

## Wishing Well: The Beginning



here by the well the fairies stay, in Seely howe they laugh and play.

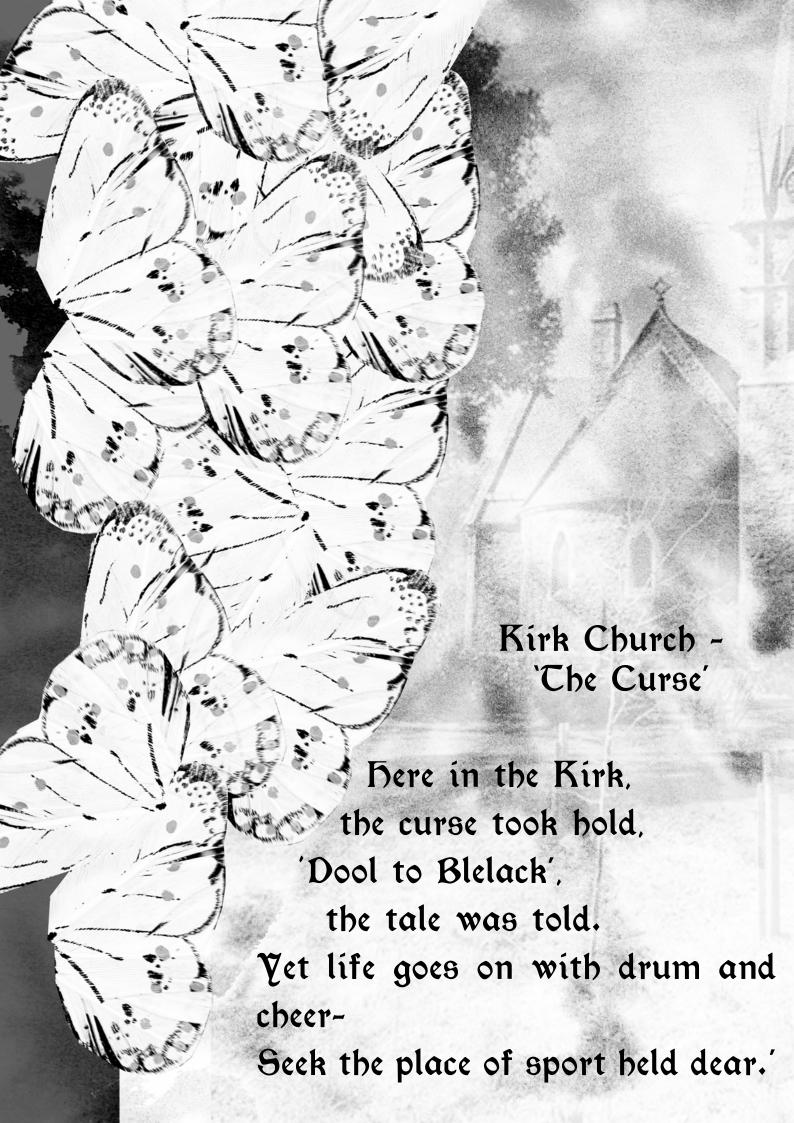
But man grew proud and sought them gone- to the fallen stones you must walk on.

