



FAIRIES

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RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS,
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FAIRIES

Written by
E. Nesbit.

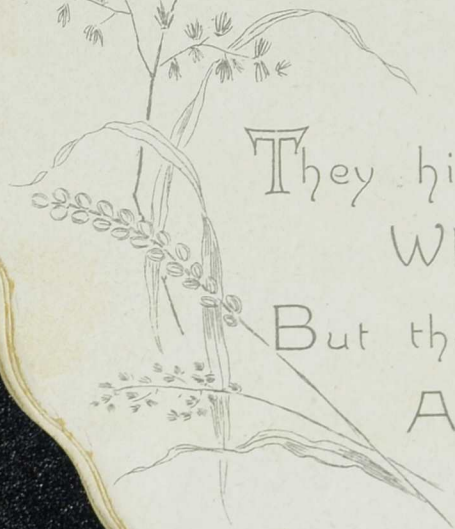
Painted by—
Pauline Sunter.





ou must have heard of fairies

There are thousands everywhere,
In wood and field and meadow,
In water, earth, and air,



They hide from foolish people
Who think that they are wise,
But they are seen by poets hearts
And little children's eyes.

You know
sometimes
at evening
When all the
world
grows grey,

You sit
and think
of all
the things

You've said and done all day.





And as you look across the field
Or down the finch glen,
If ever fairies can be seen
You're sure to see one then.



The fairies teach the flowers to grow,
They teach the birds to sing,
They make the trees grow green again
To greet the baby Spring.



They
dance upon
the sunbeams
That pierce the
cloudy bars,
They light the
Christmas candles-
The glow-worms and the stars.



T

hey play at fairy games between
The red cloud and the white,
They fill with scent and honey
The clover blossoms bright.

T

hey weave the charm that holds us
When the old home is near,
The soft enchantment that enwreathes
Our woods and meadows dear.



In every baby's
laughter,
In every lover's kiss,
In every
mother's
blessing
A fairy's
presence is.



One evening in the meadow

We saw beside our feet

A tiny little maiden,

Oh, so dainty and so sweet

Her hair was like the yellow corn

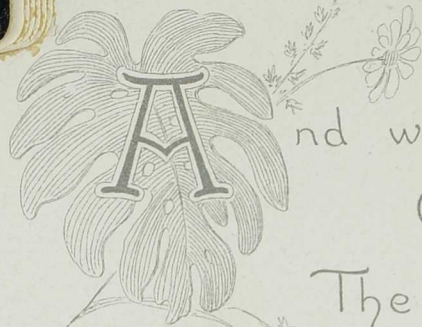
Her eyes like cornflowers blue

And her lips like little rosebuds

When they feel the morning dew



She'd a poppy
for her petticoat,
A pansy
for her hat,
And only
fairies
ever wear
Such pretty
things
as that.



And when the soft mist rises
On dreamy summer eves,
The fairies ride in chariots
Made of fresh hawthorn leaves.



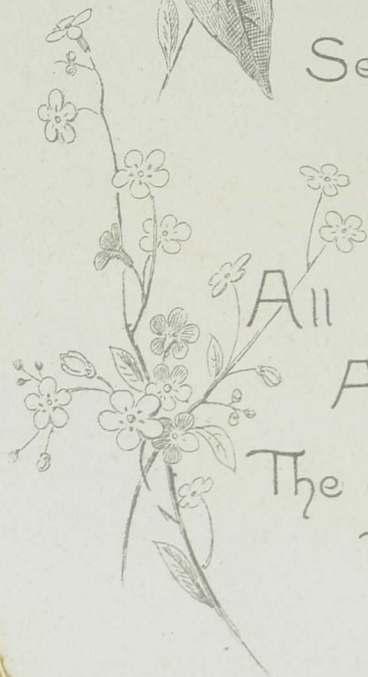
Their wheels are made of daisies
Sweet birdies draw the car,
And they ride away to dream-land
Where all our lost leaves are.



If one could only follow
And find one's dreams! But no!
That is the undiscovered land
Where only fairies go.



But little children, sitting
By quiet, gliding streams,
See fairy boats come sailing
With cargoes of bright dreams.



All rainbow-hued they dance along,
And by the river's brink
The children see them floating—
The old folks see them sink.

But sometimes as
life's shadows
Creep grayly
all around



The old folks see the dreams in port
Which youth believed were drowned.



The fairies dance at midnight
Out in the moonlight fair,
They wear green gowns of beech leaves,
Green glow-worms deck their hair.



