

The Fairy Boy - song lyrics

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THE FAIRY BOY.

A mother came, when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king:-
"Why, with spell my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing?
Wherefore steal my baby boy?"

O'er the mountain, thro' the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy,
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my fairy boy.

But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train.
Fare-thee-well, my child, forever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the next we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy."