

SIR RICHARD'S SONG

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,
To take from England fief and fee;
But now this game is the other way over—
But now England hath taken me!

I had my horse, my shield and banner,
And a boy's heart, so whole and free;
But now I sing in another manner—
But now England hath taken me!

As for my Father in his tower,
Asking news of my ship at sea;
He will remember his own hour—
Tell him England hath taken me!

As for my Mother in her bower,
That rules my Father so cunningly;
She will remember a maiden's power—
Tell her England hath taken me!

As for my Brother in Rouen city,
A nimble and naughty page is he;
But he will come to suffer and pity—

Tell him England hath taken me!

As for my little Sister waiting

In the pleasant orchards of Normandie;

Tell her youth is the time for mating—

Tell her England hath taken me!

As for my Comrades in camp and highway,

That lift their eyebrows scornfully;

Tell them their way is not my way—

Tell them England hath taken me!

Kings and Princes and Barons famed,

Knights and Captains in your degree;

Hear me a little before I am blamed—

Seeing England hath taken me!

Howso great man's strength be reckoned,

There are two things he cannot flee;

Love is the first, and Death is the second—

And Love, in England, hath taken me!