

Robert Allan (1774-1841)

1 *Lord Ronald Came to His Lady's Bower*

Lord Ronald came to his lady's bower,
When the moon was in her wane;
Lord Ronald came at a late, late hour,
And to her bower is gane.
He saftly stept in his sandal shoon, 5
And saftly laid him down;
"It's late, it's late," quoth Ellenore,
"Sin ye maun wauken soon.

"Lord Ronald, stay till the early cock
Shall flap his siller wing, 10
An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,
An' loose the silken string."
"O Ellenore, my fairest fair,
O Ellenore, my bride!
How can ye fear when my merry men a' 15
Are on the mountain side."

The moon was hid, the night was sped,
But Ellenore's heart was wae;
She heard the cock flap his siller wing,
An' she watched the morning ray: 20
"Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald, dear,
The mornin' opes its e'e;
Oh, speed thee to thy father's tower,
And safe, safe may thou be."

But there was a page, a little fause page, 25
Lord Ronald did espy,
An' he has told his baron all,
Where the hind and hart did lie.
"It is na for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald,
Thy father's deeds o' weir; 30
But since the hind has come to my faul',
His blood shall dim my spear."

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,
And press'd her lily hand;
Sic a comely knight and comely dame 35
Ne'er met in wedlock's band:
But the baron watch'd, as he raised the latch,
And kiss'd again his bride;
And with his spear, in deadly ire,
He pierced Lord Ronald's side. 40

The life-blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek,
She look'd all wan and ghaist;
She lean'd her down by Lord Ronald's side,
An' the blood was rinnin' fast:
She kiss'd his lip o' the deadlie hue, 45
But his life she cou'dna stay;
Her bosom throbb'd ae deadlie throb,
An' their spirits baith fled away.

(From *The Modern Scottish Minstrel; or, The Songs of Scotland of the Past Half Century*. With Memoirs of the Poets, and Sketches and Specimens in English Verse of the Most Celebrated Modern Gaelic Bards. Vol. 2. Ed. Charles Rogers. In 6 Volumes. Edinburgh, 1856)