

# Stolen Child

Loreena Mckennitt

Where dips the rocky highland  
Of Sleuth 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 you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses  
The dim grey sands with light  
By far off 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  
Whilst 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's more full of weeping  
Than you 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 for slumbering 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 world's more full of weeping  
Than you 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.

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 you can understand.

For he comes, the human child  
To the waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand  
For the world's more full of weeping  
Than you can understand.