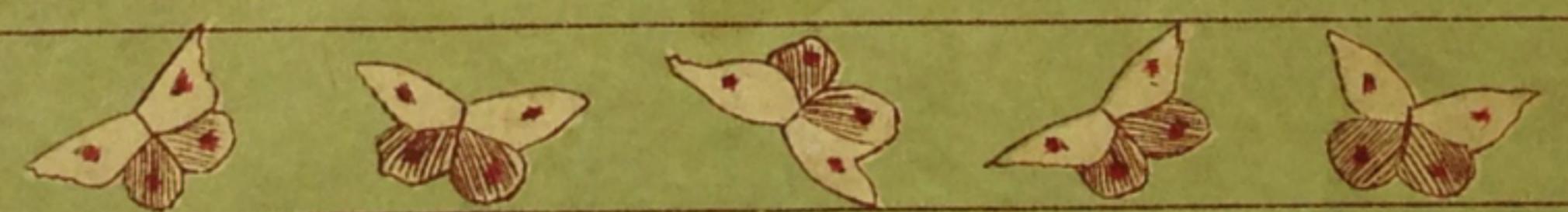


THE QUEEN'S GIFT SERIES.

A
DISPATCH
TO
FAIRY-LAND.



FEDERICK WARNE & CO
LONDON.

