

Queen of Faery.

STILL, still I see your little hands, like
cherry-petals lying
Soft on the red-brown of your gown—the brown
of leaves a-dying.
Still, still I see your golden hair, that binds the
heart unwary,
In curls where sunbeams lurk and glint, my
dainty Queen of Faery.

Your eyes like wild forget-me-nots are wide
with childish wonder,
I love the budding of your mouth, and that
dear dimple under.
They called you Mab, and when I saw the
brightness of your glancing,
I knew twas by that gleam o' nights the "little
folk" go dancing.