

Written by
Juliana
Horatia
Ewing:

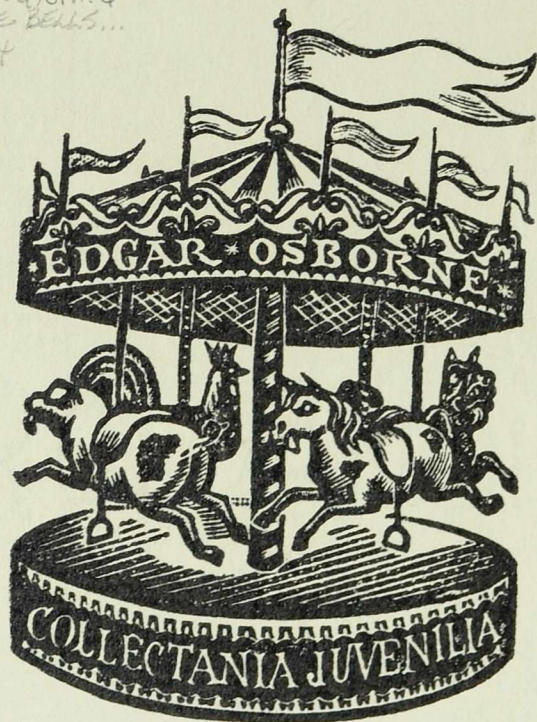
The
Blue Bells
on
the
LEA



Depicted by
R André:

London | Society for Promoting
Christian Knowledge
New York E. & J. B. Young & Co

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The Blue-Bells
on the Lea:

: Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:

: Depicted by R. André:



The Fairy King:

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge
New-York: E & J. B. Young & Co

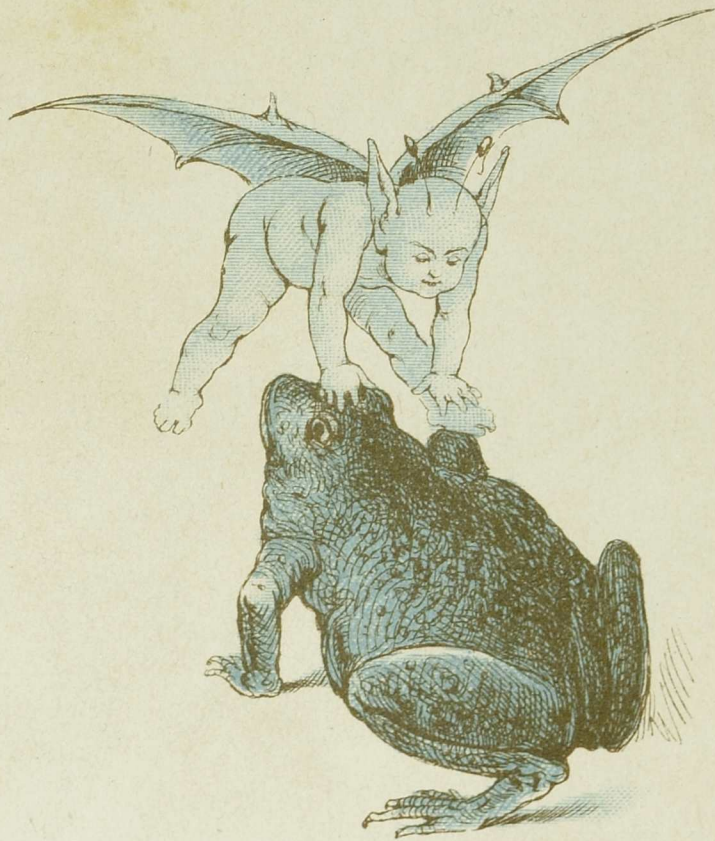
THE BLUE BELLS on the LEA:

Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing

Depicted by R. André:



