

FAIRIES & FRIENDS by ROSE FYLEMAN



EVGENIE RICHARDS

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FAIRIES AND FRIENDS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS
THE FAIRY GREEN
THE FAIRY FLUTE
A SMALL CRUSE
THE RAINBOW CAT AND OTHER STORIES
FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES
THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK
EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN
THE ADVENTURE CLUB
FAIRIES AND FRIENDS
LETTY: A STUDY OF A CHILD
A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN
A GARLAND OF ROSE'S: COLLECTED POEMS
OLD-FASHIONED GIRLS
SEVEN LITTLE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN
GAY GO UP
TWENTY TEATIME TALES

FAIRIES AND FRIENDS

BY

ROSE FYLEMAN

AUTHOR OF "FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS"



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FAIRIES

FAIRIES

LURES

A posy on the table,
Apples on the shelf,
Goodies in the cupboard,
That you have made yourself—
These are things the fairies love;
And do remember this:
A pot of honey in the porch
Will never come amiss.

A robin in the shrubbery,
Daisies in the grass,
A rainbow-coloured way-of-the-wind
Made of tinkling glass,
A big bush of lavender,
A bed of mignonette,
And a thatched wooden summer-house
For dancing when it's wet.

A fire in the parlour
On chilly summer nights,
A pretty sound of singing
(Not too many lights)—
These will lure the fairies in;
And I would have you know,
So long as fairies visit you
Your luck will never go.

THE THIEVING GOBLIN

We will dance him on a dainty bed of nettles,
We will rock him on a bonny bough of thorn,
 We will put him for a rest
 In a cuckoo's borrowed nest,
And the little birds shall push him out at morn.

He stole away a dewdrop from a daisy,
He stole a little breeze from off a down,
 He's been even known to take
 The moonlight from a lake
And to snatch away a sunbeam from a town.

We will hang his Sunday bonnet on a cloud-peak,
And when he goes a-climbing up the sky
 We will wash him down again
 With a chilly shower of rain
And leave him on a holly-bush to dry.

He stole a poet's rhyme while he lay sleeping,
He stole a maiden's dimple as she smiled,
 He stole a poor man's smoke,
 He stole an old man's joke,
He stole away a plaything from a child.

We will roll him in a dirty, dusty cobweb,
We will toss him on a prickly thistle-leaf,
 His hands shall be tied up
 In a spotted fox-glove cup
And every one shall know him for a thief.

WILL YOU COME?

Will you come to my house, Fairy? I
am poor, I am poor;
There is no velvet on the chairs, no carpet
on the floor;
But my mother will bake you a little wee
cake if you will stay to tea,
And you shall have the rosy apple a lady
gave to me.

Will you come through our street, Fairy?
It is not very wide,
There are no pretty shops for you with
beautiful things inside;
But I'd wait for you at the corner, I'd wait
the whole day through,
And would carry you hidden away in my
hand lest people should stare at you.

Won't you come, won't you come, Fairy?
And if you would only bring
A little tiny song with you of the kind that
the fairies sing,
And if you would show me the way you dance
under the forest trees,
I should take it very kind of you. Will you
come, Fairy, please?

FAIRIES BY THE SEA

Crowds of them and crowds of them
 All among the tide,
On big waves and little waves
 Having such a ride!
Creeping up the crinkly sand,
 Dancing on the rocks,
Crowds of them and crowds of them
 In creamy curly frocks.

Rows of them and rows of them—
 Fifty thousand score,
Glittering and twinkling
 All along the shore;
Sands to dig I knew there were,
 Shrimps to catch for tea;
No one told me I should find
 Fairies by the sea.

THE PILGRIM FAIRY

I hear a constant calling, more sweet than lily-bells,
And fain am I to wander, to leave our happy dells;
I know not why or whither, but this I surely know—
I cannot stay in Fairyland. I pray you let me go.

I'll bear with me no wallet, I'll take with me no charm,
I'll don no magic coat of mail, yet shall not come to harm,
Nor ever want for shelter; for I shall find my kin;
There will be many doors ajar to let a fairy in.

And some may try to keep me (but I shall never stay),
And some will smile to see me pass and come a little way;
And I shall carry greetings to all who understand,
And I shall whisper in their ears tidings of Fairyland.

And I shall gather treasure: a tale, a song, a flower,
And bring you home a pocketful to fill a happy hour.
And I shall learn the secrets, the hidden ways of men . . .
I shall be wise as mortals are when I come back again.

