Hyper	pace	Expre	ſ

fantasy

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 $Cm(Am \ capo \ 3)$ 4:30

The Stolen Child

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For Amethyst Rose

A² Am 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 A^2 Em The drowsy water-rats; $D^2 Dm$ Dm There we've hid our faery vats, Am Full of berries ${\rm Am}\;{\rm A}^2$ Em Em And of reddest stolen cherries

Where the wave of moonlight glosses The dim grey sands with light, Far off by furthest Rosses We foot it all the night, Dm Weaving olden dances, Em Am Mingling hands and mingling glances Till the moon has taken flight; Dm To and fro we leap Am Fm And chase the frothy bubbles, Am While the world is full of troubles Em Am 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. Dm We seek for slumbering trout Am Fm And whispering in their ears Am Give them unquiet dreams; Dm Leaning softly out Em Am From ferns that drop their tears Am

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.

Аm

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.

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

 A_{uThist}^{1} Thistwood in the second se

Steve Savitzky