



## **The Town Between the Hills (1916)**

**By Katherine Mansfield**

The further the little girl leaped and ran  
The further she longed to be  
The white, white fields of jonquil flowers  
Danced up as high as her knee  
And flashed and sparkled before her eyes  
Until she could hardly see  
So into the wood went she.

It was quiet in the wood  
It was solemn and grave  
A sound like a wave  
Sighed in the tree-tops  
And then sighed no more  
But she was brave  
And the sky showed through  
A bird's-egg blue  
And she saw  
A tiny path that was running away  
Over the hills to who can say –  
She ran too.  
But then the path broke  
Then the path ended  
And wouldn't be mended.  
A little old man  
Sat on the edge  
Hugging the hedge  
He had a fire  
And 2 eggs in a pan –  
And a paper poke  
Of pepper and salt  
So she came to a halt  
To watch and admire  
Cunning and nimble was he!  
May I help if I can little old man?  
Bravo he said  
You can dine with me  
I've two old eggs  
From two white hens



and a loaf from a kind ladie  
Some fresh nutmegs  
Some cutlet ends  
In pink and white paper frills  
And--I've--got  
A little hot-pot  
From the town between the Hills."  
He nodded his head  
And made her a sign  
To sit under the spray  
Of a trailing vine.  
But when the little girl joined her hands  
And said the grace she had learned to say  
The little old man gave 2 dreadful squeals  
And she just saw the flash of his smoking heels  
As he tumbled tumbled  
With his two old eggs  
From 2 white hens  
His loaf from a kind ladie  
The fresh nutmegs  
The cutlet-ends  
In the pink and white paper frills  
And away rumbled  
Little hot-pot so much too hot  
From the town between the hills.

