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Written by  
Juliana  
Horatia  
Ewing:

The  
Blue

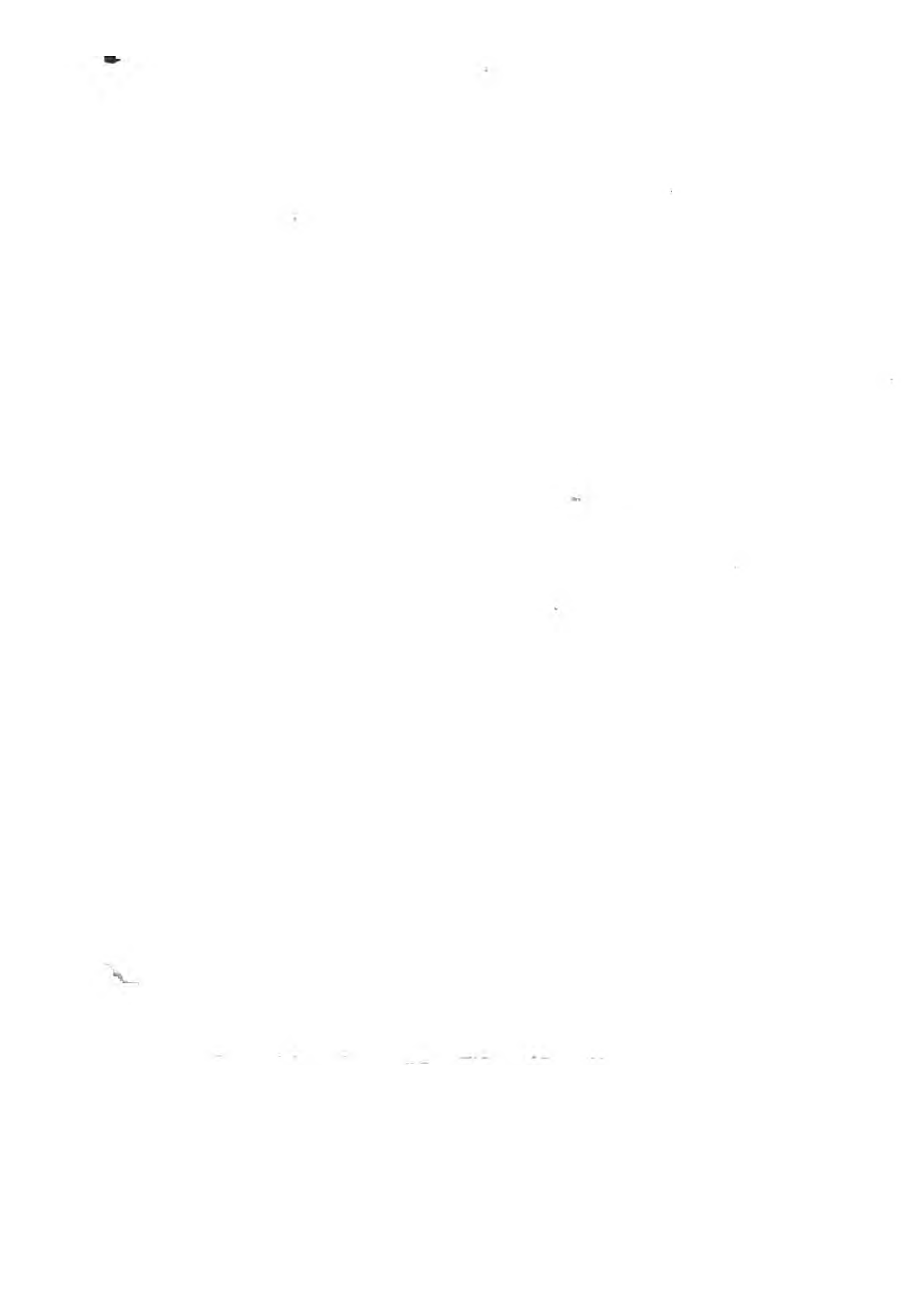


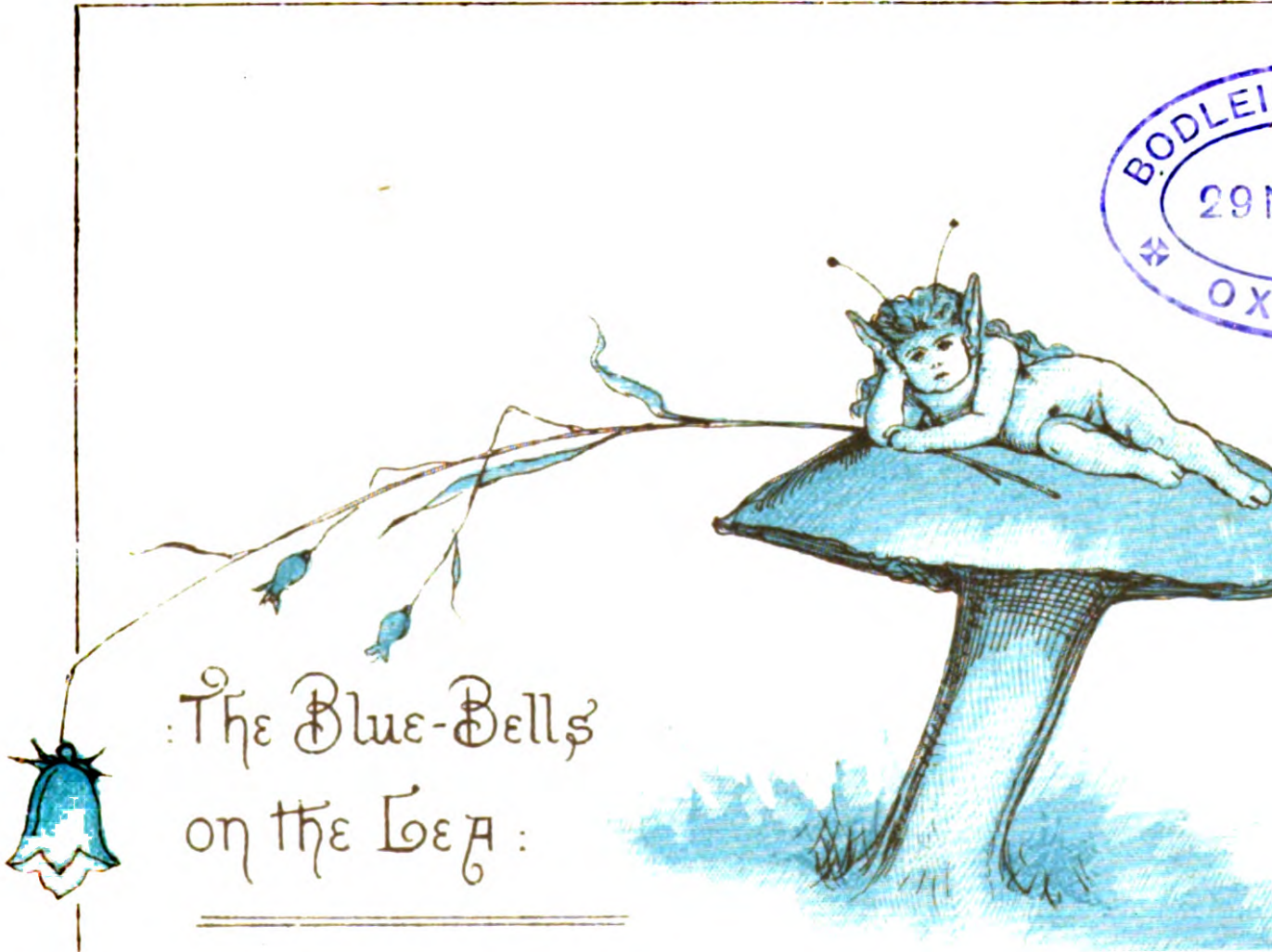
Depicted by  
R André:

London  
D. 1887









The Blue-Bells  
on the Lea:

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Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:

Depicted by R. André:

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The Fairy

London: Society for Promoting Christian K  
 New-York: E & J. B. Young & C<sup>o</sup>.

THE  
 BLUE BELLS  
 on the  
 LEA:

Written by  
 Juliana Horatia Ewing

Depicted by R. André:



25210. f. 22.



