

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

12 *The Brigand's Grave*

A Ballad of Modern Greece

The moon came up above the hill,
The sun went down the sea;
Go, maids, and fetch the well-water,
But lad! come here to me.

Gird on my jack and my old sword, 5
For I have never a son;
And you must be the chief of all,
When I am dead and gone.

But you must take my old broad sword,
And cut the green boughs of the tree, 10
And strew the green boughs on the ground
To make a soft death-bed for me.

And you must bring the holy priest
That I may sained be;
For I have lived a roving life 15
Fifty years under the greenwood tree.

And you shall make a grave for me,
And dig it deep and wide;
That I may turn about and dream
With my old gun by my side. 20

And leave a window to the east,
And the swallows will bring the spring;
And all the merry month of May
The nightingales will sing.

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