

Primary 7 Girls

The Fairy House *(by Rose Fyleman)*

As I was coming homeward,
One early Summers day,
I met a little fairy
Tripping on her way.
Her bonnet was a bluebell,
A daisy was her gown,
Her wings were bits of sunshine
Trimmed with thistledown

I think she'd been to market,
For as she hurried by,
I peeped into her basket
To see what I could spy.
A pair of golden slippers,
A reel of silver thread,
A tiny jar of honey
And a weeny loaf of bread.

I hid amongst the tall grass,
As still as still could be
The fairy gave a rat tat
Upon a hollow tree.
And then, just for an instant
I peeped into her house.
And do you know? The front door
Was opened - by a mouse!