

William Motherwell (1797-1835)

14 *True Love's Dirge*

Some love is light and fleets away,
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Some love is deep and scorns decay,
 Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

Of loyal love I sing this lay, 5
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
'Tis of a knight and lady gay,
 Ah, well-a-day! bright twain.

He loved her — heart loved ne'er so well, 10
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
She was a cold and proud damsel,
 Ah, well-a-day! and vain.

He loved her — oh, he loved her long, 15
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But she for love gave bitter wrong,
 Ah, well-a-day! Disdain!

It is not meet for knight like me, 20
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Though scorned, love's recreant to be,
 Ah, well-a-day! Refrain.

That brave knight buckled to his brand,
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And fast he sought a foreign strand,
 Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

He wandered wide by land and sea, 25
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
A mirror of bright constancye,
 Ah, well-a-day! in vain.

He would not chide, he would not blame, 30
 Heigho! the Wind and Rain;

But at each shrine he breathed her name,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

He would not carpe, he would not sing,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But broke his heart with love-longing, 35
Ah, well-a-day! poor brain.

He scorned to weep, he scorned to sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
But like a true knight he could die —
Ah, well-a-day! life's vain. 40

The banner which that brave knight bore,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Had scrolled on it "**Faith Evermore,**"
Ah, well-a-day! again.

That banner led the Christian van, 45
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Against Seljuck and Turcoman,
Ah, well-a-day! bright train.

The fight was o'er, the day was done,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain; 50
But lacking was that loyal one —
Ah, well-a-day! sad pain.

They found him on the battle-field,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
With broken sword and cloven shield, 55
A[h,] well-a-day! in twain.

They found him pillowed on the dead,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The blood-soaked sod his bridal bed,
Ah, well-a-day! the Slain. 60

On his pale brow, and paler cheek,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
The white moonshine did fall so meek —
Ah, well-a-day! sad strain.

They lifted up the True and Brave, 65
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
And bore him to his lone cold grave,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

They buried him on that far strand, 70
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
His face turned towards his love's own land,
Ah, well-a-day! how vain.

The wearied heart was laid at rest, 75
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
To dream of her it liked best,
Ah, well-a-day! again.

They nothing said, but many a tear, 80
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Rained down on that knight's lowly bier,
Ah, well-a-day! amain.

They nothing said, but many a sigh,
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Told how they wished like him to die,
Ah, well-a-day! sans stain.

With solemn mass and orison, 85
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
They reared o'er him a cross of stone,
Ah, well-a-day! in pain.

And on it graved with daggers bright, 90
Heigho! the Wind and Rain;
Here lies a true and gentle Knight,
Ah, well-a-day! Amen!

requiescat. in. pace.

1832

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