

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Hans Christian Anderson**

**- poems -**

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## **From The Philosopher's Stone**

Now she heard the following words sadly sung,—

"Life is a shadow that flits away  
In a night of darkness and woe."

But then would follow brighter thoughts:

"Life has the rose's sweet perfume  
With sunshine, light, and joy."

And if one stanza sounded painfully—

"Each mortal thinks of himself alone,  
Is a truth, alas, too clearly known;"

Then, on the other hand, came the answer—

"Love, like a mighty flowing stream,  
Fills every heart with its radiant gleam."

She heard, indeed, such words as these—

"In the pretty turmoil here below,  
All is a vain and paltry show."

Then came also words of comfort—

"Great and good are the actions done  
By many whose worth is never known."

And if sometimes the mocking strain reached her—

"Why not join in the jesting cry  
That contemns all gifts from the throne on high?"

In the blind girl's heart a stronger voice repeated—

"To trust in thyself and God is best,  
In His holy will forever to rest."

But the evil spirit could not see this and remain contented.

Hans Christian Anderson

## **The Pixy and the Grocer**

How bright the room seemed! It was as if a ray of light came from the book, a luminous tree whose branches spread out across the ceiling. The leaves were fresh and green and on each branch flowers bloomed and fruit hung. The flowers were faces of young maidens, some with radiant dark eyes and other(s) with clear blue ones. The fruits were sparkling stars. All the while the most beautiful music could be heard.

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He [the pixy] experienced greatness. He saw what we see when God, disguised as the storm, walks across the turbulent ocean. He cried without knowing why he cried, but found that in those tears happiness was hidden. "How wonderful it must be," he thought, "to sit under the magic tree together with the student." But that was not possible; he had to be satisfied with looking through the keyhole.

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