

A Ballad of Cornwall

By F. B. Money Coutts

I

SIR Tristram lay by a well,
 Making sad moan;
Fast his tears fell,
For wild the wood through,
 Stricken with shrewd
 Sorrow, he ran,
When he deemed her untrue—
 La Beale Isoud !
For he loved her alone.

II

So as he lay,
 Wasted and wan,
 Scarce like a man,
Pricking that way
 His lady-love came,
 With her damsels around,
 And her face all a-flame
With the breezes of May ;

While

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While a brachet beside her
 Still bayed the fair rider,
 Still leaped up and bayed her ;
 A small scenting hound
 That Sir Tristram purveyed her.

III

So she rode on ;
 But the brachet behind
 Hung snuffing the wind,
 Till seeking and crying
 Faster and faster,
 Beside the well lying
 She found her dear master !
 Then licking his ears
 And cheeks wet with tears,
 For joy never resting
 Kept whining and questing.

IV

Isoud (returned,
 Seeking her hound)
 Soon as she learned
 Tristram was found,
 Straightway alighting,
 Fell in a swoond.

v

Won by her lover
 Thence to recover,

Who

Who shall the greeting
Tell of their meeting ?
Joy, by no tongue
E'er to be sung,
Passed in that plighting !

VI

Thus while they dallied,
Forth the wood sallied
An horrible libbard, and bare
The brachet away to his lair !