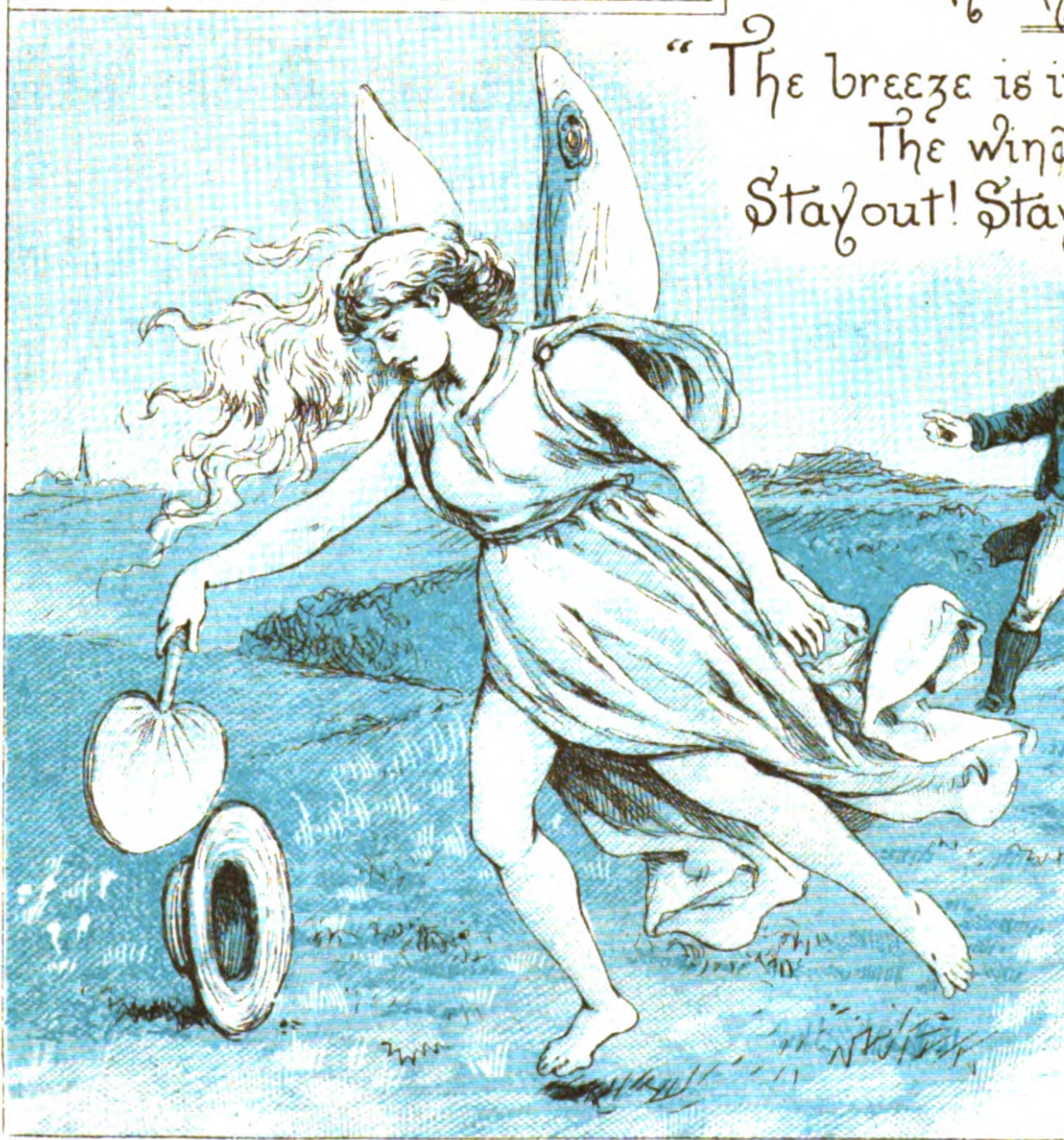
: Chromolitho : Emrik & Binger :  
15. Holborn Viaduct : London : E.C.



The Blue Bells on the Lea : ~ ~

FAIRY

"The breeze is u  
The wind  
Stayout! Stay



6  
If you will give yourself to me,  
Within the fairy ring,  
At deep midnight



When stars are bright,  
You'll hear the Blue-Bells ring.



