

**KING LONGBEARD OR
ANNALS OF THE
GOLDEN DREAMLAND, A
BOOK OF FAIRY TALES**

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King Longbeard or annals of the golden dreamland, a book of fairy tales by Barrington MacGregor

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BARRINGTON MACGREGOR

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GOLDEN DREAMLAND, A
BOOK OF FAIRY TALES**



KING
LONG
BEARD

OR ANNALS
OF THE GOLDEN
DREAMLAND.



BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES ROBINSON

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES,
BY R. L. STEVENSON
THE CHILD WORLD,
BY GABRIEL SETOVN
MAKE-BELIEVE
BY M. D. LOWRY
LULLABY-LAND
BY EUGENE FIELD
KING LONGBEARD
BY BARRINGTON MAC GREGOR.



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THE GOLDEN
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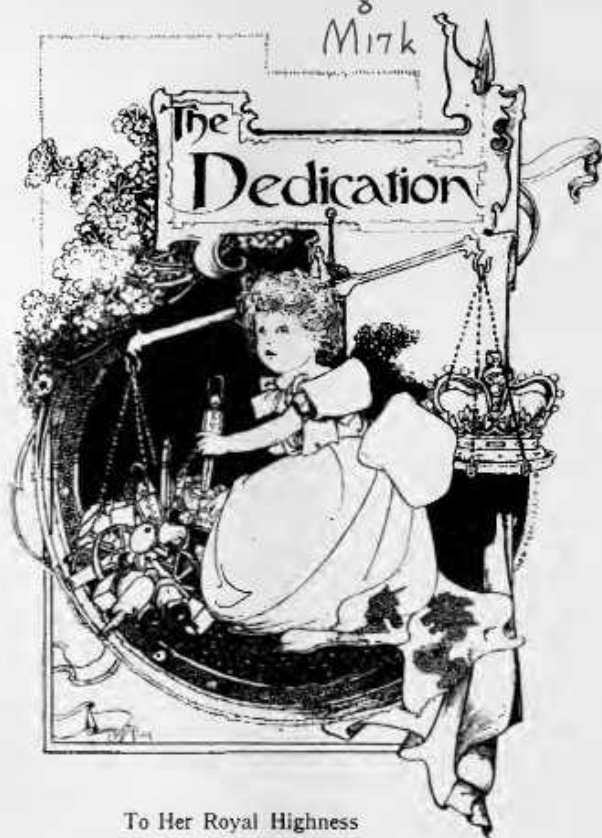
A Book of Fairy Tales, written by **BARRINGTON-MAC-GREGOR** *and illustrated by* **CHARLES ROBINSON.**

**JOHN
LANE
THE
BODLEY
HEAD
LONDON
AND
NEW YORK**

1898

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Milk



To Her Royal Highness
VICTORIA MARY, DUCHESS OF YORK,
to whom this book, by her gracious permission,
is gratefully dedicated.

THIS IS A DAY OF GREAT EVENT
IN THE GOLDEN LAND OF DREAMS;
FOR THE KING HAS LAID DOWN HIS SCEPTRE AND CROWN
BY THE BRIDGE OF THE RAINBOW BEAMS;

860299

AND DOWN HE IS COME TO THE WORLD BELOW
TO WALK AMONG MORTAL WIGHTS,
LIKE THE CALIPH OF OLD OF WHOM WE ARE TOLD
IN THE BOOK OF ARABIAN NIGHTS:
AND DOWN IN THE WORLD HE HAS SOUGHT, AND FOUND
IN THE SOVEREIGN ISLES OF THE SEA,
A PRINCESS RARE, WITH A CHILD SO FAIR,
THAT OF DREAMLAND THEY BOTH MIGHT BE.

THE CHILD HE SITS BY A BALANCE THAT WEIGHS
AS THOSE OF THE DREAMLAND WEIGH,
FOR THE SCALE COMES DOWN TO OUTBALANCE THE CROWN
WITH THE TOYS OF THE BRIGHT TO-DAY.
HE SEES THEM ALL IN THE WONDROUS LIGHT
THAT SHINES FROM THE DREAMLAND FAR,
AND IT MAKES THEM SEEM WHAT HIS HEART WOULD DEEM,
INSTEAD OF JUST WHAT THEY ARE.
AND THE KING OF THE DREAMLAND WATCHES HIM PLAY,
AS WHEN HE WAS A DREAMLAND ELF,
AND HE LAUGHS FOR JOY IN THE GLEE OF THE BOY
AS HE STILL WERE A CHILD HIMSELF.

THEN HE LOOKS FROM THE CHILD TO THE MOTHER'S FACE
THAT IS LIT WITH A TENDER LOVE.

"NOW HERE," QUOTH THE KING, "IS THE PLACE TO BRING
"THE TALES OF MY COURT ABOVE.

"FOR HERE, IN THE HEART OF THE UNDERWORLD,
"IS THE HOPE OF THE NOBLEST RACE

"THAT EVER MIGHT STAND ON ITS CHOICEST LAND,
"OR SAIL ON ITS OCEAN'S FACE!"

SO BACK HAS HE NOW TO THE DREAMLAND FLOWN;
AND SITS IN THE DREAMLAND HALLS,
AND THERE FOR THE SCRIBES OF THE ELFIN TRIBES,
THAT WRITE FOR THE COURT, HE CALLS.

HE BIDS THEM SIT DOWN AND WRITE WITH SPEED
THE TALES OF THE DREAMLAND BRIGHT;
THEN DOWN THROUGH THE AIR TO THE PRINCESS RARE
DESCEND WITH THE PAGES WHITE.

AND HE BIDS THEM SAY TO THE PRINCESS RARE,
WHAT HE SAYS TO ONE AND ALL.—

THAT HE WHO WOULD RISE TO OUTWIT THE WISE
AT THE CHILDREN'S FEET MUST FALL;
FOR THEIRS IS THE LIGHT OF THE DREAMLAND TRUE,
AND THE WISDOM UNDEFILED;
AND THE WORLD AT ITS BEST SHALL BE LED TO ITS REST
BY THE HAND OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.

DRUMTOCHTY.

December 1897.



A Book of Fairy Tales needs no Preface: so this is not one.

I merely wish to acknowledge the help I have been given by some of the Dreamland Princesses, who not only took some of the stories down from dictation (and that not like "ignorant rabbits"), but also made me fair, if not fairy, copies of the same. And especially to the "Princess Elsie," who supplied me herself with a great part of "The Abduction of the Professor."

BAKRINGTON MACGREGOR

Drumtochy, 1897