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 Words: William Butler Yeats

For Amethyst Rose

Am A² Am
 Where dips the rocky highland
 Dm Am
 Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
 Am
 There lies a leafy island
 Em Am
 Where flapping herons wake
 Am A² Em
 The drowsy water-rats;
 Dm D² Dm
 There we've hid our faery vats,
 Am
 Full of berries
 Em Am A² Em
 And of reddest stolen cherries

D5 G D
Come away, O human child!
 G D A
To the waters and the wild
 D D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
 Am A²
For the world's more full of weeping
 Em Am
than you can understand.

Am A² Am
 Where the wave of moonlight glosses
 Dm Am
 The dim grey sands with light,
 Am
 Far off by furthest Rosses
 Em Am
 We foot it all the night,
 Dm
 Weaving olden dances,
 Am Em
 Mingling hands and mingling glances
 Am
 Till the moon has taken flight;
 Dm
 To and fro we leap
 Am Em
 And chase the frothy bubbles,
 Am
 While the world is full of troubles
 Em Am
 And is anxious in its sleep.

D5 G D
Come away, O human child!
 G D A
To the waters and the wild
 D D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
 Am A²
For the world's more full of weeping
 Em Am
than you can understand.

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 HyperSpace Express 199008 from Steve Savitzky's songbook

Am A² Am
 Where the wandering water gushes
 Dm Am
 From the hills above Glen-Car,
 Am
 In pools among the rushes
 Em Am
 That scarce could bathe a star,
 Dm
 We seek for slumbering trout
 Am Em
 And whispering in their ears
 Am
 Give them unquiet dreams;
 Dm
 Leaning softly out
 Am Em
 From ferns that drop their tears
 Am
 Over the young streams.
 D5 G D
Come away, O human child!
 G D A
To the waters and the wild
 D D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
 Am A²
For the world's more full of weeping
 Em Am
than you can understand.

Am
 Away with us he's going,
 D² Dm
 The solemn-eyed:
 Am
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Em Am
 Of the calves on the warm hillside
 Dm
 Or the kettle on the hob
 Am Em
 Sing peace into his breast,
 Am
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Em Am
 Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
 D5 G D
For he comes, the human child!
 G D A
To the waters and the wild
 D D² D
With a faery, hand in hand,
 Am A²
From a world more full of weeping
 Em Am
than he can understand.