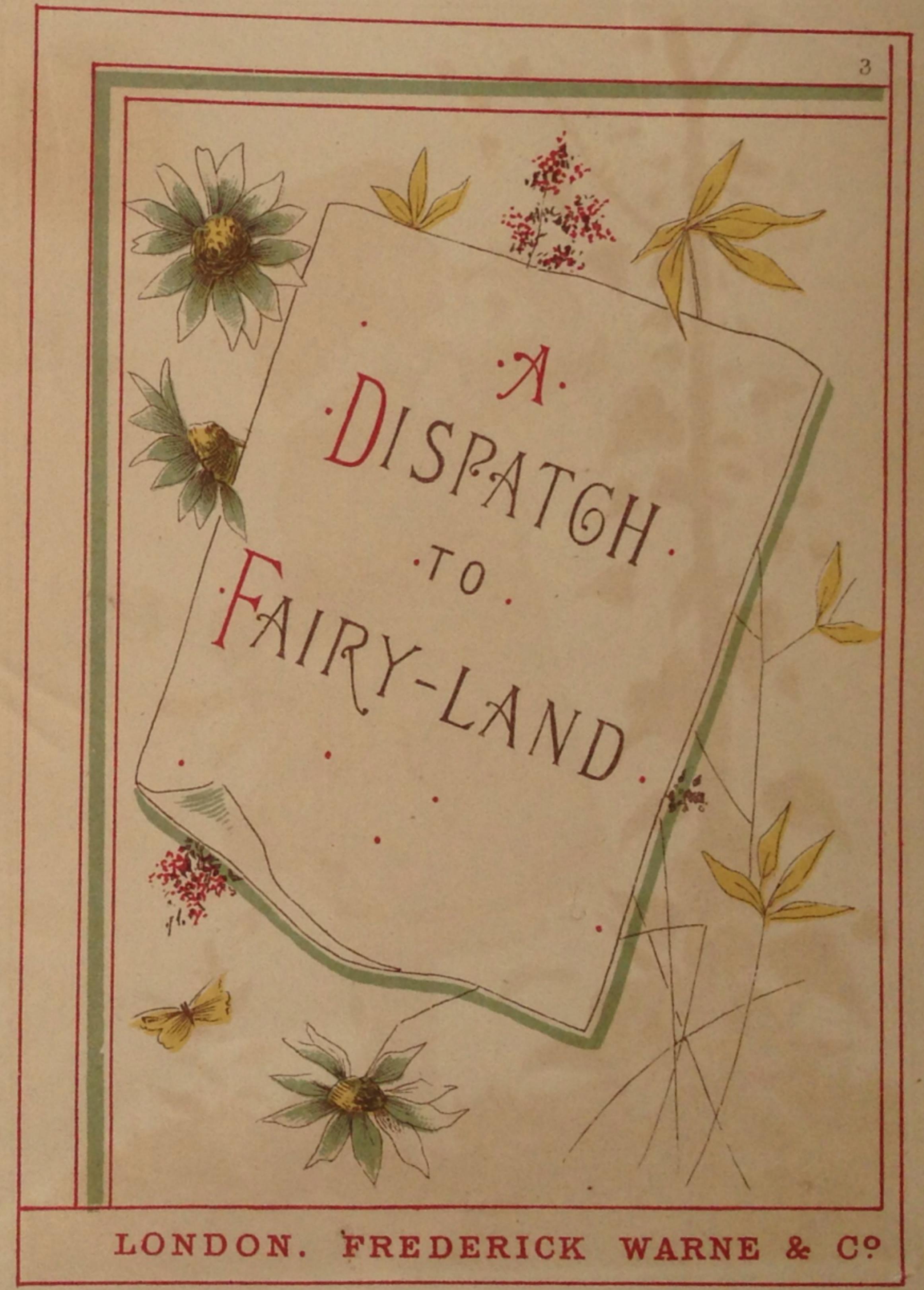
Donné par
Mad^{me} Clara Parsons
pour
Jacques Fueker
Belfast
Etat du Maine
Etats Unis d'Amérique
1885

