

# **THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER**

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The Land of the Blue Flower by Frances Hodgson Burnett

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**FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT**

**THE LAND OF THE  
BLUE FLOWER**





*From a Painting by Sigmund de Ivanowski*

“ There is no time for anger ”

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THE LAND OF  
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BLUE FLOWER

BY  
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

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WITH A FRONTISPIECE  
BY  
SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI



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1909

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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.

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The lovely Queen drew aside the embroidered coverlet of her gold and ivory bed and showed him the tiny baby sleeping by her side.

"He was born a King," she said. "No one can help him but you."

The Ancient One looked down at him.

"He has long limbs and strong ones. He will make a great King," he said. "Give him to me."

The Queen held out the little newborn one in her arms.

"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,

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but if he is with you he will learn what Kings should know."

The Ancient One took the child, folded him in his long gray robe and strode majestically through the palace gates, through the ugly city and out over the plains to the mountain. When he began to climb its steep sides the sun was setting and casting a golden rose color over the big rocks and the wild flowers and bushes which grew on every side, so that there seemed no path to be found. But the Ancient One knew his way anywhere in the world without a path to guide him. He climbed and climbed, and little King Amor slept soundly in the folds of his gray robe. He reached the summit at last and pushing his way through a jungle of twisted vines starred all