

Taken down by Miss Wyatt-Edgell



1. Slow broke the light
And so sweet breath'd the morn
When I saw a maid sitting,
Under a thorn.
2. Her dark hair hung loosely
Off a bare neck of snow,
Her eyes looked bewildered
Her cheeks pale with woe.
3. 'From whence comes thy sorrow
Fair maiden? asked I.
"O the green grass will answer"
She said with a sigh.
4. "O some say in battle
My love met his death,
But aye it was the heat (?)
That took his sweet breath.
5. "My lover was handsome
My lover was brave,
And you gentle Robin
Shall sing on his grave.
6. "Come here, gentle robin
And be free from the storm
Come here, gentle robin
In my bosom lie warm."

Taken down from an old woman at Upton Pyne by Miss Wyatt-Edgell.