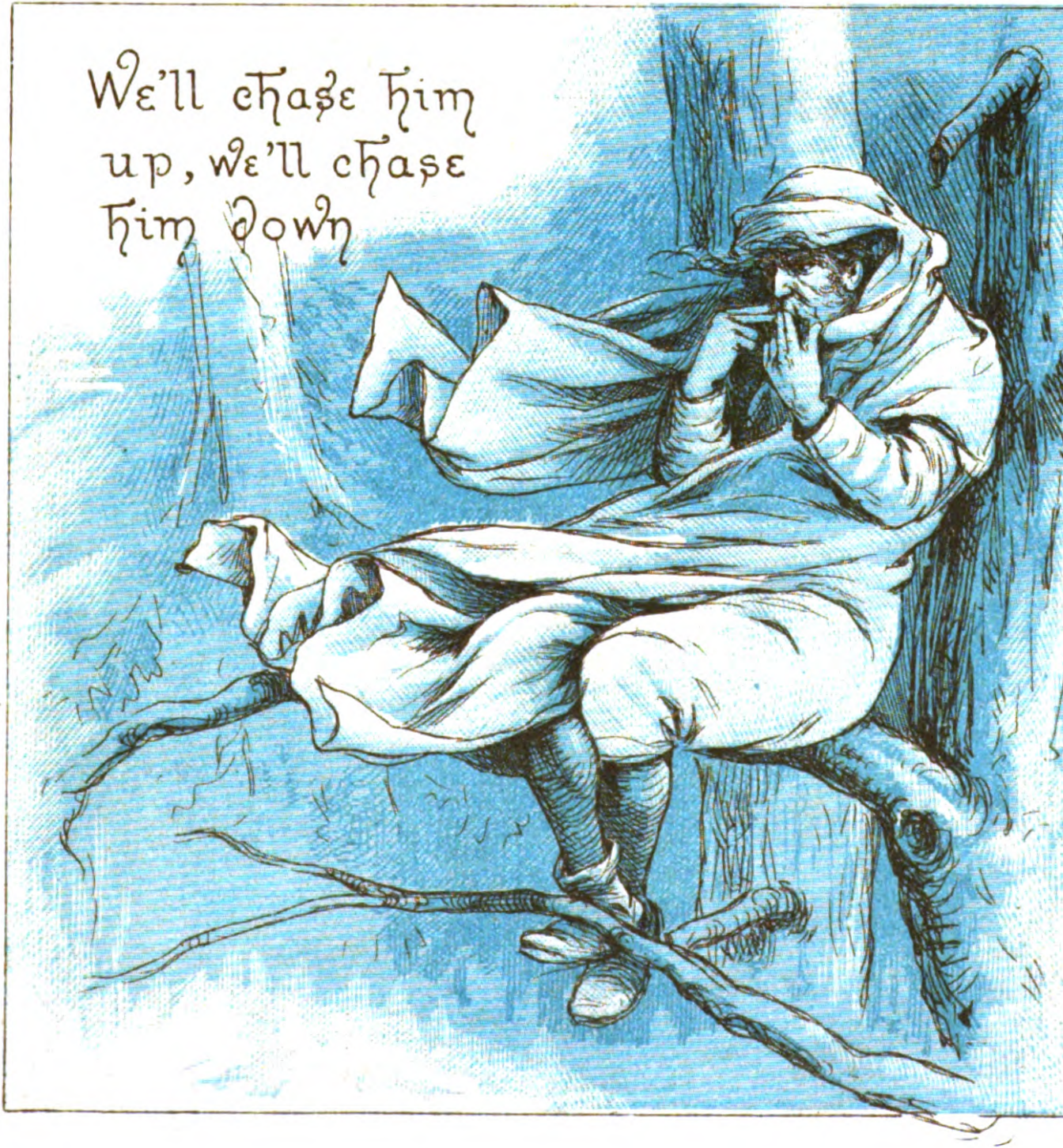
On slender stems they s

“The rustling wind,  
the whistling  
wind,  
We'll chase



him  
and

We'll chase him  
up, we'll chase  
him down



To where the  
King-cups  
grow;





And w  
old Jack-o'lan  
wait  
To light us on our way.