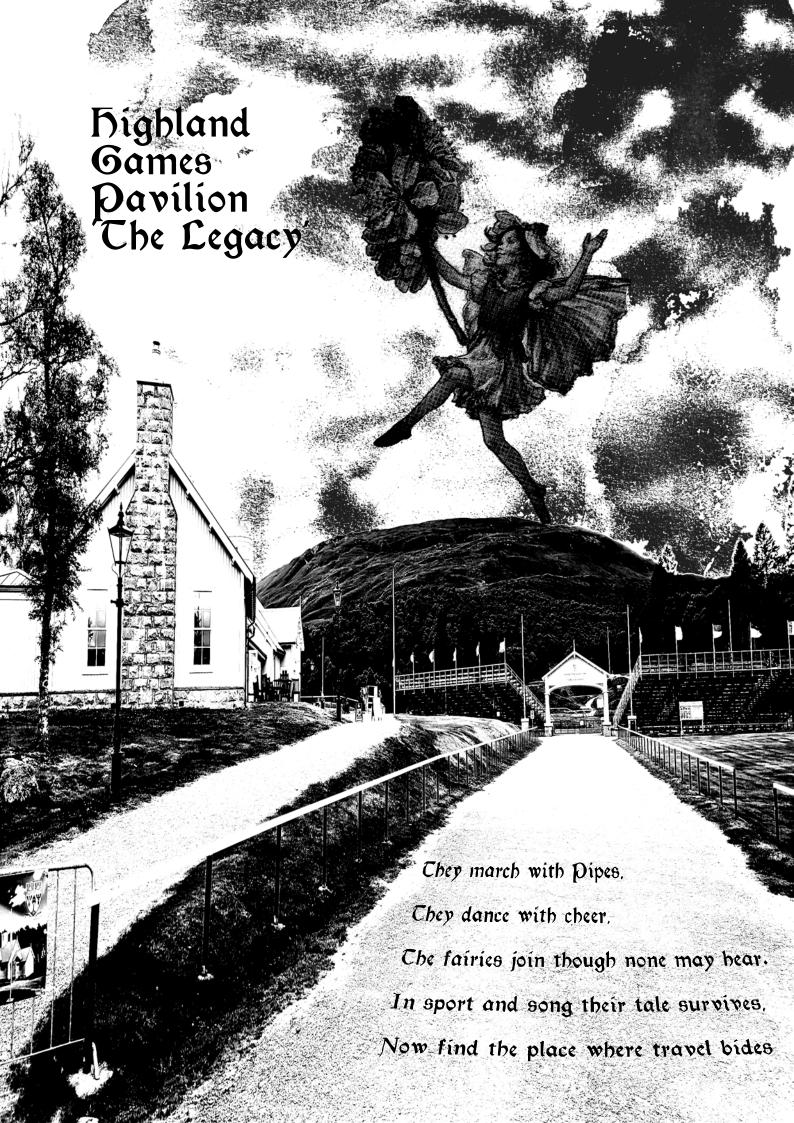


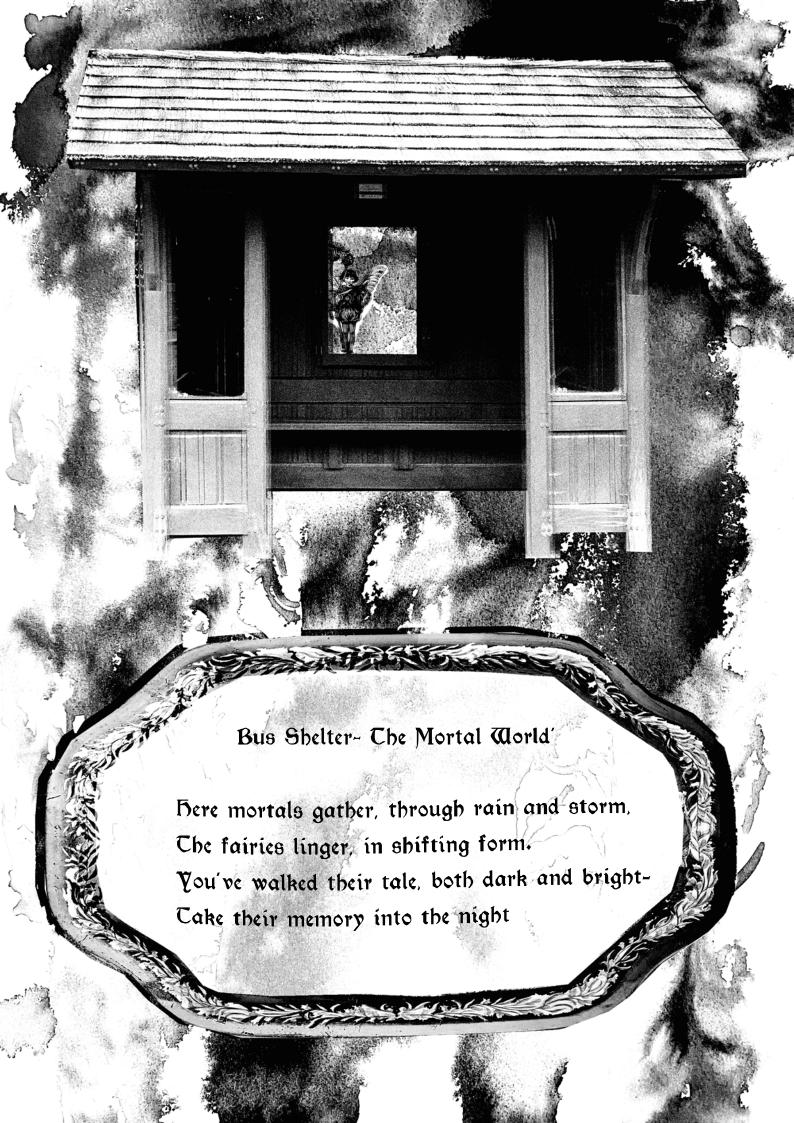
Blelack burned, its glory past,
The fairies' curse was strong and fast.
One year he lingered, then fled away
Go where the kirk keeps night from day

