

Who Cannot Weep, Come Learn Of Me

Dreaming, I walked in a stranger land
And there I learned me a piteous tale,
Half waking, half sleeping, a woman sate weeping
And this the deep burden of her sad wail.

"My son in my lap lay
Slain basely by treason
Came mourn without ceasing
For this the sad day

I cry to all people who pass by the wayside
Who cannot weep freely
Come learn ye of me"

Dreaming I walked in the stranger land
And there I heard me her piteous tale
My mind it was fearsome but never a tear came
Till she told me my father lay dead in the vale.

"My son in my lap lay
Slain basely by treason."
Now mourn I unceasing
For this the sad day.

"I cry to all people who pass by the wayside
Who cannot weep freely
Come learn ye of me"

