

And Mary follows, neither proud nor vain,
She milks the cattle when the day is done.

FAIRY LAND.

Sung by a fairy dressed in green and silver.

Would you go to the land where violets grow,
Where the lilies bloom and the roses blow ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where snowdrops spring,
Where the robins and larks and thrushes sing ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where primroses sweet,
And hepaticas bloom at the beech-trees' feet ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where star-flowers peep,
And dainty spring-beauties awake from sleep ?

Then follow on with me.