

THE BRAES OF YARROW.—Continued.

"Curse ye, curse ye, his useless shield,
The arm that wrocht the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his brierst,
His comely brierst, on the braes of Yarrow !

"Did I not warn thee not to love,
And warn from fight ? But, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm thou met'st,
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

"Sweit smells the birk ; green grows the grass ;
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan ;
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock ;
Sweit the wave of Yarrow flowin' !

"Flows Yarrow sweit ! as swift flows Tweed ;
As green its graas ; its gowan as yellow ;
As sweit smells on its braes the birk ;
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

"Fair was thy love ! fair, fair, indeed thy
love !
In flowery bands thou didst him fetter ;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

"Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie
bride !
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow !
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride !
How can I busk a winsome marrow !
How can I lo'e him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow !

"Oh, Yarrow fields, may never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover !
For there was basely slain my love,
My love, as he had not been a lover."

"The boy put on his robes of green,
His purple vest—'twas my ain sewin' ;
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

"The boy took out his milk-white steed,
Unmindful of my dule and sorrow ;
But, ere the too-fa' of the night,
He lay a corpse on the banks of Yarrow !

"Much I rejoiced, that wae-fu' day ;
I sang my voice the woods returning ;
But, long ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

"What can my barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me !
My lover's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou, barbarous man, then, woo
me !

"My happy-sisters may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek, on Yarrow braes,
My lover nailed in his coffin.

"My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive, with threat'ning words, to
move me ;
My lover's blude is on thy spear—
How canst thou ever bid me love thee !

"Yes, yes, prepare the bed of love !
With bridal-sheets my body cover !
Unbar, ye bridal-maids, the door !
Let in th' expected husband-lover !

"But who the expected husband is !
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter !
Ah, me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

"Pale as he is, here lay him down ;
O lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take off, take off these bridal-weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best beloved,
Oh could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts—
No youth lay ever there before thee !

"Pale, pale indeed, oh lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter ;
And lie all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lie there after !"

"Return, return, O mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow !
Thy lover heids nocht of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow."