

“ And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.”

THE BOOK OF FAIRY POETRY

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And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man !

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;



How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage ?
Seize the Shoemaker—then you may !
" Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe ;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too ! "



“ Buy from us with a golden curl.”



“ Three spirits mad with joy
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower.”



“ For the Nautilus is my boat
In which I over the waters float.”



“ And the padding feet of many gnomes a-coming ! ”