

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love built me a bon - nie bower, And
 clad it a' wi' li - ly flow'r; A brow - er bouir ye
 ne'er did see, Than my true lov - er built for me.

My love built me a bonnie bower,
 And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
 A braver bouir ye ne'er did see,
 Than my true lover built for me.

There cam a man at mid-day hour,
 He heard my song and he saw my bouir—
 And he brocht armed men that nicht,
 And brake my bouir and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear,
 And burnt my bouir and drave my gear.
 My servants a' for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet and made my maen;
 I watch'd his corpse, myself alane;
 I watch'd by nicht and I watch'd by day;
 No living creature came that way.

I bore his body on my back,
And whyles I went and whyles I sat ;
I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;
Oh, think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

The man lives not I'll love again,
Since that my comely knight is slain.
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll bind my heart for evermair.

Sir Walter Scott published this affecting piece as a 'fragment obtained from recitation in the Forest of Ettrick.' He regarded it as probably relating to the death of Cockburn of Henderland, a freebooter, who was hanged over the gate of his own tower by King James V. in 1529. Its being a genuine relic of antiquity may fairly be a subject of doubt. The resemblance of the poetry to that of Fair Helen of Kirkconnel is worthy of notice.