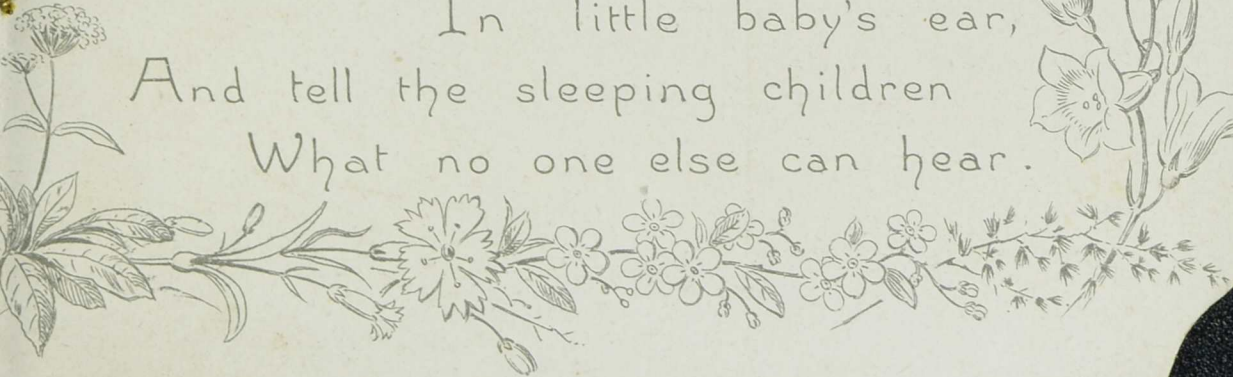
Their wings are webs of spiders
Their arms wave, fair, moonwhite
Their feet are swift as fancy,
And fleeting as delight.





They dance by farm and forest
They sing sweet songs and low,
They tell the hopes to flourish,
They tell the corn to grow.

It is the fairies whisper
In little baby's ear,
And tell the sleeping children
What no one else can hear.



The
fairies play
at hide
and seek,

In cups of
lily flowers,

They do not ride
and race and run,

And play such games as ours.

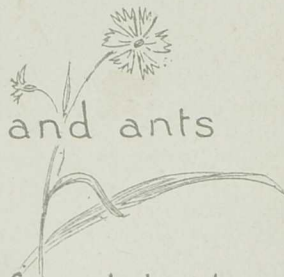




But they can dance, and they can skip,
With ropes of ribbon grass,
Till all the flowers wake, and lean out
To kiss them as they pass.



And they love to see the bees and ants
Work in the busy day,



And they love to peep from leaf and bud,
To see our children play.

But
if you wish
to see them
You will,
if you are wise-
Stand still some
drowsy summer-day,
And tightly shut your eyes.

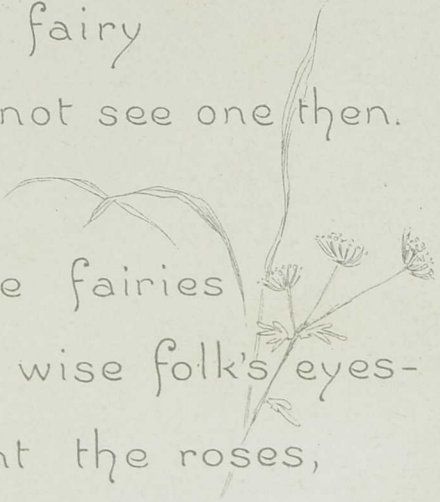




Sit down upon the short crisp turf,
And reckon ten times ten,
You'll never see a fairy
If you do not see one then.



Suppose you saw the fairies
Who hide from wise folk's eyes-
The one's who scent the roses,
And paint the butterflies.



The fairies who
can borrow

The blue moth's
downy wing,
And fly up in
the blue,
blue sky

To teach
the larks to sing.





And if you do not see them
Or hear - at least you will
Hear the sweet lark's own singing -
And that is better still.

For when the larks and fairies sing
Between the field and sky,
You can't tell fairy's song from larks
However hard you try.





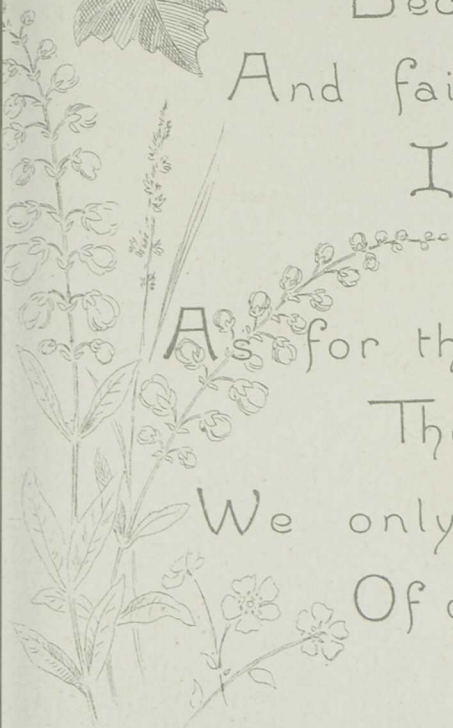
I've not
seen
many
fairies-

They
some how
hide away,

But the green rings they make at night
Can still be seen by day.



And one is sure there are such things
Because of what they do-
And fairies are so pretty
I'm sure they must be true.



As for the fairies in the sea-
They live so far below,
We only guess that they are there,
Of course we cannot know.

You don't
catch water fairies
When you're
fishing - but you see
A fairy's
far too clever



To be
caught by
you or me.



B

ut I think the sea is peopled
With fairy boys and girls
Who help to make the coral,
The sponges and the pearls.



It's mostly in the country.

That fairies may be seen,
For they only live in places
That are beautiful and clean.

ut
even in the
dusty streets

'Mid crowds of
busy men
You may
chance to
find a fairy
In the city, now and then.





W

here ever in a city street

The smallest flower can blow,

Where ever in a human heart

Love's radiant blossoms grow.

Where faith and honour live and light

A patient human face,

There any one who looks may find

The fairies dwelling place.

E. Nesbit.









