



FLY-AWAY
FAIRIES.

AND
BABY-
BLOSSOMS.

by
L. Clarkson.

OSB
P
WHITELOCK, L.C.
FLY-AWAY...
[1882]



THE
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES
COLLECTION

A Bequest to
THE OSBORNE COLLECTION - TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY
in memory of
JOHN SULLIVAN HAYES & JO ANN ELLIOTT HAYES
from their children
ANN ALYCIN AND ELLIOTT HAYES

988/1 REK/37131013 247010

Darling Jessie
With Grandmother's love

Christmas 1883 _

Flyaway Fairies

and

Baby Blossoms.

Copyright. E. P. DUTTON & Co. 1882.

The Rights of
Translation and of Reproduction
are Reserved.

Fly-Away Fairies.



London

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

New York

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

39, WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

The Rights of Translation and of Reproduction are Reserved

To Edith.

*Happy Christmas time is here;
Christmas bringeth song and cheer;
Christmas bringeth frost and snow,
Holly branch and mistletoe.*

Little Darling, tell me true,
What can Christmas bring to you?
Can it give you any good
Sweeter than your baby-hood?

Life grows greyer every year,
But of Time you have no fear;
Ruddy cheeks and eyes so blue—
Frost is far away from you.

Many Christmas days will bring
Only happy thoughts of Spring;
Thoughts of daisies in the meadow,
And of sunshine without shadow.

We have had our childhood's glow
And our daisies, long ago;
Now our hearts are touched with rime
While we keep your Christmas time.

There, my Darling, your sweet eyes
Chide me with their grave surprise:—
*Why of course I'm very glad;
Who could love you and be sad.*

The Elf in the Mist.

JACK o' the Lantern !
Will o' the Wisp !
Where are you going
Through the mist ?
What are you following
Into the night
With your queer little
Bobbing light ?
What have you lost in
The dismal swamp,
That you must seek with
Your tiny lamp ?
Is it a feather from my white dove ?
Is it the heart of your little love ?
Is it a star that fell from the sky ?
Is it the nest of a buttery fly ?
Jack o' the Lantern !
Will o' the Wisp !
What are you seeking
Through the mist ?
Over the marshes,
Across the mere,
Hiding whenever
I come too near.
Where you are flitting,
Who can tell ?
That none can follow you,
I know well.



A Fearless Jay.

PERCHED on the steady back
Of the Eagle bold,
I soar where the snowy mountains
Are high and cold.

The shepherd's boy, he trembles
As we go by,
Though we seem but a far-off speck
In the cloudy sky.

Where is the Eagle's eyry
To which we go?
Ask of the howling north-winds
Where they blow.

Ask of the rushing storm-clouds
Whence they come;
And when they answer, I'll show you
The Eagle's home.



Little Water-Sprite.

I'm the Fairy of the lake,
On my snow-white swan I take
Many a happy ride.
Where the cat-tails grow up high,
Where the water-lilies lie,
We go gliding softly by
With the tide.

In the water, while I pass,
I can see, as in a glass,
Such a lovely face!
Who, I wonder, can it be,
Always looking up at me,
Following so silently
Into every place?

If you ever come to play
By the lake, some sunny day,
Please to tell me, do,
If the face that's peeping out,
Wearing such a pretty pout,
With white lilies twined about,
Always looks at you.



The Sea-Mixie.

I AM merry and wild,
The sea's own child ;
 My heart is gay and brave ;
I laugh at the speed
Of my dolphin steed
 As we skim along the wave.

The sea-winds blow,
And the sea-tides flow,
 With an endless rush and roar.
My restless home
Is the white sea-foam,
 Far, far from any shore.

If you cross the sea,
You may look for me
 Where the sun on the water gleams ;
But while you sleep
I am riding the deep,
 And you'll see me only in dreams.



A Mischievous Elf.

HERE comes a Dragon-fly—
Run, children, run!
If we could only catch it,
Wouldn't that be fun?

But if the Fly should catch us,
'Twould be another thing:
Folks say that Dragon-flies
Know how to sting.

For on its back capers
A naughty little Elf;
'Twould make you laugh to see him
In spite of yourself.

In his hand he flourishes
A lash, long and thin,
And the prick on the end of it
Is worse than a pin.

But he has wings for flying,
That leave his steed behind him;
So if you catch the Dragon-fly,
Don't expect to find him.



The Dove's Nursling.

SAFE on the wings
Of the Dove I lie,
And sail through the peaceful
Evening sky.

The Dove is seeking
Her quiet nest,
And I shall sleep 'neath
Her gentle breast.

For the bird, I trust,
Is a Mother-dove,
And I with her little ones
Share her love.

She coos to us
Through the Summer night;
She brings us food
With the morning light.



L.C.

The Butterfly's Fairy.

FLUTTER, flutter, in the sun ;
Who can be this pretty one ?

Up above the world so high
On a golden Butterfly !

Who can stand so sure, yet airy,
But the Butterfly's own Fairy ?

Tiniest in Fairyland ;
Favourite of the Elfin band.

She can guide the restless thing ;
She can calm its eager wing.

