



And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall.'

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!  
And art thou dead and gone! 30  
And didst thou dye for love of me!  
Break, cruel heart of stone!'

'O, weep not, lady, weep not soe;  
Some ghostly comfort seek:  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart, 35  
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.'

'O, do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth,  
That e'er wan ladyes love. 40

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,  
I'll evermore weep and sigh;  
For thee I only wisht to live,  
For thee I wish to dye.'

'Weep no more, lady, weep no more, 45  
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:  
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,  
Why then should sorrow last? 50  
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,  
Grieve not for what is past.'

'O, say not soe, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not soe:  
For since my true-love dyed for mee, 55  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,  
For ever to remain. 60

His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comliest youth was he!  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me!

'Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more, 65  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy; 70  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy.'

'Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not soe;  
My love he had the truest heart: 75  
O, he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
And didst thou dye for mee?  
Then farewell home; for ever-more  
A pilgrim I will bee. 80

But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
That wraps his breathless clay.'

'Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile 85

Beneath this cloyster wall:  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall.'

'O, stay me not, thou holy friar;  
O stay me not, I pray; 90  
No drizzly rain that falls on me,  
Can wash my fault away.'

'Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For see, beneath this gown of gray 95  
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought;  
And here amid these lonely walls  
To end my days I thought. 100

But haply, for my year of grace  
Is not yet past away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay.'

'Now farewell grief, and welcome joy 105  
Once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We never more will part.'

1765

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