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## THE <br> BALLAD OF <br> THE BROWN GIRL <br> AN OLD BALLAD <br> RETOLD <br> 䇫



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THE BALLAD OF THE BROWN GIRL
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FIRST EDITION
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## To Witter Bynner

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## THE <br> BALLAD OF <br> THE BROWN GIRL





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|  |  |  |
|  | Her | 匈包 |
|  |  |  |
|  | And ringed about with fire； |  |
| W⿵ \％ | Her eyes were black as night is black |  |
| 区図： | When moon and stars conspire； |  |
| We | Her mouth was one red cherry clipt |  |
| \| | In twain，her voice a lyre． |  |
|  | Lord Thomas took her jewelled hand， |  |
| \％ |  |  |
|  | The holy words were said， |  |
| 䔽荡 | And they have made the holy vow |  |
|  | To share one board and bed． |  |
|  | But suddenly the furious feast |  |
|  | Is shattered with a shout； |  |
|  | Lord Thomas trembles at the word， |  |
|  | ＂Fair London is without．＂ |  |
|  | All pale and proud she stands without， And will not venture in； |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | He leaves the side of his nut－brown bride |  |
|  | To bid her enter in． |  |
|  | Her skin was white as almond milk |  |
|  | Slow trickling from the flower； |  |
|  | Her frost－blue eyes were darkening |  |
|  | Like clouds before a shower； |  |
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|  | \％${ }^{\text {W }}$ 区 |  |






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He picked its strings and played a tune And sang it to the dfads


``` That had not come to flower, And crowning all, her golden hair Was loosened out in shower.
He has taken her by her slim white hand, (Oh, light was her hand in his) But the touch ran wild and fierce and hot. And burned like a brand in his.
"Lord Thomas," she said; her voice was low, "I come unbidden here, But I have come to see your bride And taste your bridal cheer."
He has taken her by her slim white hand And led her to his bride, And brown and white have bent them low, And sat them side by side.
He has brimmed a cup with the wedding wine, He has placed it in her hand, She has raised it high and smiled on him Like love in a distant land.
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|  |  | 匀塁 |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
| 図圂辰： |  |  |
|  | Dark |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | But she tramples her passions underfoot |  |
| W Because sh |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| 易 By ring and pligh |  |  |
|  | Avenge me here on our bridal |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| The Brown Girl＇s locks were held in place |  |  |
| By a dagger serpentine； |  |  |
| Thin it was and long and sharp， |  |  |
| And tempered well and fine． |  |  |
|  | ad legend claimed that a dusky queen |  |
| In a dusky dream－lit land， |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| ， |  |  |
| The Brown Girl＇s hair has kissed her waist，Her hand has closed on steel；Fair London＇s blood has joined the wineShe sullied with her heel．7 |  |  |
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| 匈通 |  |  |
| 匀匀通 | ＂And love is shelter from the rain |  |
| 図図：And scowling st |  |  |
| 匈駩 Who casts off love must bre |  |  |
| 國通： |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | And laughed，＂Ha，ha，＂for glee； |  |
| 畕：But those who watched knew he was mad， |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| ， |  |  |
| some |  |  |
| 國 But there was in his eye |  |  |
| ：What made each man to turn aside |  |  |
| To let his neighbor by． |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| His mother in a satin gown |  |  |
| Was fain to go to him， |  |  |
| But his lips curled back like a gray wolf＇s fang， |  |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | When the huntsmen blow to him． |  |
| No mother of mine，for gold |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Before whose feet you fall； |  |  |
| Here be two dead who will be three， |  |  |
| And you have slain us all． |  |  |
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| ： |  |  |
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* 圈
Go dig one grave to hold us all
* % %
*
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And as he spoke his hand went up,
And singing steel swept down,
And as its kiss betrayed his heart,
Death wore'a.triple crown.
And in the land where the grass is blue,
In a grave dug deep and wide,
The Brown Girl sleeps at her true lord's feet,
Fair London by his side.
And as he spoke his hand went up, And singing steel swept down, And as its kiss betrayed his heart, Death wore'a-triple crown.
And in the land where the grass is blue, In a grave dug deep and wide, The Brown Girl sleeps at her true lord's feet, Fair London by his side.
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