A
DISPATCH *
TO
FAIRY-LAND
AND
OTHER STORIES





2



LONDON. FREDERICK WARNE & CO.



4

Connect me with Fairy-land, please, pretty vine,
With the Fairy Queen's palace of pearl,
And ask if her Highness will hear through your line,
A discouraged and sad little girl.

O Queen, I'm so grieved 'cause my dolly won't play,
And so tired of pretending it all!
I must walk for her, talk for her, *be* her all day,
While she sits still and stares at the wall.

I thought I would ask you if, in your
bright train,
You hadn't one fairy to spare,
A naughty one even,—I shouldn't
complain,
But would love it with tenderest care—

Or a poor little one who had lost its
bright wings,—
I should cherish it not a bit less—
And, besides, they'd get crushed with
the sofas and things,
And be *so* inconvenient to dress.

O Queen of the Fairies, so happy I'll be
If you'll only just send one to try;
I'll be back again soon after dinner to see
If you've left one here for me. Good-bye!



5

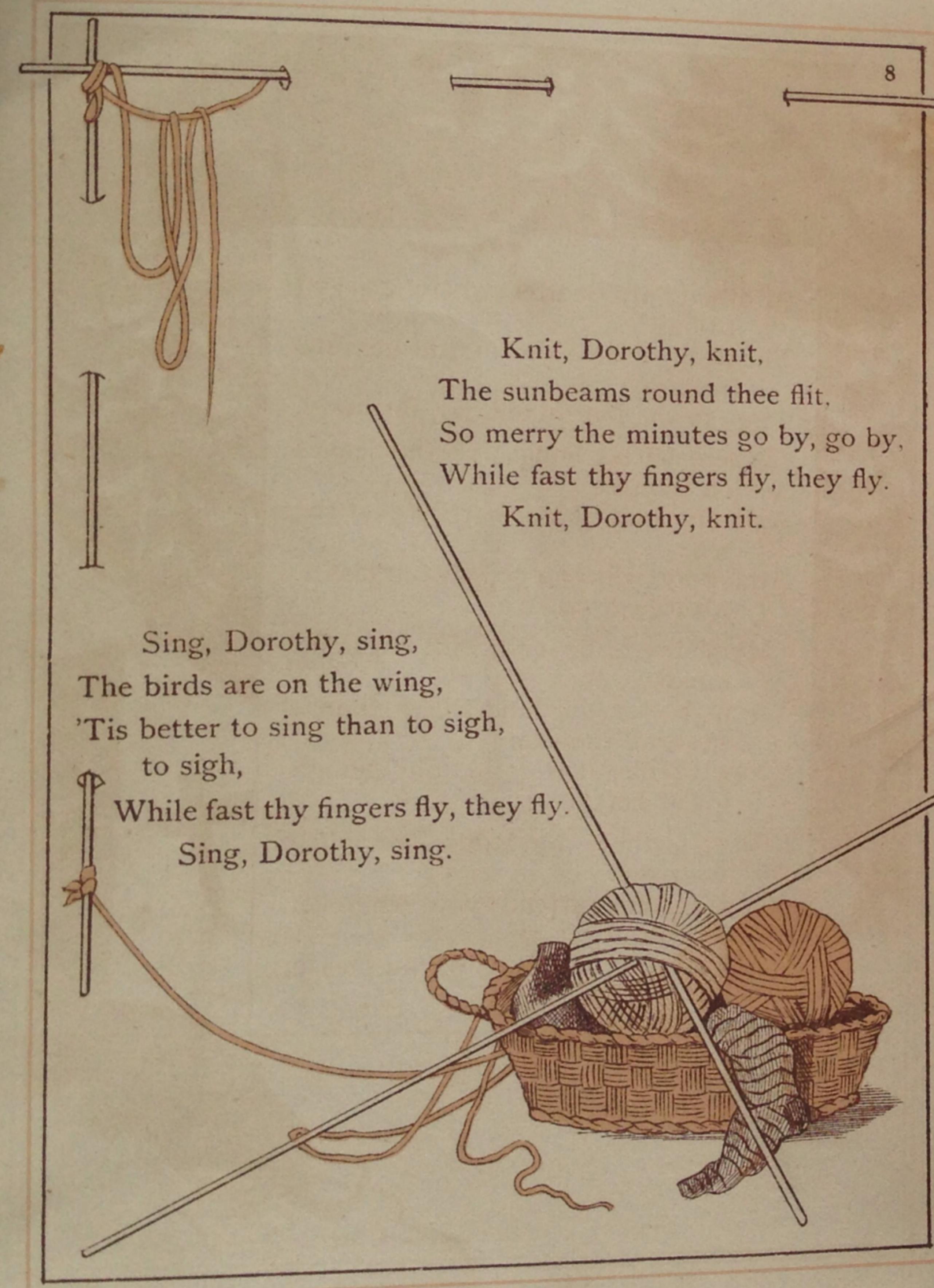
As I went down to London town,
The city for to see,
My little lad, all bravely clad,
Came stepping up to me.
"Good morrow, pretty sir!" said I.
"The same to you!" said he.

I curtsied low, and he did bow,
And doft his hat and feather.
Said I, "The day is fair and gay."
Said he: "'Tis charming weather.
I, too, go down to London town,—
Shall we not go together?"

