

Classic Poetry Series

Heinrich Hoffmann
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Heinrich Hoffmann(13 June 1809 - 20 September 1894)

Heinrich Hoffmann was a German psychiatrist, who also wrote some short works including *Der Struwwelpeter*, an illustrated book portraying children misbehaving.

Early Life and Education

Hoffmann was born in Frankfurt on Main to an architect father, Philipp Hoffmann, who was responsible for the city's streets and waterways. Hoffmann's mother died when he was a baby. His father later married her sister, Antoinette Lausberg, who was a loving and more than adequate mother to him. Lazy and easily distracted, Hoffmann at first struggled at school, but became a successful student after conforming to the strict discipline imposed by his demanding father. At university in Heidelberg, he immersed himself into the corps student culture. His zest for dueling was small, but owing to his sociability, good humour and wit, Hoffmann soon became the center of many social circles, a pattern that would later repeat itself in his hometown. His progress in his medical studies was slow because of the many distractions. To flee these he left Heidelberg for Halle, where he concentrated on his studies under Professor Peter Krukenberg, the founder of a charity clinic. His first brush with medical practice coincided with a cholera outbreak in Halle. After getting his medical degree, he intended to spend a year in Paris (funded by the Frankfurt Bethmann bank) to improve his knowledge of surgery. But due to the deteriorating health of his father, he had to return home early.

Career as a Writer

Hoffmann published poems and a satirical comedy before, in 1845, a publisher friend persuaded him to have a collection of illustrated children's verses printed which Hoffmann had done as Christmas present for his son. The book, later called *Struwwelpeter* after one of its anti-heroes, became popular with the public and had to be reprinted regularly; many foreign translations followed. "*Struwwelpeter*" was not perceived as cruel or overly moral by Hoffmann's contemporaries. The original title, "Funny stories and droll pictures", indicates that entertainment was at least partly the author's intention.

After the book's success, Hoffmann felt persuaded to write other children's books, of which only the first, *König Nussknacker oder der arme Reinhold*,

became popular.

He also kept on writing satires and (often comic) poems for adults. His satires show his strong skepticism towards all kinds of ideology and his distaste for religious, philosophical or political bigotry. Even in Germany, he is today largely remembered for his Struwwelpeter.

Politics

Hoffmann from early on had liberal leanings, meaning he supported German unity under a constitutional monarchy, democratic elections, freedom of the press, and equal rights for all male citizens including Jews (whose emancipation had suffered setbacks in many German states after "liberation" from Napoleonic rule). As a member of the city's legislative assembly he was (according to his own testimony) instrumental in opening the sessions to the public. His sense of equality was such that he founded a club ("Bürgerverein") which expressly invited (male) members of all walks of life, including the uneducated and Jewish citizens. Also, he left his freemason's lodge after antisemitic tendencies took hold there. Seized with patriotic-democratic sentiment during the early days of the German 1848 revolution, he became a member of the Frankfurt preliminary national assembly that prepared the elections, but was soon disillusioned by the divisive and dogmatic, unproductive discussions that followed.

Pro-bono public activities

Hoffmann, a popular and well-connected figure in his hometown, became an active member of several non-political public bodies during his lifetime. Among them were the administration of the Städelsches Kunstinstitut (Städel Institute of Art) and the Mozart Foundation (who funded Max Bruch, among others).

Trivia

He wrote under the following names:

Polykarpus Gastfenger (The given name is the German version of that of a Christian martyr; the surname sounds like "Gastfänger", which could be translated as "guest-catcher".)

Heulalius von Heulenburg

Heinrich Hoffmann

Heinrich Hoffmann-Donner (The second half of the compound surname is the maiden name of his wife Therese. It would mean "thunder" as a common noun, or a name for the Germanic thunder-god Thor.)

Heinrich Kinderlieb (The surname means roughly "child-friendly"/"nice to

children")

Reimerich Kinderlieb

Peter Struwwel (This name reverses the order of the components of "Struwwelpeter".)

Zwiebel (As a common noun, this would mean "onion")

In Frankfurt there is a Heinrich-Hoffmann-Museum.

