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FAIR MARGARET'S MISFORTUNES,

As it fell out upon a day,
two lovers they sat upon a hill :
They sat together a long summer's day,
and could not take their fill..

I see no harm by you Margaret,
and you see none by me ;
Before to morrow at eight o' clock,
a rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower window,
a combing of her hair ;
There she spy'd sweet William and bride,
as they were a riding near.

Down she laid her ivory comb,
and up she bound her hair,
She went away forth from the bower,
and never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
and all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of Fair Margaret,
and stood at William's bed-feet.



God give you joy, you true lovers,
 in bride-bed fast asleep,
 Lo ! I am going to my green-grass grove,
 and I am in my winding sheet.

When day was come and night was gone,
 and all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady said,
 my dear, I've cause to weep.

I dream'd a dream my dear Lady,
 such dreams are never good :
 I dream'd thy bow'r was full of red swine,
 and thy bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams such-dreams, my honoured Sir,
 they never do prove good ;
 To dream my bower was full of red swine,
 and thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
 by one by two and by three,
 Saying, I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,
 by the leave of my fair lady.

And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,
 he knocked at the ring :

So ready were the seven brethren,
to let Sweet William in,

Then he turned up the winding sheet,
pray let me see the dead,
Methinks she looks both pale and wan,
she has lost her cherry red.

I will do more for thee, Margaret,
than any of thy kin,
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespoke the seven brethren,
making most pitious moan,
You may go kiss your jolly brown dame,
and let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown dame,
I do but what is right,
For I made no vow to your sister dear,
by day nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
of white bread and of wine,
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
to-morrow shall be dealt as mine.



Fair Margaret dy'd to-day to-day,
 sweet William he dy'd the morrow;
 Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,
 sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
 and William in the higher,
 Out of her breast there sprang,
 and out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
 till they could grow no higher;
 And there grew in a true-lover's knot,
 that made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 as you this truth shall hear,
 And by misfortunes cut them down,
 or they had now been there.

A COGIE OF ALE.

A cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal,
 And a dainty wee drappie o' whisky,
 Was our forefather's dose, to swell down their brose
 And make them blythe cheery, and frisky.

Then hey for the cogie and hey for the ale,
 And hey for the whisky, and hey for the meal,
 When mix'd a' thegither they do unco weel;
 To mak a chield cheery and brisk ay.

As I view our Scots lads in their kilts and cockades
 A' blooming and fresh as a rose man;
 I think wi' mysel' o' the meal and the ale,
 And the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose man;
 Then hey for the cogie, &c.

When our brave Highland blades, wi' their clay-
 mores and plaids
 In the field, drive like sheep, a' our foes man,
 Their courage and pow'r spring frae this to be sure
 They're the noble effects of the brose man,
 Then hey for the cogie &c.

But your spindle-shank'd sparks, wha but ill set
 their sarks,
 And your pale-visaged milksops, and beasts, man,
 I think when I see them 'twere kindness to gie
 them;
 A cogie of ale and of brose man.
 Then hey for the cogie &c.

2 JUN 1937