

# The Flowers Of The Forest

*A Lament For Flodden*

I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin'  
Lasses a-liltin' before dawn of day  
But now they are moaning 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 preachin' nae wooing nae fleechin'  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

At e'en in the gloamin', nae younkers are roamin'  
'Bout 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 moaning on ilka green loanin'  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away

- Jane Elliot (1755) -