

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree
I'll off to the wars again
My peacefull home has no charms for me
The battle field no pain
For the lady I love will soon be a bride
With a diadem on her brow
Oh why did she flatter my boyish pride
She is going to leave me now

She took me away from my warlike lord
And gave me a silken suit
I thought no more of my master's sword
As I played on my master's lute
She think seemed to think me a boy above
Her pages of low degree
No hap I loved with a boyish love
It would have been better for me

One golden tress of her hair I'll turn
Nearst my helmet's sable plume
When on the fields of Palestine
I'll seek an early tomb
And if by the Saracens hand I fall
With the noble and the brave
One tear from my lady love is all
I'll ask for a warrior's grave

I'll hide in my breast every selfish care
And flush my pale cheeks with wine
When songs awake the bridal pair
I'll haster to give them mine
I'll laugh and I'll sing
Though my heart may bleed
And I'll join in the festival train
And if I survive I will mount my proud steed
And off to the wars again

The watcher

The night was dark and fearful
The blast swept swailing by
When a watcher pale and tearful
Looked forth with anxious eye
How wishfully she gazed no gleam of light is there
Her eye to Heaven she raised in going of prayer

I'm lonely dwelling lonely where want and darkness reign
A precious child has only lay morning in its pain
And death alone can free him she feels that it must be
But I for morn to see him smile once again on me

S S S
A hundred lights are gleaming from jinder mansion
Where many feet are dancing they heed not murning there
O gay and jolly creatures one lamp from out your ston
Would give the poor boy's features to his mother's gaze ^{more} ^{once}

The morning sun was shining she heeded not its rays
Beside the dead reclining the pale dead mother lays
A smile her lips were wreathing a smile of hope and love
As if she still was breathing there's light for us above

The Sailors Farewell

Farewell to all my friends on land
And those I dearly love
It may be long before we meet
Perhaps I'll be above

The strong winds ~~may~~ drive our bark
And loud old Ocean roar
When thoughts of home shall cross my mind
Perhaps my home no more

But mother it is hard to part
When thou dost weep for me
O weep not now nor when I am gone
Repose the dark blue sea