

**TWO FAIRY TALES,  
ARRANGED IN A  
DRAMATIC FORM**

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Two Fairy Tales, Arranged in a Dramatic Form by Lady

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**LADY**

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TWO

FAIRY TALES,

*Arranged in a Dramatic Form.*

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FAIRY TALES,

Arranged in a Dramatic Form.

BY A LADY.

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"How much is lost when neither heart nor eye,  
Rose-wing'd Desire or fabled Hope deceives,  
When boyhood with quick thro' haste ceased to spy  
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves !

"When springing from the turf where youth reposed  
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore ;  
When the huge book of Faeryland lies closed,  
And those strong iron clasps will yield no more."

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LONDON :  
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.  
5, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1851.

249. E. 672.

## The Flower Spirit.

### ERRATA.

- Page 20, line 16, for Scatheless, read Scathless.  
" 37, 4, for foot, read part.  
" 67, 2, for purpled, read perplex'd.  
" 74, 20, for Emblems, read Emblem.

## The Flower Spirit.

A DRAMATIC FAIRY TALE.

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NOTE.—The plot of the following drama is founded upon a Fairy tale in Grimm's collection, entitled *Jorinda and Jorindel*. The introduction of the Flower Spirit was suggested by a charming little poem, published many years ago in the *London Magazine*; a part of which is quoted, viz. the address of the Flower Spirit to Geraldine.



**Persons Represented.**

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GERALD, a Youth.

ANGELINA, the Mother of GERALD.

GERALDINE, an orphan Maid, (betrothed to GERALD.)

A GIANT

TWO WITCHES.

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Garden.*

GERALD and GERALDINE discovered arranging a bower.

*Gerald.* ART thou not weary? Let us rest awhile.

*Geraldine.* In truth I must. The sultry heat of noon  
Had scarcely waned ere we commenced our task,  
So that I am tired too soon.

*Ger.* Then let it be; we'll finish it to-morrow.  
Come, we will sit upon this mossy bank,  
And watch the setting sun as he descends  
Upon the bosom of the placid lake.  
See how he gilds the water with his beams,  
And as he hastens to its pure embrace,  
Mark how each ripple on the lucid wave  
Brightens with life and gladness. So have I seen  
The pretty dimples on a maiden's cheek,  
When hope's bright promise pants within her breast,  
Deepen and glow with soft and blushing joy.

*Geraldine.* What pretty maiden hast thou watch'd so  
fondly?

Nay, tell me, Gerald—my foolish heart betrays  
 Unwonted fears—say—Dost love another?  
 Oh, look not on me with that cruel smile,  
 While my heart trembles to its inmost core,  
 But speak; delay not, for I fain would know  
 What pretty maiden thou hast watch'd so fondly.

*Ger.* Sit by me, then I'll tell thee. Ha!  
 Thou flutt'rest like a bird but newly caught.  
 Come closer yet, that I may wind my arm  
 About thy waist, and soothe thee into calmness.

*Geraldine.* False one! Now, then, tell me.

*Ger.* Canst thou not guess?

*Geraldine.* If my guess were sure to prove a true one,  
 I know whom I should name.

*Ger.* Who?

*Geraldine.* Why!

She who loves you best. Now 'tis your turn  
 To guess.

*Ger.* If by such token I might venture  
 To disclose my hopes, shall I own at once,  
 That haply I have seen thine own sweet face,  
 My Geraldine, expand with genial smile,  
 When, after long delay and cruel absence,  
 Thou'st watch'd my hast'ning steps as I advanced  
 To meet thee. Then I have thought thou lov'st me.

*Geraldine.* Do not mock me, Gerald; for if I lack  
 The skill, which those more practised have, to hide