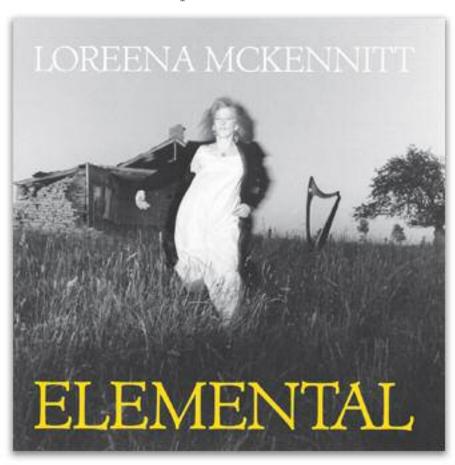
LOREENA MCKENNITT -SHEET MUSIC-

PIANO • HARP • VOCAL • ANY SOLO INSTRUMENT IN "C"

Stolen Child

From the Quinlan Road CD Elemental
Poem by W. B. Yeats
Music by Loreena McKennitt



To purchase Loreena McKennitt Sheet Music visit



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These sheet music arrangements have been prepared in the spirit of Loreena's recordings.

Although these are accurate, easy to play arrangements which in their simplicity will sound lovely on their own, you will get the most out of the music if you use the printed page as a guide to doing your own personal arrangements.

The vocal and instrumental melodies are accurately transcribed just as Loreena recorded them.

For the accompaniments, feel free to improvise on the written parts using the printed notes or chord symbols as a guide.

For the instrumental songs, you may also substitute any melodic instrument for any of the written melodies.

For those pieces that incorporate a hand percussion part feel free to use any combination of hand drums or percussion to accompany the song. The rhythms provided here are just guides to the basic rhythm of the arrangement and will sound best if you add your own variations.

The most important thing is to have fun with the music and to enjoy playing Loreena's compositions and arrangements in the joyous spirit of how they were created.

Stolen Child





















Stolen Child LYRICS Words by W.B.Yeats

1.

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

CHORUS

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.

2.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim grey sands with light
By far off 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
Whilst the world is full of troubles
And is anxious in its sleep.

CHORUS

3.

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

CHORUS

4.

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.

CHORUS

5.

For he comes, the 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.