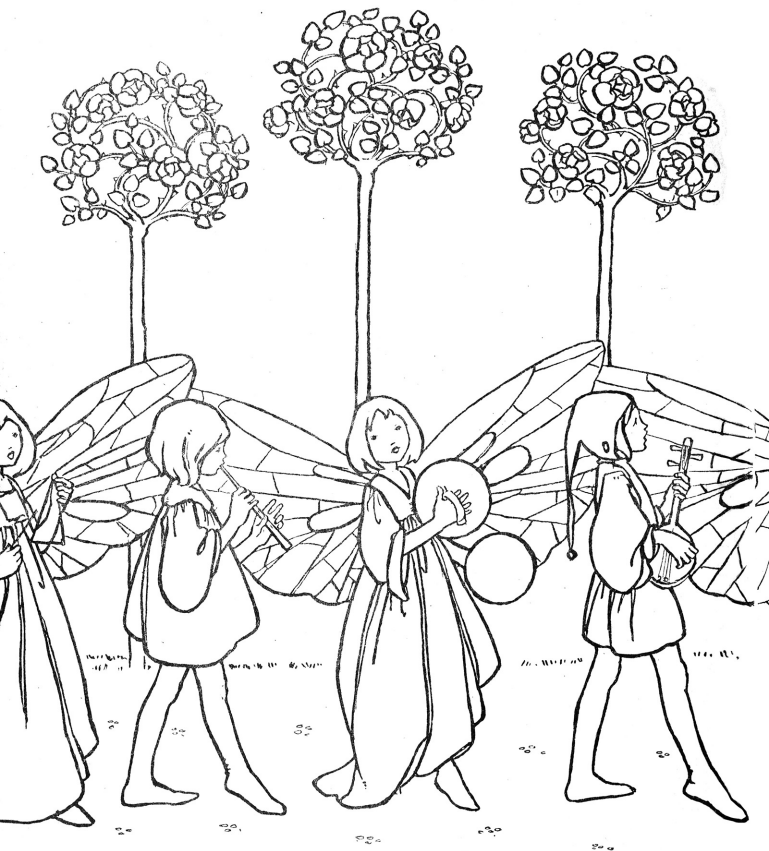


♥ IN ♥ THE ♥ FAIRY ♥ ♥ RING ♥

♥ Written and drawn by Florence Harrison ♥





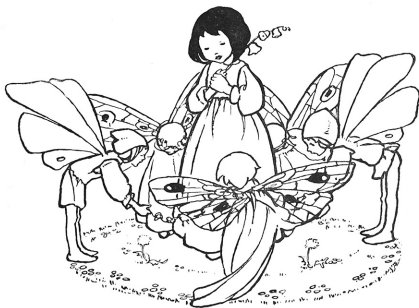






IN THE FAIRY RING

• • WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY • •
• • FLORENCE HARRISON • •



• BLACKIE & SON LIMITED LON •
• DON GLASGOW DUBLIN & BOMBAY •
• • • • •



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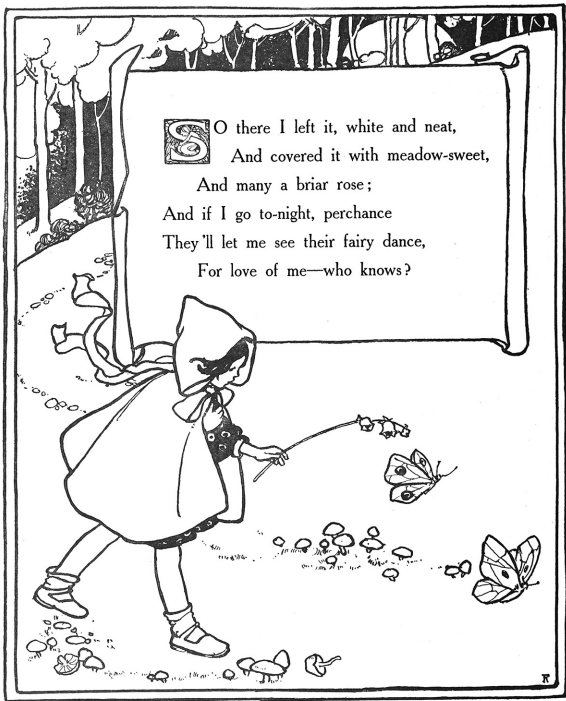
O-DAY when I went out to play
And troll my hoop, it ran away,
It ran away from me.
I ran as quickly as I could,
And sobbed and cried, but still it would
Run far away from me.





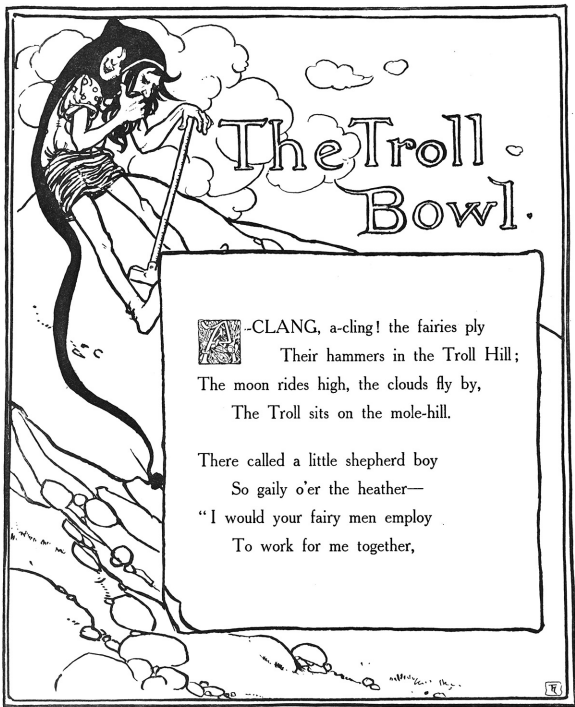


THE fairies did it, that I know.
They trolled it to the field below
And laid it by the spring.
And so I think it came to pass:
They wanted it to mark the grass
To draw a fairy ring.