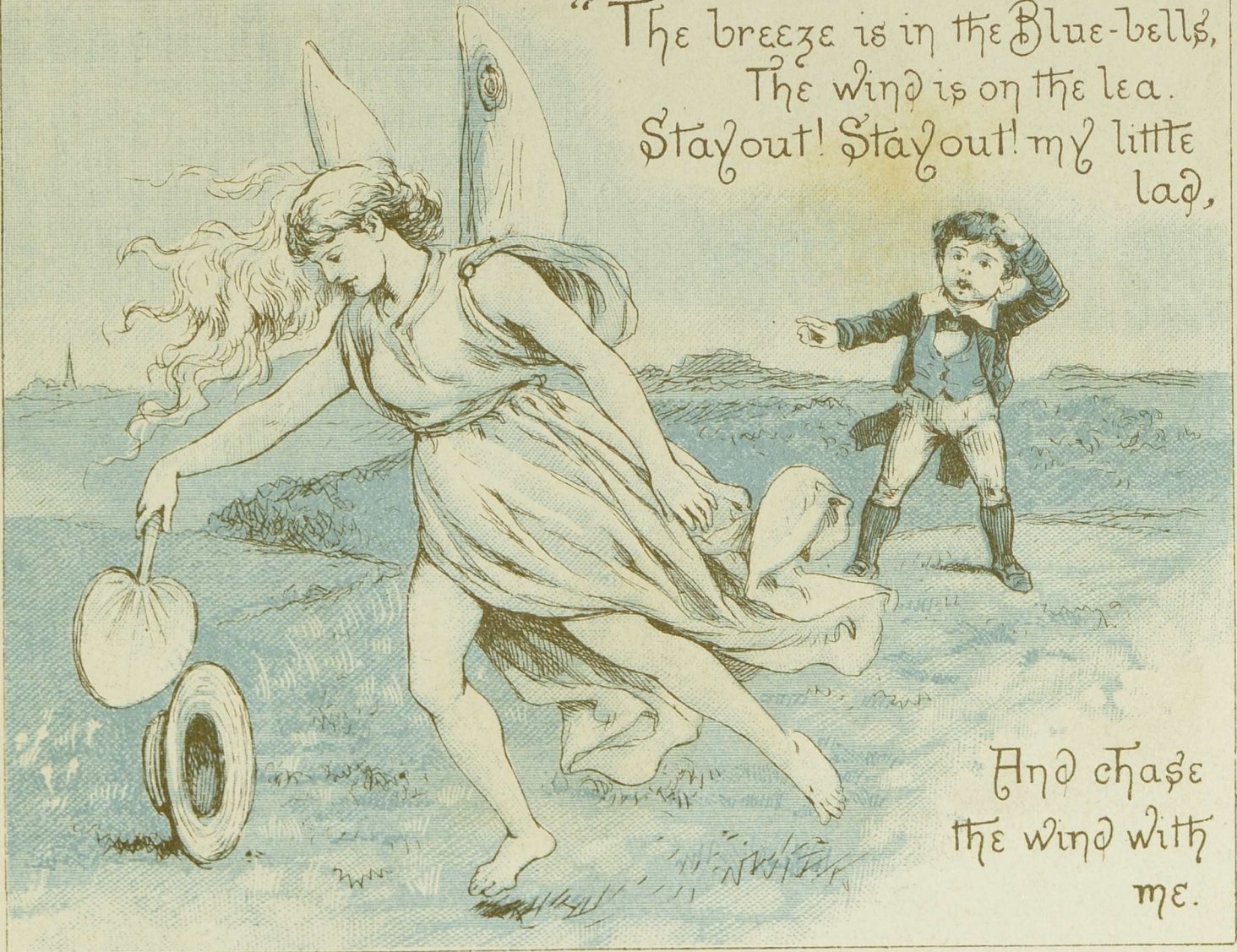
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The Blue Bells on the Lea :~

HARRY KING:

"The breeze is in the Blue-bells,
The wind is on the lea.
Stay out! Stay out! my little
lad,



And chase
the wind with
me.

If you will give yourself to me,
Within the fairy ring,
At deep midnight



When stars are bright,
You'll hear the Blue-Bells ring.



D!
DI! DIN!
DING!

On slender stems they swing.

"The rustling wind,
the whistling
wind,
We'll chase

him to
and fro.



We'll chase him
up, we'll chase
him down



To where the
King-cups
grow;





And where
old Jack-o'-lantern
waits
To light us on our way.



And far
behind,
Upon the wind,
The Blue-bells
seem
to play:



D!
DI! DIN!
DING!

