

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

2 *The Fragment of the Fause Lover and the Dead Leman*

O Willie rade, and Willie gaed
Atween the shore and sea,
And still it was his dead lady
That kept him company.

O Willie rade, and Willie gaed 5
Atween the loch and heather,
And still it was his dead lady
That held his stirrup leather.

‘O Willie, tak’ me up by ye,
Sae far it is I gang; 10
O tak’ me on your saddle bow,
Or your day shall not be lang.’

‘Gae back, gae back, ye fause ill wife,
To the grave wherein ye lie,
It never was seen that a dead leman 15
Kept lover’s company!’

‘Gae back, gae back frae me,’ he said,
‘For this day maun I wed,
And how can I kiss a living lass,
When ye come frae the dead? 20

‘If ye maun haunt a living man,
Your brither haunt,’ says he,
‘For it was never my knife, but his
That twined thy life and thee!’

(From *The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang*. Vol. 3. Ed.
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