-CLANG, a-cling! the fairies ply
Their hammers in the Troll Hill;
The moon rides high, the clouds fly by,
The Troll sits on the mole-hill.

There called a little shepherd boy
So gaily o'er the heather—
"I would your fairy men employ
To work for me together,





O make a bowl, a magic bowl,
Within the fairy smithy."

"And if we labour," laughed the Troll—

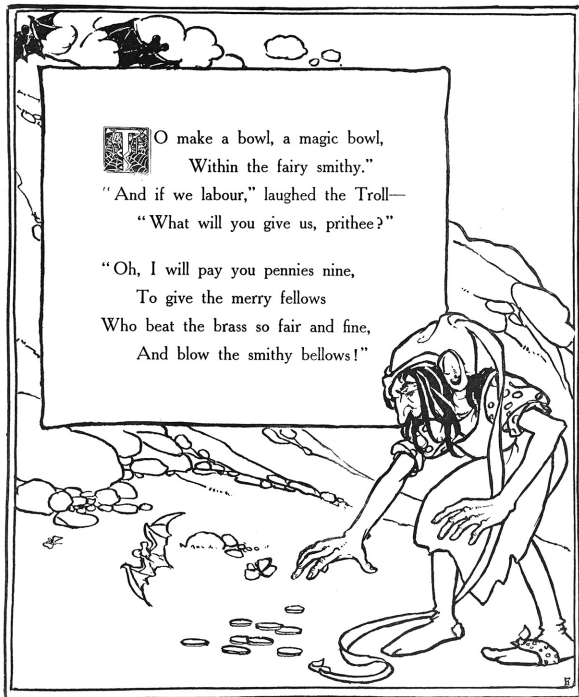
"What will you give us, prithee?"

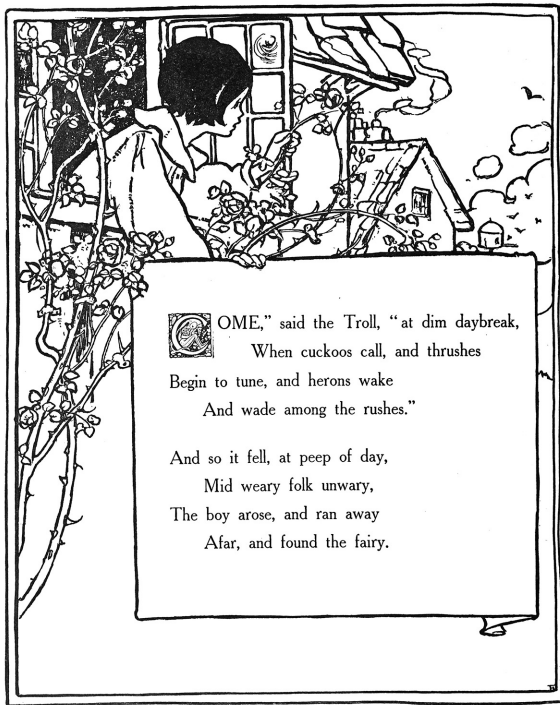
"Oh, I will pay you pennies nine,

To give the merry fellows

Who beat the brass so fair and fine,

And blow the smithy bellows!"

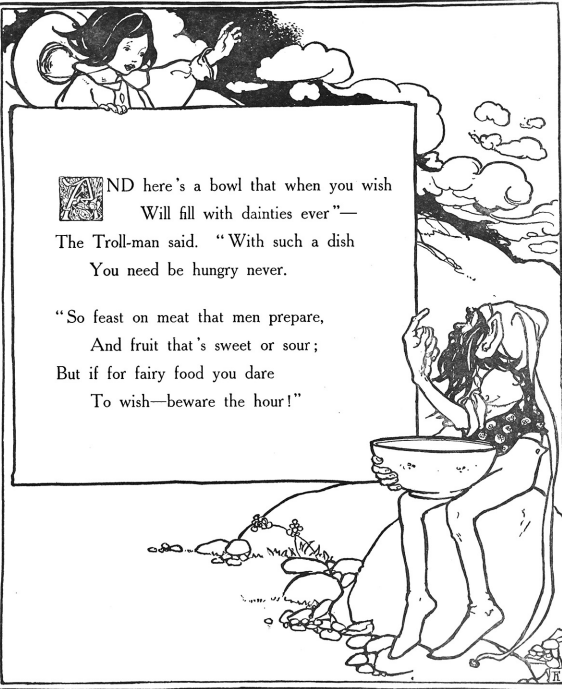




“COME,” said the Troll, “at dim daybreak,
When cuckoos call, and thrushes
Begin to tune, and herons wake
And wade among the rushes.”

And so it fell, at peep of day,
Mid weary folk unwary,
The boy arose, and ran away
Afar, and found the fairy.

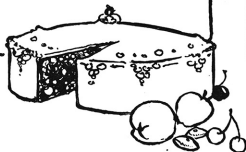






HE fled; and when the boy would eat
He called, and in a minute
The bowl was full of dainties sweet,
For all he wished was in it.

He tasted this, he tasted that,
He called for nuts and berries,
He filled his pockets and his hat
With honey cake and cherries.

