

# THE STORY TELLERS

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## FIRST NIGHT

### The Fairies

When crisp October's on the wane,  
When chill November comes again,  
When shadows lengthen on the hill  
And winter nights grow damp and chill;  
The fires give forth both light and cheer,  
And village gossips will appear,  
Reciting tales we love to hear:  
For 'tis in winter ghosts abound,  
In winter fairy tales go round.  
Each nook conveys a sense of gloom,  
    Each ruin has a haunted look;  
Each cave is an enchanted room,  
    By all things else than ghosts forsook.  
Don't wonder then if our discourse  
Will treat of all that strange concourse—  
    Of fairies, giants, gnomes;  
Of witches, goblins, sprites morose,  
    That haunt abandoned homes.  
Of the grim pooka's dread approach  
    Be sure to take good heed;  
Of Will o' the Wisp, the headless Coach,  
    That runs with reckless speed.  
The elves come tripping o'er the heath  
    When midnight hour is near;  
The banshee's wail forebodes the death  
    Of some friend we hold dear.