

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

3 *Le Père Sévère : King Louis' Daughter*

Ballad of the Isle of France

King Louis on his bridge is he,
He holds his daughter on his knee.

She asks a husband at his hand
That is not worth a rood of land.

'Give up your lover speedily, 5
Or you within the tower must lie.'

'Although I must the prison dree,
I will not change my love for thee.

'I will not change my lover fair 10
Nor for the mother that me bare.

'I will not change my true lover
For friends, or for my father dear.'

'Now where are all my pages keen,
And where are all my serving men?

'My daughter must lie in the tower always, 15
Where she shall never see the day.'

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Seven long years are past and gone
And there has seen her never one.

At ending of the seventh year 20
Her father goes to visit her.

'My child, my child, how may you be?'
'O father, it fares ill with me.

'My feet are wasted in the mould,

The worms they gnaw my side so cold.'

'My child, change your love speedily 25
Or you must still in prison lie.'

'Tis better far the cold to dree
Than give my true love up for thee.'

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