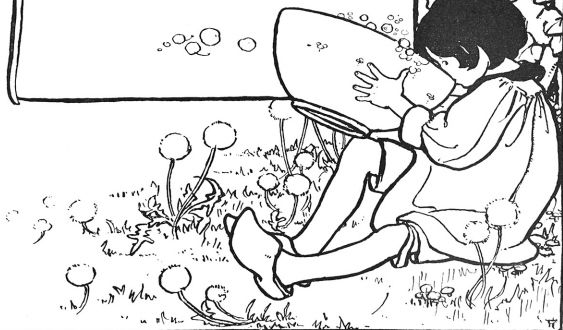


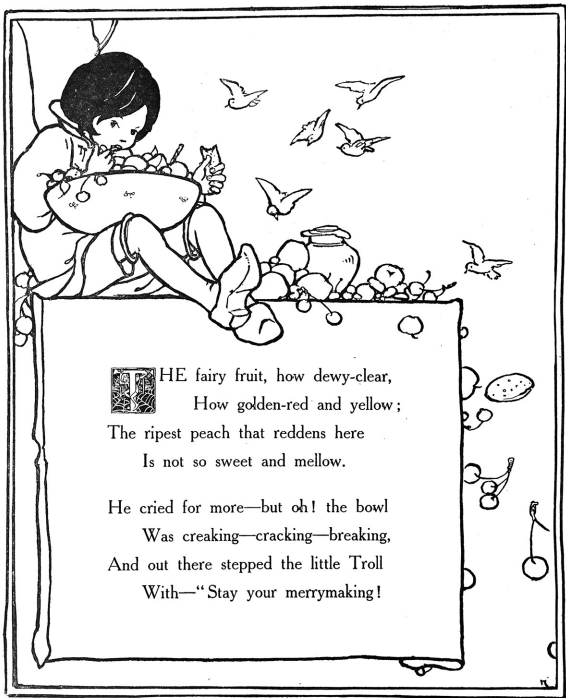




UT oh! for fairy food to wish,
The greedy boy was pining.
And once he called, "I want a dish
From which the Trolls are dining."

Oh, bubbling-bright the wine that eve
That in the bowl was swimming!
Oh, fresher far than showers that leave
The flower bells a-brimming!





HE fairy fruit, how dewy-clear,
How golden-red and yellow;
The ripest peach that reddens here
Is not so sweet and mellow.

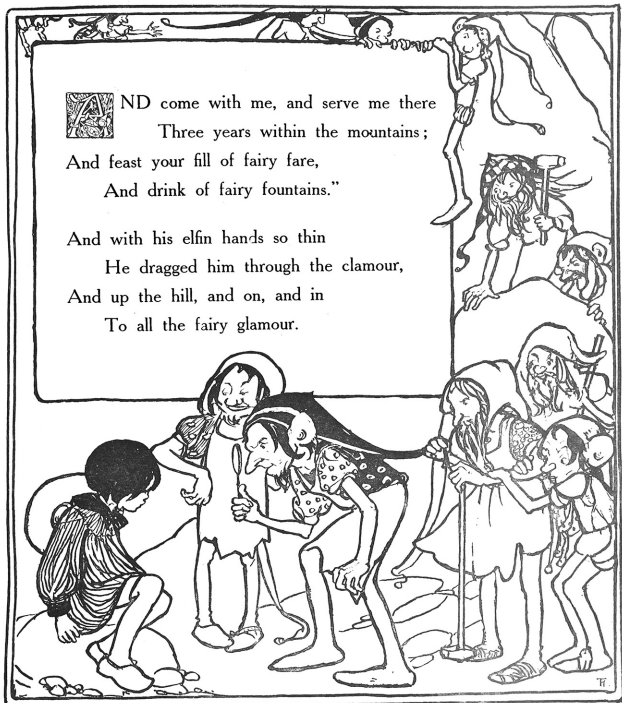
He cried for more—but oh! the bowl
Was creaking—cracking—breaking,
And out there stepped the little Troll
With—"Stay your merrymaking!





ND come with me, and serve me there
Three years within the mountains;
And feast your fill of fairy fare,
And drink of fairy fountains."

And with his elfin hands so thin
He dragged him through the clamour,
And up the hill, and on, and in
To all the fairy glamour.







• Pixy Work •

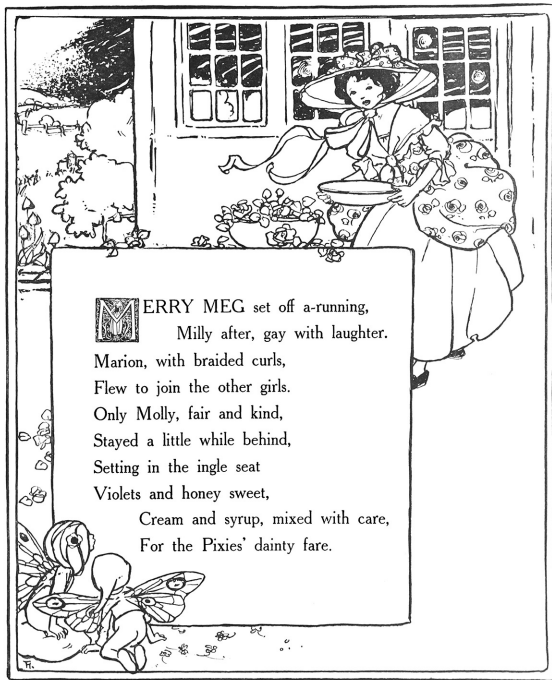


AIDENS, maidens," piped the Pixies,
"We are peeping at your sweeping.

Leave your toil and take your leisure,
We will work for you with pleasure;
Leave your churning and your spinning,—
Hear the violins beginning,
See the Maypole strings a-flutter,—
Leave your cheeses, leave your butter;
Out! and hie you to the green,
We will work for you this e'en."







MERRY MEG set off a-running,
Milly after, gay with laughter.
Marion, with braided curls,
Flew to join the other girls.
Only Molly, fair and kind,
Stayed a little while behind,
Setting in the ingle seat
Violets and honey sweet,
Cream and syrup, mixed with care,
For the Pixies' dainty fare.