He is the subject of the historical novel, 98 Reasons for Being.

He and his book Der Struwwelpeter is mentioned in The Office episode "Take Your Daughter to Work Day".

One of the short stories contained within Der Struwwelpeter, "Die Geschichte vom Daumenlutscher" or "The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb" is the loose basis for the song "Scissor Man" by the British band XTC. The story involves a little boy whose punishment for sucking his thumbs is getting them cut off by the tailor. The song was more popularly covered by Primus.

Struwwelpeter's statue stands in the center of Frankfurt am Main, in Hoffman's honour.

Cruel Frederick

Here is cruel Frederick, see!
A horrid wicked boy was he;
He caught the flies, poor little things,
And then tore off their tiny wings,
He killed the birds, and broke the chairs,
And threw the kitten down the stairs;
And oh! far worse than all beside,
He whipped his Mary, till she cried.

The trough was full, and faithful Tray
Came out to drink one sultry day;
He wagged his tail, and wet his lip,
When cruel Fred snatched up a whip,
And whipped poor Tray till he was sore,
And kicked and whipped him more and more:
At this, good Tray grew very red,
And growled, and bit him till he bled;
Then you should only have been by,
To see how Fred did scream and cry!

So Frederick had to go to bed:
His leg was very sore and red!
The Doctor came, and shook his head,
And made a very great to-do,
And gave him nasty physic too.

But good dog Tray is happy now;
He has no time to say 'Bow-wow!'
He seats himself in Frederick's chair
And laughs to see the nice things there:
The soup he swallows, sup by sup—
And eats the pies and puddings up.

Heinrich Hoffmann

Envious Minnie

Now Minnie was a pretty girl,
Her hair so gracefully did curl;
She had a slender figure, too,
And rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue.
And yet, with all those beauties rare,
Those angel eyes and curly hair,
Oh! many, many faults had she,
The worst of which was jealousy.
When on the brilliant Christmas tree
St. Nicholas hung his gifts so free,
The envious Minnie could not bear
With any one those gifts to share.
And when her sisters' birthdays came
Minnie (it must be told with shame)
Would envy every pretty thing
Which dear Mamma to them would bring.

Sometimes great tears rolled from her eyes,
Sometimes she pierced the air with cries,
For hours together she would fret
Because their toys she could not get.
Ah, then! how changed this pretty child,
No longer amiable and mild.
That fairy form and smiling face
Lost all their sprightliness and grace.
Her tender mother often sighed,
And to reform her daughter tried.
'Oh! Minnie, Minnie,' she would say,
'Quite yellow you will turn some day.'

Now came the merry Christmas feast;
St. Nicholas brought to e'en the least
Such pretty presents, rich and rare,
But all the best for Minnie were.
Now to her little sister Bess
St. Nicholas brought a yellow dress;
This Minnie longed for (envious child),

And snatched it from her sister mild.
Then all in tears did Bessie run
To tell her mother what was done.

Then Minnie ran triumphantly
To try the dress on, as you see.
But Minnie was not satisfied,
She pouted, fretted, sulked, and cried;
Sisters and brothers had no rest,-
She vowed their presents were the best,
And springing quickly to the glass,
What saw she there? Alas! alas!
Oh! what a sad, such deep disgrace!
She found she had a yellow face.
'Ah, me!' she cried, now, in despair,
'Where are my rosy cheeks-oh, where?'
Exclaimed her mother, 'Now you see
The punishment of jealousy.'

Heinrich Hoffmann

Merry Stories And Funny Pictures

When the children have been good,
That is, be it understood,
Good at meal-times, good at play,
Good all night and good all day—
They shall have the pretty things
Merry Christmas always brings.

Naughty, romping girls and boys
Tear their clothes and make a noise,
Spoil their pinafores and frocks,
And deserve no Christmas-box.
Such as these shall never look
At this pretty Picture-book.

Heinrich Hoffmann

Phoebe Ann, The Proud Girl

This Phoebe Ann was a very proud girl,
Her nose had always an upward curl.

She thought herself better than all others beside,
And beat even the peacock himself in pride.

