

Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?

Oh, where do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?°
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts° of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again.

small streams

drinks

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal° they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

noisy celebration

Or, maybe, in soft garments rolled,
In hollow trees they lie,
And sing, when nestled from the cold,
To while° the season by.
There, while they sleep in pleasant trance,°
'Neath mossy counterpane,°
In dreams they weave some fairy dance,
Till green leaves come again.

spend

dazed state

quilt

When they return, there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,°
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

away

~ Thomas Haynes Bayley ~