WHEN she vanished through the orchard,

Fairies, airy, shy and wary,

Peeped like mice at set of sun:

Stealthy, creeping one by one

Out of cupboard, down from rafter,

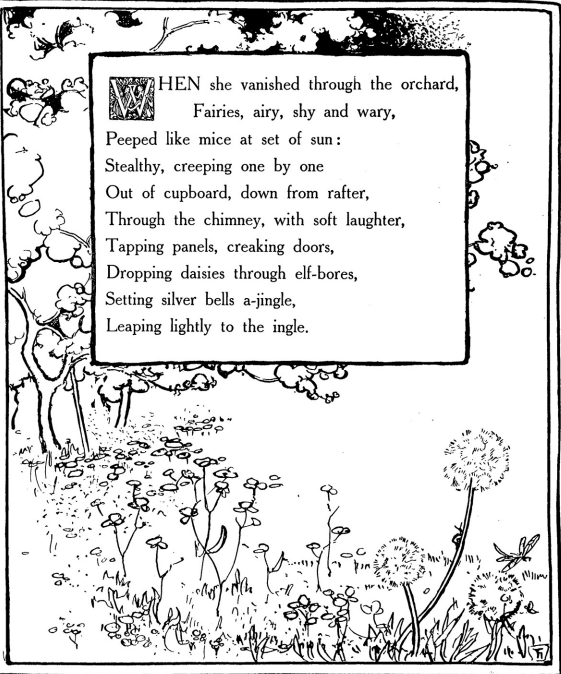
Through the chimney, with soft laughter,

Tapping panels, creaking doors,

Dropping daisies through elf-bores,

Setting silver bells a-jingle,

Leaping lightly to the ingle.







NE with black hair flower knotted,

Sits a-spinning, while the dinning

Wheel makes music to her song.

Others to the dairy throng,

Skimming, with light wings a-flutter,

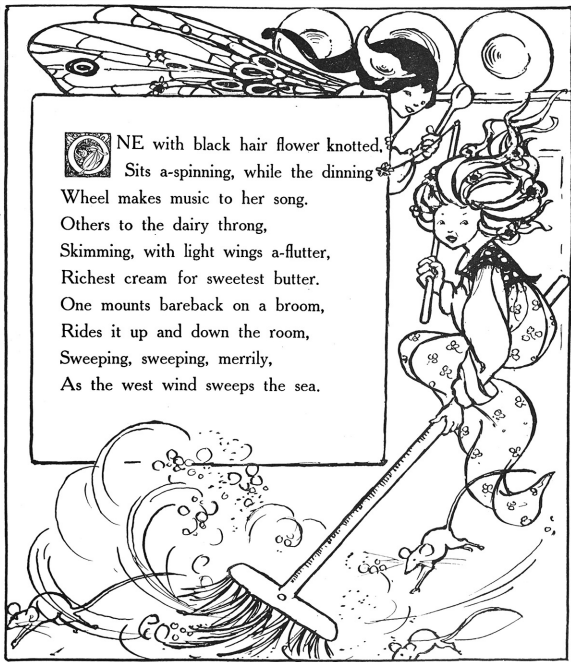
Richest cream for sweetest butter.

One mounts bareback on a broom,

Rides it up and down the room,

Sweeping, sweeping, merrily,

As the west wind sweeps the sea.





WHEN they circle round the fire,
Dreaming by the embers gleaming;
So they sit with clasped knees,
Rocking, rocking, at their ease
Till one brings with dainty care
Molly's bowl of creamy fare.
Dipping flowers in the cup,
So, the merry fairies sup;
Sip and laugh—and laugh and tip
Loving cups from lip to lip.







HEN they see the maidens coming

Through the clover, revels over.

Milly, Meg, and Marion
Laugh to find their labours done,
Doff their garlands, jest and joke
And forget the fairy folk
Hiding in the dark above;
Only Molly—quick to love—
Prays for Pixies, with kind eyes—
Pixies, barred from Paradise.







The Changelings.



THE Mothers sing in Meadow Land,
The merry town of Meadow Land;
The Mothers sing in Meadow Land,
Beside the Willow River.

Their children are so red and white,
Their hair so fair, their eyes so bright;
The Mothers sing for gay delight
Beside the Willow River.



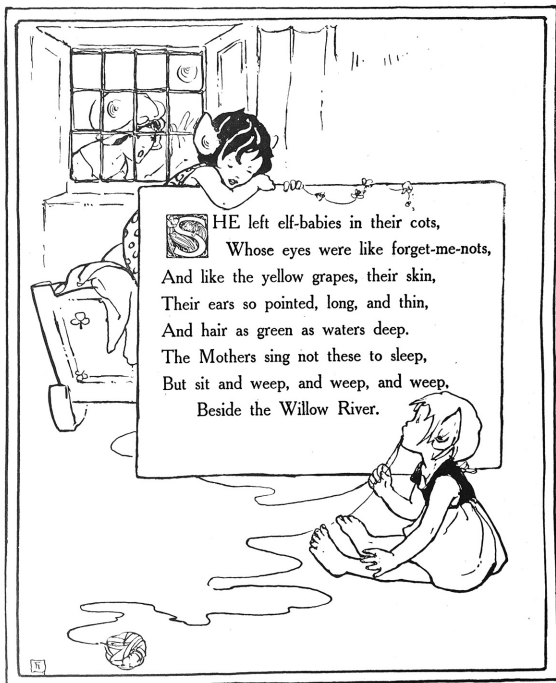




HERE flew a fay to Meadow Land,
The merry town of Meadow Land;
The fairy flowers in her hand,
Shone in the sunny weather;

And like the rainbow was her wing;
Her voice was like the voice of Spring
When showers cease, and throstles sing;
She called the children, beckoning,
"Come let us fly together!"

They took her by the charmed hands
To fly with her to fairy lands;
Thrice round the apple tree they flew,
And vanished like the summer dew;
But where, oh! where, we never knew,
Across the Willow River.



