The Elf Singing by William Allingham *

An Elf sat on a twig,
He was not very big,
He sang a little song,
He did not think it wrong;
But he was on a Wizard's ground,
Who hated all sweet sound.

Elf, Elf,
Take care of yourself.
He's coming behind you,
To seize you and bind you
And stifle you song.
The Wizard! The Wizard!
He changes his shape
In crawling along--
An ugly old ape,
A poisonous lizard,
A spotted spider,
A wormy glider
The Wizard! The Wizard!
He's up on the bough
He'll bite through your gizzard,
He's close to you now!

The Elf went on with his song,
It grew more clear and strong;
It lifted him into air,
He floated singing away,
With rainbows in his hair;

While the Wizard-Worm from his creep
Mad a sudden leap,
Fell down into a hole,
And, are his magic word he could say,
Was eaten up by a Mole