

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
 Nor yet will I thee lend
 Till that thou come within my bower
 And kiss my cheek and chin

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.

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.