



## ***Nymphs***

Nymphs, born from Ocean's streams  
Dwelling in liquid caverns beneath the waves  
Nurses of Dyinyusus's powers who sustains every flower  
Earthly rejoicing, who in meadows dwell,

In deep caverns to roam and on the wind to fly  
Through dew and fountains and gently singing streams  
Seen and unseen, with joy and wanderings wide  
And gentle course, through flowery vales to glide

With Pan you dance on mountains high  
Loud-founding drums, whom rocks and woods delight  
Nymphs robed in white, a refreshing stream exhale



## Treasure Hunt

Kinsman of Hiisi! rise, awake, thou mountain haltia, to show me the path, to point to a full-grown man the place where booty is to be obtained, treasures can be opened up before a man who is making search, a fellow creeping on his knees.



## The Mountain Sprite

*by Thomas Moore*

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,  
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,  
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,  
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain  
Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er  
The Golden sands of that island shore;  
A foot-print sparkled before his sight-  
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one summer day,  
As bending over the stream he lay,  
There peeped down o'er him two eyes of  
light,  
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo! like a startled bird,  
That sprite fled!- and the youth but heard  
Sweet music, such as marks the flight  
of some bird of song, from the Mountain  
Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,  
The boy, bewildered, his pencil took;  
And guided only by memory's light,  
Drew the once-seen from of the Mountain  
Sprite.

"Oh, thou, who lovest, the shadow," cried  
A voice, low whispering by his side,  
"Now turn and see"- Here the youth's delight  
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the sprites of land and sea,"  
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's non like thee;  
And oft, o oft, may thy foot thus light  
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite



## **A fairy song**

*by William Shakespeare*

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire!  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green;  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours;  
In those freckles live their savours;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.



## Hallowe'en

" In the hinder end of harvest, on All-Hallowe'en,  
When our good neighbours dois ride, if I read right,  
Some buckled on a buneward, and some on a been,  
Ay trottand in troups from the twilight;  
Some saidled a she-ape, all grathed into green,  
Some hobland on a hemp-stalk, hovand to the hight ;  
The king of Pharie and his court, with the Elf Queen,  
With many elfish incubus was ridand that night.  
There an elf on an ape, an ursel begat,  
Into a pot by Pomathorne ;  
That bratchart in a busse was born;  
They fand a monster on the morn, Waur faced nor a cat."



## Pan

Come Pan, whom rural haunts delight,  
Come, leaping, agile, wand'ring, starry light;  
The Hours and Seasons, wait thy high command,  
And round thy throne in graceful order stand.

Goat-footed, horned, Bacchanalian Pan,  
Whose various parts by thee inspir'd, combine  
In endless dance and melod.y  
In thee a refuge from our fears we find,  
Those fears peculiar to the human kind.

Thee shepherds, streams of water, goats rejoice,  
Thou. lov'st the chace, and Echo's secret voice:  
The sportive nymphs, thy ev'ry step attend,  
And all thy works fulfill their destin'd end.  
O all-producing pow'r, much-fam'd, divine,  
The world's great ruler, rich increase is thine.  
In fruits rejoicing, and in caves obscure.



## THE HONEY ROBBERS

There were two Fairies, Gimmul and Mel,  
Loved Earth Man's honey passing well;  
Oft at the hives of his tame bees  
They would their sugary thirst appease.  
When dusk began to darken to night,  
They would hide along in the fading light,  
With elf-locked hair and scarlet lips,  
And small stone knives to slit the skeps,  
So softly not a bee inside  
Should hear the woven straw divide:  
And then with sly and greedy thumbs  
Would rifle the sweet honeycombs.  
And drowsily drone to drone would say,  
'A cold, cold wind blows in this way';  
And the great Queen would turn her head  
From face to face, astonished,  
And, though her maids with comb and brush  
Would comb and soothe and whisper,  
'Hush!'  
About the hive would shrilly go  
A keening — keening, to and fro;  
At which those robbers 'neath the trees  
Would taunt and mock the honey-bees,  
And through their sticky teeth would buzz  
Just as an angry hornet does.  
And when this Gimmul and this Mel  
Had munched and sucked and swilled  
their fill,  
Or ever Man's first cock could crow  
Back to their Faerie Mounds they'd go;  
Edging across the twilight air,  
Thieves of a guise remotely fair.

