,  
And all sorts of dainties and toys.*



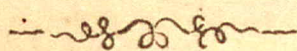
*The Queen cuts twigs of birch,  
Of birch so supple and keen,  
And daintily ties them up into rods  
The finest that ever were seen.*







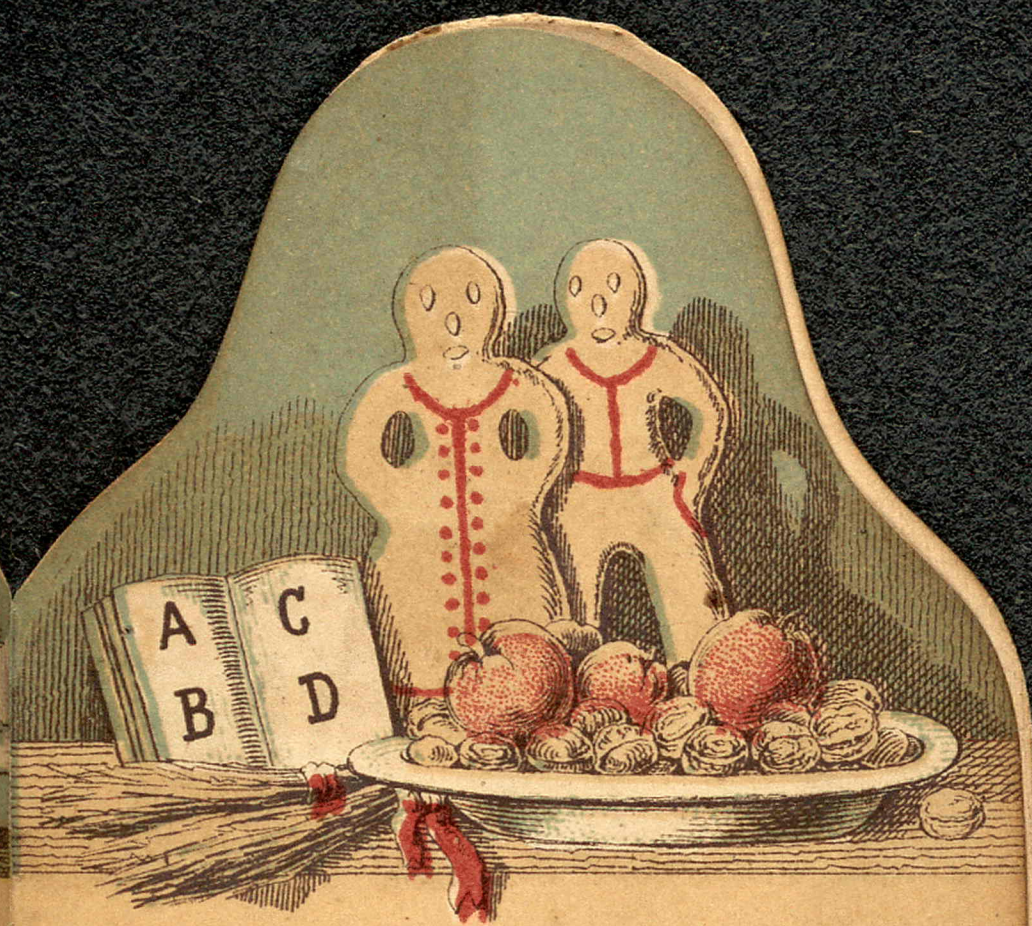
*Soon with this word to the King  
Jack Frost comes back at a trot:  
"Good have most of the children been,  
But some of them have not."*



*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.*







*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."*



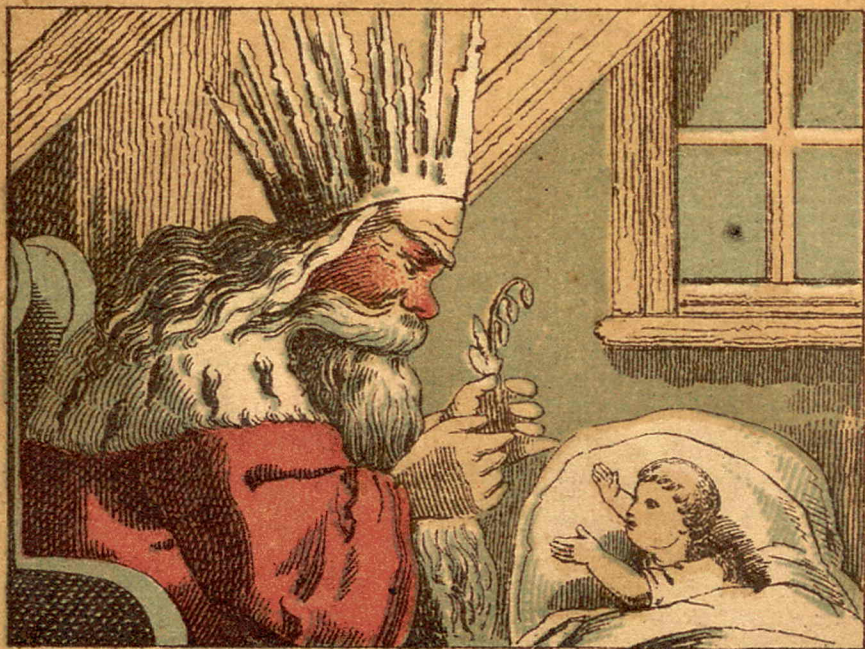




*Mamma smiles on her darlings,  
They run to her, kiss her, and say:  
"How long do you think will it be,  
Mamma,  
Ere King Winter goes away?"*



*"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."*





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King Winter.  
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