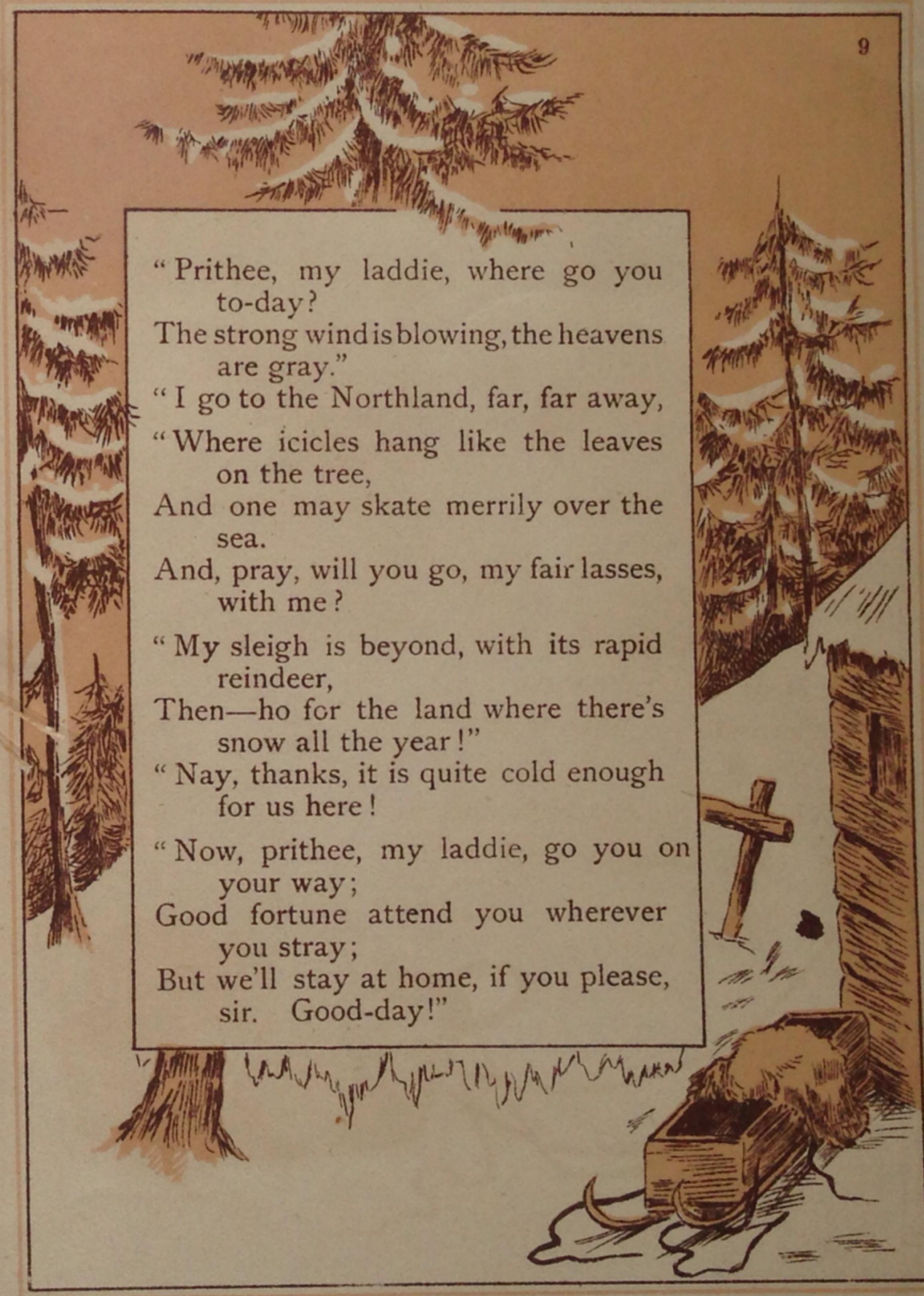
Away we went, on pleasure bent,
The city we did see,
And when the sun was sinking down,
Came home right merrily.
"It was a pleasant day," said I.
"We'll go again," said he.





