

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

11 *For a Rose's Sake*

I laved my hands  
By the water side;  
With the willow leaves  
My hands I dried.

The nightingale sung 5  
On the bough of the tree;  
Sing, sweet nightingale,  
It is well with thee.

Thou hast heart's delight,  
I have sad heart's sorrow 10  
For a false, false maid  
That will wed to-morrow.

'Tis all for a rose,  
That I gave her not,  
And I would that it grew 15  
In the garden plot.

And I would the rose-tree  
Were still to set,  
That my love Marie  
Might love me yet. 20

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