

**THE LITTLE PEOPLE
OF THE SNOW**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649409891

The Little People of the Snow by William Cullen Bryant

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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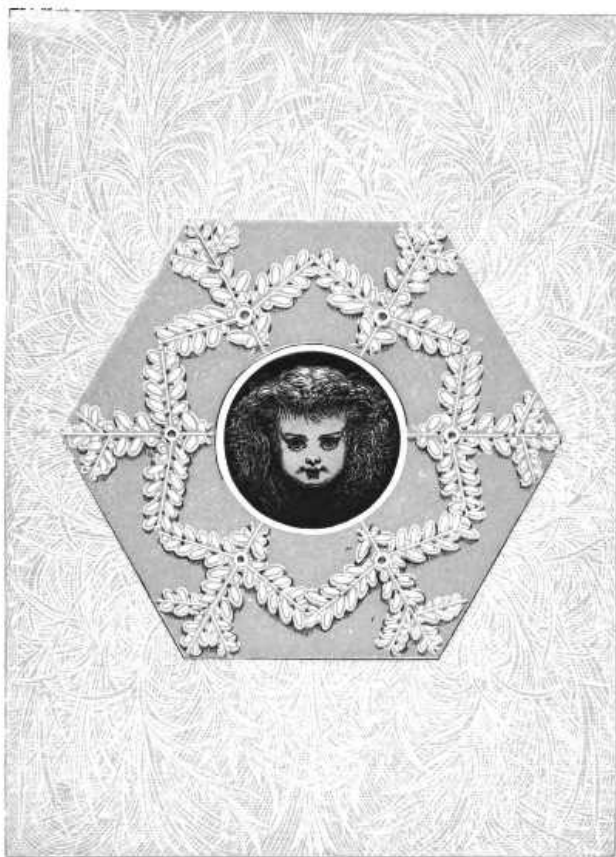
THE LITTLE
PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

BY
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Illustrated

FROM DESIGNS BY ALFRED FREDERICKS, ENGRAVED BY A. BOBBETT.

¹¹⁶
NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
549 & 551 BROADWAY.
1873.







THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

Alice.—One of your old-world stories,
Uncle John,
Such as you tell us by the winter fire,
Till we all wonder it has grown so late.

Uncle John.—The story of the witch that
ground to death
Two children in her mill, or will you have
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

Alice.— Nay, now, nay ;
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,
Too childish even for little Willy here,
And I am older, two good years, than he ;
No, let us have a tale of elves that ride,
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the mine,
Or water-fairies, such as you know how



To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,
Lays down her knitting.

Uncle John.— Listen to me, then.
'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,
And long before the great oak at our door
Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side

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