At  
Upon t  
The



D!  
DI! E  
DIN

Lest we should go a



So gay that Fairy music,  
So jubilant those bells,



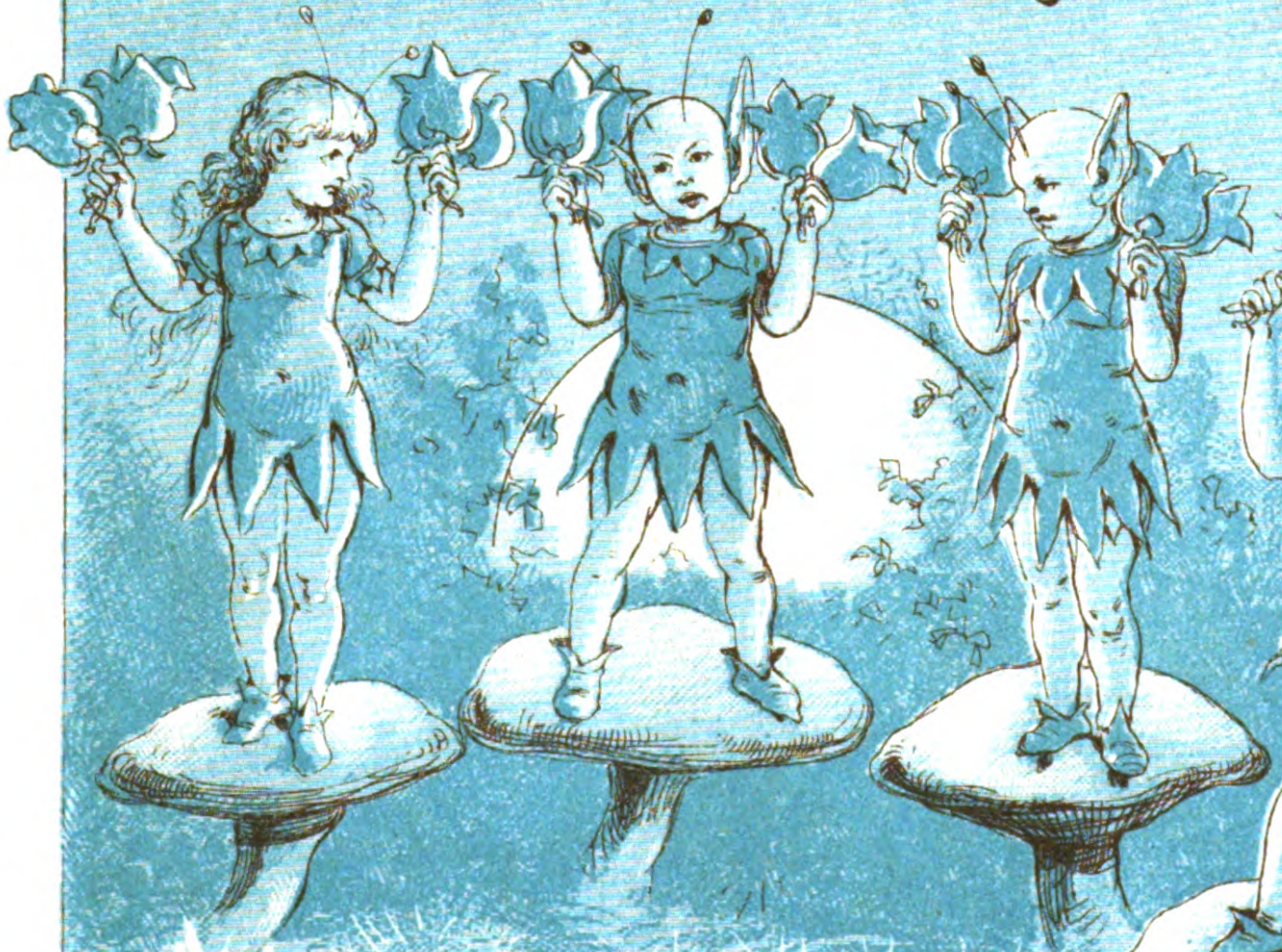
How days and weeks and months go by  
no happy listener tells!

The toad-stools are with  
sweetmeats spread,  
The new Moon lends  
her light,  
And ringers small  
Wait, one and all,  
To ring



with all their might,

ဝ! ဝါ! ဝါး! ဝါး!



And welcome you  
tonight. —

BOY

"My mother made  
me promise  
to be in time  
for tea;

Go home! Go  
home! The  
breezes say,

That sigh along  
the sea.

I dare not give  
myself away;  
For what would  
Mother do?





