

**MORNING-  
GLORIES, AND  
OTHER STORIES**

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Morning-Glories, and Other Stories by L. M. Alcott

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**L. M. ALCOTT**

**MORNING-  
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OTHER STORIES**





# MORNING-GLORIES

AND OTHER STORIES.

By L. M. ALCOTT

AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE WOMEN," "LITTLE MEN," "OLD-FASHIONED GIRL,"

ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

"Fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace.  
Delightedly dwells he among fays and satyrs  
And sprites; and delightfully believes  
Divinities, being himself divine."

SCHILLER.



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A SONG  
FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE.



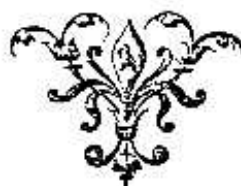
COLD and wintry is the sky,  
Bitter winds go whistling by,  
Orchard boughs are bare and dry,  
Yet here stands a fruitful tree,  
Household fairies kind and dear,  
With loving magic none need fear,  
Bade it rise and blossom here,  
Little friends, for you and me.

Come and gather as they fall,  
Shining gifts for great and small ;  
Santa Claus remembers all  
When he comes with goodies piled,  
Corn and candy, apples red,  
Sugar horses, gingerbread,  
Babies who are never fed,  
Are hanging here for every child.

Shake the boughs and down they come,  
Better fruit than peach or plum,  
'T is our little harvest home ;  
For though frosts the flowers kill,  
Though birds depart and squirrels sleep,  
Though snows may gather cold and deep,  
Little folk their sunshine keep,  
And mother-love makes summer still.

*Christmas Song.*

Gathered in a smiling ring,  
Lighly dance and gayly sing,  
Still at heart remembering  
The sweet story all should know,  
Of the little Child whose birth  
Has made this day throughout the earth  
A festival for childish mirth,  
Since that first Christmas long ago.



## MORNING-GLORIES.

---

“**W**HAT’S that?” — and Daisy sat up in her little bed to listen ; for she had never heard a sound like it before.

It was very early, and the house was still. The sun was just rising, and the morning-glories at the window were turning their blue and purple cups to catch the welcome light. The sky was full of rosy clouds ; dew shone like diamonds on the waving grass, and the birds were singing as they only sing at dawn. But softer, sweeter than any bird-voice was the delicate music which Daisy heard. So airy and gay was the sound, it seemed impossible to lie still with that fairy dancing-tune echoing through the room. Out of bed scrambled Daisy, her sleepy eyes opening wider and wider with surprise and pleasure as she listened and wondered.

“Where is it?” she said, popping her head out of the window. The morning-glories only danced lightly on their stems, the robins chirped shrilly in the garden below, and the wind gave Daisy a kiss ; but none of them answered her, and still the lovely music sounded close beside her.

“It’s a new kind of bird, perhaps ; or maybe it’s a fairy hidden somewhere. Oh, if it *is*, how splendid it