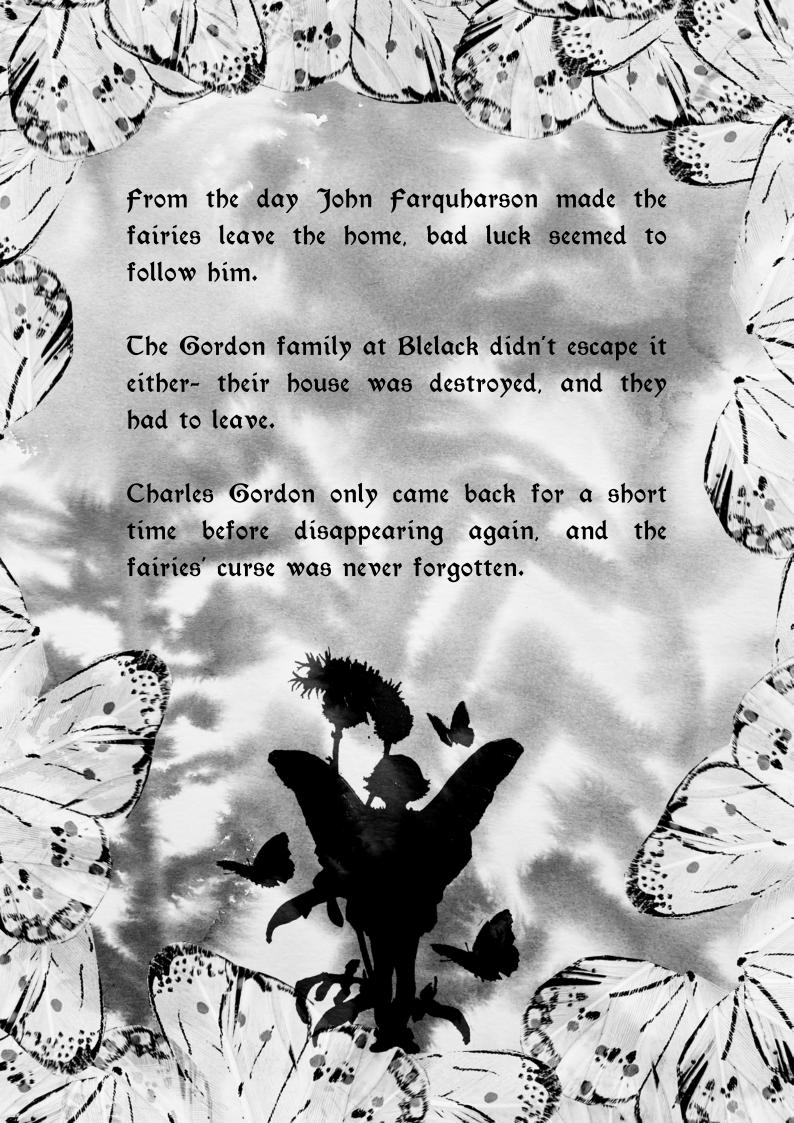


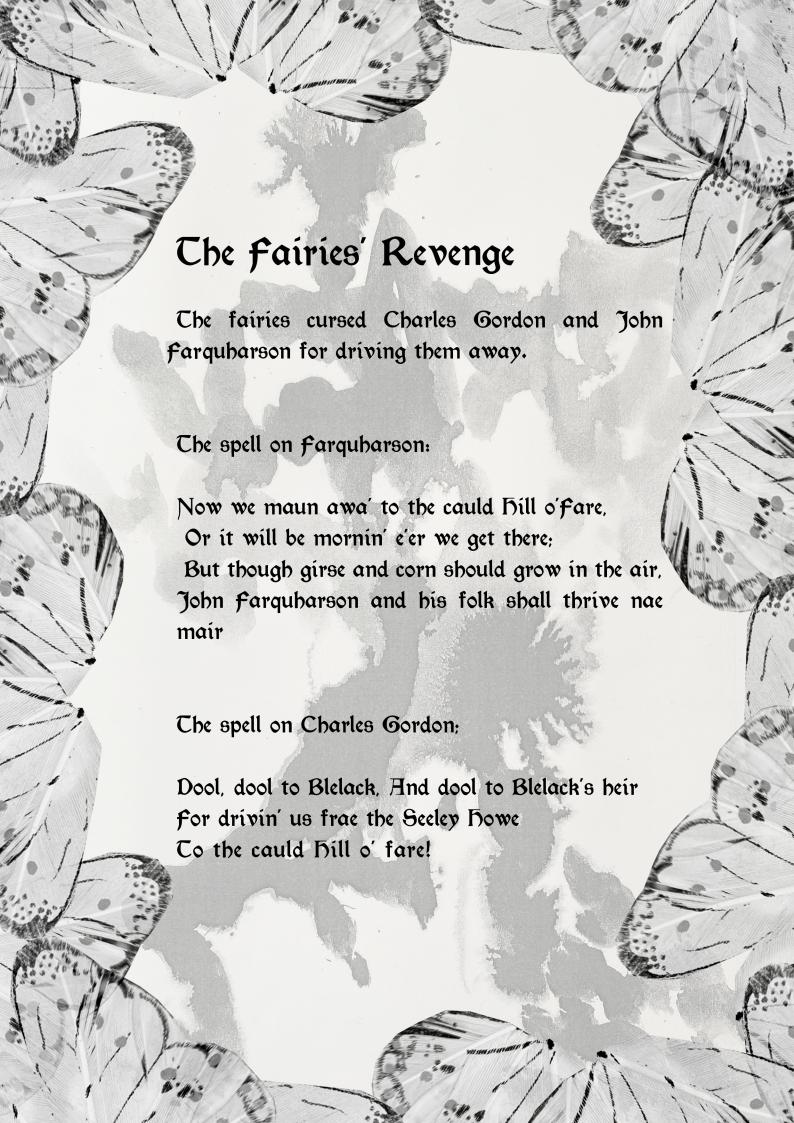


