Lay thy loof in mine lass! A very old Song.

To which are added

That incomparably excellent Song
ENTITLED

Lord Thomas of Winsberry.

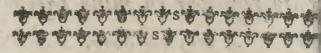
ALSO

The waefu TRAGEDY of WILLIAM
AND MARGARET.

And A DRINKING SONG.



Stiring, Printed by M. Kandall.



Lay thy loaf in mine, lass.

O'av that loof in Dine, laft. io mine lafe, in mine isie. and fwear on thy white hand, lafs. that then will be my sie A flave to love's unnounded fmay. He aft has wrought me methic wie. But now he is me deadly fac. Un'efs thou be mine ain. O lay thy loof in mane dafs.

In mine, lale, in mine lafe, &c.

There's monie a lafs has broke my reft. That for a blink & ha'e lo'ed beft. But thou art Queen within my break. For ever to remain O lay &c

Dear lad, gin ye'll be leel and true. There's rane i like far wee' as you. The there's my loof I Iwear and vow. For life to be your ais Now there's my foof in thine 'al. In thine lad, in thise lad. In hopes you wilp ove kin' lad. and tak me for your ain.

Lord Thomas of Winsberry'.

went a hunting for five months and more,
Wis daughter fell in love with Lord Winsberry,
who from Scotland was newly come o'er

You're welcome, welcome dear father she said, you're welcome again to your own.
For I have been sick and very very sick, thinking long for your coming home.

Fut off put off your gown of green, he says, and spread it on youder green, and tell them from me that in mourning you are, or that you have lain with a man,

She's put off her gown of green, and spread it on the strand, Her haunches were round and her belly was big, from her face the colour is gone;

O is it to a man of might he says; or is it to a man that's mean, Or is it to one of these rank rebels, that lately from acotland came.

O it is to a man of might she says, it is not to one that is mean, It is to Lord Thomas of Winsberry, and for him I must suffer pain

The king called up his merry men all, by one by two and by three, Go fetch me Lord Thomas of Winsberry, for to-morrow he shall die

They sought him up they sought him down, as fast as fast could be,

There they found Lerd Thomas of Winsberry, sitting under an orange tree.

Get up get up Lord Thomas they said, get up and bound your way, For the king has worn by his honoured crown, that to morrow is thy dying day,

O what have I robb'd? or what have I stolen? or what have I killed or slain?
That I should be afraid to speak to your king, for I have done him no wrong.

Lord Thomas came tripping up the stair, his cloathing was of the silk, His fine yellow hair hung dangling down, his skin was white as the milk.

And when he came before the king,
he kneeled down on his knee,
Bays what is your will with me my liege?
what is your will with me?

I think no wonder Ford Thoma he says, that my daughter fell in love with thee; If theu wert a woman as theu art a man, my bed-fellow theu wouldst be.

Will you marry my daughter Jean, by the faith of my right hand, Thou'se have part of my gold part of my gear, and a third part of my land.

Yes I will marry thy daughter Jean, by the faith of my right hand, I'll have none of your gold none of your ear, I kave enough in fair Scotland,

She has mounted on a milk white steed, himself on a dapple grey, He's got as much land in fair Scotland, as they can ride in a summer's day.

William and Margaret.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight, and all was fast affeep; In glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghost, and 200d at William's feet.

Her face was like the April more, cled in a wintry cloud: And clay cold was her lilly hand, that held the fable for uit.

8 c shall the fairest face appear, when youth and years are flown; weh is the robe that Kings mut wear when death has reft the crown.

Her b'ord is like the springing flow'r, that sips the silver dew; The role was budded in her cheek, and op'ning to the view.

But love had like the casker worm, confum'd her early prime: The rose grew pale and lest her check, she died before her prime:

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

This is the d rk and f arful hour, when in jur'd ghofts coropinin. Now dreary graves give up their dead, to hunt the faithless swain.

Bethiak 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 fay my face was fair, and yet that face for like? How could you win my virgin heart, yet leave that heart to break, How could you promife love to me, and not that promife keep? Why did you twear my eyes were bright, yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you fay my lips were reds and made the learlet pale?

And why did I young withefe maid, believe your flattering tale?

That face, alas, ! no more is fair; these lips no longer red. Dark are mine eyes, now closed in death, and every charm is sted,

The hungry worm my fifter is, this winding three I wear;

Ked cold and weary fafts that night, till that last morn appear.

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

Now birds did fing, and morning fail'd and shrw'd her glist'ring head;
Pale William showk in ev'ry limb,
then raving left his bed.

He by'd him to the fatal place,
where Marg'ret's body lay,
And firetch'd him on the green grafe tuit,
that wrept her breathless clay,

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name, and thrice he wept folis from Ther laid his check to the cold earth, and words spuke never more.

A'DRINKING SONG.

Wil AT argufies pride and ambition?
soon or late death must take us in tow,
Each bullet has got its commission
and when our time's come we must go:

CHORUS.

Then drink and sing, pang pain and sorrow, the halter was made for the neck, He that's now lively and lusty—to morrow, perhaps may be stretched on the deck.

There was little Tom Ernstock, of Dover, got killed, and left Polly in pain, Poll cryed, but her grief was soon over, and then she got married again. Then, &c.

FINIS.