

"The Stolen Child", W.B. 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 BERRYS
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

