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THE FAIRY SHOEMAKER

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?

Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,

Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!
Only the grasshopper and the bee?

'Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.

Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;

Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!

Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour—

Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lupracaun singing shrill

As he merrily plies his trade?

He's a span

And a quarter in height.

Get him in sight, hold him tight,

And you're a made

Man!

You watch your cattle in 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.