Lest we should go astray



So gay that Fairy musje,
So jubilant those bells,



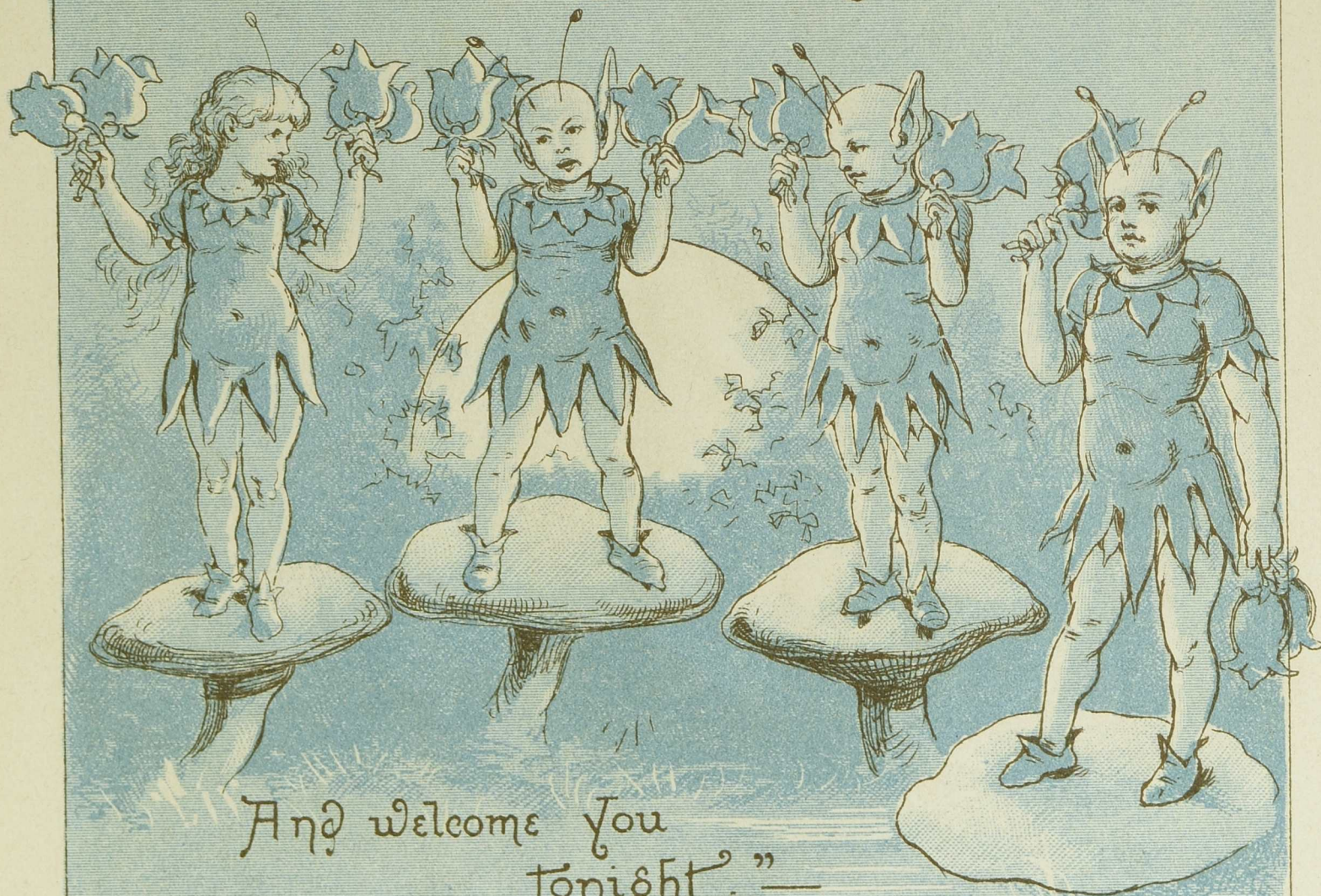
How days and weeks and months go by
no happy listener tells!

The toad-stools are with
 sweetmeats spread,
 The new Moon lends
 'her light,
 And ringers small
 Wait, one and all,
 To ring



with all their might,

ဝ! ဝါ! ဝါ! ဝါ!



And welcome you
tonight:—

Boy

"My mother made
me promise
To be in time
for tea;
Go home! Go
home! the
breezes say,

That sigh along
the sea.

I dare not give
myself away;
For what would
Mother do?





