

Seller of the Stars  
by 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