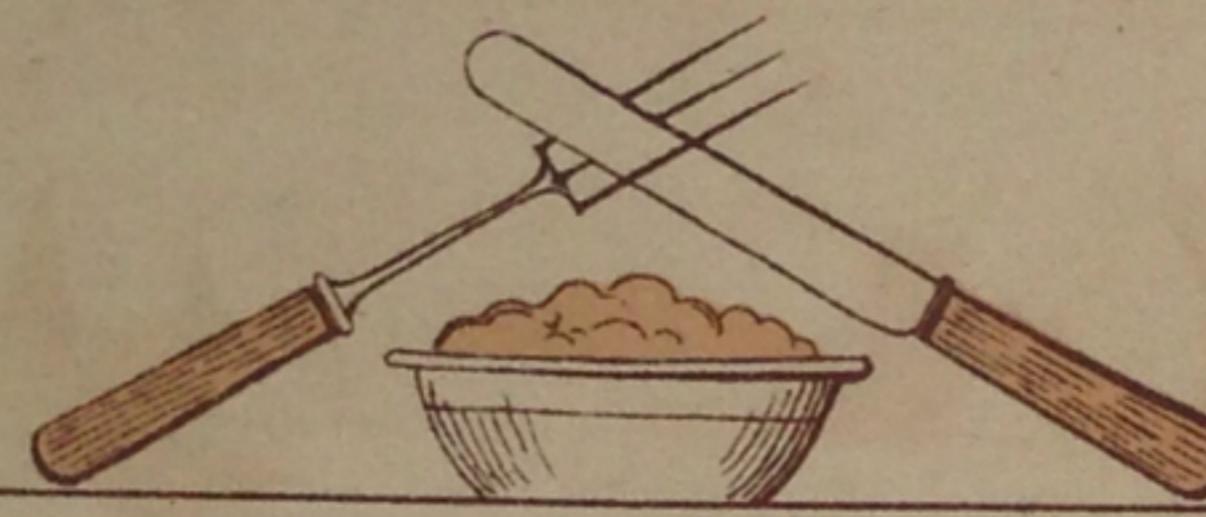


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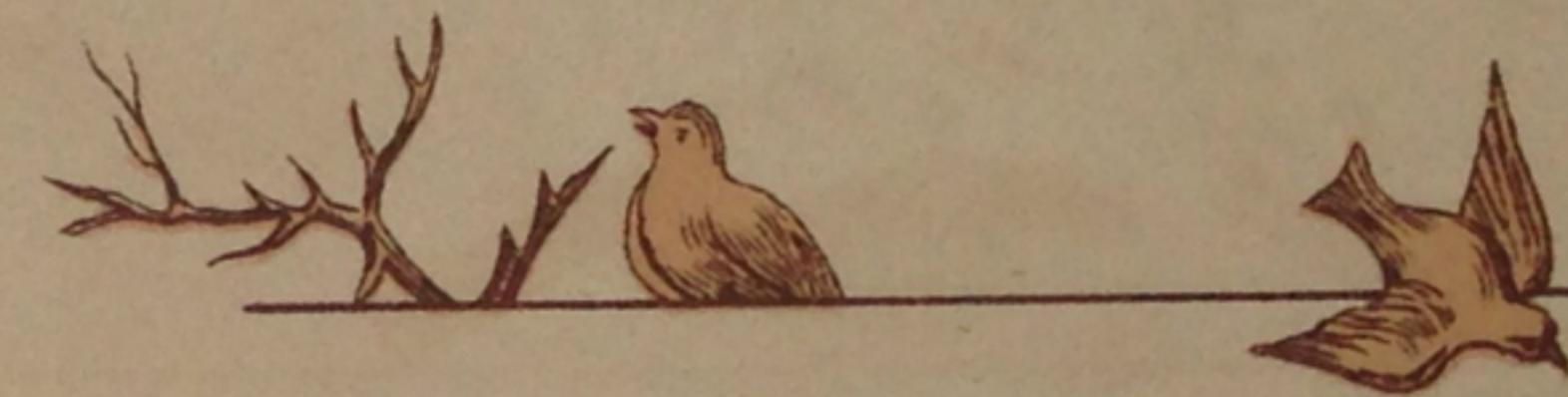
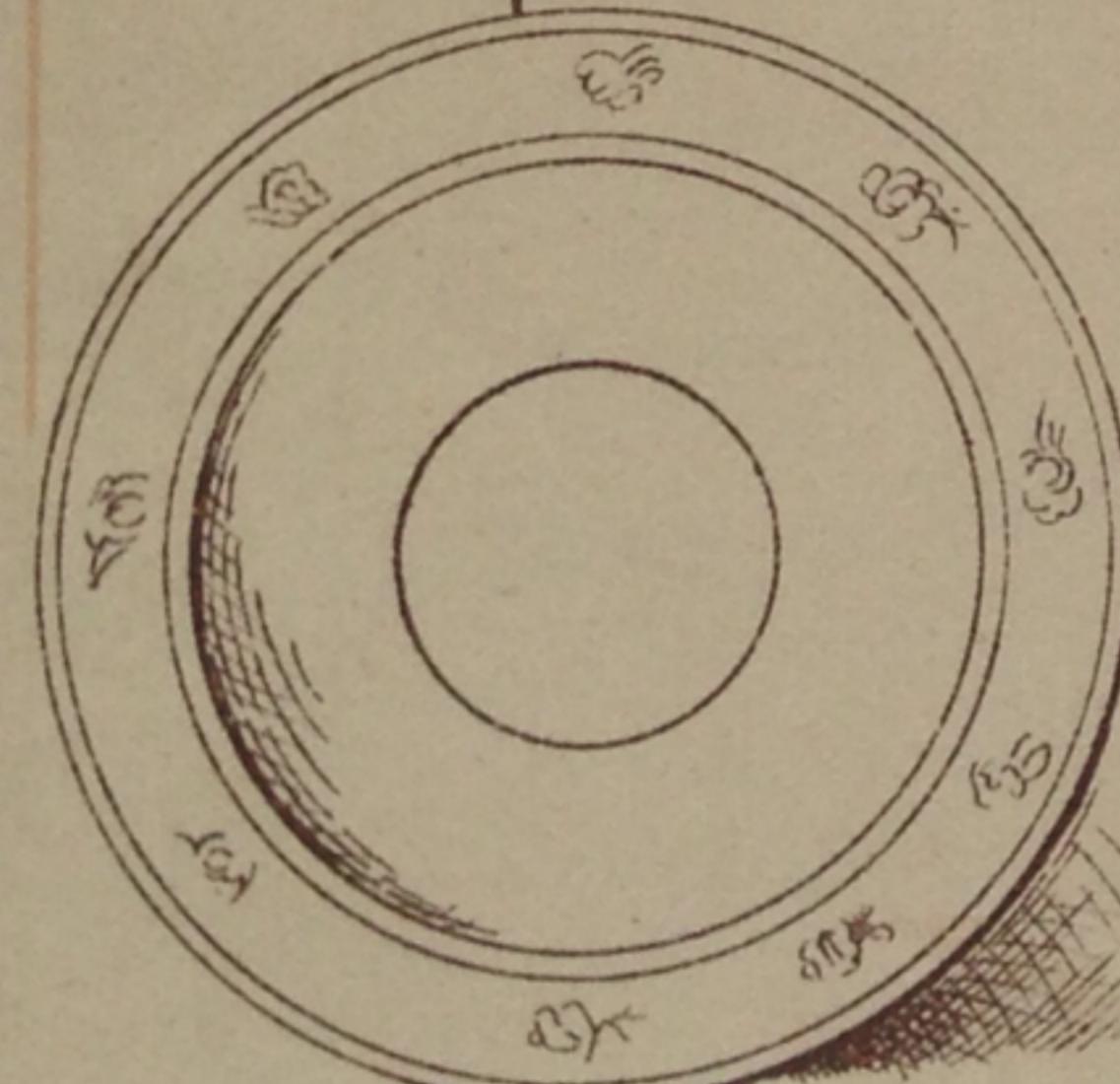


9





Little Dutch Karl
And little French Jeanne
They went out together to dine,
But they could'nt agree,
For when she said "Oui"
He always would answer her "Nein."

