

③ *From* THE FAIRIES

William Allingham

Up the airy mountain,

Down the rushy glen,

We daren't go a-hunting

For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,

Trooping all together;

Green jacket, red cap,

And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore

Some make their home

They live on crispy pancakes

Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds

Of the black mountain lake,

With frogs for their watch-dogs.

All night awake.

(以下、斜字部分が省略されている。)

High on the hill-top

The old King sits;

He is now so old and grey

He's nigh lost his wits.

With a bridge of white mist

Columkill he crosses,

On his stately journeys

From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with the music

On cold starry nights,

To sup with the Queen

Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget

For seven years long;

When she came down again

Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,

*Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of fig-leaves,
Watching till she wake.)*

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

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Down the rushy glen,

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Green jacket, red cap,

And white owl's feather!