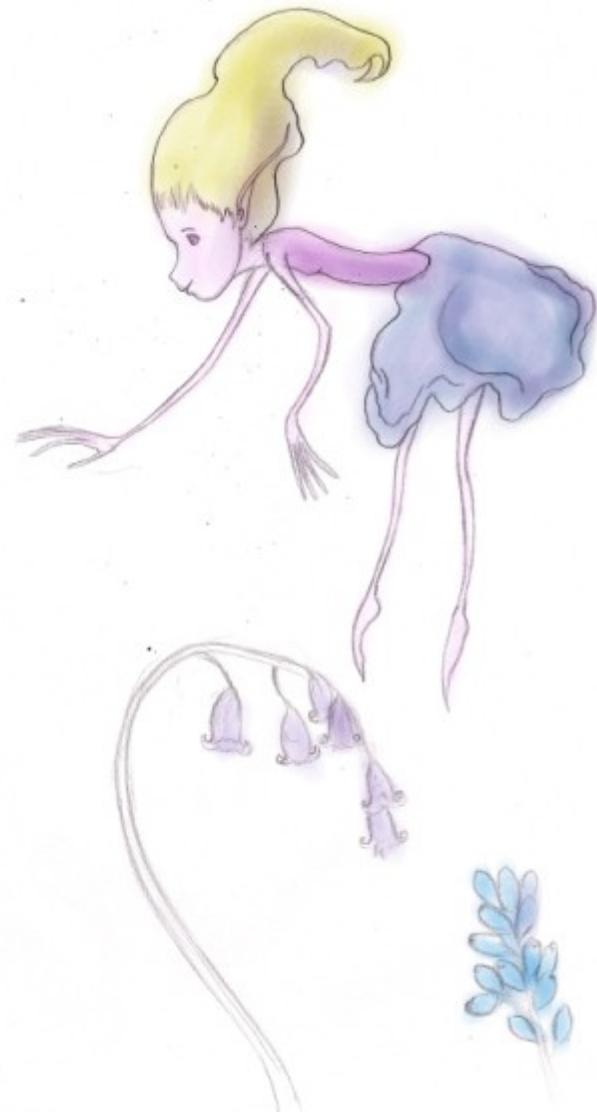
**by: Louisa May Alcott**

THE moonlight fades from flower and tree,  
And the stars dim one by one;  
The tale is told, the song is sung,  
And the Fairy feast is done.  
The night-wind rocks the sleeping flowers,  
And sings to them, soft and low.  
The early birds ere long will wake:  
Tis time for the Elves to go.

O'er the sleeping earth we silently pass,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
And send sweet dreams, as we lightly float  
Through the quiet moonlit sky;--  
For the stars' soft eyes alone may see,  
And the flowers alone may know,  
The feasts we hold, the tales we tell:  
So 'tis time for the Elves to go.

From bird, and blossom, and bee,  
We learn the lessons they teach;  
And seek, by kindly deeds, to win  
A loving friend in each.  
And though unseen on earth we dwell,  
Sweet voices whisper low,  
And gentle hearts most joyously greet  
The Elves where'er they go.

When next we meet in the Fairy dell,  
May the silver moon's soft light  
Shine then on faces gay as now,  
And Elfin hearts as light.  
Now spread each wing, for the eastern sky  
With sunlight soon will glow.  
The morning star shall light us home:  
Farewell! for the Elves must go.





## THE LEPRACAUN; OR, FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,

Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?  
Only the plaintive yellow bird

Sighing in sultry fields around,  
Chiary, chary, chary, chee-ee ! —  
Only the grasshopper and the bee ? —  
" Tip-tap, rip-rap,  
Tick-a-tack-too !  
Scarlet leather sewn together,

This W'll make a shoe.  
Left, right, pull it tight ;

Summer days are warm ;  
Underground in winter,

Laughing at the storm !"  
Lay your ear close to the hill.

Do you not catch the tiny clamour,  
Busy click of an Elfin hammer,  
Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill  
As he merrily plies his trade ?  
He's a span

And a quarter in height.  
Get him in sight, hold him tight,  
And you're a made  
Man!



## THE FAIRIES

*William Allingham*

*(edited and extracted)*

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!  
Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.  
High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;

He is now so old and grey  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.  
Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!