She thought the earth was so dirty and brown,
That never, by chance, would she look down;
And she held up her head in the air so high
That her neck began stretching by and by.
It stretched and it stretched; and it grew so long
That her parents thought something must be wrong.
It stretched and stretched, and they soon began
To look up with fear at their Phoebe Ann.

They prayed her to stop her upward gaze,
But Phoebe kept on in her old proud ways,
Until her neck had grown so long and spare
That her head was more than her neck could bear-
And it bent to the ground, like a willow tree,
And brought down the head of this proud Phoebe,
Until whenever she went out a walk to take,
The boys would shout, 'Here comes a snake!'

Her head got to be so heavy to drag on,
That she had to put it on a little wagon.
So don't, my friends, hold your head too high,
Or your neck may stretch, too, by and by.

Heinrich Hoffmann

Shock-Headed Peter

Just look at him! there he stands,
With his nasty hair and hands.
See! his nails are never cut;
They are grimed as black as soot;
And the sloven, I declare,
Never once has combed his hair;
Anything to me is sweeter
Than to see Shock-headed Peter.

Heinrich Hoffmann

Slovenly Betsy

Betsy would never wash herself
When from her bed she rose,
But just as quickly as she could
She hurried on her clothes.
To keep her clothes all nice and clean
Miss Betsy took no pains;
In holes her stockings always were,
Her dresses filled with stains.
Sometimes she went day after day
And never combed her hair,
While little feathers from her bed
Stuck on it here and there.
The schoolboys, when they Betsy saw,
Would point her out, and cry,
'Oh! Betsy, what a sight you are!
Oh! Slovenly Betsy, fie!'

One rainy day her parents went
Some pleasant friends to meet.
They took Betsy along with them,
All dressed so clean and neat.
Nice little boys and girls were there,
With whom our Betsy played,
Until of playing she grew tired,
And to the garden strayed.
Out in the rain she danced awhile,
But 'twas not long before
Flat down she tumbled in the mud,
And her best clothes she tore.

Oh! what a sight she was, indeed,
When in the room she came;
The guests all loudly laughed at her,
And she almost died with shame.
She turned, and to her home she ran,
And then, as here you see,
She washed her clothes, and since has been
As neat as she could be.

Heinrich Hoffmann

Sophie Spoilall

I never saw a girl or boy
So prone as Sophie to destroy
Whate'er she laid her hands upon,
Though tough as wood, or hard as stone;
With Sophie it was all the same,
No matter who the thing might claim,
No matter were it choice or rare,
For naught did the destroyer care.
Her playthings shared the common lot;
Though hers they were, she spared them not,
Her dolls she oft tore limb from limb,
To gratify a foolish whim.

'Fie!' said her mother, 'don't you know,
That if you use your playthings so,
Kriss Kringle will in wrath refuse
To give you what you might abuse?
Remember, how in times gone by,
You've always found a rich supply
Of Christmas presents; but beware,
You'll find no more another year.'

You'd think such words would surely tend
To make this child her ways amend.
But no; she still her course pursued,
Regardless of advice so good.
But when her mother sees 'tis plain
That all her arguments are vain,
Says she, 'Since I have done my best,
I'll let experience do the rest.'
Meantime the season of the year
For Christmas gifts was drawing near,
And Sophie doubted not that she
An ample store of them would see.
At length the happy hour was come.
The children, led into the room,
Behold, with wonder and surprise,

Three tables set before their eyes.
One is for Nelly, one for Ned,
And both with choicest treasures spread.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Cry-Baby

'Oh, why are you always so bitterly crying?
You surely will make yourself blind.
What reason on earth for such sobbing and sighing,
I pray, can you possibly find?
There is no real sorrow, there's nothing distressing,
To make you thus grieve and lament.
Ah! no; you are just at this moment possessing
Whatever should make you content.

Now do, my dear daughter, give over this weeping,'
Such was a kind mother's advice.
But all was in vain; for you see she's still keeping
Her handkerchief up to her eyes.