SHE left elf-babies in their cots,
Whose eyes were like forget-me-nots,
And like the yellow grapes, their skin,
Their ears so pointed, long, and thin,
And hair as green as waters deep.
The Mothers sing not these to sleep,
But sit and weep, and weep, and weep,
Beside the Willow River.



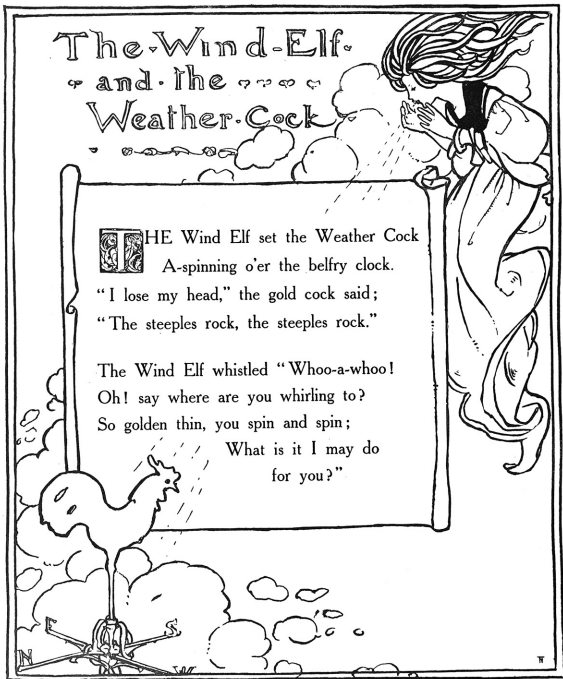


The Wind-Elf and the Weather-Cock

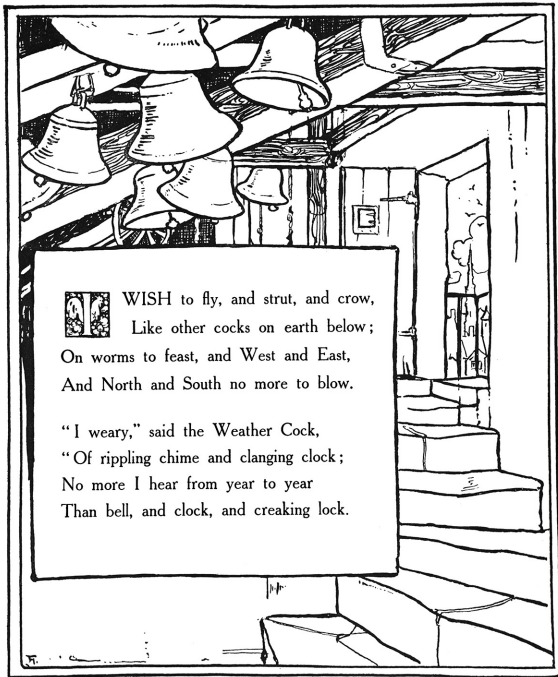
THE Wind Elf set the Weather Cock
A-spinning o'er the belfry clock.

"I lose my head," the gold cock said;
"The steeples rock, the steeples rock."

The Wind Elf whistled "Whoo-a-whoo!
Oh! say where are you whirling to?
So golden thin, you spin and spin;
What is it I may do
for you?"

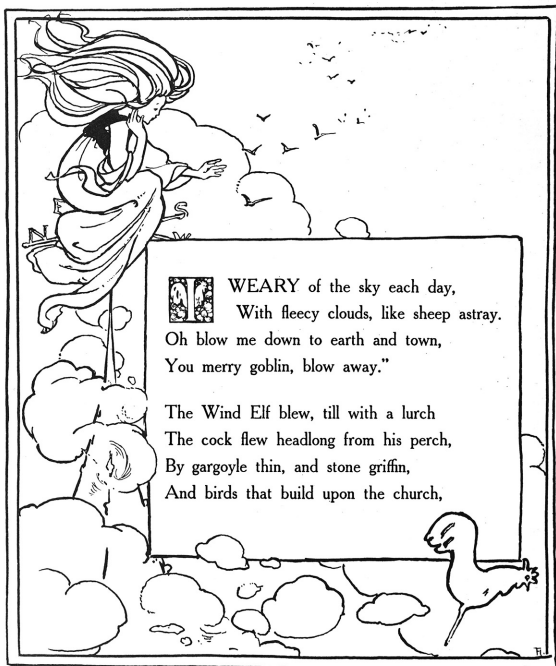






WISH to fly, and strut, and crow,
Like other cocks on earth below;
On worms to feast, and West and East,
And North and South no more to blow.

"I weary," said the Weather Cock,
"Of rippling chime and clanging clock;
No more I hear from year to year
Than bell, and clock, and creaking lock.



WEARY of the sky each day,
With fleecy clouds, like sheep astray.
Oh blow me down to earth and town,
You merry goblin, blow away."

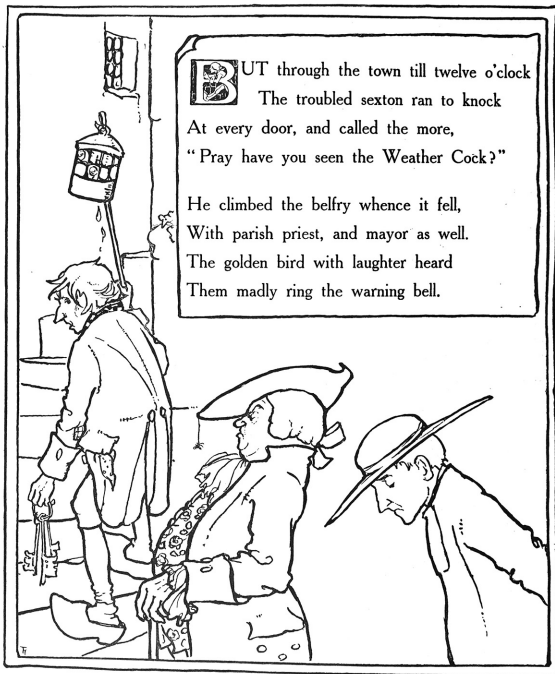
The Wind Elf blew, till with a lurch
The cock flew headlong from his perch,
By gargyle thin, and stone griffin,
And birds that build upon the church,



AND to a little garden fell,
Whose cobbled court and ivied well
Were deep in shade the lilacs made,
And sweet with echoes of a bell.

