




The Flowers of the Forest
by Jane Elliot



*I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn of day;
But now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin'-
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

*At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae,
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.*

*In har'st, at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray,
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleechin'-
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

*At e'en, in the gloamin', nae younkers are roaming
'Sout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie-
The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.*

*Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.*

*We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae,
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'-
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.*

