



Fairy Ball

*Where the ash, the oak and hawthorn grow,
invisible doors open to show,
the fairies enter our world from theirs,
coming to dance in fairy pairs.
Torches of hawthorn light their way,
as they sing until the break of day.
Be careful not to drink their wine,
or you will fall under their spell for all time.
Destined to live with them underground,
lost from sight, lost from sound.*