

# The Rockwood Review.

## MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

In dim and undiscovered nooks,  
By the marge of unsunned brooks,  
Children of the wood and wild,  
Untamed of man, and unbeguiled,  
Gladsome, joyous, pranksome sprites,  
Revellers of summer nights  
Are the quick-eyed furtive things  
That creep, or run, or skim with wings  
Moth-feathered over night-blown flowers.  
Nature's fine interpreters,  
With acuter sense than ours,  
Who know each varying mood of hers;  
Why the green turf greener springs  
In the small print of fairy rings,  
And where the pinnacles and spires  
Of the elfin country rise,  
And the jack-o'-lantern fires  
That light their midnight revelries,  
And make the traveller lose his way,  
Following where the phantom flies,  
Among the moats and dunes astray.  
There the dragon-flies, and midges  
Hover in the summer noons,  
And the gossamer-hung bridges  
Glitter under August moons:  
Ropes of silver lightly swung,  
Woven in a spider web:  
Boatmen of Titania's barge  
Tethered at the rushy marge,  
And the spotted newt and eel  
Wait the tall green flags among  
Till the fairy bells are rung,  
Water weeds, and blossoms pale,  
Lily-pads that dip and float  
Spread a green diaphanous sail  
For Titania's slender boat.  
Sedges diffuse around at night  
A weird and iridescent light.  
Shining shapes in emerald suits,  
Blowing elfin hours and flutes,  
You may hear when nights are still,  
Faintly echoing from the hill,  
With the cricket's small bassoon  
Near at hand, and clear and shrill.  
But you will never see nor guess,  
Where fire-flies gem the wilderness  
With opal fires beneath the moon,  
How the fairy-folk troop out  
In a jewel-spangled rout  
For midsummer night's parade ;