

fairy tale

Associate

with elves + creatures

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
 "Good folk, I have no coin;
 To take were to purloin:
 I have no copper in my purse,
 I have no silver either,
 And all my gold is on the furze
 That shakes in windy weather
 Above the rusty heather."

Naive?

Monetary value

Significance color

"You have much gold upon your head,"
 They answer'd all together:

she pays with soul

Unison

"Buy from us with a golden curl."
 She clipp'd a precious golden lock,
 She dropp'd a tear more rare than pearl,
 Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:
 Sweeter than honey from the rock,
 Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
 Clearer than water flow'd that juice;
 She never tasted such before,
 How should it cloy with length of use?

like pack

Addictive?

animals

Sibilance

She suck'd and suck'd and suck'd the more
 Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
 She suck'd until her lips were sore;
 Then flung the emptied rinds away
 But gather'd up one kernel stone,
 And knew not was it night or day
 As she turn'd home alone.

Hair is symbolic of maiden beauty

Sexual imagery

original sin

Lizzie met her at the gate
 Full of wise upbraiding:
 "Dear, you should not stay so late,
 Twilight is not good for maidens;
 Should not loiter in the glen
 In the haunts of goblin men.

female private
 chamber
 leaty stalker

Do you not remember Jeanie,
 How she met them in the moonlight,
 Took their gifts both choice and many,
 Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
 Pluck'd from bowers
 Where summer ripens at all hours?
 But ever in the moonlight
 She pined and pined away:
 Sought them by night and day,
 Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
 Then fell with the first snow,
 While to this day no grass will grow
 Where she lies low:
 I planted daisies there a year ago
 That never blow.

Lizzie wants
 Laura.

metaphor for
 happiness
 foreshadow

his
 happens to
 Laura

"You should not loiter so"
 "Nay, hush," said Laura:
 "Nay, hush, my sister:
 I ate and ate my fill,
 Yet my mouth waters still:
 To-morrow night I will
 Buy more." and kiss'd her:
 "Have done with sorrow,
 I'll bring you plums to-morrow

Laura confesses
 through guilt

Time
 She wants to
 share

Fresh on their mother twigs,
 Cherries worth getting;
 You cannot think what figs
 My teeth have met in,
 What melons icy-cold
 Piled on a dish of gold
 Too huge for me to hold,
 What peaches with a velvet nap,
 Pellucid grapes without one seed:
 Odorous indeed must be the mead
 Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
 With lilies at the brink,
 And sugar-sweet their sap."

w = reflect
 excitement