

**THE LAND OF THE
BLUE
FLOWER PP. 1-66**

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The Land of the Blue Flower pp. 1-66 by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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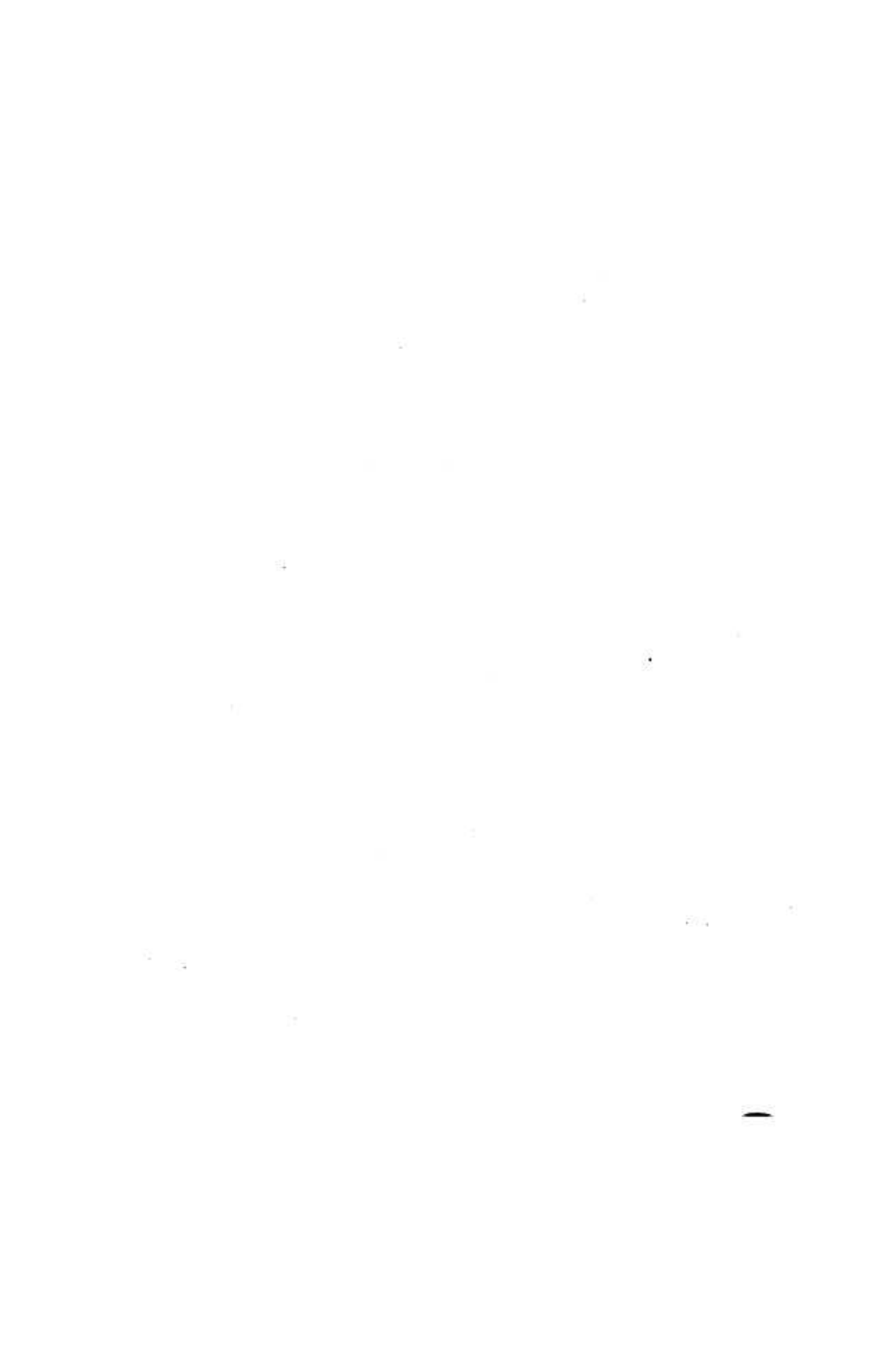
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FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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BLUE
FLOWER PP. 1-66**





From a Painting by Sigmund de Ivanovitch

“ There is no time for anger ”

THE LAND OF
THE
BLUE FLOWER

BY
Mrs. FRANCES (HODGSON) BURNETT

WITH A FRONTISPIECE
BY
SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI



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1909



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A decorative border of black and white flowers surrounds the text. The flowers are of various sizes and orientations, some with five petals and some with six. They are scattered across the page, creating a floral frame for the central text.

THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER

PART I

THE Land of the Blue Flower was not called by that name until the tall, strong, beautiful King Amor came down from his castle on the mountain crag and began to reign. Before that time it was called King Mordreth's Land, and as the first King Mordreth had been a fierce and cruel king this seemed a gloomy name.

A few weeks before Amor was born, his weak, selfish boy-father — whose name was King Mordreth also — had been killed while hunting, and his fair mother with the clear eyes died when

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he was but a few hours old. But early in that day she sent for her venerable friend and teacher, who was said to be the oldest and wisest man in the world, and who long ago had fled to a cave in the mountains, that he might see no more of the famine and disorder and hatred in the country spread out on the plains below.

He was a marvelous old man, almost a giant in size, and having great blue eyes like deep sea-water. They, too, were clear eyes like the fair Queen's — they seemed to see all things and to hold in their depths no single thought which was not fine and great. The people were a little afraid of him when they saw him go striding majestically through their streets. They had no name for him but The Ancient One.

	THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER
	<p>The lovely Queen drew aside the embroidered coverlet of her gold and ivory bed and showed him the tiny baby sleeping by her side.</p> <p>“He was born a King,” she said. “No one can help him but you.”</p> <p>The Ancient One looked down at him.</p> <p>“He has long limbs and strong ones. He will make a great King,” he said. “Give him to me.”</p> <p>The Queen held out the little newborn one in her arms.</p> <p>“Take him away quickly before he hears the people quarreling at the palace gate,” she said. “Take him to the castle on the mountain crag. Keep him there until he is old enough to come down and be King. When the sun sinks behind the clouds I shall die,</p>
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