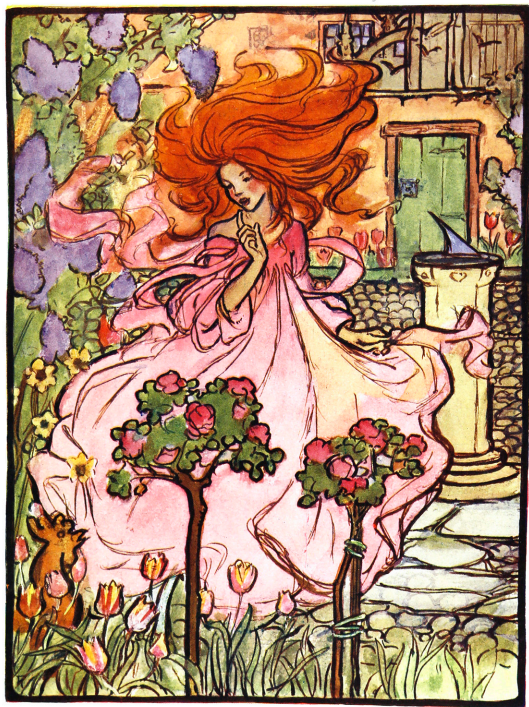
"How fine," the Wind Elf heard him cry,
"Among the scented flowers to lie!
How still and sweet is this retreat
To one wind-weary of the sky!"





BUT through the town till twelve o'clock
The troubled sexton ran to knock
At every door, and called the more,
"Pray have you seen the Weather Cock?"

He climbed the belfry whence it fell,
With parish priest, and mayor as well.
The golden bird with laughter heard
Them madly ring the warning bell.

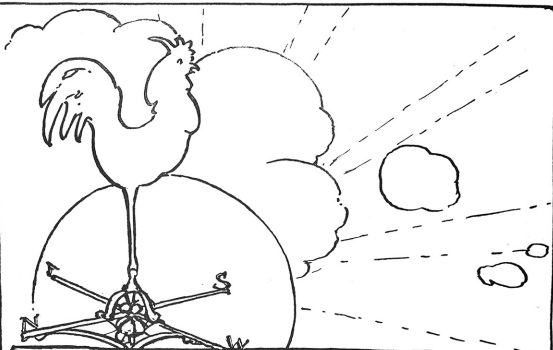




HE Wind Elf whistled softly round,
“Oh never crow, or scratch the ground;
From garden-plot to melting pot
You'll surely go if you be found.

“You may escape them here—who knows?
The lilac screens you while it blows.
In winter-tide I'll come and hide
You deep in leaves and driven snows.”





ND there he lay as months went by,
Until there loomed upon the sky
A new cock o'er the belfry clock:
He watched it with an angry eye.

Nor day nor night had any peace,
From morning grey till twilight's cease,
For wounded pride, until he died
Of rage, and rust, and verdigris.





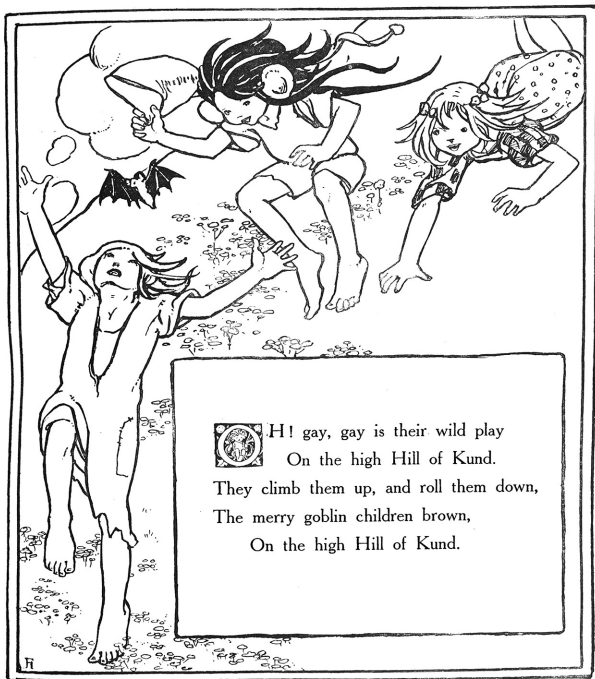
An illustration of two children, a girl with dark hair and a boy with light hair, peeking over a grassy hill. The hill is covered in various flowers and plants. In the background, a small village with a church spire is visible under a cloudy sky.

The High Hill. of Kund.



H! green, green is the grass seen
On the high Hill of Kund.
When hawthorns blow, and the sun's low,
'Tis there the goblin children go—
To the high Hill of Kund.

