

Titania

Mando Diao

A sound as of violins singing, Or in birch and hazel the lispin
g breeze: Bright moonlight the meadows enringing, Night's black
ness under the trees: And waving tresses and glimpses fleet Of
fairies tripping and flying feet - Ti ta! Ti ta! Ti ta! And a v
ision of white breasts gleaming, And silk skirts twirling and g
auzy hues, And swaying and swinging and streaming, And ripple o
f light-winged shoes. Who is She that holdeth her aëry ball At
midnight's hour in this moon-white hall? Ti ta! Ti ta! Titania!