

Alfred Tennyson (1809-92)

2 *Edward Gray*

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town  
Met me walking on yonder way,  
'And have you lost your heart?' she said;  
'And are you married yet, Edward Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me: 5  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,  
Against her father's and mother's will: 10  
To-day I sat for an hour and wept,  
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

'Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;  
Fill'd I was with folly and spite, 15  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said!  
Cruelly came they back to-day:  
'You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.' 20

'There I put my face in the grass —  
Whisper'd, "Listen to my despair:  
I repent me of all I did:  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!"

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote 25  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;  
And here the heart of Edward Gray!"

'Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree; 30  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

'Bitterly wept I over the stone:  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
There lies the body of Ellen Adair! 35  
And there the heart of Edward Gray!'

*1842*

(From *The Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. London:  
Macmillan, 1899)