

## THE FAIRY FIDDLER

AWAY in the misty moorland glen  
Where the Elf-Folk dance with the Wee Brown Men,  
And the rowan-berry burns haughtily  
As she tells of the wind's inconstancy—  
'Tis there I am bound by the far faint rune  
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon !

Where the harebell waves from the tufted grass,  
There never the foot of a man may pass ;  
For the painted fireflies glance and gleam  
Like the golden thoughts in a goblin's dream,  
And the ghostly coppice of oak and pine  
Holds a legion of imps from the Moonbeam Mine.

When I lay me down in their wondrous car  
I travel so quickly from star to star,  
That the Earth and the Moon are as glowworm lights  
That flash o'er the field of the blurred blue heights :  
For it's there I am bound by the far faint rune  
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon !

ETHEL ARCHER.