

A Poem of
Letitia Elizabeth Landon
(L. E. L.)
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compiled
by
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Fairies on the Sea Shore



FAIRIES ON THE SEA SHORE

From a sketch by Henry Howard R. A. Engraved by E. Goodall

FAIRIES ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY L. E. L.

FIRST FAIRY.

My home and haunt are in every leaf,
 Whose life is a summer day, bright and brief,—
 I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,
 I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,
 I drink the dew of the blue harebell,
 I know the breath of the violet well,—
 The white and the azure violet ;
 But I know not which is the sweetest yet,—
 I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose,
 I have watched the lily uncloze,
 My silver mine is the almond tree,
 Who will come dwell with flower and me ?

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Dance we our round, 'tis a summer night,
 And our steps are led by the glow-worms' light.

SECOND FAIRY.

My dwelling is in the serpentine
 Of the rainbow's colour'd line,—

See how its rose and amber clings
 To the many hues of my radiant wings ;
 Mine is the step that bids the earth
 Give to the iris flower its birth,
 And mine the golden cup to hide,
 Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.
 Search the depths of an Indian mine,
 Where are the colours that match with mine ?

CHORUS.

Dance we round, for the gale is bringing
 Songs the summer rose is singing.

THIRD FAIRY.

I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute,
 Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute,
 Linger I over the tones that swell
 From the pink-vein'd chords of an ocean-shell ;
 I love the sky-lark's morning hymn,
 Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim,
 The echo, the fountain's melody,—
 These, oh ! these are the spells for me !

CHORUS.

Hail to the summer night of June ;
 See ! yonder has risen our ladye moon.

FOURTH FAIRY.

My palace is in the coral cave
 Set with spars by the ocean wave ;
 Would ye have gems, then seek them there,—
 There found I the pearls that bind my hair.

I and the wind together can roam
Over the green waves and their white foam,—
See, I have got this silver shell,
Mark how my breath will its smallness swell,
For the Nautilus is my boat
In which I over the waters float,—
The moon is shining over the sea,
Who is there will come sail with me ?

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Our noontide sleep is on leaf and flower,
Our revels are held in a moonlit hour,—
What is there sweet, what is there fair,
And we are not the dwellers there ?
Dance we round, for the morning light
Will put us and our glow-worm lamps to flight ! *

* These beautiful lines are extracted from an early volume of Miss Landon's Poems, ("The Troubadour.") They were written a short time after the picture was painted. Mr. Howard's "Fairies on the Sea Shore" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1825; and is the property of Sir Matthew White Ridley.