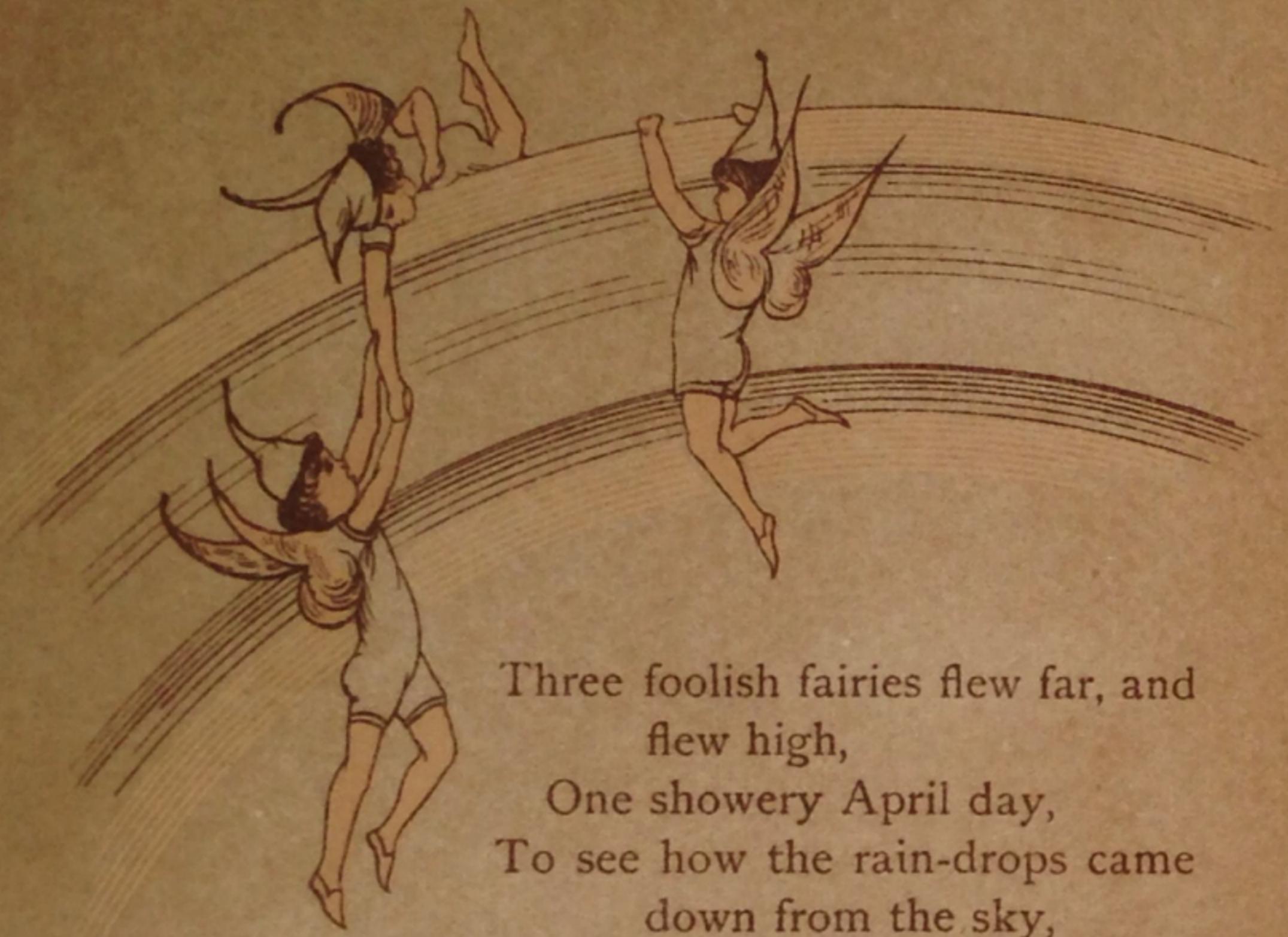


Laughing Lill lives on the hill,
Where runs the water to the mill.
And be the day or fair or gray,
She sings her merry roundelay:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes dancing to the mill;
The robin sings, whate'er the sky,
And so do I!"

The rain may fall, the loud winds call,
And stormy clouds be over all.
But laughing Lill she carols still,
While sweeter grows her merry trill:
"Come weal or woe, come good or ill,
The stream goes rippling by the mill;
The robin sings, though dark the sky,
And so will I!"







Three foolish fairies flew far, and
flew high,
One showery April day,
To see how the rain-drops came
down from the sky,
But, alack, they lost their way!

Three frightened fairies sat down in a row,
On the rainbow that glittered so gay;
And there they are sitting, for all that I know,
Lamenting their folly to-day.







MacLure & Macdonald Glasgow