

The Seller of Stars

Donovan

I wish I could find a queer street,
The crooked queer street that goes
East of the sun and West of the moon
And out where no wind blows.
Then I'd find the shop where the seller of stars
Sits and hammers behind the bars.

Stars he gives for the asking,
Starlight swords for the bold.
Moon he sells for a penny or two
Rounded and bright with gold.
And broken silver of the sea he sells
And the rain spears and the wind bells.

Wings he weaves for the fairies,
Gold of the sun you can buy
And silver flowers of frost and dew,
Rainbows out of the sky.
And delicate morning mist he sells
And pretty new songs for whispering shells.

Oh, if I could find that dear street,
The darling wee street with his house.
I would buy a blackbird's whistle for you
And for Johnny a talking mouse
And a mermaid's tail to swim in the sea
And dragon-fly wings for my Mummy and me!

I wish I could find the wee street,
That wanders up and down,
That is East of the sun and West of the moon
And very near twilight town,
Where the seller of stars for a penny or two
Will sell your heart's desire to you