Some gentle summer evening, before you are aware,
I shall come softly slipping in and you will find me there.
For mortal folk in Fairyland forget their mortal past,
But a little wandering fairy must seek his own at last.

GOSSIP

“Trains are all the fashion,”
Said the Fairy in the tree.
“They’ll catch upon the brambles
When we go for moonlight scrambles
And *then* where shall we be?”

“At the caterpillar’s wedding,”
Said the Pixie in the moss,
“The dewdrops were so fizzy
That all the guests turned dizzy—
The Queen was very cross.”

“The Weather Clerk’s gone crazy,”
Said the Brownie in the fern,
“And all the kinds of weather
Have got mixed up together;
They don’t know where to turn.”

“It’s nothing else but temper,”
Said the Nixie in the pool.
“They’ve hung him on a spire
With a little bit of wire,
And left him there to cool.”

“But have you heard the latest?”
Said the Goblin in the ditch.
“Young Puck has changed the dresses
Of the little twin Princesses,
And they don’t know which is which!”

LOVELY LADY

I am a lovely lady;
I live in a tower by the sea;
Behind the tower are enchanted hills,
In front is a meadow of daffodils
And a little pink almond tree.

I have seventy chests of treasure
With seventy jewelled locks;
Fans and perfumes and silken shawls,
A set of carven ivory balls,
And a painted musical-box.

I have three pretty maids-in-waiting,
Mavis, Minnie, and Merle;
They dance on the grass in their spangled shoon,
While a little brown piper pipes a tune
On a flute of silver and pearl.

But I am a lovely lady. . . .
If you will come over the hills
You shall hear the tune of the musical-box,
You shall have the keys of the seventy locks
And a bunch of my daffodils.

A FAIRY VALENTINE

Come out to me, come out and be
My Valentine this morning;
Far have I come and far have sought
To find the gifts that I have brought—
And all for your adorning:

A pearly comb as white as foam
(In a mermaid's cave I found it),
Painted shoes and a purfled shawl,
A gilt pomander sweet as small
With a rhyming posy round it;

A rose in bloom; a crimson plume
Begged from a kindly robin;
A pot of star-dust for your wings,
And rainbow silk, to stitch your things,
Wound on an ivory bobbin.

And search who may by night, by day,
The country-side and city,
He'll find no braver gifts than mine;
Then will you be my Valentine?
And will you not, my pretty?

THE MERMAID

The fairies play on the beach at night,
I see them dance in the misty light;
They weave their garlands of seaweed strands,
With ploughs of silver they plough the sands
In dimpled furrows and tiny dells
For a fairy harvest of coloured shells.

I may not join them. I sit on the rocks
Combing my beautiful moon-gold locks,
Spreading them out on the breast of the tide
In a dappled pathway shimmering wide,
Where all the fairies that ever there be
Might come a-dancing over to me.

I sing my songs, but they do not heed,
They will not come. They are wise indeed.
I would gather them close in my golden snare,
I would drag them down in my web of hair;
Nor all the magic that ever might be
Should charm them back from the depths of the sea.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSE

Empty stands the Queen's House all the winter through—
Don't you know the Queen's House—the Queen's House at Kew?
No one goes a-hunting in the fairy park,
No one goes a-dancing in the hollows after dark.

But suddenly one morning, one morn of happy spring,
All among the bushes the birds begin to sing;
The gardens bud and blossom, the whisper travels fast,
“Have you heard the fairies are back again at last?”

All about the Queen's House they make their light to-do,
And far and far beneath the trees they spread the royal blue;
And you may see them dance there and you may watch their play;
A penny-piece will let you in. Oh, who could stop away?

A RHYME

The prettiest sight in the world, I think,
Is seeing a fairy eat and drink;
The prettiest sound that ever was heard
Is hearing a fairy sing with a bird.

FRIENDS

FRIENDS

MR. MINNITT

Mr. Minnitt mends my soles
When I have walked them into holes.
He works in such a funny place
And has a wrinkly, twinkly face
His hands are brown and hard and thin,
His thread goes slowly out and in.
He cannot walk without a crutch—
I like him very, very much.

THE DOCTOR

He comes with mother up the stair.
And by my bed he takes a chair,
And says in such a twinkly way,
“And how’s the invalid to-day?”

He sees my tongue, he sees my throat,
He has a thing inside his coat
With which he listens at my chest,
And that is what I like the best.

He often makes me stay in bed
When I would rather play instead;
And gives me horrid things to take
In bottles that you have to shake.

