

**SNOW-BERRIES: A
BOOK FOR
YOUNG FOLKS**

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Snow-berries: a book for young folks by Alice Cary

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ALICE CARY

**SNOW-BERRIES: A
BOOK FOR
YOUNG FOLKS**



THE SINGED DEER.

SNOW-BERRIES.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

BY ALICE CARY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



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TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1867.

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PRELUDE.

MY little men and women
Who sit with your eyes downcast,
Turning the leaves of the Snow-Berries
Over and over so fast,

I know as I hear them flutter
Like the leaves on a summer bough,
You are looking out for the story about
The fairies, — are n't you, now ?

And so it is wise to tell you
That you need not turn so fast,
For there is n't a single fairy-tale
In the book from first to last.

My Muse is plain and homespun, —
Quite given to work-day ways, —
And she never spent an hour in the tent
Of a fairy, in all her days.

She is strongest on her native soil ;
And you will see she sings
Little in praise of elfs and fays,
And less of queens and kings.

“ Be sure, the beautiful violet
In the grass no longer glows,
But we may get a-burning yet,
Some little lamp of a rose ! ”

So out we ran to the meadows,
Though the time of flowers was done,
And after us ran our shadows, —
Three and three, and one.

All up and down the rivulets
That shaved so close to the sand,
And all across the lowland moss,
And across the stubble land ;

And deep, and deeper into the wood,
And under the hedge-row wall ;
To the Callamus Pond, and on beyond,
And never a flower at all !

Footsore, weary, and heart-sick,
We had tramped for three long hours,
When a voice so proud cried out aloud,
“ The flowers ! I ’ve found the flowers ! ”

Fast we flew to the top of the hill,
And fast and faster down,
And full in sight limbs shone so white
From the thicket dull and brown.

The turf slides back, and farther back,
We are there, we are under the trees!
And our eager hands are breaking the wands
Of the milk-white snow-berries!

We had had a tramp, through cold and damp,
Of three right weary hours,
But we did not grieve, if you believe,
That our berries were not flowers!

But each with a sheaf on his shoulder,
As white as the whitest foam,
We struck across the lowland moss,
And into the lights of home.

So, my little men and women,
Who sit with your eyes downcast,
Turning the leaves of the Snow-Berries,
So eagerly and so fast,

When that you fail to find the tale
Of airy fancy bred,
You may even get some pleasure yet
From the stories in their stead.

