

.
Then out and spoke the forester,
As he came from the wood, 30
'Now never saw I maid's gold hair
Among the wild deer's blood.

'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 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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