

The Stolen Child

Provided by Ted Hanchett

William Butler Yeats

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 feary 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
Far off by the furthest roses
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 feary 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 the ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.

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

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

For she comes the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a feary hand in hand
From a world more full of weeping than she can understand.