

The Fairy Queen's Awakening

LADY, awake! The last footstep of mortal
Rustles no longer in bracken and heath;
No longer folds of the dying sun's portal
Scatter their flame on the moorland beneath.

(Chorus of Fairies)

Where the marsh grass, silky-white,
Carpets thick the dreaded ground,
Elf-fires, now gone, now alight,
Glisten, glisten in their flight,
Bidding fairies tread the round
Of richer green:
Awake, O Queen!

Lady, awake! O'er the east ridge is growing,
Lucid as dewdrop, the pale argent sky;
Dark and still darker the cleft peaks are showing,
Ere the moon veil them with light from on high.