

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 waeſu TRAGEDY of

WILLIAM

AND MARGARET.

And A DRINKING SONG.



Etching, Printed by M. Kendall.



Lay thy loof in mine, lass.

O'ay that loof is mine, lass,
in mine lass, in mine lass,
and swear on thy white hand, lass,
that thou wilt be my ain
A slave to love's unsounded sway,
He aft has wrought me metkic wae,
But now he is my deadly fae,
Un'ess thou be mine ain.
O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine lass, &c.

There's monie a lass has brak my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'd best,
But thou art Queen within my breast,
For ever to remain
O lay &c

Dear lad, gin ye'll be leel and true,
There's nae I like far wee' as you,
For there's my loof I swear and vow,
For life to be your ain
Now there's my loof in thine 'a',
In thine lad, in thine lad,
In hopes you will p'ove kin' lad,
and tak me for your ain.

Lord Thomas of Winsberry.

It fell upon a time that the proud King of France,
 went a hunting for five months and more,
 His 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.

Put off put off your gown of green, he says,
 and spread it on yonder 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.

© 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 Scotland came.

© 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 Lord 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 sworn 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,
 Says what is your will with me my liege?
 what is your will with me?

I think no wonder Lord Thomas he says,
 that my daughter fell in love with thee;

If thou wert a woman as thou art a man,
my bed-fellow thou wouldst be.

Will you marry my daughter Jean,
by the faith of my right hand,
Thou'st 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 have 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 asleep ;
In glided Marg'ret's grimly 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 fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
when youth and yeare are flown ;

such is the robe that Kings must wear
when death has rest the crown.

Her blood is like the springing flow'r,
that sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
and opening 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;
came from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful 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 wileless maid,
 believe your flattering tale?

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

The hungry worm my sifter is,
 this winding sheet I wear;
 And cold and weary lasts 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 glitt'ring head;
 Pale Whilism shook in ev'ry limb,
 then raving left his bed.

He by'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 spoke never more.

A DRINKING SONG.

WHAT argues 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 Erastock, of Dover,
 got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
 Polly cry'd, but her grief was soon over,
 and then she got married again. Then, &c.

FINIS.