

Mediaeval Baebes, Kilmeny

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean
By burn, by ford, by greenwood tree
Yet you are halesome and fair to see
Kilmeny look'd up wi' lovely grace
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue
When she spoke of the lovely forms she had seen
And a land where sin had never been
A land of love and a land of light
Withouten sun, or moon, or night
Where the river swa'd a living stream
And the light a pure and cloudless beam
The land of vision, it would seem
A still, an everlasting dream

Kilmeny,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see
Kilmeny, Kilmeny where have you been?
To a land that no mortal has ever seen. . .

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