

THE
TRAGICAL END
OF
WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

To which are added.

The Laird of Logie.

The Soldier's Adieu.



Stirling, Printed by M. Rindell.



William and Margaret.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
and all was fast asleep;
In glided Marg'ret a grisly Ghost,
and stood at William's feet

Her face was like the April morn,
clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
that held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
when youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that Kings must wear,
when death has rest the crown.

Her blood is like the 'pringing flow'r,
that tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
and op'ning to the view.

But love had like the canker worm,
consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale and left her cheek,
she died before her prime:

3

Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls;
come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and dismal hour,
when injur'd ghosts complain,
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
to hunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee William, of thy fault,
thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
and give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
and yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
yet leave that heart to break,

How could you promise love to me,
and not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my lips were red,
and made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
believe your flattering tale?

That face, alas, no more is fair;
those lips no longer red,

4

Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
and every charm is fled,

The hungry worms my sifter is,
this winding sheet I wear;
And cold and weary laste that night,
till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence,
a last and long adieu;
Come see false man, how low she lies,
that died for love of you

Now birds did sing, and morning smil'd,
and shew'd her glist'ring head;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
that wrapt her breathless clay,

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
and thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
and words spokc never more.

The laird of Logie.

The young laird of Logie is to prison cast,
Carmichael's the keeper of the key,

Lady Margaret the Queen's cousin is very sick,
 and it's all for love of young Logie.
 She's into the queens chamber gone,
 she has kneel'd low down on her knee:
 Says she you must go to the King yourself,
 it's all for a pardon to young Logie.

The Queen is unto the King's chamber gone,
 she has kneel'd low down on her knee;
 O what is the matter my gracious Queen?
 and what means all this courtesie?
 Have not I made the Queen of fair Scotland?
 the Queen of England I trow thou be;
 Have not I made thee my wedded wife?
 then what needs all this courtesie?

You have made me Queen of Scotland,
 the Queen of England I surely be:
 Since you have made me your wedded wife,
 will you grant a pardon for young Logie?
 The King he turned him right round about,
 I think an angry man was he;
 The morrow before it is twelve o'clock,
 O hang'd shall the laird of Logie be.

The Queen she's into her chamber gone
 amongst her Mary's so frank and free,
 You may weep, you may weep Margaret she says,
 for hanged must the laird of Logie be,
 She has torn her silken scarf and hood,
 and so has she her yellow hair;
 Now fare you well both King and Queen,
 adieu to Scotland for ever mair!

She has put of her gown of silk,
 and so has she her gay clothing,
 Go fetch me a kniffe and I'll kill myself,
 since the laird of Logie is not mine.
 Then out bespoke our gracious Queen,
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,
 Now held your hand, Lady Marg'ret, she said,
 and I'll try to set young Logie free,

She's up into the King's chamber gone,
 and among his nobles so free;
 Hold away, hold away, says our gracious King,
 no more of your pardons for young Logie,
 Had you but ask'd me for houses and land,
 I would have given you castles three;
 Or any thing else shall be at your command,
 but only a pardon for young Logie.

Hold your hand now my Sovereign Liege,
 and of your anger let it be;
 For the innocent blood of Lady Marg'ret
 it will rest on the head of thee and me.
 The King and Queen are gone to their bed,
 but as he was sleeping so quietly:
 She has stole the keys from below his head,
 and has sent to set young Logie free.

Young Logie he's on horse-back got,
 of chains and fetters he's got free:
 As he pass'd by the King's window,
 there he has fired vollics three.
 The King he awak'ned out of his sleep;
 out of his bed came hystilie,

Says, 'Till I lay all my lands and rents,
 that yonder's the laird of Logic free.
 The King has sent to the prison strong;
 he has call'd for his keepers three:
 Says, How does all your prisoners,
 and how does the young laird of Logic?
 Your Majesty sent me your wedding ring,
 with your high command to set him free;
 Then to morrow before that I eat or drink,
 I surely will hang you keepers three,

Then out bespoke our gracious Queen,
 and she spoke words most tenderlie,
 If ever you begin to hang a man for this,
 your Majesty must begin with me.
 The one took shipping at Leith,
 the other at the Queen's-ferrie;
 Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,
 I mean the young laird of Logic.

The Soldier's Adieu.

ADIEU! adieu! my only life.
 My honour calls me from thee!
 Remember thou'rt a soldiers wife.
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What tho' by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannon rattle,
 Where valour's self might stand appall'd;
 When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heaven above
 Thy fervent orisons are flawa?
 The tender pray'r
 Thou putt'st up there,

Shall call a guardian angel down
To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As shield and buckler serving;
My life shall be more dear to me,
Because of thy preserv'ng.
Let peri come; let horror threat;
Let th' und'ring cannons rattle;
I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings, &c

Enough! with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee,
I go, assur'd, my life, adieu
Tho' thund'ring cannons rattle;
Tho' murdering carnage stalk in view;
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above, &c,

FINIS.