

Queen Mab

Becca Stevens

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Ooh...The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Ooh...Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate-stone,
On the forefinger of an alderman...Drawn with the deem of little atomies of Athwart men's
noses as they lie asleep,
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs...
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Ooh...Her whip of a cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey coated gnat,
Not so big as a round little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maidHer chariot is an empty hazelnut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers
And in this state she... (gallops night by night) night by nightBy... by... by night ...Through
lovers' brains, and then they dream of love
They dream
They dream
They dream of love
Ooh
The cover of wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams,
Ooh...O'er courtiers' knees, that dream of court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er lady's lips, who straight on kisses dream
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because of their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are...Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with
you
She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman
Drawn with the deem of little atomies of Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>

