

11.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Allegro.

Up the ai - ry moun-tain, Down the rushy glen, We daren't go a-hunt - ing For fear of lit-tle men;

staccato

Wee - folk, good folk, Trooping all to-ge - ther; Green jac-ket, red cap, And white owl's feather!

By the crag-gy hill-side, Thro' the mosses bare, They have planted thorn - trees For pleasure here and there. If

a - ny man so dar-ing As dig them up in spite, He shall find their sharpest thorns In his bed at night.

D. C.