

A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909)

25 *The Tyneside Widow*

There's mony a man loves land and life,
Love's life and land and fee;
And mony a man loves fair women,
But never a man loves me, my love,
But never a man loves me. 5

O weel and weel for a' lovers,
I wot weel may they be;
And weel and weel for a' fair maidens,
But aye mair woe for me, my love,
But aye mair woe for me. 10

O weel be wi' you, ye sma' flowers,
Ye flowers and every tree;
And weel be wi' you, a' birdies,
But teen and tears wi' me, my love,
But teen and tears wi' me. 15

O weel be yours, my three brethren,
And ever weel be ye;
Wi' deeds for doing and loves for wooing,
But never a love for me, my love,
But never a love for me. 20

And weel be yours, my seven sisters,
And good love-days to see,
And long life-days and true lovers,
But never a day for me, my love,
But never a day for me. 25

Good times wi' you, ye bauld riders,

By the hieland and the lee;
And by the leeland and by the hieland
It's weary times wi' me, my love,
It's weary times wi' me. 30

Good days wi' you, ye good sailors,
Sail in and out the sea;
And by the beaches and by the reaches
It's heavy days wi' me, my love,
It's heavy days wi' me. 35

I had his kiss upon my mouth,
His bairn upon my knee;
I would my body and soul were twain,
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me, my love,
And the bairn and the kiss wi' me. 40

The bairn down in the mools, my dear,
O soft and soft lies she;
I would the mools were ower my head,
And the young bairn fast wi' me, my love,
And the young bairn fast wi' me. 45

The father under the faem, my dear,
O sound and sound sleeps he;
I would the faem were ower my face,
And the father lay by me, my love,
And the father lay by me. 50

I would the faem were ower my face,
Or the mools on my ee-bree;
And waking-time with a' lovers,
But sleeping-time wi' me, my love,
But sleeping-time wi' me. 55

I would the mools were meat in my mouth,
The saut faem in my ee;

And the land-worm and the water-worm,
To feed fu' sweet on me, my love,
To feed fu' sweet on me. 60

My life is sealed with a seal of love,
And locked with love for a key;
And I lie wrang and I wake lang,
But ye tak' nae thought for me, my love,
But ye tak' nae thought for me. 65

We were weel fain of love, my dear,
O fain and fain were we;
It was weel with a' the weary world,
But O, sae weel wi' me, my love,
But O, sae weel wi' me. 70

We were nane ower mony to sleep, my dear,
I wot we were but three;
But never a bed in the weary world
For my bairn and my dear and me, my love,
For my bairn and my dear and me. 75

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