THE TRAGICAL END OF WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

To which are added.

The Laird of Logie.

The Soldier's Adieu.

Styling. Printed by M. Readilly.
William and Margaret.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all was fast asleep;
In glided Marg'aret's grisly Ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,
Cloth'd in a wintry cloud;
And chilly cold was her lilly hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When y'ough an' years are flown;
Such is the robe that Kings must wear,
When death has rest the crown.

Her blood is like the springing flow'rs,
That sip the silver dew;
'He rose was bud'd 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.
Awake, she cry'd, thy true love calls;
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and awful 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 truth.

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 make the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe you, flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red,
Dark are mine eyes, now close'd in death,
and every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sinner is,
this winding sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lafte 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 smiled,
and saw'd her glittering head;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
then raving left his bed.

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

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
and thrice he wept full & ro.
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
and words spoke 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 queen's chamber gone,
she has knee'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 knee'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 wep, you may weep Margaret she says,
for hanged must the laird of Logie be,
She has torn her silk'en scarf and hood,
and so has she her yellow hair;
Now fare you well both King and Queen,
as adieu to Scotland for ever man!
She has put of her gown of silk,
and so has she her gay clothing.
Go fetch me a knife 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 hold 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 volleys three.
The King he awak'ned out of his sleep:
out of his bed came hostilies,
Says, I'll lay all my lands and rents,
that yonder's the laird of Logie 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 Logie?
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 tenderly,
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 Logie.

**The Soldier's Adieu.**

ADIEU! adieu! my only life.
My honour calls me from thee!
Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife.
Those tears but ill become thee.
What tho' by duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring cannon rattles,
Where valor's self might stand appal'd,
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above
Thy servant's orisons are flung?
Or the tender pray'r
Thou put'st it 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 most dear to me,
Because of thy preserving.
Let peri come; let horror threaten;
Let thundering cannons rattle;
I fear not seek the conflict's heat,
Assur'd when on the wings, &c.

Enough! with that benignant smile,
Some kindred god inspire thee,
Who saw thy form void of guilt,
Who wonder'd and admired thee,
I go, assur'd, my life, ascieu
Tho' thundering cannon rattle;
Tho' murdering carnage flank in view;
When on the wings of thy dear love,
To heaven above, &c.

FINIS.