But now she removes it, and oh! she discloses
A countenance full of dismay;
For she certainly feels, or at least she supposes
Her eyesight is going away.
She is not mistaken, her sight is departing;
She knows it and sorrows the more;
Then rubs her sore eyes, to relieve them from smarting,
And makes them still worse than before.

And now the poor creature is cautiously crawling
And feeling her way all around;
And now from their sockets her eyeballs are falling;
See, there they are down on the ground.
My children, from such an example take warning,
And happily live while you may;
And say to yourselves, when you rise in the morning,
'I'll try to be cheerful today.'

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Little Glutton

Oh! how this Mary loved to eat,-
It was her chief delight;
She would have something, sour or sweet,
To munch from morn till night.
She to the pantry daily stole,
And slyly she would take
Sugar, and plums, and sweetmeats, too,
And apples, nuts, and cake.

Her mother Mary oft reproved,
But, ah! it did no good;
Munch, nibble, chew, from morn to night,
The little glutton would.

One day, upon some bee-hives near
She chanced to cast her eyes;
'How nice that honey there must taste!'
She cried, and off she flies.
On tiptoe now the hives she nears,
Close up to them she creeps,
And through the little window panes
Quite cautiously she peeps.
'Oh, dear! how good it looks!' she cries,
As she the honey sees;
'I must, I will, indeed, have some;
It cannot hurt the bees.'
And then a hive she gently lifts,-
Oh, foolish, foolish child,-
Down, down it falls-out swarm the bees
Buzzing with fury wild.
With fright she shrieks, and tries to run,
But ah! 'tis all in vain;
Upon her light the angry bees,
And make her writhe with pain.

Four weeks and more did Mary lie

Upon her little bed,
And, ah! instead of honey, she
On medicine was fed.
Her parents grieved so much at first
Their child so sick to see;
But once more well, with joy they found
Her cured of gluttony.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of A Dirty Girl

The little girls whom now you'll see
Were sisters in one family;
And both enjoyed an equal share
Of a kind mother's anxious care.
This one in neatness took a pride,
And oft the brush and comb applied;

Oft washed her face, and oft her hands;
See, now, thus occupied she stands.

The other-oh! I grieve to say
How she would scream and run away,
Soon as she saw her mother stand,
With water by, and sponge in hand.
She'd kick and stamp, and jump about,
And set up such an awful shout,
That one who did not know the child,
Would say she must be going wild.

In consequence it came to pass,
While one was quite a pretty lass,
And many a fond admirer gained,
And many a little gift obtained;

The other, viewed with general scorn,
Was left forsaken and forlorn;
For no one can endure to see
A child all dirt and misery.
Behold how needful 'tis that we
Should clean in dress and person be;
Or else, believe me, 'tis in vain
We hope affection to obtain.

A sloven will be always viewed

With pity by the wise and good;
While ev'n the vicious and the base
Behold with scorn a dirty face.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Augustus Who Would Not Have Any Soup

Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat, ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and heart, healthy boy,
He ate and drank as he was told
And never let his soup get cold.

But one day, on cold winter's day
He screamed out-'Take the soup away:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup today.'

Next day begins his tale of woes,
Quite lank and lean Augustus grows,
Yet though he feels so weak and ill,
The naughty fellow cries out still-
'Not any soup for me I say:
Oh, take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup today.'

The third day comes; oh' what a sin!
To make himself so pale and thin.
Yet, when the soup is put on table,
He screams as loud as he is abler,-
'Not any soup for me, I saw:
Oh take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day.'

Look at him, now the fourth's day's come!
He scarcely weighs a sugar-plum;
He's like a little bit of thread
And on the fifth day he was dead!

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Fidgety Philip

'Let me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman;
Let me see if he is able
To sit still for once at table.'
Thus Papa bade Phil behave;
And Mamma looked very grave.
But fidgety Phil,
He won't sit still;
He wriggles,
And giggles,
And then, I declare,
Swings backwards and forwards,
And tilts up his chair,
Just like any rocking-horse-
'Philip! I am getting cross!'

See the naughty, restless child
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Philip screams with all his might,
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, plates, knives, forks, and all.
How Mamma did fret and frown,
When she saw them tumbling down!
And Papa made such a face!
Philip is in sad disgrace.