Now it comes and now it goes ;
Now it lights upon a rose.

Happy all the shining day ;
After dark it flits away.



Baby Blossoms.

Baby-Blossoms
or
What the Winds are Saying



L.C.

Hush-a-bye, Babies.

*"Hush-a-bye, babies,
On the tree top;
Rock in your cradles
And never stop."*

What does the Wind say,
Baby dear?

Who's in the tree-top
Waiting to hear?

Is it the little Birds
Under the wing?—

No; for their Mother
Is there to sing.

Is it the Honey-Bee
Buzzing all day?—

No; for the busy Bee
Can not stay.

Is it the Butterfly
Flitting so high?—

No; for gone is
The Butterfly.

Who can it be

The kind Wind swings
High in the Apple-tree
While he sings:

*"Hush-a-bye, babies,
Up in the trees;
Rock to the song
Of the summer breeze"?*



HUSH-A-BYE, BABIES.

O, my Little One,
Who comes now,
Tossing and flinging
The Apple-bough?
See how the cradles
Tumble around!
Babies will surely
Fall to the ground.
Poor little Blossoms
Cry with fear;—
Aren't you sorry,
Baby dear?
Loud is the song
The North Wind sings,
Tossing the frightened,
Fairy things:—

NORTH WIND'S SONG.

*“Blow, blow, high and low,
Babies must come with me;
Shake, shake, the bough may break,
Then where will Babies be?
'When the bough breaks
The cradles will fall,
Down will come cradles
And Babies and all!’
I am the North Wind wild and strong!
Babies must go when they hear my song;
Go, little Blossoms, go
Into the world below.”*



HUSH-A-BYE, BABIES.

Isn't the song sweet,
Baby dear?
Bee and Butterfly
Stop to hear ;
Birdie stirs
In his nest to peep,
And see if the Babies
Are all asleep.
Who shall waken them?—
Listen how
The West Wind sings
In the Apple-bough:—

WEST WIND'S SONG.

*“Rock-a-bye, babies,
On the tree top ;
When the bough bends
The cradles will rock.
Swing, swing, I will bring
Dew, and colour, and scent.
To and fro, come and go,—
See how the bough is bent !
I am the West Wind, fresh and free ;
The babies will open their eyes to me.
Wake, little Blossom, wake ;
For the gentle West Wind's sake.
Swing, swing,
I will bring
Dew, and colour, and scent.
To and fro,
Come and go,—
See how the bough is bent.”*



HUSH-A-BYE, BABIES.

Listen, my Darling,
Another breeze
Sobs and sighs
In the Apple-trees.
The thunder rolls ;
Dim is the sun ;
Scared are the babies
Every one.
See how they creep
From each tiny nest !
Poor little things
With no mother-breast !
They weep for the sun
To shine again,—
But the East Wind sighs
Its song of rain :—

EAST WIND'S SONG.

*“ Drear, drear,
Rain is here ;
Babies have done with sleep.
Pour, pour,
Sleep no more ;
Babies must learn to weep.
I am the East Wind, sad and grey ;
I bring rain and tears to-day.
Weep, little Blossoms, weep ;
Into your cradles creep.”*



HUSH-A-BYE, BABIES.

Look, my Little One,
High in the tree;
Tell me, what does
My Darling see?
Look where the sweet
Pink Blossoms shine;
What do you see there,
Baby mine?—
The funniest, cunningest,
Tiniest heads
Of Fairy Babies
Asleep in their beds!
Listen, my Little One,
Hark to the breeze;
Hear what it sings
In the Apple-trees:—

SOUTH WIND'S SONG.

*“Hush-a-bye, babies,
On the tree top;
When the wind blows
The cradles will rock.
Faint and low, soft and slow,
Rock in your cradle-beds;
Sleep, sleep, I will keep
Dreams in your pretty heads.
I am the South Wind, mild and sweet;
I bring sunshine and light and heat.
Rest, little Blossoms, rest;
South Wind is rocking your nest.”*



Babies in the Flowers.

Blow, blow ;

Here we go !

Babies must never fear.

How could the red, red, apples grow

If Babies staid up here ?

Bee and Butterfly know the way ;

They want Babies to fly to-day.

Fly, little Blossoms, fly,

Down from the cloudy sky.

There is nothing so glad and sweet

As the new world beneath your feet ;

For the bright Crocuses are there,

And the young Daisies, white and fair,

And the sky-blue-eyed Violet,

And plenty more that are coming yet.

Fall, fall, one and all,

Down to the pleasant earth ;

Down to the place where Flowers grow ;

Down to another birth.

Babies were up in their beds too long ;

See how big they have grown, and strong !

See how the Flowers watch and wait,

And wonder what makes the Babies late.—

Soon you will rest, little Blossoms, rest,

On your Mother-earth's green breast.





Gone the pretty blossoms now ;
Green the apples on the bough ;
Honey-bee will take his fill ;
Butterfly is flitting still.
Little birds have flown away,
—Kiss me, Little One, and say
Good-bye, till another day.

FINIS.

Baby-Blossoms
or
What the Winds are Saying

