

**HEALEY DELL OR, THE HISTORY
OF HAIRIES: MEETINGS OF THE
FAIRY QUEEN AND HEALEY
DWARF IN THE FAIRY CHAPEL**

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Healey dell or, the history of Hairies: meetings of the fairy queen and healey dwarf in the fairy chapel by R. Standring

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R. STANDRING

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HEALEY DELL

OR,

The History of Hairies:

MEETINGS

OF THE

FAIRY QUEEN AND HEALEY DWARF

IN THE

FAIRY CHAPEL.

BY R. STANDRING,

NATIVE OF HEALEY STONES.

*Author of "The Rochdale Telescope," "Sunday Schools
Among the Mountains," and "English
History in Verse."*

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INTRODUCTION.

Good tales may teach us to be kind:
Our actions and our words to mind;
They like the parables may be,
And from much evil set us free.

With best wishes,

B. STANDRING.

SYLLABUS.

Birth of the Dwarf—Height—Weight—Giant Brothers—
—Home Surroundings—Description of the Fairy Chapel—
—Dwarf goes to it—Fairies sing for him—Their Queen appears—She Opens the Hill Overhead with her Wand—He enters—Finds the Metropolis of the Fairy Kingdom there—Grandeur of the place—The Queen's Throne; its splendour—She gives the History of Fairies for Thousands of Years—Their Removal—How they have Removed from place to place, coming Southward from the Pole—Their Manner of Life—A General Meeting of Fairies on Brown Wardle Hill—The Dwarf attends it—The Hill made a Senate House by the Queen's Wand—Speeches by the Queen, the Dwarf, and by the Chiefs of the Fairy Colonies—A Chorus, sung by all the Fairies—The Hill restored by the Marvellous Wand—They Disband—The Dwarf is Carried Home to his Mansion.



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HISTORY OF FAIRIES.

I WAS not born in a mean cot,
A nobler fortune was my lot ;
My birthplace was a mansion grand,
Which did a gorgeous scene command.

I had brothers three-and-ten,
Stalwart, brave, illustrious men,
The smallest of them eight feet high,
Yet a little dwarf was I.

At my birth I weighed four pounds,
That soon was known the country round,
And ladies came from far to see
A little wealthy thing like me.

When grown, two feet was just my height,
Thirty pounds and ten my weight ;
But I was lithe, and strong, and gay,
In dark November or in May.

Life I commenced in thirteen-fifty-five,
 And very slowly did I thrive,
 When I maturity had gained
 Thirty years I had attained.

My name was Healey, known to fame
 Connected with an ancient name ;
 To my ancestors a Norman gave
 Healey lands for being brave.

My home surroundings well I knew,
 The hills around oft did I view ;
 I climbed their heights and looked around,
 And on their summits rapture found.

Rooley Moor and Rushy Hill—
 When absent I can see them still ;
 And Brown Wardle's noble top
 To gaze has often made me stop.

But the valleys gay and green
 (Were such valleys ever seen ?)
 With shingle slopes frittering away,
 And rocks which scarce together stay ;
 With undulations here and there,
 And music floating on the air ;
 With trees full of the joy of life,
 Filled with the songsters' ceaseless strife ;
 Where the cuckoo often charmed my ear,
 And the throstles' song so clear.

Tall knowls and flats and slopes were seen,
 And the winding Spod between,
 Where dashing rills flew down the rocks
 Battered to foam by fiercest shocks,
 And smiling plots of beauteous green
 Peeping the lofty hills between,
 And winding paths where lovers stray,
 Shortening to hours the fleeting day.

But above all the Fairy Dell,
 Known by the name of Thrutch so well,
 That rugged glen, of wonders full,
 Makes me long its form to tell ;
 Narrow, rocky, wild, and weird,
 Through ages having wonder stirred,
 The rocks ploughed down a dozen feet,
 The marks above our wonder greet,
 On high was once the river's base,
 At water's power we stand and gaze.

But not content to have swept away
 Four yards of rock so hard and gray,
 Water has pierced the rock below
 Seven feet, as I attest and know.

But these greedy waters not alone
 Furrowed downward flinty stone ;
 They put their fingers under ground,
 And stealing rock away were found.