Yarrow Stream.

By Logan, John .

Thy banks were bonny, Yarrow stream,

When first on thee I met my lover;

Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,

When now thy waves his body cover!

For ever now, O Yarrow stream,

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;

For never on thy banks shall I

Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promised me a milk-white horse

To bear me to his father's bowers;

He promised me a little page

To squire me to his father's towers.

He promised me a wedding-ring;

The wedding day was fixed tomorrow:

Now he is wedded to his grave,

Alas! a watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;

My passion I as freely told him;

Clasped in his arms, I little thought

That I should never more behold him.

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost -

It vanished with a shriek of sorrow;

Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,

And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked

With all the longing of a mother;

His little sister, weeping, walked

The greenwood path to meet her brother.

They sought him east, they sought him west,

They sought him all the forest thorough:

They only saw the clouds of night,

They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look -

Thou hast no son, thou tender mother.

No longer walk, thou lovely maid,

Alas, thou hast no more a brother!

No longer seek him east or west,

No longer search the forest thorough;

For, murdered in the night so dark,

He lies a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

The tears shall never leave my cheek,

No other youth shall be my marrow:

I'll seek thy body in the stream,

And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.

The tear did never leave her cheek,

No other youth became her marrow;

She found his body in the stream,

And with him now she sleeps in Yarrow.