

# The Travelling Tragition

T. Rex

Shadow cloak swift as a swallow,  
Pantaloon down in the hollow,  
Dancing, his voice like a cloud  
In the death of my night.

Awful eyes, black Persian beggar,  
Harlequinesque, hair plaited heather,  
Stepping so lightly,  
A sprite in the house of my sight.

Oh m'dear, travelling Tragition,  
It's sky clear, you're a gift from the fair folk.