

Evening by evening
 Among the brookside rushes,
 Laura bow'd her head to hear,
 Lizzie veil'd her blushes:
 Crouching close together
 In the cooling weather,
 With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
 With tingling cheeks and finger tips.

Sibilance
 Charming
 Suspicious
 Sibilance
 Emp Must
 Mature

"Lie close," Laura said,
 Pricking up her golden head:
 "We must not look at goblin men,
 We must not buy their fruits:
 Who knows upon what soil they fed
 Their hungry thirsty roots?"

temptation
 Uncomfortable / blushing
 Lizzie's
 Language
 Warn

"Come buy," call the goblins
 Hobbling down the glen
 "Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
 You should not peep at goblin men."

Lizzie cover'd up her eyes,
 Cover'd close lest they should look;
 Laura rear'd her glossy head,
 And whisper'd like the restless brook:
 "Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,

Down the glen tramp little men
 One hauls a basket,
 One bears a plate,
 One lugs a golden dish
 Of many pounds weight.

Innocence? Fear? Childlike?
 Facade

How fair the vine must grow
 Whose grapes are so luscious;
 How warm the wind must blow
 Through those fruit bushes."

"No," said Lizzie, "No, no, no;
 Their offers should not charm us,
 Their evil gifts would harm us."
 She thrust a dimpled finger

Appearance vs reality

in each ear, shut eyes and ran:
 Curious Laura chose to linger
 Wondering at each merchant man.

One had a cat's face,
 One whisk'd a tail,
 One tramp'd at a rat's pace,
 One crawl'd like a snail,
 One like a wombat prowl'd obtuse and furry,
 One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.

Annotations of Peace
 Prey

She heard a voice like voice of doves
 Cooing all together:
 They sounded kind and full of loves
 In the pleasant weather.

Simile
 Trickery of Goblins

Laura stretch'd her gleaming neck
 Like a rush-imbedded swan,
 Like a lily from the beck,
 Like a moonlit poplar branch,
 Like a vessel at the launch
 When its last restraint is gone.
 Backwards up the mossy glen
 Turn'd and troop'd the goblin men,
 With their shrill repeated cry,
 "Come buy, come buy."
 When they reach'd where Laura was
 They stood stock still upon the moss,
 Leering at each other,
 Brother with queer brother;
 Signalling each other.
 Brother with sly brother.
 One set his basket down,
 One rear'd his plate;
 One began to weave a crown
 Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
 (Men sell not such in any town);
 One heav'd the golden weight
 Of dish and fruit to offer her:
 "Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.
 Laura stared but did not stir,
 Long'd but had no money:
 The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste
 In tones as smooth as honey,
 The cat-faced purr'd
 The rat-faced spoke a word
 Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
 One parrot-voiced and jolly
 Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—
 One whistled like a bird.

Repetition
↓
speeding
pace

not holding
back

links to stanza
2 - Laura's
golden
head

unique
gifts

Lack of
funds stops
her
↓
obstacle

Untrustworthy