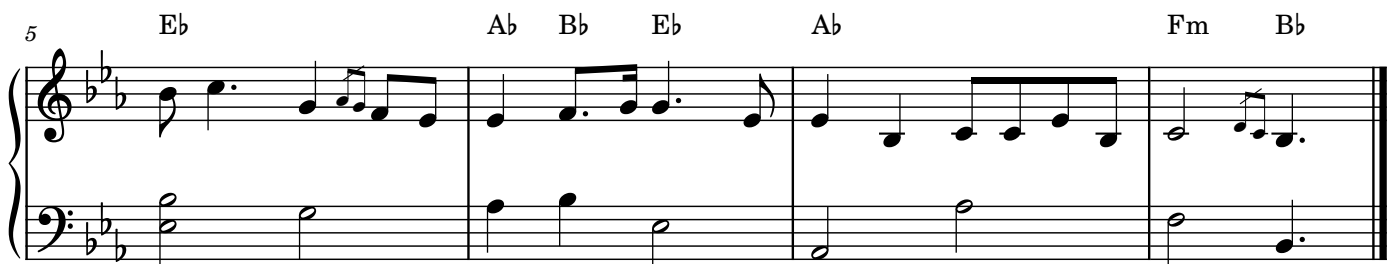
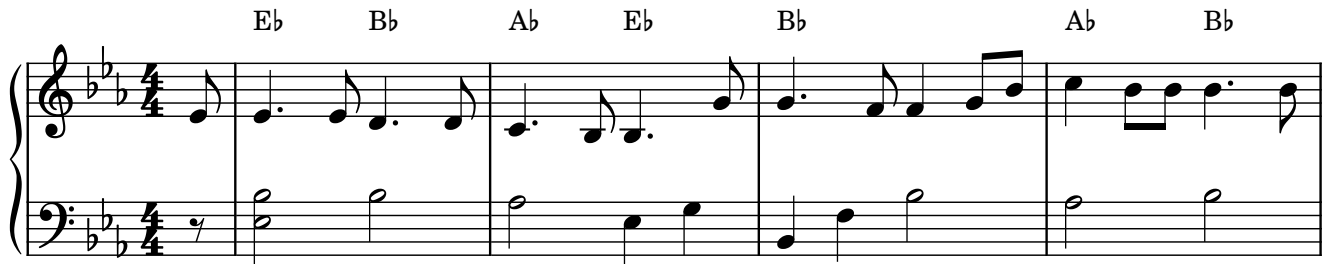


The Border Widow's Lament

1

arr. Ruth Flavin

traditional



*My love, he built me a bonny bower
And clad it o'er with lily flower
A bonnier bower you ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me
There came a man by middle day
He spied his sport and went away
And brought the King that very night,
Who broke my bower and slew my knight
He slew my knight to me so dear
He slew my knight and seized his gear
My servants all for life did flee
And left me in extremity
I sewed his shroud, making my moan
I watched his corpse, myself alone
I watched his body night and day
No living creature came that way
I took his body on my back
And whiles I walked and whiles I sat
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the turf so green
Oh, don't you think my heart was sore,
As I laid the earth on his yellow hair
Oh, don't you think my heart was woe,
As I turned about, away to go
No living man I'll love again
Since that my lovely knight is slain
With just one lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart forevermore*