

The Fairies / Up the airy mountain

<https://rivgrofsong.uk/>

A favourite of mine from my childhood. By the Irish poet William Allingham 1824–89. With thoughts of young children I have only included two verses; for the whole sad story of young Bridget who was taken away by the little men visit: <http://www.irishcultureandcustoms.com/Poetry/TheFairies.html> Music by Dany Rosevear.



Up the air - ry moun - tain, Down the rush - y glen, We daren't go a - hunt - ing For
fear of lit - tle men; Wee folk, good folk, Troop - ing al - to - geth - er; Green jack - et
red cap, And white owl's feath - er! Down a - long the rock - y shore Some make their
home, They live on cris - py pan - cakes Of yel - low tide - foam; Some in the
reeds Of the black moun - tain lake, With frogs for their watch - dogs, All night a - wake.



Up the airy mountain, Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk, Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap, And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs, All night awake.

