## Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

## 4 The Milk-White Doe

It was a mother and a maid	
That walked the woods among,	
And still the maid went slow and sad,	
And still the mother sung.	
'What ails you, daughter Margaret?	5
Why go you pale and wan?	
Is it for a cast of bitter love,	
Or for a false leman?'	
'It is not for a false lover	
That I go sad to see;	10
But it is for a weary life	
Beneath the greenwood tree.	
'For ever in the good daylight	
A maiden may I go,	
But always on the ninth midnight	15
I change to a milk-white doe.	
They hunt me through the green forest	
With hounds and hunting men;	
And ever it is my fair brother	
That is so fierce and keen.'	20
'Good-morrow, mother.' 'Good-morrow, son;	
Where are your hounds so good?'	
'Oh, they are hunting a white doe	
Within the glad greenwood.	
'And three times have they hunted her,	25
And thrice she's won away;	
The fourth time that they follow her	
That white doe they shall slay.'	

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Then out and spoke the forester, As he came from the wood, 'Now never saw I maid's gold hair Among the wild deer's blood.	30
'And I have hunted the wild deer	
In east lands and in west;	
And never saw I white doe yet	35
That had a maiden's breast.'	
Then up and spake her fair brother,	
Between the wine and bread,	
Behold, I had but one sister,	
And I have been her dead.'	40
But we must have my assect sister	
'But ye must bury my sweet sister With a stone at her foot and her head,	
,	
And ye must cover her fair body	
With the white roses and red.	
'And I must out to the greenwood,	45
The roof shall never shelter me;	
And I shall lie for seven long years	
On the grass below the hawthorn tree.'	
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