I wish I might  
Stay out all night

At fairy games with

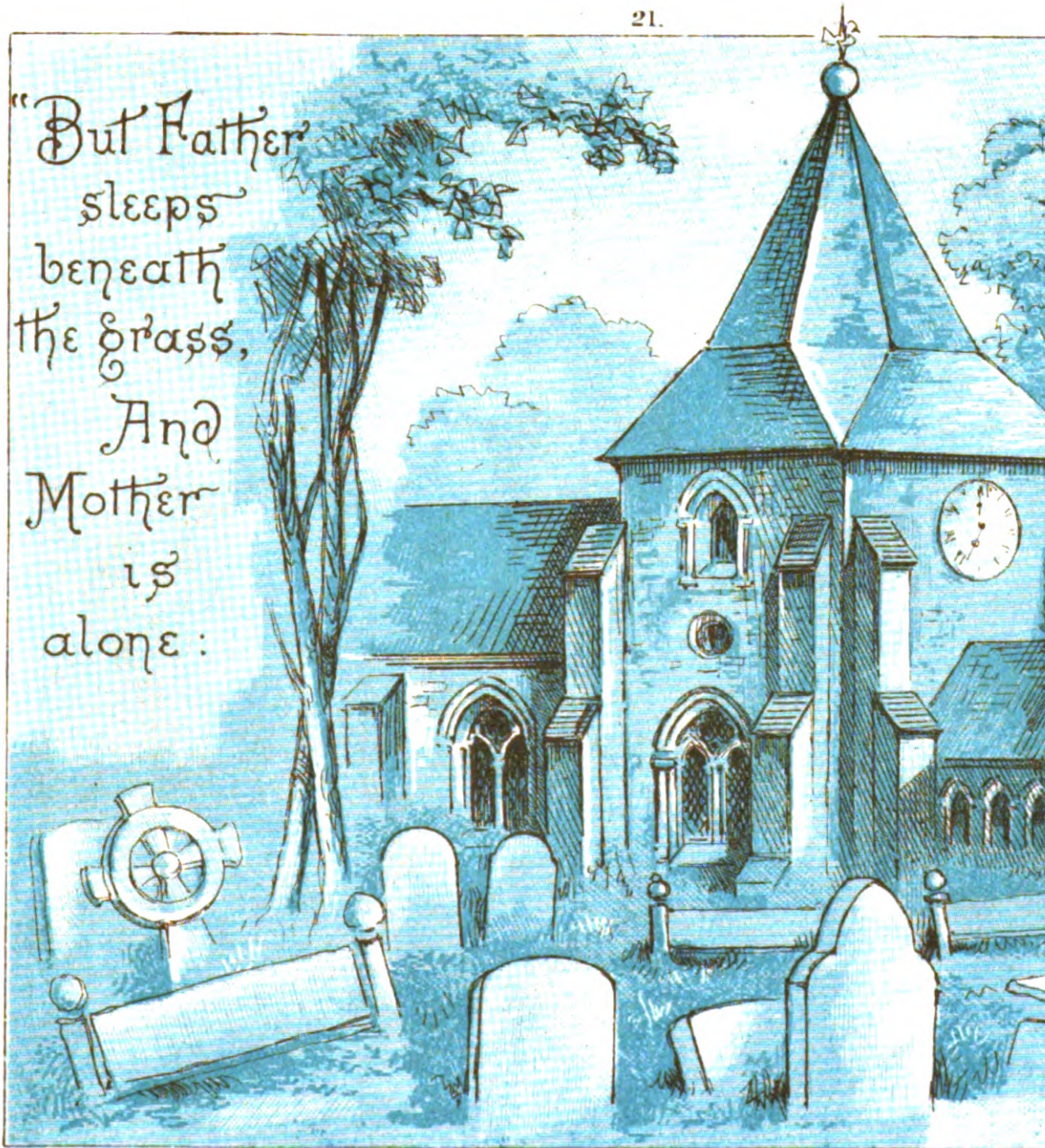




And he  
bells of



"But Father  
sleeps  
beneath  
the grass,  
And  
Mother  
is  
alone:



And who would  
pails, o  
The wood wh  
gone ?



And who, when little  
Sister ails.



