

Lucy Wan

Anonymous, 16th Century

Fair Lucy she sits at her father's door,
A-weeping and making moan,
And by there came her brother dear:
'What ails thee, Lucy Wan?'

'I ail, and I ail, dear brother,' she said,
'I'll tell you the reason why;
There is a child between my two sides,
Between you, dear Billy, and I.'

And he has drawn his good broad sword,
That hung down by his knee,
And he has cutted off Lucy Wan's head.
And her fair body in three.

'Oh, I have cutted off my greyhound's head,
And I pray you pardon me.'
'Oh, this is not the blood of our greyhound,
But the blood of our Lucy.'

'Oh, what shall you do when your father comes to know?
My son, pray tell unto me.'
'I shall dress myself in a new suit of blue
And sail to some far country.'

'Oh, what will you do with your houses and your lands?
My son, pray tell unto me.'
'Oh, I shall leave them all to my children so small,
By one, by two, by three.'

'Oh, when shall you turn to your own wife again?
My son, pray tell unto me.'
'When the sun and the moon rise over yonder hill,
And I hope that may never, never be.'

The Unquiet Grave

Anonymous, 15th Century

'The wind doth blow today, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.

'I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?'

'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek.'

'You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

'Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

'The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away.'

I Am Stretched on Your Grave

(*Táim shínte ar do h'uaigh*)

Anonymous, 17th Century

I am stretched on your grave and will lie there forever,
If your hands were in mine, I'd be sure they'd not sever,
My appletree, my brightness 'tis time we were together,
For I smell of the earth and am worn by the weather.

When my family thinks that I'm safe in my bed,
From night until morning I am stretched at your head.
Calling out to the air with tears hot and wild,
My grief for the girl that I loved as a child.

Do you remember the night we were lost
In the shade of the blackthorn and the chill of the frost?
Thanks be to Jesus we did what was right
And your maidenhead still is your Pillar of Light.

The priests and the friars approach me in dread,
Because I still love you, my love, and you're dead.
And still would be your shelter through rain and through storm
For with you in the cold ground I cannot sleep warm.

I am stretched on your grave and will lie there forever,
If your hands were in mine, I'd be sure they'd not sever,
My appletree, my brightness 'tis time we were together,
For I smell of the earth and am worn by the weather.

"The Unquiet Grave." *One Hundred Songs of England*. Granville Bantock, ed. New York: Oliver Ditson Co., 1914. Print.

O'Connor, Frank., trans. "I am Stretched on Your Grave". *Love Poems of the Irish*. Lucy, Seán, ed. Cork: Mercier, 1967. Print.

Western Wind

Anonymous, 16th Century

Page 717 in LWP shows modernized English.

An older version below shows the original Middle English.

Westron wynde, when wilt thou blow,
The small raine down can raine.
Cryst, if my love were in my armes
And I in my bedde again!

The Cruel Mother

Anonymous, 18th Century

There was a lady dwelt in York:
Fal the dal the di do,
She fell in love with her father's clerk,
Down by the green wood side.

She laid her hand against a stone,
Fal the dal the di do,
And there she made most bitter moan,
Down by the green wood side.

She took a knife both long and sharp,
Fal the dal the di do,
And stabb'd her babes unto the heart,
Down by the green wood side.

As she was walking home one day,
Fal the dal the di do,
She met those babes all dress'd in white
Down by the green wood side.

She said, "Dear children, can you tell,
Fal the dal the di do,
Where shall I go? To heav'n or hell?"
Down by the green wood side.

"O yes! dear mother, we can tell,
Fal the dal the di do,
For it's we to heav'n and you to hell."
Down by the green wood side.