

**THE
CULPRIT FAY**

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The Culprit Fay by Joseph Rodman Drake

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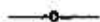


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Mrs. T. Williams.

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"The exquisite poem of 'THE CULPRIT FAY,' was composed hastily among the Highlands of the Hudson, in the summer of 1819. The author—says his biography—was walking with some friends on a warm moonlight evening, when one of the party remarked that it would be difficult to write a faery poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human characters. When the party was reassembled, two or three days afterward, 'THE CULPRIT FAY' was read to them, nearly as it is now printed."



“My visual orbs are purged from film, and, lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales
I see old fairy land's miraculous show!
Her trees of tinsel kissed by freakish gales,
Her Ouphs that, cloaked in leaf-gold, skim the breeze,
And fairies, swarming——”

TENNANT'S ANSTER FAIR.



Р О Е М .



L

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's
night—

The earth is dark, but the heavens are
bright;

Naught is seen in the vault on high

But the moon, and the stars, and the
cloudless sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.

The moon looks down on old Cronest,

She mellows the shades, on his shaggy
breast,

And seems his huge grey form to throw

In a silver cone on the wave below;



His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar
made,
And through their clustering branches
dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break,
Through the rifts of the gathering tem-
pest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,