I wish I might
Stay out all night

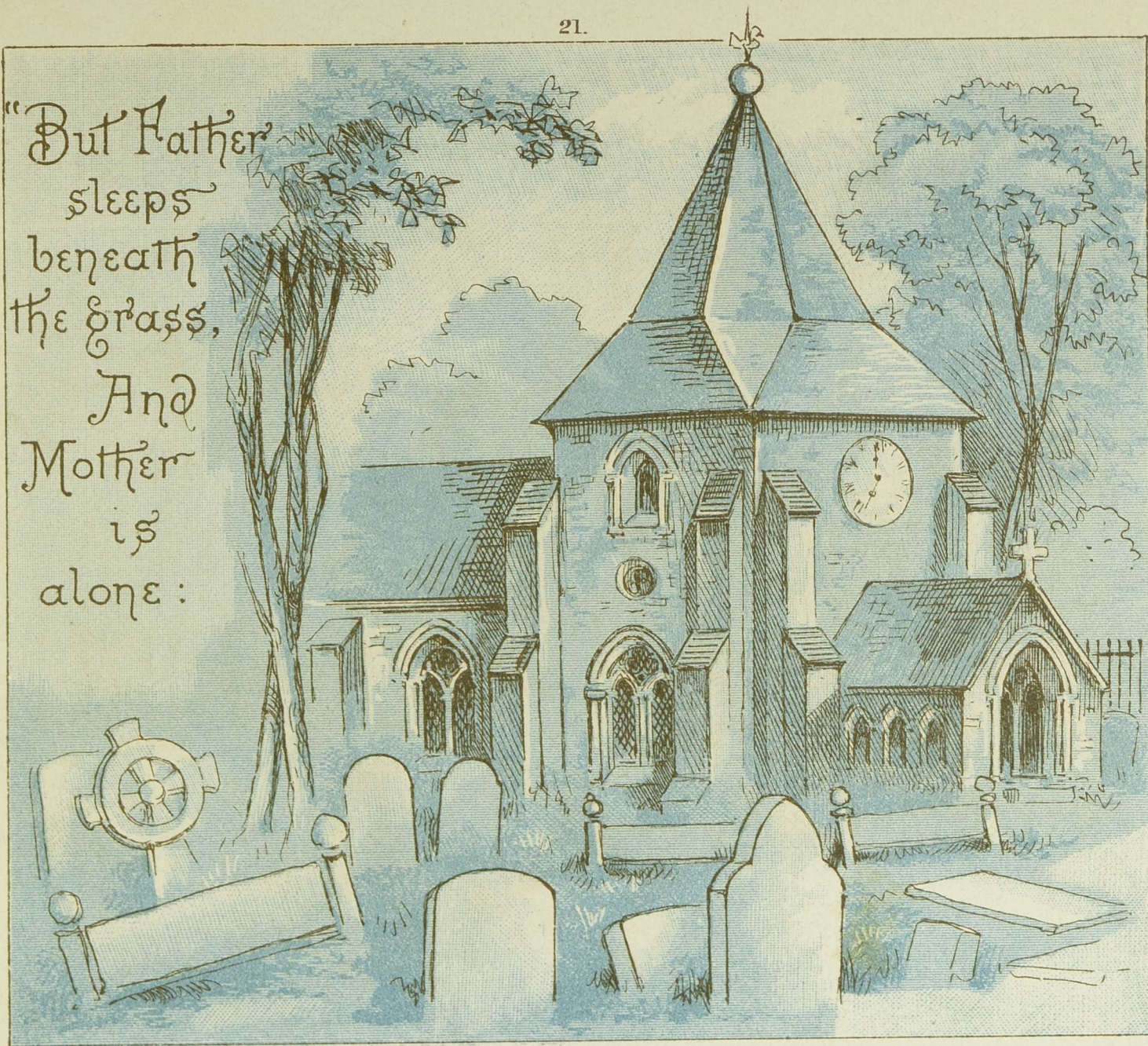
At fairy games with you



D!
 DI!
 DIN!
 DING!

And hear the
 bells of blue

"But Father
sleeps
beneath
the grass,
And
Mother
is
alone:



And who would fill the
pails, and fetch
The wood when I am
gone?



And who, when little
Sister ails.



Can comfort
her, but me?