And yet I never really mind
Because he is so very kind.

THE POSTMAN

You must, I think, be very strong
To be a postman all day long;
For tho' it snows, or rains, or sleets
He still goes walking through the streets.

I'm sometimes there when he unlocks
And empties out the letter-box;
And if I keep my letter back
He lets me drop it in his sack.

MRS. BARKS

On market days we always call
At Mrs. Barks's country stall.
Her bonnet is of white and blue,
She wears a coloured apron, too.
And she has baskets full of eggs
And fowls with neatly done up legs,
And butter too, and crinkly cheese
And sometimes plums or raspberries,
And gillyflowers in kitchen pots,
And bunches of forget-me-nots;
She also has a box of tin
For putting all her money in.
She has a very smiling face
And always stands there in her place
However wet the day may be
And says, "Good-morning, love," to me.

THE GROCER

The grocer's shop has scales of brass,
And pretty biscuits under glass,
All very clean and neat;
And when it's Mr. Jones himself,
He takes a bottle from the shelf
And offers me a sweet.

And when about the shop I see
Delightful caskets, filled with tea,
And crackers, tier on tier,
And boxes tied with satin bows,
And candied fruits in coloured rows,
I'm very glad, because it shows
That Christmas-time is near.

GRANNIE

When I fall and hurt my knee,
Then my mother says to me:
“Nothing much; it might be worse;
What a dreadful darn for nurse!
Let us wash it nice and clean,
Then we’ll get the iodine.”

But my Grannie says: “Oh, dear,
This is rather bad, I fear.
Does it hurt? Well, never mind,
I must see if I can find
Something that will do it good.
Do you think a sweetie would?”

DADDY

When Daddy shaves and lets me stand and look,
I like it better than a picture-book.
He pulls such lovely faces all the time
Like funny people in a pantomime.

OTHER POEMS

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

Oh, what shall I give to the little princess?
Red velvet slippers and a blue satin dress,
A battledore of ivory, a shuttlecock of gold,
And a coat of white swansdown to keep her from the cold.

Oh, what shall I give to the King's little daughter?
A pearl-white sailing boat to sail upon the water,
A bright painted platter on a carved wooden stand,
And a basket full of rosebuds to carry in her hand.

HOLES

Holes in your stocking heel
Matter because they show;
But, oh! how I hate, how I hate the feel
Of a hole in my stocking toe.

IN HOLLAND

In Holland all the children look
Like children in a picture-book;
You can't believe it till you're there,
And then you want to stand and stare,
And say—but that would never do—
“Now tell me, are you *really true*?”

IN FRANCE

In France the trees and birds and flowers
Are pretty much the same as ours,
But all the things you eat and drink
Are very different, I think;
And certainly the folk you see
Are not the least like you and me.

THREE PRINCESSES

The tall princess was proud and grand,
The little one held her mother's hand,
The middling one looked all about—
“Look, look!” she said, “the hawthorn's out.”

Solemn and stiff was the tall princess,
The little one cried for weariness,
The middling one was gay as could be—
“Will you not come and dance?” said she.

SNOWDROPS

Snowdrops they call them, but I know
That they are prettier than the snow,
And when the snow all melts away
The darling snowdrops stay.

ORANGES AND APPLES

Oranges are very good,
But, if you'd be wise,
Choose an apple for dessert;
Friendly apples never squirt
Juice into your eyes.

A DREAM

Out of the sky the stars fell down
On to the country and on to the town;
They fell on the hedges, they fell on the trees,
They hummed in the air like golden bees;
On the roofs and the roads they lay scattered about,
But they melted away when the sun came out.

THE SKY

The sky by night is high and round;
The edges rest upon the ground.
The sky by day goes stretching on
With not a thing to rest upon.

THE MOON

When I go walking in the dark
The moon goes walking through the sky
And if for fun
I jump or run
She jumps and runs the same as I.

THE CLOUDS

I saw them as I lay in bed,
I saw them scurry by,
Bulls and wolves and buffaloes—
They rushed across the sky.
Dragons, dolphins, elephants—
They swam, they ran, they flew
They went so fast they came to bits,
And the bits went with them too.

And whence they came I could not tell,
Nor whither sped so fast,
But in a tumbled, troubled cloud
They still went hurrying past.
Closer and yet more close they pressed,
Till all the blue was gone,
And when the sky was brimmed with them
The sky itself moved on.

