

Original Text	Modern Translation
<p>Her chariot is an empty hazelnut Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub, Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.</p> <p>And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight; O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees; O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are. Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a suit.</p> <p>And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep, Then he dreams of another benefice. Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, And then dreams Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathom deep,</p> <p>and then anon Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two And sleeps again. This is that very Mab that plaits the manes of horses in the night and bakes the elflocks in foul hairs, Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes. This is she—</p>	<p>Her chariot is a hazelnut shell. It was made by a carpenter squirrel or an old grubworm; they've made wagons for the fairies as long as anyone can remember.</p> <p>In this royal wagon, she rides every night through the brains of lovers and makes them dream about love. She rides over courtiers' knees, and they dream about curtsying. She rides over lawyers' fingers, and right away, they dream about their fees. She rides over ladies' lips, and they immediately dream of kisses. Queen Mab often puts blisters on their lips because their breath smells like candy, which makes her mad. Sometimes she rides over a courtier's lips, and he dreams of making money off of someone.</p> <p>Sometimes she tickles a priest's nose with a tithe- pigs tail, and he dreams of a large donation. Sometimes she rides over a soldier's neck, and he dreams of breaking down walls, of ambushes, of Spanish swords, and of enormous cups of liquor. And then, drums beat in his ear and he wakes up. He's frightened, so he says a couple of prayers and goes back to sleep. She is the same Mab who tangles the hair in horses' manes at night and makes the tangles hard in the dirty hairs, which bring bad luck if they're untangled. She's the one—</p>