O Tapio's daughter, Annikki, the tiny little forest-lass with  
down-like shirt, with a fine spun shirt, the woman of com-  
plexion fair, with shouts awake the forest-king, arouse the  
backwoods' haltia,

O forest-daughter, delightful girl, O Tapio's daughter chase  
the wild creatures out to run from the forest-castle slopes,  
make them to scamper, make them scud

## Fairy Song

UPON that night, when fairies light  
On Cassilis Downans dance,  
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,  
On sprightly coursers prance;  
Beneath the moon's pale beams;  
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove,  
Among the rocks and streams  
To sport that night;

Among the bonie winding banks,  
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear;  
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial  
ranks,  
An' shook his Carrick spear;  
Some merry, friendly, countra-folks  
Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,  
An' haud their Halloween  
Fu' bly the that night.

Their stocks maun a' be sought ance;  
They steek their een, and grape an' wale  
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.  
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
An' wandered thro' the bow-kail,  
An' pou't for want o' better shift  
A runt was like a sow-tail  
Sae bow't that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!  
I daur you try sic sportin,  
As seek the foul thief ony place,  
For him to spae your fortune:  
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!  
Great cause ye hae to fear it;

For mony a ane has gotten a fright,  
An' liv'd an' died deleerit,  
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,  
I mind't as weel's yestreen—  
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure  
I was na past fyfteen:  
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,  
An' stuff was unco green;  
An' eye a rantin kirn we gat,  
An' just on Halloween  
It fell that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,  
I wat they did na weary;  
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes—  
Their sports were cheap an' cheery:  
Till butter'd sowens, 16 wi' fragrant  
lunt,  
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;  
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
They parted aff careerin  
Fu' blythe that night.





## CHORUS OF FAIRIES,

Golden, golden,  
Light unfolding,  
Busily, merrily, work and play,

In flowery meadows.

And forest shadows.  
All the length of a Summer day !  
All the length of a Summer day !

Sprightly, lightly,  
Sing we rightly.  
Moments brightly hurry away ;

Fruit-tree blossoms,  
And roses' bosoms, —  
Clear blue sky of a Summer day !  
Dear blue sky of a Summer day !

Springlets, brooklets.  
Greeny nooklets.  
Hill and Valley, and salt sea-spray,

Comrade rovers,  
Fairy lovers, —  
All the length of a Summer day  
All the livelong Summer day !



IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,  
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,  
    Liv'd Edwin of the Green;  
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
Though badly shap'd he'd been.  
His mountain back mote well be said,  
To measure height against his head,  
    And lift itself above;  
Yet, spite of all that nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
This creature dar'd to love.  
Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With slighted passion pac'd along  
    All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort  
To revel out the night.



## **OTSO THE HONEY-EATER.**

From the heather and the mountain,  
from the fen and forest,  
Drive great Otso from the glen-wood  
From his cavern to the meadows,  
To Wainola's plains and pastures.  
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,  
Near the hilt a roebuck bounding.  
Snows had fallen from the heavens,  
Made the flocks as white as ermine  
Or the hare, in days of winter,  
And the minstrel sang these measures:  
"My desire impels me onward  
To the Metsola-dominions,  
To the homes of forest-maidens,  
I will hasten to the forest,  
Labor with the woodland-forces.  
"Ruler of the Tapio-forests,  
Make of me a conquering hero,



A Fairy gave birth to me,  
In green leaves she swaddled me.  
my diapers were that of green grass;  
my beds were slender fir branches;  
winds that were blowing,  
they rocked me;  
boulders that fell,  
they played with me;  
the dew that dropped,  
fed me!”



Old man of the forest with the rumpled light grey beard, O hollow fir with fir-twig hat of the forest the golden king!  
O forest-mistress, Mielikki! Miiritär, forest-daughter-in-law! mount up on a sloping birch, ascend a bent-down alder-tree, to listen to my songs,

Gird the forests with a sword, place a glaive in the backwoods' hand, clothe the forest in homespun cloth, dress in German linen the wooded wilds, array in coats the aspen-trees, the alder-trees in lovely clothes, with silver adorn the firs, deck the pines with gold, put flowers on the heads of the pines, and silver on the heads of firs, gird round old pines with copper belts, the firs with silver belts.

Clothe them as in the days of old when to the forest I had gone, had attained the far backwoods, had ascended to the wilderness, had arrived on a mountain top, the aspens were in silver belts, the birches decked with golden flowers, pine branches glistened like the moon, the spreading fir-tops like the sun, like the moon the famous lad shone forth, like the sun—the doughty full-grown man.