

**Fairies of the Night**

Emmett Brazel

When wings of eve' spread silently  
O'er all our storied Isle,  
Then fairies dance most joyously  
Amid the sun's last smile.

When night its murky castle builds  
O'er every glade and plain,  
Then all the air with music fills  
Of mystic fairy strain.

When stars peep forth from Heaven's floor,  
Upon our Isle to gaze,  
Then all the air is filled once more  
With fairies' magic lays.

When comes the moon, that maiden queen,  
From out her realm fair,  
Then from each plain to woodland green  
The fairies do repair.

When peacefully doth break the dawn,  
And forth the sun's first ray,  
'Tis then the music stops: anon  
The fairies glide away.