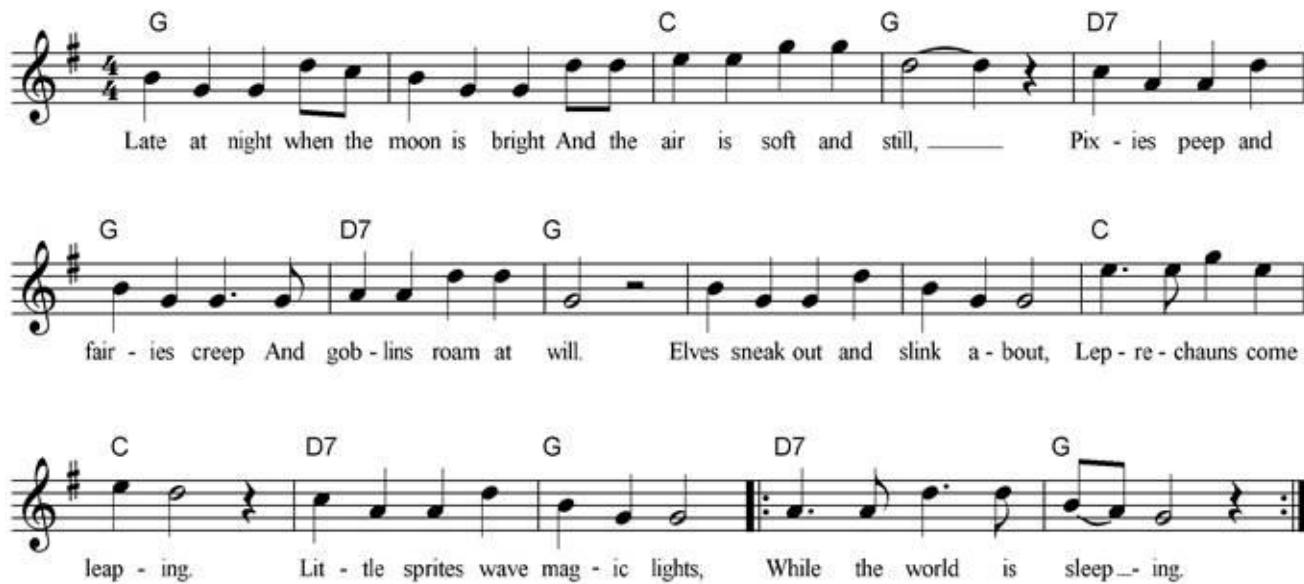


The fairy ball

Saint Patrick's Day celebrations need leprechauns.

I found this poem in '365 stories and rhymes for boys' but without the book have not been able to discover the name of the author.

Music by Dany Rosevear.



Late at night when the moon is bright And the air is soft and still, — Pix - ies peep and

fair - ies creep And gob - lins roam at will. Elves sneak out and slink a - bout, Lep - re - chauns come

leap - ing. Lit - tle sprites wave mag - ic lights, While the world is sleep - ing.

Late at night when the moon is bright,
And the air is soft and still,
Pixies peep and fairies creep,
And goblins roam at will.



Elves sneak out, and slink about,
Leprechauns come leaping.
Little sprites wave magic lights,
While the world is sleeping.

Singing songs, they skip along,
Towards the forest glade.
Hung with lights, all twinkling bright,
While gentle music's played.

They appear, from far and near,
A host of fairy folk.
This happy band dance hand in hand,
Beneath the ancient oak.