Can co  
her, bu

her  
an

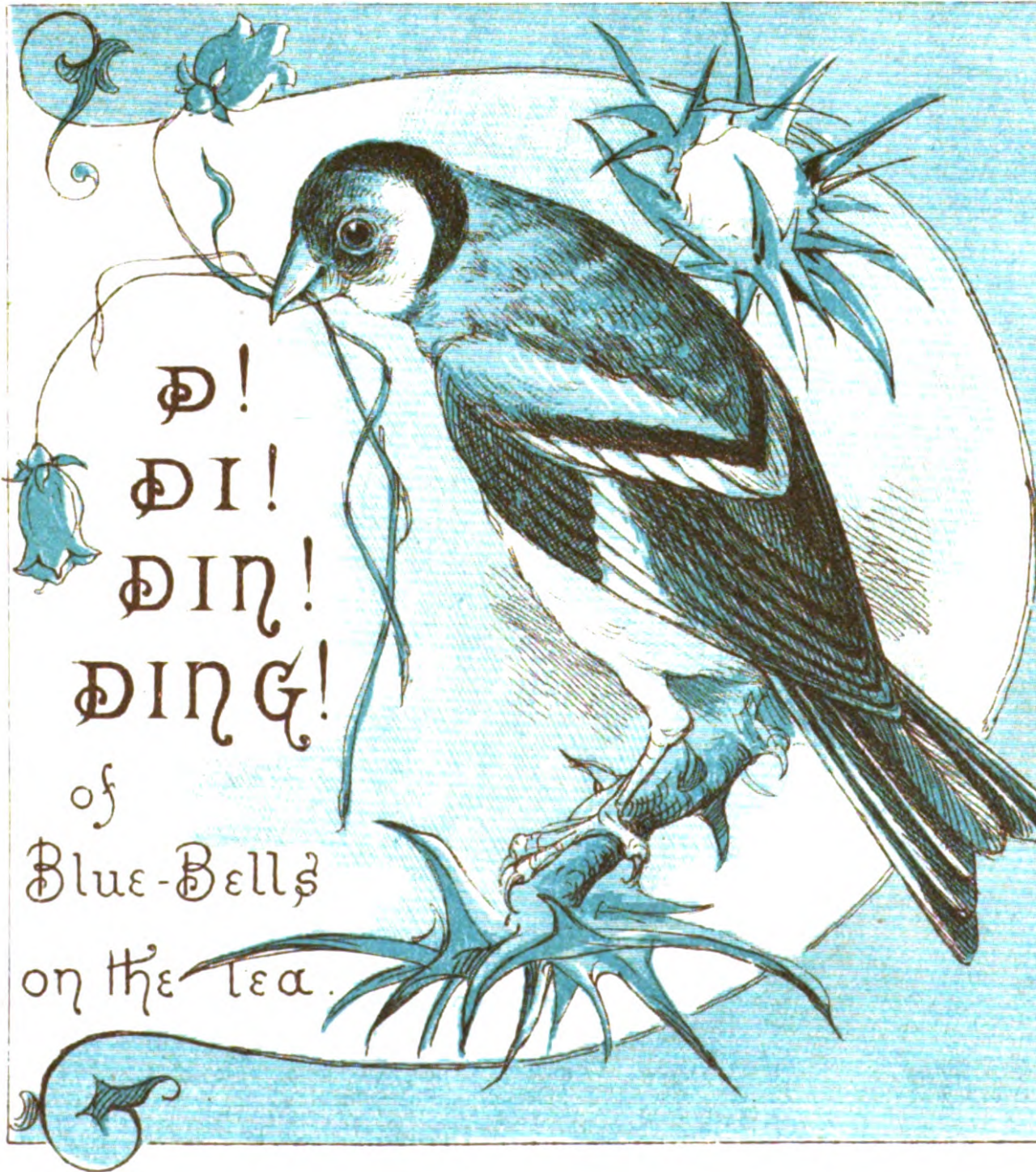
Wor

my

Th

al

m



Ⓟ!  
ⓅI!  
ⓅIN!  
ⓅING!  
of  
Blue-Bells  
on the Tea.

The sun was on the hill  
 The lad was out to play  
 "Oh wondrous bells! Oh



I pray you run  
 I only did as Mother said  
 For tea I did not  
 And winds a  
 Give more d  
 Than all this noon

ᄃ! ᄃI! ᄃIN! ᄃINᄃ!

No sound of bells u





Boy

"The snow lies o'er the Blue-bells,  
A storm is on the lea ;





Our hearth  
 the fire  
 The fla  
  
 Oh, Mother  
 woul  
 That on  
 summ  
 Within t  
 The Fla  
 had stolen m



Թ!  
 ԹԻ! ԹԻՊ!  
 ԹԻՊԳ!

T  
 The Blue-be



“Yet when the storm  
At deep midnight I  
And up and down upon  
To chase the wind I  
While by my side, in feat  
There runs the Fairy



