

The Fairy Valley

by **John E. Nixon**, Wauchope

The elves and the fairies, so some people say,
Left us forever one midsummer day;
But I know a valley—a cup in the hills—
A green place of wonder, where strange music thrills.

A vale where in summer the shadows are cool.
Where I love to linger when I come from school.
For have I not seen there more wonderful things
Than ever were dreamed of in castles of kings.

The elves and the fairies are gone, so I'm told,
But I know a deep glade they haunt as of old;
A circle of magic, where bird, beast and bee,
Are one with enchantment that few eyes can see.

Where gold shafts of sunlight glance down through the
leaves.

I stand wrapt in silence, and fantasy weaves
A spell all around me, and opens my eyes
To marvels well hidden from mortals more wise.

A woodpecker tapping . . . 'tis a dwarf in his mine!
Dew caught in a harebell . . . 'tis Oberon's wine!
A wren shrilly scolding from some mossy bank,
Is Puck bent on mischief in some crazy prank!

And high up above me, unfearful of man,
A thrasher is singing . . . 'tis the wild pipes of Pan!
They say that the fairies no longer are found,
But I know my valley is still faerie ground!

—JOHN E. NIXON.