

**WILLIAM
ALLINGHAM**

RHYMES FOR
THE YOUNG
FOLK

William Allingham
Rhymes for the Young Folk

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William Allingham

Rhymes for the Young Folk

THE FAIRIES

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.

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
Columkill 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 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 flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

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 their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

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!

THE ELF SINGING

An Elf sat on a twig,
He was not very big,
He sang a little song,
He did not think it wrong;
But he was on a Wizard's ground,
Who hated all sweet sound.

Elf, Elf,
Take care of yourself!
He's coming behind you,
To seize you and bind you,
And stifle your song.
The Wizard! the Wizard!
He changes his shape
In crawling along,
An ugly old ape,
A poisonous lizard,
A spotted spider,
A wormy glider,
The Wizard! the Wizard!
He's up on the bough,
He'll bite through your gizzard
He's close to you now!

The Elf went on with his song,
It grew more clear and strong,
It lifted him into air,
He floated singing away,
With rainbows in his hair;
While the Wizard-worm from his creep
Made a sudden leap,
Fell down into a hole,
And, ere his magic word he could say,
Was eaten up by a Mole.

THE FAIRY KING

*"High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits."*

The Fairy King was old.
He met the Witch of the Wold.
"Ah ha, King!" quoth she,
"Now thou art old like me."
"Nay, Witch!" quoth he,
"I am not old like thee."

The King took off his crown,
It almost bent him down;
His age was too great
To carry such a weight.
"Give it here!" she said,
And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground;
The Witch no more was found.
Then sweet spring-songs were sung,
The Fairy King grew young,
His crown was made of flowers,

He lived in woods and bowers.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES

Golden, golden,
Light unfolding,
Busily, merrily, work and play,
In flowery meadows,
And forest shadows,
All the length of a Summer day!
All the length of a Summer day!

Sprightly, lightly,
Sing we rightly,
Moments brightly hurry away;
Fruit-tree blossoms,
And roses' bosoms, —
Clear blue sky of a Summer day!
Dear blue sky of a Summer day!

Springlets, brooklets,
Greeny nooklets,
Hill and Valley, and salt sea-spray,
Comrade rovers,
Fairy lovers, —
All the length of a Summer day
All the livelong Summer day!

ROBIN REDBREAST

Good-bye, good-bye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our Thrushes now are silent,
Our Swallows flown away, —
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And welaway! my Robin,

For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,
The wheatstack for the Mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow, —
Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear,
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

AMY MARGARET

Amy Margaret's five years old,
Amy Margaret's hair is gold,
Dearer twenty-thousand-fold
Than gold, is Amy Margaret.

"Amy" is friend, is "Margaret"
The pearl for crown or carcanet?
Or peeping daisy, Summer's pet?
Which are you, Amy Margaret?

A friend, a daisy, and a pearl;
A kindly, simple, precious girl, —
Such, howsoe'er the world may twirl,
Be ever, — Amy Margaret!

JINGLE, JANGLE!

Jingle, jangle!
Riot and wrangle!
What shall we do
With people like you?
Here's Jingle!
There's Jangle!
Here's Riot!
There's Wrangle!
Never was seen such a turbulent crew!

You, north must go
To a hut of snow;
You, south, in a trice,
To an island of spice;
You, off to Persia
And sit on a hill,
You, to that chair
And be five minutes' still!

DREAMING

A strange little Dream
On a long star-beam
Ran down from the midnight skies,
To curly-hair'd Fred
Asleep in his bed,
With the lids on his merry blue eyes.

Under each lid
The thin Dream slid,
And spread to a picture inside,
A new World there,
Most strange and rare,
Tho' just by our garden-side.

Rivers and Rocks,
And a Treasure-Box,
And Floating in Air without wings,
And the Speaking Beast,
And a Royal Feast,
My chair beside the King's;

A Land of Flowers,
And of lofty Towers
Carved over in marble white

With living Shapes
Of Panthers and Apes
That gambol in ceaseless flight;

And a Cellar small
With its Cave in the Wall
Stretching many a mile underground!
And the Rope from the Moon! —
Fred woke too soon,
For its end could never be found.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR

I love you, Dear, I love you, Dear,
You can't think how I love you, Dear!
Supposing I
Were a Butterfly,
I'd waver around and above you, Dear.

A long way off I spied you, Dear,
No bonnet or hat could hide you, Dear,
If I were a Bird,
Believe my word,
I'd sing every day beside you, Dear.

When you're away I miss you, Dear,
And now you're here I'll kiss you, Dear,
And beg you will take
This flow'r for my sake,
And my love along with this, you Dear!

1st verse.



I love you, dear, I love you, dear, You can't think how I



love you, dear! Sup-posing I were a but-ter-fly, I'd

2nd verse.



wa-ver a-round and a - bove you, dear! A long way off I

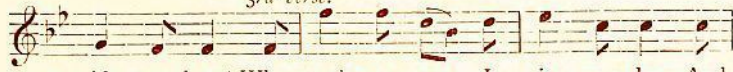


spied you, dear,—No bon-net or hat could hide you, dear,—If



I were a bird, be - lieve my word, I'd sing ev-'ry day be-

3rd verse.



- side you, dear! When you're a - way I miss you, dear, And



now you're here I'll kiss you, dear, And beg you will take this



flow'r for my sake, And my love a - long with this, you dear!

SEASONS

In Spring-time, the Forest,
In Summer, the Sea,
In Autumn, the Mountains,
In Winter, – ah me!

How gay, the old branches
A-swarm with new buds,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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