

Guinevere

Donovan

Guinevere, of the royal court of Arthur,
Draped in white velvet, silk and lace,
The rustle of her gown on the marble staircase,
Sparkles on fingers slender and pale.

The jester he sleeps but the raven he peeps, Through the dark foreboding skies,
of the royal domain Maroon colored wine,
from the vineyards of Charlemagne,
Is sipped by the Queen's lip and so gently.

Indigo eyes in the flickering candlelight ,
Such is the silence o'er Royal,
Camelot The jester he sleeps but the raven
he peeps,
Through the dark foreboding skies of the royal domain.

Guinevere, of the royal courts of Arthur,
Draped in white velvet, silk and lace,
The rustle of her gown on the marble staircase, Sparkles on fingers both slender and pale,

The jester he sleeps but the raven he peeps Through the dark foreboding skies of the royal domain.