And down  
Beneath the  
We hear the Blue

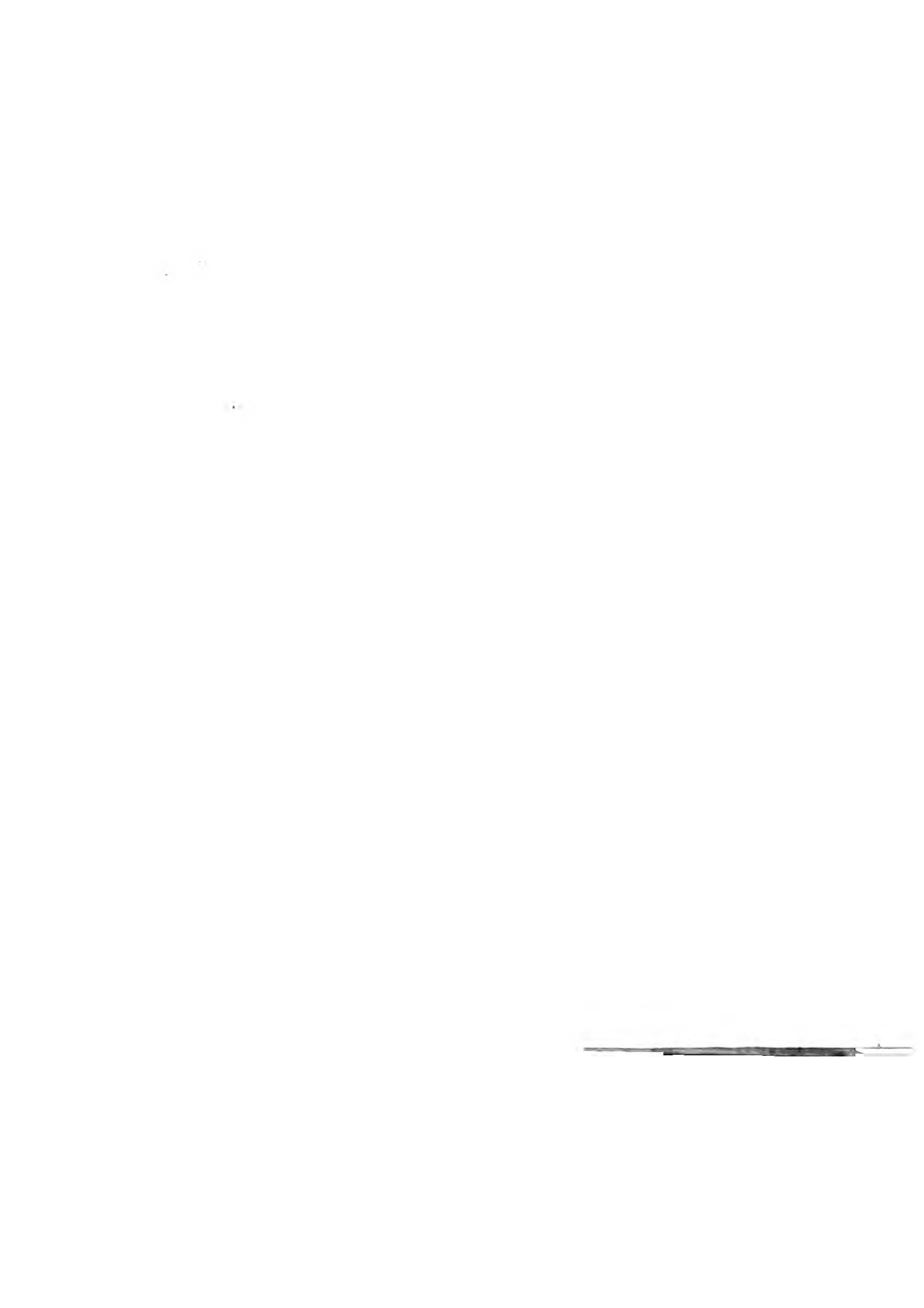
Թ!  
 ԹԻ! ԹԻՆ!  
 ԹԻՆԳ!

Such happy dreams  
 they bring! " ~ ~ ~ :

The End:





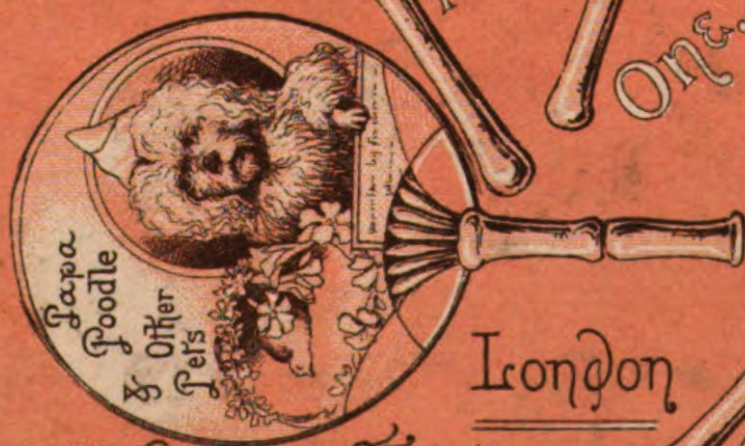






Verse Books for Children by Juliana Horatia  
: Illustrated by R. Anthoné

Second Series:



Price

One Shilling

London

New York

Society for Promoting Christian

E. & J. B. Young & Co.