

Changeling Child

Heather Dale

The wind blows
Low and mournful
Through the
Strath of dalnacreich

Where once
There lived a woman
Who would
A mother be

For twelve long years
A ood man's wife
But never
Te cradle filled

A mother of
A changeling child
Fom 'neath the
Firy hill

She traveled to
Te standing stones
And crossed
Ito the green

Where all the host
O elven folk
Were dancing there
Useen

Through the night
Se bargained
With the qeen of
Fairies all

Who sent her home
At dawning
With a babe beneath
Her shawl

How their home
Was joyful
With a son to
Call their own

But soon they saw
The years that passed
Would never
Make him grow
The fairies would not
Answer her
The stones were
Dark and slept

A babe was
All she asked for
And their promises

They'd kept

The wind blows
Low and mournful
Through the
Strath of dalnacreich

Where once there
Lived a woman
Who would
A mother be

For fifty years
She rocked that babe
It's said she
Rocks him still

A mother of
A changeling child
From neath the
Fairy hill