Her cries
and tears
Would reach
my ears
Through
all the
melody.—



The sun was on the Blue-bells,
 The lad was on the lea.
 "Oh wondrous bells! Oh, fairy
 bells!"

I pray you ring to me.
 I only did as Mother bade,
 For tea I did not care,
 And winds at night
 Give more delight
 Than all this noonday glare."



DI! DI! DIN! DING!

No sound of bells was there

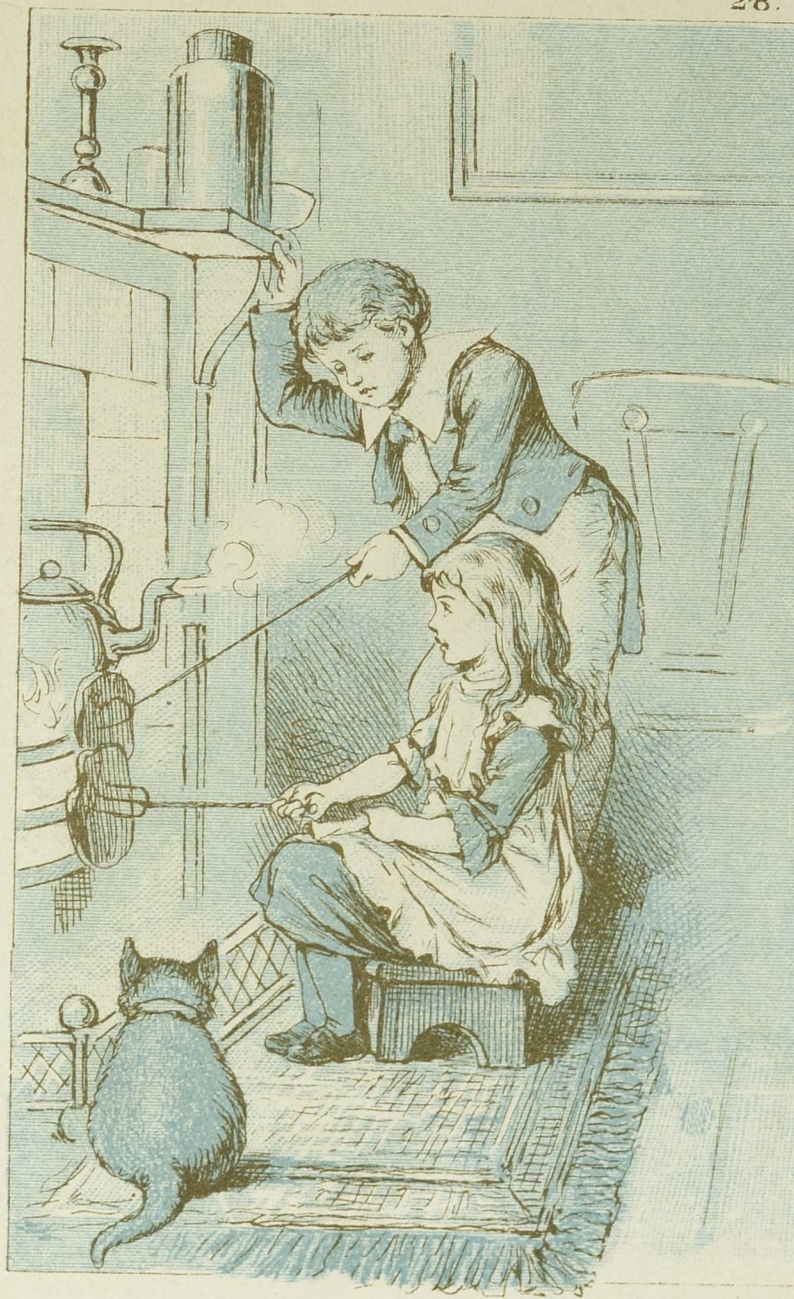




Boy

"The snow lies o'er the Blue-bells,

A storm is on the lea;



Our hearth is warm,
 the fire burns
 bright,
 The flames dance
 merrily.
 Oh, Mother dear! I
 would no more
 That on that
 summer's day,
 Within the ring,
 The Fairy King
 had stolen me away —



DI!
DI! DIN!
DING!

To where
the Blue-bells play.



"Yet when the storm is loudest,
 At deep midnight I dream,
 And up and down upon the lea
 To chase the wind I seem;
 While by my side, in feathered cap,
 There runs the Fairy King,



And down below,
Beneath the snow,
We hear the Blue-bells ring

D!
 DI! DIN!
 DING!

Such happy dreams
 they bring! " ~ :

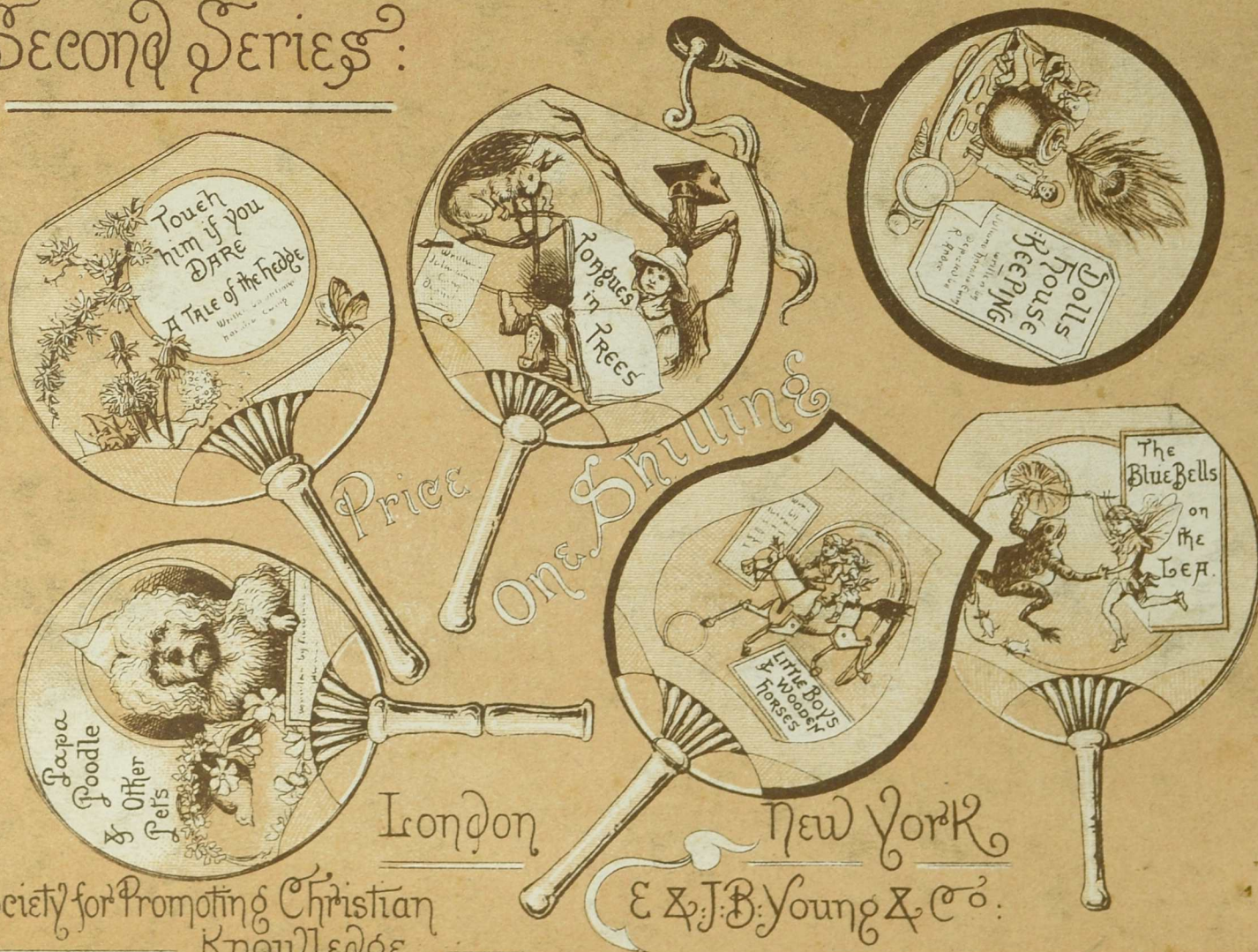
The End:



B. J. Hurley

Verse Books for Children by Juliana Horatia Ewing :
 : Illustrated by R. Anker

Second Series:



Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

London New York
 E & J. B. Young & Co.