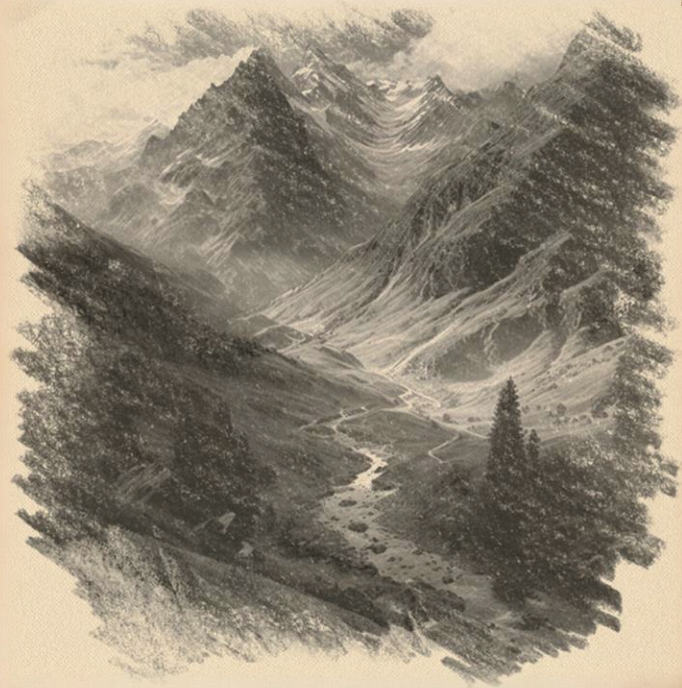


# The Fables of Old

A Collection of  
Timeless Tales in Verse  
From the Barovian Valley





## The Song of Orpheus

Orpheus with his lute made trees  
And the mountain tops that freeze  
Bow themselves when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.





## Sonnet of the Fey

Three fair fey sisters, of beauty divine,  
With hair of gold and eyes that shine,  
They dance and play in fields of green,  
And sing sweet songs of love and dream.

In the moonlight, they are a sight,  
To behold with wonder and delight,  
They weave spells of magic and grace,  
And leave all mortals in a daze.

The eldest, with a voice like a bell,  
Can sing the birds out of their shell,  
The middle, with a laugh like a stream,  
Can make the flowers burst into beams



The youngest, with a touch like a breeze,  
Can heal wounds and soothe disease.  
Together they are a force to be reckoned,  
Their powers and beauty, truly seconded to none.

But beware, mortals, of their charm,  
For they are fey, and can do harm,  
Their kindness can turn to cruelty,  
And they'll leave you lost in their duress.

Three fair fey sisters, of beauty divine,  
With hair of gold and eyes that shine,  
They dance and play in fields of green,  
And sing sweet songs, but not all is as it seems.



## The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorpes, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.





## A Raven's secret

Oh! noble bird of night, with feathers dark and sleek  
A creature both wild and fierce, yet noble and meek  
Thou art the guardian of a secret, precious gem  
A treasure of power, that doth within thee stem

Thy wings doth carry thee through the moonlit sky  
As thou dost keep watch, and protect thy prize  
For this gem holds magic, both dark and light  
And its secrets must be kept, hidden from sight

Thou art a fierce protector, with a heart of stone  
And thou wilt defend thy treasure, all alone  
For thou hast sworn an oath, to keep it safe  
And let none lay hands on it, to their own chagrin and  
their own fate



But know ye, mortal, if thou doth seek this gem  
Beware of the wereraven, for she is not just a mere phantasm  
She is a fierce creature, with powers untold  
And to cross her, would be to face fate, both dire and cold

Oh! noble bird of night, with feathers dark and sleek  
Thou art the guardian of a secret, precious gem  
Thy loyalty and bravery, shall forever be remembered  
For in thy protection, the secret shall be forever tendered.





## Loud without the Wind was Roaring

Loud without the wind was roaring  
Through th' autumnal sky;  
Drenching wet, the cold rain pouring,  
Spoke of winter nigh.  
All too like that dreary eve,  
Did my exiled spirit grieve.  
Grieved at first, but grieved not long,  
Sweet—how softly sweet!—it came;  
Wild words of an ancient song,  
Undefined, without a name.





## A Wizard's Fate

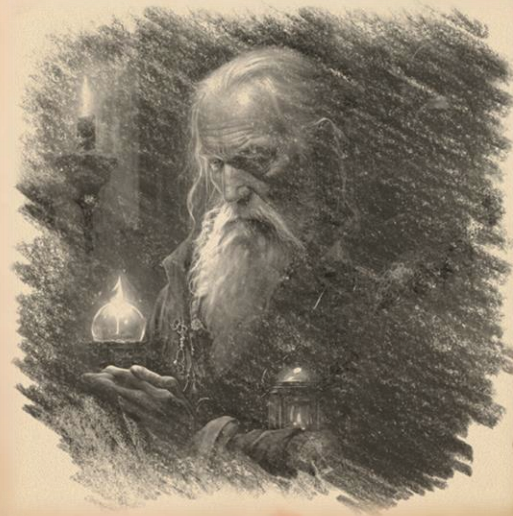
Oh wizard most wise, with ancient ways,  
A master of magic, a seer of days  
In search of knowledge, you sought to delve  
Into secrets hidden, in tales you'd heard tell

But as you journeyed, you found a fear  
A dark and powerful force drawing near  
In order to protect that which you'd found  
You made a choice, to eternal life bound

You became a lich, with power beyond  
But with it, a curse, forever beyond  
A mortal's reach, a life of despair  
But still you persevered, with purpose to bear

For the secret you held, was one of great might  
And you would protect it, with all of your might  
Eons have passed, and still you stand  
A guardian of knowledge, in a land of sand

Though your body may wither, and your flesh may rot  
Your will remains strong, and your magic hot  
For you are a wizard, a master of fate  
And in death, you have found a powerful state.





## Glimpse of a Faerie Queen

High above all a cloth of State was spread,  
And a rich throne, as bright as a sunny day,  
On which there sate most brave embellished  
With royal robes and a gorgeous array,  
A maiden Queen, that shone as Titans ray,  
In glistening gold, and peerless precious stone:  
Yet her bright blazing beauty did astray  
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,  
As envying herself, that to exceeding shone

