

# 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/>