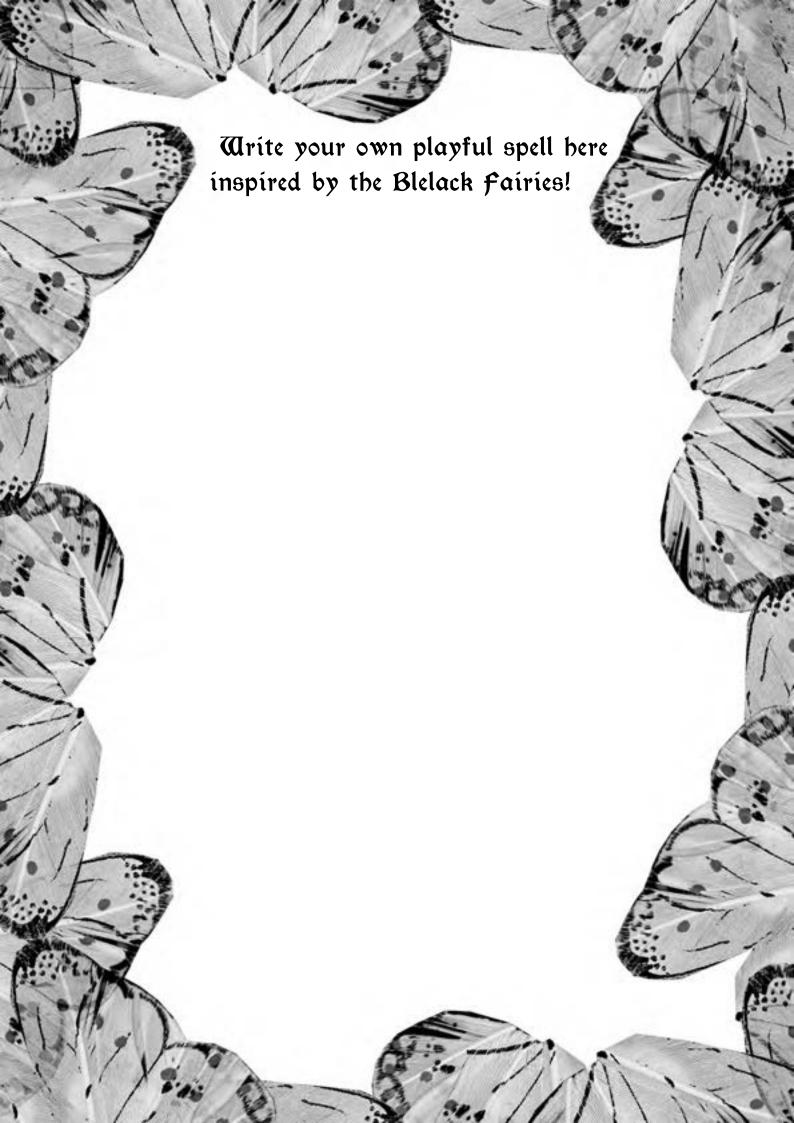


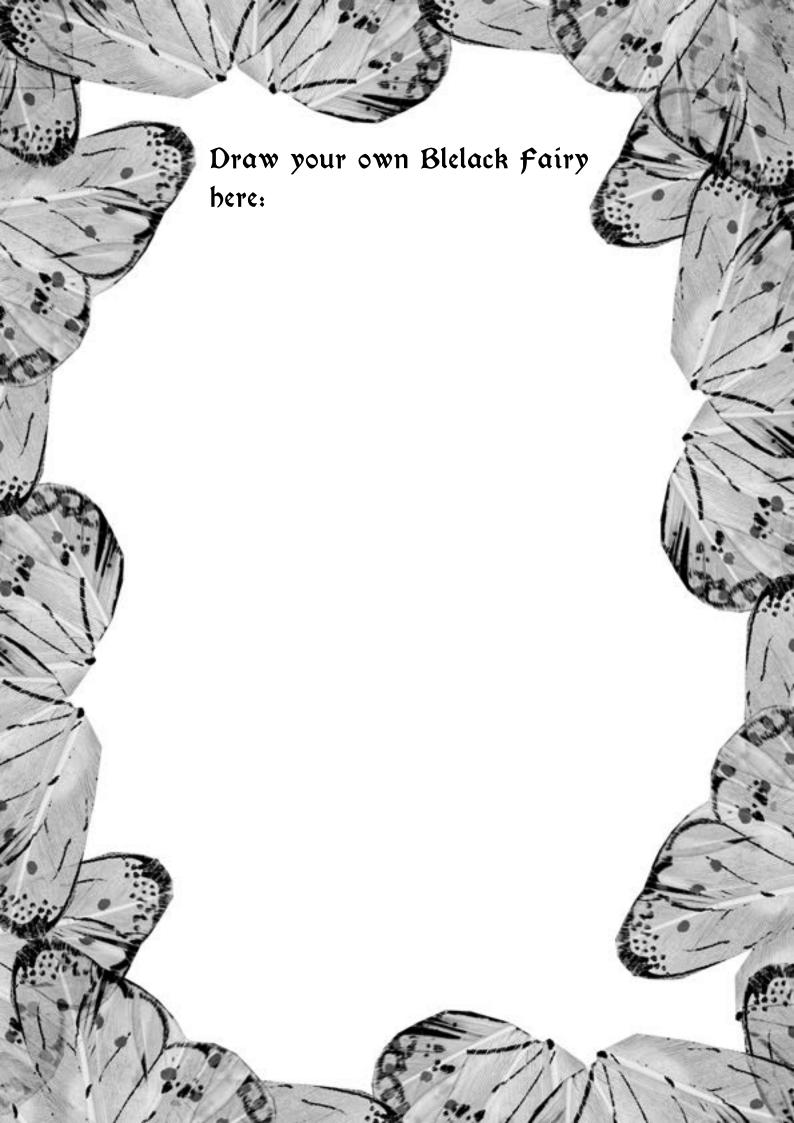














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