



A

FAIRY TALE

IN THE

Ancient ENGLISH Style.

IN *Britain's* Isle and *Arthur's* days,
 When Midnight *Faeries* daunc'd the Maze,
 Liv'd *Edwin* of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,
 Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
 Tho' badly Shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back mote well be said
 To measure heighth against his Head,

And

And lift it self above :

Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth Form forbid,
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of *Edith's* Eyes,
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,
Cou'd Ladies look within ;
But one Sir *Topaz* dress'd with Art,
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)
With slighted Passion pac'd along
All in the Moony Light:
'Twas near an old enchanted Court,
Where sportive *Faeries* made Resort
To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the Path was lost
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town ;
With weary Steps he quits the Shades,
Resolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,
And drops his Limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the Floor,
When hollow Winds remove the Door,
A trembling rocks the Ground :
And (well I ween to count aright)
At once an hundred Tapers light
On all the Walls around.

Now sounding Tongues assail his Ear,
Now sounding Feet approachen near,

And

And now the Sounds encrease :

And from the Corner where he lay

He sees a Train profusely gay

Come prancing o'er the Place.

But (trust me *Gentles!*) never yet

Was dight a Masquing half so neat,

Or half so rich before ;

The Country lent the sweet Perfumes,

The Sea the Pearl, the Sky the Plumes,

The Town its silken Store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a *Gallant* drest

In flaunting Robes above the rest,

With awfull Accent cry'd ;

What *Mortall* of a wretched Mind,

Whose Sighs infect the balmy Wind,

Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the *Swain* whose vent'rous Soul
No Fears of *Magick* Art controul,

Advanc'd in open fight ;

‘ Nor have I Cause of Dreed, he said,

‘ Who view by no Presumption led

‘ Your Revels of the Night.

‘ ’Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,

‘ Which made my Steps unweeting rove

‘ Amid the nightly Dew.

‘Tis well, the *Gallant* crys again,

We *Faeries* never injure Men

Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy Love-dejected Heart,

Be mine the Task, or e'er we part,

To make thee Grief resign ;
Now take the Pleasure of thy Chaunce ;
Whilst I with *Mab* my part'ner daunce,
Be little *Mable* thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light Musick floats in wanton Air ;
The *Monarch* leads the *Queen* :
The rest their *Faerie* Partners found,
And *Mable* trimly tript the Ground
With *Edwin* of the Green.

The Dauncing past, the Board was laid,
And siker such a Feast was made
As Heart and Lip desire ;
Withouten Hands the Dishes fly,
The Glasses with a Wish come nigh,
And with a Wish retire.

But now to please the *Faerie King*,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick Feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an Ape,
 And other-some transmute their Shape
 In *Edwin's* wond'ring Eyes.

'Till one at last that *Robin* hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)
 Has hent him up aloof ;
 And full against the Beam he flung,
 Where by the Back the *Youth* he hung
 To spraul unneath the Roof.

From thence, " Reverse my Charm, he crys,
 " And let it fairely now suffice

" The

“ The Gambol has been shown.

But *Oberon* answers with a Smile,

Content thee *Edwin* for a while,

The Vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the Phantome-play ;

They smelt the fresh Approach of Day,

And heard a Cock to crow ;

The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd

Has clap'd the Door, and whistled loud,

To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,

And all at once the Tapers dy ;

Poor *Edwin* falls to Floor ;

Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,

Was never Wight in fike a Case

Through all the Land before.

But soon as Dan *Apollo* rose,
Full Jolly Creature home he goes,
He feels his Back the less;
His honest Tongue and steady Mind
Hav' rid him of the Lump behind
Which made him want Success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His Story soon took wind;
And beautiful *Edith* sees the Youth,
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,
Without a Bunch behind.

The Story told, Sir *Topaz* mov'd,
(The Youth of *Edith* erst approv'd)

To see the Revel Scene:

At close of Eve he leaves his home,

And wends to find the ruin'd Dome

All on the gloomy Plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,

The Wind came rustling down a Dell,

A shaking seiz'd the Wall:

Up spring the Tapers as before,

The *Faeries* bragly foot the Floor,

And Musick fills the Hall.

But *certes* sorely sunk with woe

Sir *Topaz* sees the *Elphin* show,

His Spirits in him dy:

When *Oberon* crys, 'a *Man* is near,

' A mortall Passion, cleeped Fear,

' Hangs flagging in the Sky.

With

With that Sir *Topaz* (Hapless Youth!)

In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth

Intreats them Pity graunt;

For als he been a mister Wight

Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night

To tread the circled Haunt;

‘ Ah Lofell Vile, at once they roar!

‘ And little skill'd of *Faerie* lore,

‘ Thy Cause to come we know:

‘ Now has thy Kestrell Courage fell;

‘ And *Faeries*, since a Ly you tell,

‘ Are free to work thee Woe.

Then *Will*, who bears the wispy Fire

To trail the Swains among the Mire,

The Caitive upward flung;
 There like a Tortoise in a Shop
 He dangled from the Chamber-top,
 Where whilome *Edwin* hung.

The Revel now proceeds apace,
 Deffly they frisk it o'er the Place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat;
 The time with frolick Mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir *Topaz* hangs the while
 'Till all the Rout retreat.

By this the Starrs began to wink,
 They skriek, they fly, the Tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the *Knight*.
 For never Spell by *Faerie* laid
 With strong Enchantment bound a Glade
 Beyond the length of Night.

Chill,

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the Welkin rose the Day,
 Then deem'd the Dole was o'er:
 But wot ye well his harder Lot?
 His feely Back the *Bunch* has got
 Which *Edwin* lost afore.

This Tale a *Sybil-Nurse* aed ;
 She softly strok'd my youngling Head,
 And when the Tale was done,
 ' Thus some are born, my Son (she cries)
 ' With base Impediments to rise,
 ' And some are born with none.

' But Virtue can it self advance
 ' To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance

' By

‘By Fortune seem’d design’d;
‘ Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,
‘ And from it self shake off the Weight
‘ Upon th’ unworthy *Mind*.

