

## A MESSAGE FROM THE FAIRIES

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Under the trees one bright summer's day,  
A child went merrily out to play  
Among the flowers, and there plucked up  
A lily with a golden cup.

Now in that cup a fairy sat!  
The child, amazed, cried, "What is that?"  
"A fairy! a fairy!" it shouted with glee,  
When down came another from out of a tree.

The one from the tree was green and brown;  
One ne'er could have seen him had he not slipped down.  
So tiny was he that if put in a cup,  
A leaf from the tree would have covered him up.

His trousers were green, his jacket was brown,  
His wings iridescent; he wore a wee crown.  
With a faint little voice, thought clear as a bell,  
He quickly proceeded his message to tell.

"Little girl, little girl, pray run not away,  
But tarry you with us, we've something to say,  
We've come from a valley all peaceful and bright,  
And bear you a message from fairy and sprite.

"One day you were playing far off in a dell,  
And heard a voice calling, down deep in a well;  
With heart beating wildly you ran there in haste,  
And rescued a kitten the dogs had there chased.



“We’ve come to reward you for kind deeds you’ve  
done

In protecting God’s creatures, the ones that are dumb.  
We’ll crown you with flowers that never shall fade;  
We’ll always protect you, dear kind little maid.

“Go tell little children where’er they may be,  
To be kind to all kittens and dogs that they see;  
For God sends wee fairies to children at play,  
Who list to their voices and know what they say.

“This message we leave you and go on our way:  
Let love be your motto when you are at play;  
Ne’er wound your companions by word or by deed,  
And the fairies will help you when you are in need.”