

# Mary to the Mound

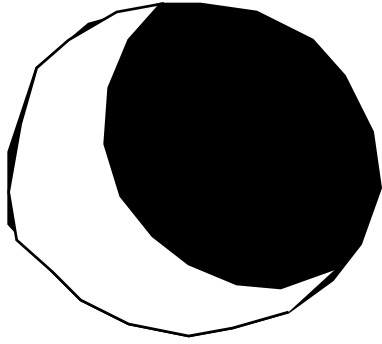
by Eliza Fegley



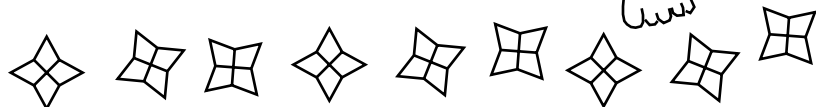
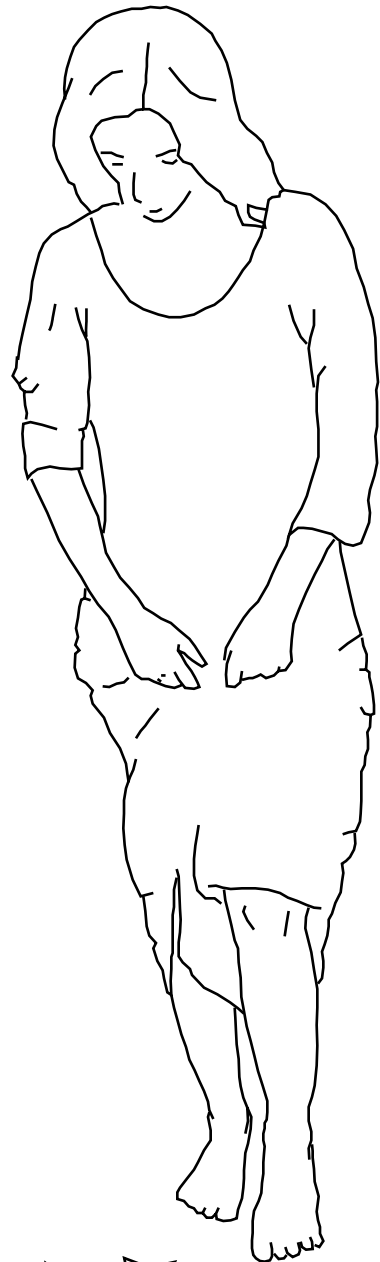
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Once in a land not so long ago  
Tales were told of the wee-fully folk  
Who danced the mounds and begotten  
Children upon the maidens of the softer yolk

