

For nobody knew how the thing was played,
Till this bold elf went off by himself,
Over the dip on a wooden spade ;

Then a little Oaf,
With a pointed hoof,
Went down with a motion retrograde.

But the best of all, I think, was a Fay,
Who lightly led, with wings outspread,
The motley crowd in their boisterous play ;
And " Look ! " he said,
As down he sped,
Flying through the air, " See ! this is the way ! "

And up again he flew like a spark
That flashes clear through the atmosphere,
And down again like shaft to its mark,
Crying " Oh dear !
I think that we're
Out on a most enormous lark ! "