

“The Fairies Have Never A Penny To Spend” – by Rose Fyleman

The fairies have never a penny to spend
They haven't a thing put by;
But theirs is the dower of bird and of flower.



And theirs are the earth and the sky.

And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies are,
Or never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the centuries long
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies are,
And never as old.