

Manx Notes 650 (2024)

“X. Y. Z.”

“THE FAIRIES”

(1877)

'Tis sunset! and the shades of night
Are bringing forth the stars to view;
When fairies from their steeds alight,
Their joyous gambols to renew.
Rob'd in garments of matchless green,
Oft have the good little people been seen
By Manxmen of old, who liv'd and died
When the Druids revell'd in all their pride.

'Tis midnight! and the witching hour,
When restless spirits roam at will,
When fairies are endued with pow'r
At pleasure's stream to drink their fill.
Rob'd in garments of matchless green,
Oft have the good little people been seen,
Dancing a jig to a cricket's song,
Merrily, cheerily, all night long.

'Tis morning! and a stream of light
Is seen in the eastern sky;
When the little green jackets all take flight,
And none can their exit spy.
Gone are the garments of peerless green,
Good little people are nowhere seen;
But there are Manxmen living now
Who still at the shrine of the fairies bow.

X. Y. Z.

Pseud [initialled as “X. Y. Z.”]. “The Fairies.” *Mona's Herald* 13 June 1877:
8e.

Stephen Miller RBV

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