Where is Philip, where is he?
Fairly covered up you see!
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pulled down all upon him.
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, snapped in two!
Here a knife, and there a fork!
Philip, this is cruel work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma

Look quire cross, and wonder how
They shall have their dinner now.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Flying Robert

When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys
Stay at home and mind their toys.
Robert thought, 'No, when it pours,
It is better out of doors.'
Rain it did, and in a minute
Bob was in it.
Here you see him, silly fellow,
Underneath his red umbrella.

What a wind! oh! how it whistles
Through the trees and flowers and thistles!
It has caught his red umbrella:
Now look at him, silly fellow—
Up he flies
To the skies.
No one heard his screams and cries;
Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,
And his hat flew on before him.

Soon they got to such a height,
They were nearly out of sight.
And the hat went up so high,
That it nearly touched the sky.
No one ever yet could tell
Where they stopped, or where they fell:
Only this one thing is plain,
Bob was never seen again!

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Johnny Head-In-Air

As he trudged along to school,
It was always Johnny's rule
To be looking at the sky
And the clouds that floated by;
But what just before him lay,
In his way,
Johnny never thought about;
So that every one cried out
'Look at little Johnny there,
Little Johnny Head-In-Air!'

Running just in Johnny's way
Came a little dog one day;
Johnny's eyes were still astray
Up on high,
In the sky;
And he never heard them cry
'Johnny, mind, the dog is nigh!'
Bump!
Dump!
Down they fell, with such a thump,
Dog and Johnny in a lump!

Once, with head as high as ever,
Johnny walked beside the river.
Johnny watched the swallows trying
Which was cleverest at flying.
Oh! what fun!
Johnny watched the bright round sun
Going in and coming out;
This was all he thought about.
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

One step more! oh! sad to tell!

Headlong in poor Johnny fell.
And the fishes, in dismay,
Wagged their tails and swam away.

There lay Johnny on his face,
With his nice red writing-case;
But, as they were passing by,
Two strong men had heard him cry;
And, with sticks, these two strong men
Hooked poor Johnny out again.

Oh! you should have seen him shiver
When they pulled him from the river.
He was in a sorry plight!
Dripping wet, and such a fright!
Wet all over, everywhere,
Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair:
Johnny never will forget
What it is to be so wet.

And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again, you see;
Up they came the moment after,
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popped out his little head,
And, to tease poor Johnny, said
'Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!'

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Little Suck-A-Thumb

One day Mamma said 'Conrad dear,
I must go out and leave you here.
But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys who suck their thumbs;
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out,
And cuts their thumbs clean off—and then,
You know, they never grow again.'

Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in, Alack! Alack!

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great, long, red-legged scissor-man.
Oh! children, see! the tailor's come
And caught out little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go;
And Conrad cries out 'Oh! Oh! Oh!'
Snip! Snap! Snip! They go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home: there Conrad stands,
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands;
'Ah!' said Mamma, 'I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb.'

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of Romping Polly

'I pray you now, my little child,'
Thus once a kind old lady
Spoke to her niece in accents mild,
'Do try to be more steady.
I know that you will often see
Rude boys push, drive, and hurry;
But little girls should never be
All in a heat and flurry.'

While thus the lady gave advice
And lectured little Polly,
To see her stand with downcast eyes,
You'd think she'd owned her folly.
She did, and many a promise made;
But when her aunt departed,
Forgetting all, the silly maid
Off to the playground started.

Now see what frolic and what fun,
The little folks are after;
Away they jump, away they run,
With many a shout and laughter.

But fools who never will be taught,
Except by some disaster,
Soon find their knowledge dearly bought,
And of a cruel master.
This little girl, who, spite of all
Her good old aunt had spoken,
Would romp about, had such a fall
That her poor leg was broken.

In sore amaze, those standing by
Then placed her on a barrow;
But oh! to hear her scream and cry
Their souls it sure did harrow.

See how her brother bursts in tears,
When told the dreadful story;

And see how carefully he bears
The limb all wet and gory.

