



with Jill Haywood

Vocabulary

Tulips -
Swaying - balancejant
To and fro - vaivé
Rocking - bressolar
Bloom - florir
Wither - marcir
Grave - sepultura



The fairy tulips - English folk tale

Once upon a time there was a kind old woman who lived in a little house. In her garden there was a bed of beautiful striped tulips. There were tulips of many different colours. Red, pink, purple, yellow and tangerine.

One night she was wakened by the sounds of sweet singing and of babies laughing. She looked out of the window. The sounds seemed to come from the tulip bed, but she could see nothing. After looking out of the window for a few minutes, she decided to go back to bed. She slept well and woke refreshed the next day.

That morning she walked among her beautiful flowers, thinking of the singing she had heard, but there were no signs of any one having been there the night before.

On the following night she was again wakened by sweet singing and babies laughing. She got up and went quietly to her garden. The moon was full and was shining brightly on the tulip bed. The colourful flowers were swaying to and fro. The old woman looked closely and she saw, standing by each tulip, a little Fairy mother who was singing and rocking the flower like a cradle, while in each tulip cup lay a little Fairy baby laughing happily and playing. The old lady stood very still, watching the fairies with their babies. It was the most wonderful sight she had ever seen in her life.

The good old woman stole quietly back to her house, and from that time on she never picked a tulip, nor did she allow her neighbours to touch the flowers. She made extra sure that the tulips were well watered.

The tulips grew daily brighter in colour and larger in size, and they gave out a delicious perfume like that of roses. To the old lady's surprise the tulips began to bloom all the year round. Every night the little Fairy mothers caressed their babies and rocked them to sleep in the flower cups.

After many years the good old woman died, and the tulip bed was torn up by folks who did not know about the Fairies, and **parsley** was planted there instead of the flowers. But the parsley withered and died, and so did all the other plants in the garden, and from that time nothing would grow there. No matter which flowers or vegetables people tried to plant, they all died.

However, the area around the good old woman's grave grew beautiful, for the Fairies sang above it, and kept it green. On the grave and all around it there sprang up tulips, daffodils, and violets, and other lovely flowers of spring.