

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

12 *The Brigand's Grave*

A Ballad of Modern Greece

The moon came up above the hill,  
The sun went down the sea;  
Go, maids, and fetch the well-water,  
But lad! come here to me.

Gird on my jack and my old sword, 5  
For I have never a son;  
And you must be the chief of all,  
When I am dead and gone.

But you must take my old broad sword,  
And cut the green boughs of the tree, 10  
And strew the green boughs on the ground  
To make a soft death-bed for me.

And you must bring the holy priest  
That I may sained be;  
For I have lived a roving life 15  
Fifty years under the greenwood tree.

And you shall make a grave for me,  
And dig it deep and wide;  
That I may turn about and dream  
With my old gun by my side. 20

And leave a window to the east,  
And the swallows will bring the spring;  
And all the merry month of May  
The nightingales will sing.

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