

Matthew Gregory Lewis ,
 Banks of the Allan Water

On the banks of the Allan Water,
 When the sweet springtime did fall,
 Was the miller's lovely daughter,
 Fairest of them all.
 For his bride, a soldier sought her
 And a winning tongue had he,
 False was he.
 On the banks of the Allan Water
 So misled was she.

On the banks of the Allan Water
 When the autumn spread its store
 There I saw the miller's daughter
 But she smiled no more,
 For the summer, grief had brought her
 And the soldier, false was he,
 On the banks of the Allan Water,
 Left alone was she.

On the banks of the Allan Water
 When the winter snow fell fast
 Still was seen the miller's daughter
 Chilling blew the blast.
 But the miller's lovely daughter,
 Both from cold and care was free,
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 In a grave lay she.

*Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS (*1775-07-09 – †1818-05-14).*

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