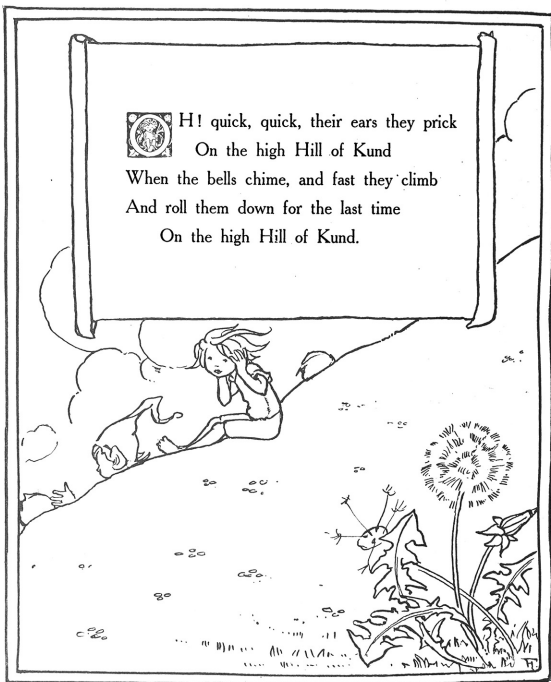




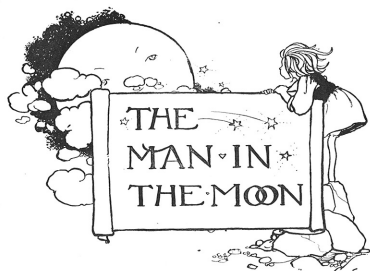
H! gay, gay is their wild play
On the high Hill of Kund.
They climb them up, and roll them down,
The merry goblin children brown,
On the high Hill of Kund.



H! quick, quick, their ears they prick
On the high Hill of Kund
When the bells chime, and fast they climb
And roll them down for the last time
On the high Hill of Kund.







The Man In The Moon



HOW did you climb there, Man in the
Moon?

Did anyone see you go?

Do you sit alone on a golden throne,

And handle a silver bow?

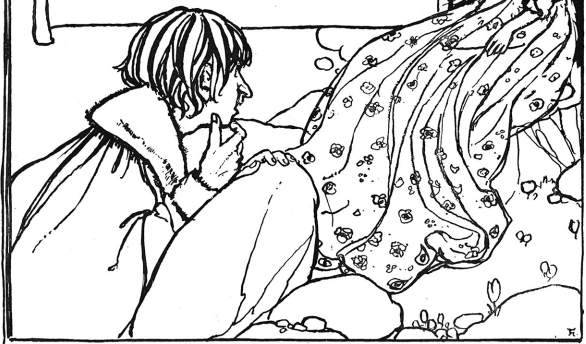
With a shooting star do you aim afar

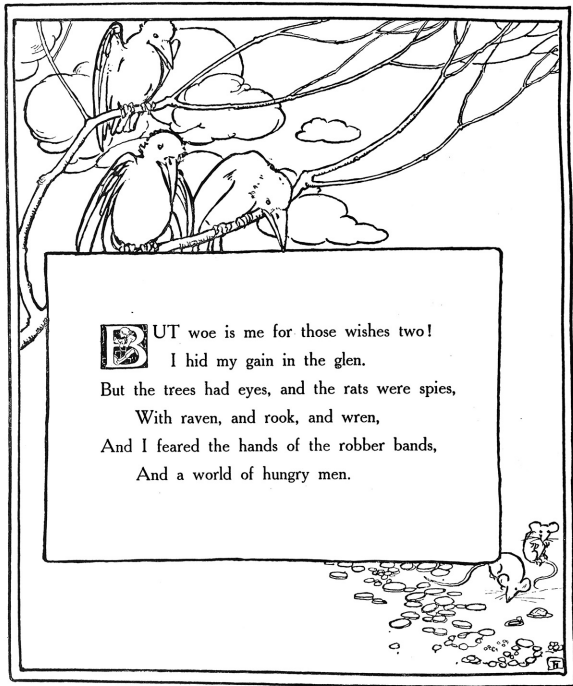
At the sleepy world below?"





NCE of old," said the Man in the Moon,
"I lived in the world so free,
And I met a fay at the dim of the day,
Who gave me of wishes three;
So I made me bold to ask for the gold
And the jewels of Faëry.

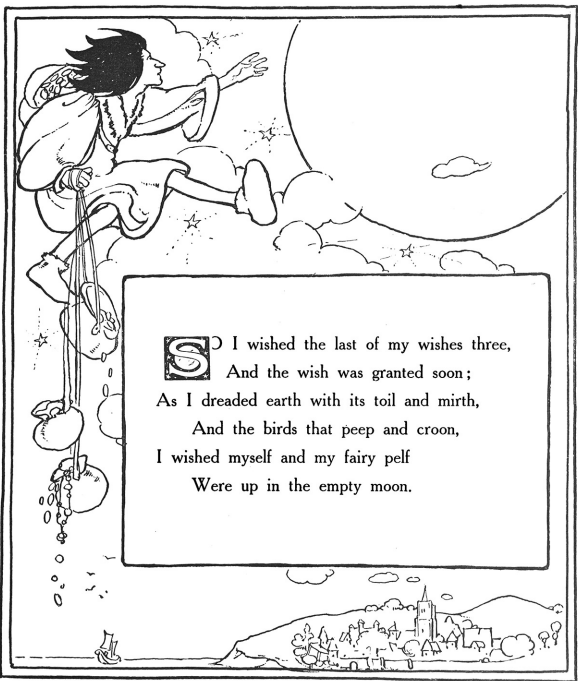




BUT woe is me for those wishes two!
I hid my gain in the glen.

But the trees had eyes, and the rats were spies,
With raven, and rook, and wren,
And I feared the hands of the robber bands,
And a world of hungry men.





So I wished the last of my wishes three,
And the wish was granted soon;
As I dreaded earth with its toil and mirth,
And the birds that peep and croon,
I wished myself and my fairy pelf
Were up in the empty moon.

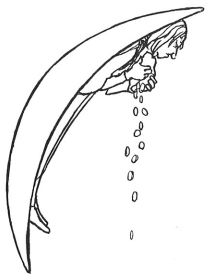
SO here, in the misty moon, I pine
As long as the fairy wills,
And I powder your old green earth with gold,
And silver the seas and rills,
Till the water's bright, and the land's alight
With the gorse and the daffodils.



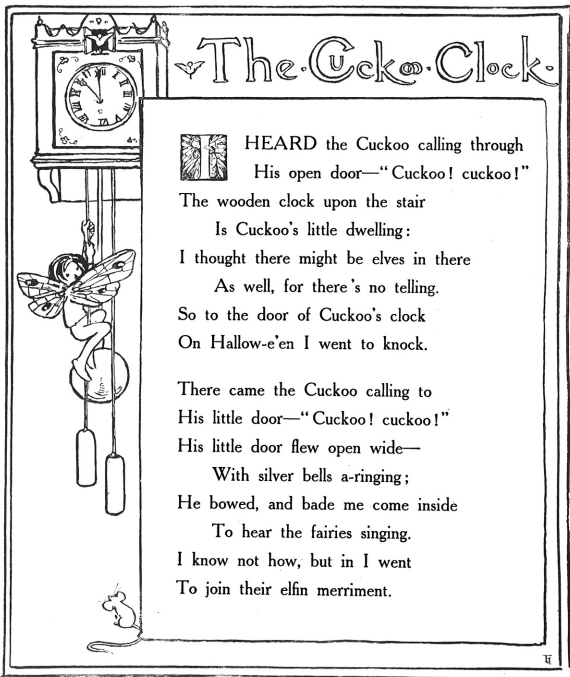




BUT no one thinks, for the gold I fling,
To send me a brave balloon;
Though the lovers gaze and the poets praise
My ways in many a rune,
They never try, till the day they die,
To bring the Man from the Moon."







The Cuckoo Clock



HEARD the Cuckoo calling through
His open door—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The wooden clock upon the stair
Is Cuckoo's little dwelling:
I thought there might be elves in there

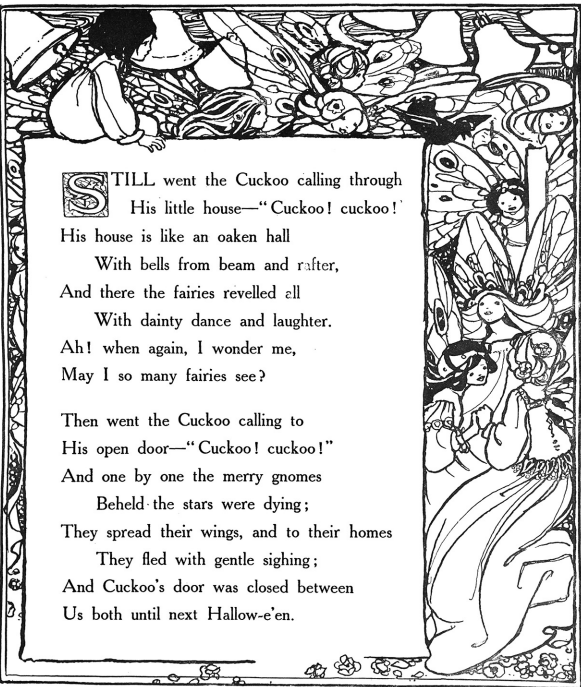
As well, for there's no telling.
So to the door of Cuckoo's clock
On Hallow-e'en I went to knock.

There came the Cuckoo calling to
His little door—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
His little door flew open wide—

With silver bells a-ringing;
He bowed, and bade me come inside
To hear the fairies singing.

I know not how, but in I went
To join their elfin merriment.





STILL went the Cuckoo calling through
His little house—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

His house is like an oaken hall

With bells from beam and rafter,
And there the fairies revelled all

With dainty dance and laughter.
Ah! when again, I wonder me,
May I so many fairies see?


Then went the Cuckoo calling to
His open door—"Cuckoo! cuckoo!"
And one by one the merry gnomes

Beheld the stars were dying;
They spread their wings, and to their homes
They fled with gentle sighing;
And Cuckoo's door was closed between
Us both until next Hallow-e'en.

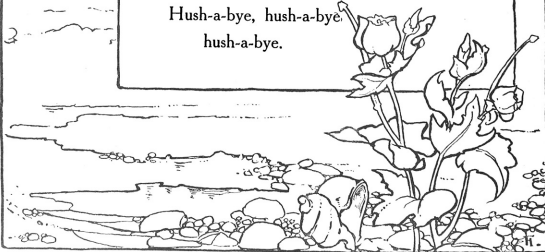




The Dream Shell.



HE Dream Shell lies on the sere
Grey shores of Slumber Sea;
Who presses it to his ear
Shall hear strange melody.
For Slumber Sea is deep;
No plummet hath sounded it.
And wide is the sea of sleep;
What measure hath rounded it?
Then hush-a-bye, sweet, to the spell
And song of the Dream Shell.
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.
hush-a-bye.







YOU shall dream of the towns ablaze
With gold and silver spires,
Where the courts are chrysoprase
And pearl, and the beacon fires
Burn on the thymy hills
To welcome you as you come;
You are there by the fairy rills,
And here in my arms at home.
So hush-a-bye, sweet, to the spell
And song of the Dream Shell.
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.





AND solemn as dawn, and fair,
You shall meet your young princess,
You will crown her yellow hair
With a timid child's caress.
And I fear me lest she take
A ship o'er the Slumber Sea
To our World of Wide-Awake
To steal you away from me.
Then hush-a-bye, sweet, to the spell
And song of the Dream Shell.
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.





SO lie, my sweet, with the shell
Pressed close to your listening ear;
You shall learn brave songs to tell
To a world that faints to hear,
Of land, and strand, and shore,
By the Slumber Sea so deep,
Till men shall fear no more
To say—"Farewell", and sleep.
Then hush-a-bye, sweet, to the spell
And song of the Dream Shell.
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

