

## WITH THE STORY TELLERS

Now Larry frightened at their pranks,  
Kept earnestly protesting,  
That he had never done them wrong,  
They surely must be jesting:  
A jest is it? the fairies cried—  
One that will set you yelling,  
For you have ruined the playground  
All round our lovely dwelling.  
Said Larry: troth I didn't know  
That any one was living,  
Within a mile of this big moat,  
My word to you I'm giving;  
But if you will forgive me now  
For making such a blunder.  
The crop I'll sow and weed and hoe  
And give you half by thunder!

The kindly offer Larry made  
Was by the elves accepted;  
Besides no harm was meant to them,  
As he had just protested.  
Said Larry: "Now to show I'm fair  
And just in all my dealings;  
We'll alternate the crops each year,  
To soothe your angered feelings.  
This year, I'll take all underground,  
And you will take all over;  
The next year I'll take all above  
And you all under cover.  
This proposition won applause;  
The elves no longer tarry,  
But as they parted each one said:  
"Good night! You're all right, Larry!  
"Good night, good night!" the toiler said,  
"You'll alter your opinion;  
You'll find that I'm not going to feed  
The elves in your dominion.