Full many a week, screwed up in bed,
She lingered sad and weary;

And went on crutches, it is said,
Until she died so dreary.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of The Inky Boys

As he had often done before,
The woolly-headed Black-a-moor
One nice fine summer's day went out
To see the shops, and walk about;
And, as he found it hot, poor fellow,
He took with him his green umbrella,
Then Edward, little noisy wag,
Ran out and laughed, and waved his flag;
And William came in jacket trim,
And brought his wooden hoop with him;
And Arthur, too, snatched up his toys
And joined the other naughty boys.
So, one and all set up a roar,
And laughed and hooted more and more,
And kept on singing,—only think!—
'Oh, Blacky, you're as black as ink!'

Now tall Agrippa lived close by—
So tall, he almost touched the sky;
He had a mighty inkstand, too,
In which a great goose-feather grew;
He called out in an angry tone
'Boys, leave the Black-a-moor alone!
For, if he tries with all his might,
He cannot change from black to white.'
But, ah! they did not mind a bit
What great Agrippa said of it;
But went on laughing, as before,
And hooting at the Black-a-moor.

Then great Agrippa foams with rage—
Look at him on this very page!
He seizes Arthur, seizes Ned,
Takes William by his little head; And they may scream and kick and call,
Into the ink he dips them all;
Into the inkstand, one, two, three,
Till they are black as black can be;
Turn over now, and you shall see.

See, there they are, and there they run!
The Black-a-moor enjoys the fun.
They have been made as black as crows,
Quite black all over, eyes and nose,
And legs, and arms, and heads, and toes,
And trousers, pinafores, and toys—
The silly little inky boys!
Because they set up such a roar,
And teased the harmless Black-a-moor.

Heinrich Hoffmann

The Story Of The Man That Went Out Shooting

This is the man that shoots the hares;
This is the coat he always wears:
With game-bag, powder-horn, and gun
He's going out to have some fun.

He finds it hard, without a pair
Of spectacles, to shoot the hare.
The hare sits snug in leaves and grass
And laughs to see the green man pass.
Now, as the sun grew very hot,
And he a heavy gun had got,
He lay down underneath a tree
And went to sleep, as you may see.
And, while he slept like any top,
The little hare came, hop, hop, hop,
Took gun and spectacles, and then
On her hind legs went off again.

The green man wakes and sees her place
The spectacles upon her face;
And now she's trying all she can
To shoot the sleepy, green-coat man.
He cries and screams and runs away;
The hare runs after him all day
And hears him call out everywhere:
'Help! Fire! Help! The Hare! The Hare!'

At last he stumbled at the well,
Head over ears, and in he fell.
The hare stopped short, took aim and, hark!
Bang went the gun—she missed her mark!

The poor man's wife was drinking up
Her coffee in her coffee-cup;
The gun shot cup and saucer through;
'Oh dear!' cried she; 'what shall I do?'
There lived close by the cottage there
The hare's own child, the little hare;
And while she stood upon her toes,

The coffee fell and burned her nose.
'Oh dear!' she cried, with spoon in hand,
'Such fun I do not understand.'

Heinrich Hoffmann

What Happened To Lazy Charlotte

'Here, Charlotte,' said Mamma one day.
'These stockings knit while I'm away,
And should you fail, be sure you'll find
Mamma is strict, although she's kind.'

But Charlotte took a lazy fit,
And did not feel inclined to knit;
And soon upon the ground let fall
Needles, and worsted, hose, and all.
'I shall not knit,' said she, 'not I;
At least not now, but by and by;'
Then stretched, and yawned, and rubbed her eyes,
Like sluggards, when 'tis time to rise.

But when Mamma came home, and found
The work all strewed upon the ground,
Quoth she, 'You will not knit, and so
To school barefooted you shall go.'

This put poor Charlotte in a fright.
And though she knew it served her right,
She wept, and begged, and prayed; but still
She could not change her mother's will.

To school, where all were spruce and neat,
Poor Charlotte went with naked feet.
Some showed their pity, some their pride,
While Charlotte hid her face and cried.

Heinrich Hoffmann