Queen Mab

Donovan

A little fairy comes at night,
her eyes are blue and her hair is brown
With silver spots upon her wings
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves a hand from right to the left
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish
And trees that bear delicious fruit
And bow their branches at a wish.

Of arbours filled with dainty scents,
From lovely flowers that never fade,
Bright flies that glitter in the sun
And glow-worms shining in the shade

And talking birds with gifted tongues
For singing songs and telling tales
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

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