

nobody knows  
 what she'll do to yer  
 with the wart on her nose  
 look out for the old woman  
 whisk  
 whisk  
 hiddehide  
 eyes rustle and run and  
 with scuttling  
 little itchy moustes  
 tweeds  
 toad in tweeds  
 little hoppy happy  
 hob-a-nob hob-a-nob  
 gobbins  
 witches and tingling  
 little twitchy  
 tip-toe  
 twinkle-toe  
 little ghosthings  
 hist whisk  
**HIST WHIST**  
**BY E. E. CUMMINGS**

ooch  
 the devil  
 the devil  
 ach the great

green  
 dancing  
 devil  
 devil

devil  
 devil

wheeEEE

## THE FAIRIES

### BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

Up the airy mountain  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n'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.

If I should come within thy bower  
 I am no earthly man  
 And should I kiss thy earthly lips  
 Thy days would not be lang  
 Oh, sweet Margaret, oh, dear Margaret  
 I pray thee speak to me  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margaret  
 As I gave it to thee  
 Thy faith and troth thou's never get  
 Nor yet will I thee lend  
 Till you take me to you kirk  
 And wed me with a ring  
 My bones are buried in yon kirkyard  
 Afar beyond the sea  
 And it is but my spirit, Margaret  
 That's now speaking to thee  
 She stretched out her lily white hand  
 And for to do her best  
 Here, there's your faith and troth, Willie  
 God send your soul good res

High on the hill-top  
 The old King sits;  
 He is now so old and gray  
 He's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkil he crosses,  
**On his stately journeys**  
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;  
 Or going up with 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 she was fast asleep,  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
**They have kept her ever since**  
 Deep within the lake,  
 On a bed of flag leaves,  
 Watching till she wake.

**OLD WILLIAM'S GHOST**  
**TRADITIONAL BALLAD**  
 There came a ghost to Margaret's door  
 With many a grievous groan  
 And aye he twirled at the pin  
 But answer made she none  
 Is that my father, Philip?  
 Or is it my brother, John?  
 Or is it my true love, Willie  
 From Scotland, new come home?  
 'Tis not thy father, Philip  
 Nor yet thy brother, John  
 But tis thy true love, Willie  
 From Scotland, new come home  
 Oh, sweet Margaret, oh, dear Margaret  
 I pray thee speak to me  
 Give me my faith and troth, Margaret  
 As I gave it to thee  
 Thy faith and troth thou's never get  
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 She stretched out her lily white hand  
 And for to do her best  
 Here, there's your faith and troth, Willie  
 God send your soul good res  
 And kiss my cheek and chin  
 Till that thou come within my bower

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

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