

Loreena Mccennitt

"Stolen Child"

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In one of these lonely Orkney Isles
There dwelled a maiden fair,
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue
She has yellow curling hair.

Which caught the eye and then the heart
Of one who could never be
A lover of so true a maid
Or fair a form as she.

Across the lake in Sandwick
Dwelled a youth she held most true,
And ever since her infancy
He had watched those eyes so blue.

The land runs out into the sea -
It's a narrow neck of land -
Where weird and grim the Standing Stones
In a circle where they stand.

One bonny moonlight Christmas Eve
They met at that sad place.
With her heart in glee and the beams of love
Were shining on her face.
When her lover came he grasped her hand
And what loving words they said.
They talked of future's happy days,
As through the stones they strayed.

They walked towards the lover's stone
And through it passed their hands,
They plighted there a constant troth
Sealed by love's steadfast bands.
He kissed his maid and then he watched her
That lonely bridge go o'er,
Fo little, little did he think
He wouldn't see his darling more.

Standing Stones of the Orkney Isles
Gazing out to sea
Standing Stones of the Orkeny Isles

Bring my love to me.

He turned his face toward his home
That home he did never see.
And you shall have the story as it was told to me.
When a form upon him sprang
With a dagger gleaming bright.
It pierced his heart and his dying screams
Disturbed the silent night.

The maid had nearly reached her home
When she was startled by a cry.
And she turned to look around her
and her love was standing by,
His hand was pointing to the sta

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