

SONGS

Fairies, fairies, prithee dance
On the shore
Brightly, lightly, here and there;
That the billows in a trance
May cease their troubled roar,
And so their smiling glance
May augur no mischance
To my love, in his boat,
Gently on the waves afloat,
But may rock him to sleep
In the cradle of the deep,
Where the laughing waters leap
Evermore.

Blow, wind, loud and long,
Sing, wind, thy mournful song;
Snow, snow, come and hide me
With my true love beside me.
Ah, my love,
Cold and dead,
Under the cypress tree
Low lies his head.

Lay me by his side,
Say of love I died;
Come, Death, come and take me:
Why, love, thus forsake me?
By my love,
Cold and dead,
Under the cypress tree
Lay thou my head.