

Loreena Mckennitt

"The Stolen Child"

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Where dips the rocky highland
Of Slueth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats
Full of berries
And of reddest stolen cherries

Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than yee can
understand

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light
Far off by furthest rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances
Mingling hands and mingling glances
Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.

Come away, O human child
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world is more full of weeping than yee can
understand

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek the sumblering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out

From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.

Come Away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand
For the worlds more full of weeping than yee can
understand

Away with us he's going ,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.

For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand
Form a world more full of weeping than he can
understand

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