

Heather Alexander, Stolen Child

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 fairy vats full of berries,
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O, human child!
To the woods and waters wild with a fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses the dim grey sand with light,
Far off by farthest 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 woods and waters wild.
With a fairy 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;
We give them evil dreams,
Leaning softly out from ferns that drop their tears
Of dew on the young streams.
Come! O human child! To the woods and waters wild,
With a fairy 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 hill-side.
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 woods and waters wild,
With a fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than he can understand.