

# The Stolen Child

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

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 faery, 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 furthest 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 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,  
We seek for slumbering trout  
And whispering in their ears  
Give them unquiet dreams;  
Leaning softly out  
From ferns that drop their tears  
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.*

Away with us he's going,  
The solemn-eyed:  
He'll hear no more the lowing  
Of the calves on the warm hillside  
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 waters and the wild  
With a faery, hand in hand,  
From a world more full of weeping  
than he can understand.*