

THE FAIRY FIDDLER

AWAY in the misty moorland glen
Where the Elf-Folk dance with the Wee Brown Men,
And the rowan-berry burns haughtily
As she tells of the wind's inconstancy—
'Tis there I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon !

Where the harebell waves from the tufted grass,
There never the foot of a man may pass ;
For the painted fireflies glance and gleam
Like the golden thoughts in a goblin's dream,
And the ghostly coppice of oak and pine
Holds a legion of imps from the Moonbeam Mine.

When I lay me down in their wondrous car
I travel so quickly from star to star,
That the Earth and the Moon are as glowworm lights
That flash o'er the field of the blurred blue heights :
For it's there I am bound by the far faint rune
Of the Fairy Fiddler's silver shoon !

ETHEL ARCHER.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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