



THE FARIE CHILD OF CRINAN MOSS

by

JOHN WHYLLIE

I dreamt I walked by Crinan Moss,  
And saw a child stand at the cross,  
As strange a child as I have seen,  
His hair was gold, his eyes were green,  
His body blue and all a sheen.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the twilight, Dark and still.

Around a disc he circled me,  
Around a disc and then there were three,  
Up in a spiral we move to and fro;  
Over the countryside with lines all aglow,  
Like his golden hair, in a gentle flow.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the night, dark and still.

Then music blossomed on the clouds,  
Stars and planets joined in their crowds,  
While rainbow snow dropped like the dew,  
From Benn Bhan to the "Sleeping Warrior" we flew,  
And seven farie boys around me, all in blue.  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the dawn, dark and still.

Down by Temple Wood stones in a roar,  
They said, "Have you not seen my eyes before ?  
Come Geis, come rainbow tumbling from the sky,  
Come the one with the windmill eye;  
Hold his small hands till it's time to die."  
Dark was the crown of Dunn Add Hill,  
Dark the way of the dead, Dark and still.