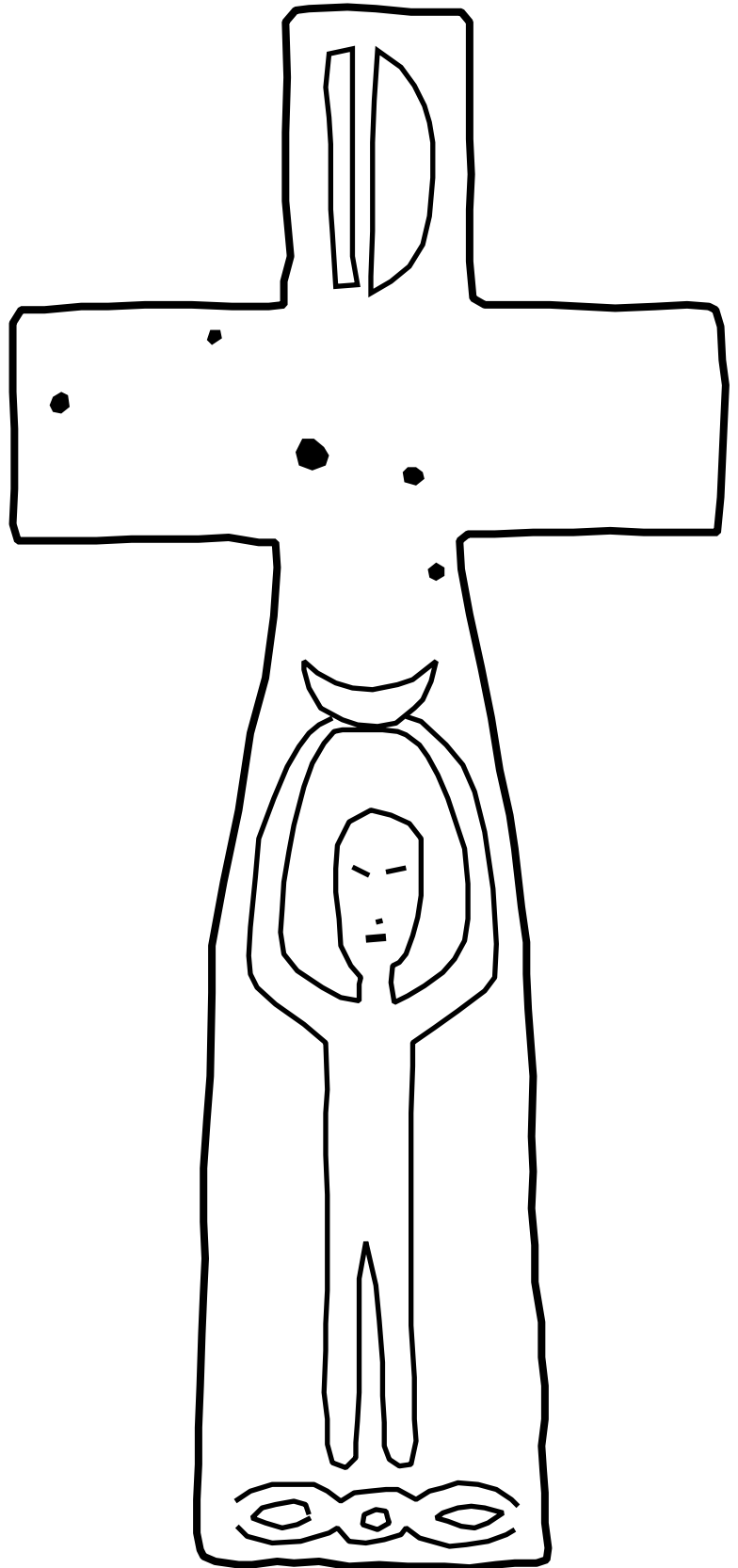




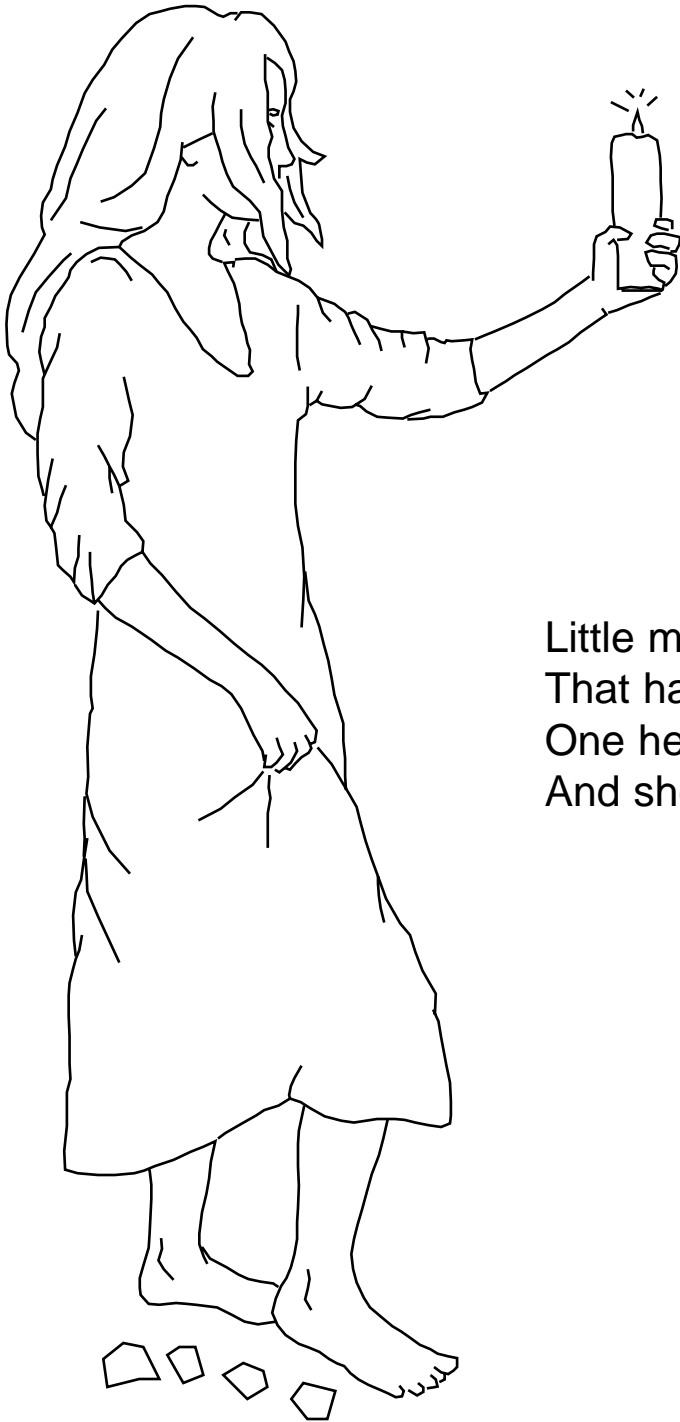
Now the sun descended and the moon did rise  
Upon the night of little Mary's demise  
For a foolish girl, she listened not to warnings  
And left her home in the dark of night  
To travel briskly to her enchanted plight



Little Mary of the curious heart  
Heard tales of little men  
Who visited these parts  
And stole away with maidens fair  
And took them to magical worlds  
To live as brides

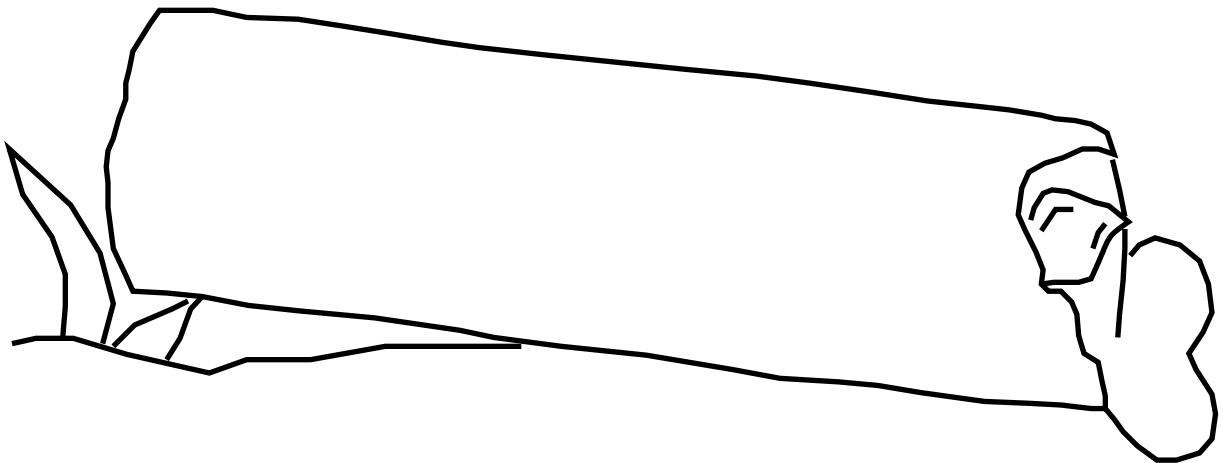


With candle held high she ran through the woods  
Until she reached a clearing and there she stood  
Gazing with wonderment at what she saw



Little men moving around a mound  
That had not been there the day before  
One held a wand and pointed to our Mary  
And she could move no more.

Poor little Mary, her hand was held  
And she was led  
Into the faery mound  
That would not be there on the morrow



What became of little Mary is difficult to say  
For she never returned the following day  
But tales have been told of the wee-folly folk  
Who make for their brides maidens of the softer yolk

