

PRINCESS OF THE FEY

Michael Fantina

Her love she said was gently cast
A spell to conjure some soiree,
Pure love, like starlight from the vast.

All said she knew the fabled Bast
Who would her least request obey.
Her love, she said, was gently cast.

Then all the dancers, first and last,
All flocked to her without delay,
Pure love, like starlight from the vast.

From great lords to the lowest caste
Each saw her as a golden ray.
Her love, she said, was gently cast.

Soft prayers were murmured and recast,
Slow sighs went up which did convey
Pure love, like starlight from the vast.

This love no mortal can surpass
For she is Princess of the Fey.
Her love she said was gently cast,
Pure love, like starlight from the vast.