

# Heather Alexander, Eggs & Crumbs

A woman had a baby boy  
She loved him much and he gave her joy  
The wee folk came and on a whim  
They took the boy away with them

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

And in his place they left, instead  
A changeling sleeping in his bed  
The lass she saw his wizened face  
"They've ta'en my baby from his place

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

The changeling shrieked and howled and cried  
And naught she did would make it bide  
She formed a plan to try to prove  
This Eifling child was not her love

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

She put a cauldron on to boil  
And soon the changeling ceased to roil  
She broke a dozen eggs in half  
And as he watched, the changeling laughed

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

She put the eggs shells in the brew  
he says, "Me mother, what do you do?"  
"Why, can you see, my silly dove?  
I've egg shells brewing on the stove."

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

"In eighteen hundred years," says he,  
"A brewer of shells I never did see!"  
And with those words he realized  
He broke the spell and he lost the prize

Eggs and crumbs and milk and grain  
Bring my baby back again

And with her baby boy restored,  
The lass was troubled never more