

19
Fair Margaret's Misfortunes ;

To which are added,

A Cogie of Ale.

The weary pund o' Tow.

Song in Rosina.



EDINBURGH—
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

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 his 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 my 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 t' e 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 piteous moan,
You may go kiss your jolly brown darsie,
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.

Put your spindle-shark'd sparks, wha but ill set
 their sarks,
 And your pale-visaged milksops, and beaus, man,
 I think when I see them 'twere kindness to gi'e
 them,
 A cogie of ale and of brose man.
 Then hey for the cogie, &c.

 THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow,

I bought my wife a stae o' lint,
 as good as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae puir puud o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a nook
 Ayont the ingle low,
 And ay she took the ither souk
 to drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty lauze,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow:
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet, (I sang to see't)
 Gae'd foremost o'er a knowe;
 And ere I wed another jade,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

SONG IN ROSINA.

When Willam at eve meets me down at the stile,
how sweet is the nightingale's song,
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil
whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams without blushing I hear him complain
and believe every word of his song :
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

FINIS.