TOWN

I'll give you an orange
As red as the sun,
A basket of goodies,
A bookful of fun,
A taffeta sunshade,
A bonnet of lace,
And a little French doll
With a porcelain face.

COUNTRY

I'll give you an apple,
I'll give you a pear
And a bunch of red berries
To put in your hair;
A potful of honey,
A jugful of cream,
And a lavender cushion
To sweeten your dream.

THE ATTIC

The attic window's in the ceiling;
You only see the clouds go by,
But when I'm there I have a feeling
Of being very near the sky.

The attic air is warm and dusty,
And there are boxes full of things,
And rods of iron, rather rusty,
And beds and trunks and curtain rings.

I often like to go and play there,
I take my story-book and toys,
It seems so very far away there
From all the people and the noise.

But when the blue behind the skylight
Has faded to a dingy grey,
And a mouse scrabbles in the twilight
I leave my things and go away.

THE YARD

You thought that this was just a pump?
You are mistaken, quite;
A Royal Throne you here behold
Made all of ivory and gold
And guarded by a knight.

And this you thought a little girl?
Indeed, indeed, you're wrong,
She is the Queen of all the land
And very powerful and grand;
Her hair is ten feet long.

And these you took for cobble-stones?
But please to look again.
It is the palace courtyard, sir,
All strewn with cloves and lavender.
I am the Chamberlain.

Will you not come and feast with us?
But close the gate, I pray,
Lest robber-men, who lurk about,
Should enter with a horrid shout
And carry you away.

POTATOES

I like potatoes in a mound
All smoothly mashed, with gravy round,

Or in their jackets brown and clean
With folds of napkin in between.

In spring-time, too, they're good to eat
When they are new and small and neat.

But I would like the best of all
To buy and eat them at a stall.

RHYME

A little old man in a little round house,
He lived with a rabbit, a hen, and a mouse,
And every night when the stars were out,
Oh, but they scampered and scampered about,
Over the roof and over the vane
And into the little round house again.

THE SPILT RAINBOW

To-day, as I was walking in the street,
You cannot guess the lovely thing I found:
A coloured rainbow spilt upon the ground
Close at my feet.

The colours spread in wavy lines and rings
Purple and yellow, green and red and blue;
They came and went, as I have seen them do
On beetly things.

I thought it was as pretty as could be;
But not a single person seemed to care
Nor even see that it was lying there,
Excepting me.

SUN AND MOON

The moon by night, the sun by day,
My story-books and school-books say.
And yet one early afternoon
Most certainly I saw the moon;
And wouldn't it indeed be fun
If some dark night I saw the sun?

PIPER, PIPER

Piper, piper, play me a tune
Of a summery, sunshiny afternoon,
And the little brown bunnies will all come out,
Frisking and jumping and bobbing about.

Piper, piper, play me a tune,
Of a posy of stars, and a little wee moon.
And all the fairies will start to sing
And dance on the grass in a great round ring.

COCK-A-DOODLE

*“Cock-a-Doodle-Do,
It’s after half-past two.”*

Fiddle-diddle-dee,
What is that to me?

You may crow and crow,
But I’d have you know

I don’t mean to get
Out of bed just yet;

And what’s more, I *won’t*,
Cock-a-doodle . . . Don’t!

CHRISTMAS-TIME

The church bells at Christmas-time
Ring all about the town;
The gay folk at Christmas-time
Go walking up and down;
They smile at me, they smile at you
The streets and squares are smiling too.

In every house at Christmas-time
Are pretty sights to see;
And strange things at Christmas-time
Do grow upon a tree;
And one for me and one for you,
And isn't it a sweet to-do?

THE FLOWERS

The gardener works away for hours
To make the borders gay with flowers.
He plants the bulbs and sows the seeds,
He digs and hoes and rakes and weeds,
And every day has work to do
In winter and in summer too.

But in the Windy Wood I found
The bluebells thick upon the ground,
And in the sloping fields below
Thousands of yellow cowslips grow;
And yet to tend them there is none
Except the wind and rain and sun.

BIRDS

Mustn't it be sweet
To alight upon your feet
On a slender, leafy spray
And set it swinging?

Mustn't it be gay
To be out-of-doors all day,
In the pleasant summer heat
And keep singing?

THE Author's best thanks are due to the Editor and Proprietors of *Punch*, through whose courtesy she is able to include in this collection a number of verses which have already appeared in that paper.

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THE END

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Misspelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Fairies and Friends* by Rose Fyleman]