

you the flame inspire Oppose not then the Gentle

fire but bow but bow before Loves throne Let

us be happy whilst we may for youth and Beauty

youth and Beauty youth and Beauty Beauty

Steal a-way for Youth and Beauty Seal

a way . Da Capo

Twas at the silent Midnight Hour when all were fast asleep In Glided

MARGARET'S grimly Ghost and stood at WILLIAM'S Feet Her

Face was like and April Morn clad in a wintry Cloud and clay cold

was her Lilly hand that held her Sable Shroud .

Her Face was like An April Morn
Clad in a Wintry Cloud
And clay cold was her lilly Hand
That held her fable Shroud .

So shall the fairest Face appear
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe $\frac{f}{y}$ Kings must wear
When Death has reft their Crown .

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow^{er}
That tips the silver Dew
The Rose was Budded in her Cheek
Just 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 dy'd before her Time .

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 dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghosts complain,
When yawning Graves give up their Dead,
To Haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did 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 Face was fair,
And yet that Face forsake,
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to Break

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale
And why did I, young witlefs Maid,
Belive the flattering Tale.

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Those Lips no longer red:
Dark are my Eyes, now clof'd in Death
And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sifter is
This Winding-Sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! - the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come, see, false Man, how she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The Lark sung loud, the Morning smild,
And rais'd her Glistening Head:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hyd him to the fatal Place
Where MARGARET'S Body lay
And stretch'd him on the grafs-green Turf,
That wrapt her Breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET'S Name,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,
And Word spoke never more.

The Delighted Toper

The Man that is Drunk is void of all Care, Fa, la, la,

He needs not the Parthian Quiver or spear, Fa, la, la,

The worst poison'd Lance he scorns for to wield,

His Bottle alone is his sword and his shield. Fa, la, la,

fa, la, la, Fa, la, la, Fa, la, la, Fa, la, la,

'William and Margaret'

Herd, ancient and modern scottish songs, 1776 ' title 'Scant of love, want of love'

1776 Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, heroic ballads, etc. [Edited, with a glossary, by D. Herd. The second edition, enlarged.] 239.l.15.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her 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 reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view;

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Confir'm'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! She- cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
They love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour;
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd 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?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flat'ring tale?

That face, alas! No more is fair;
These lips nor longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear.
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that lat morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man! How low she lyes,
That dy'd for love of you!

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd
And rais'd her glitt'ring head;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And trice we wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold gave,
And word spoke never more.
From herd, p. 79-80

William's Ghost

There came a ghost to Mar'gret's door,

With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirdled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

Is that my father Philip?
Is that my brother John?
Is that my true Love Willie
From Scotland new come home?
'Tis not my father Philip?
Nor yet my brother John?
But 'tis my true Love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me thy faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret! O dear Marg'ret!
I pray thee, speak to me!
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret!
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea;
And it is but my sp'rit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie;
God send your saul good rest!

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret
My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Mar'gret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een;
Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Herd, p.76-8, vol. 1 Herd, ancient and modern scottish songs, 1776 'title 'Scant of love, want of love'

1776 Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, heroic ballads, etc. [Edited, with a glossary, by D. Herd. The second edition, enlarged.] 239.l.15.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William-
He jilts her- the false groom

Herd, . 85-87

As it fell out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on hill;
They sat together a long summer's day;
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm y you, Margaret,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret, sate in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of Fair Marg'ret,
And stood at Williams feet.

God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed fast asleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-grass grave
And I'm in my winding sheet.

When day was come and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady say'd,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreames are never good;
I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my husband Sir,
They never do prove good,
To dream thy bower was full of red swine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up all his merry men all,

By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to Fair Marg'rets bower,
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,
He knocked at the ring,
So ready were her seven brethren
To let Sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
Pray let me see thee dead;
Methinks she does look pale and wan,
She has lost he cherry red.

I'll 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 bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone;
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your sister dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell then how much you'll deal
Of your white bread and your wine;
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
To-morrow shall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow;
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love.
Sweet William dyed for sorrow;

Margaet was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher;


And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had still been there.

Margaret's ghost

British Musical Miscellany

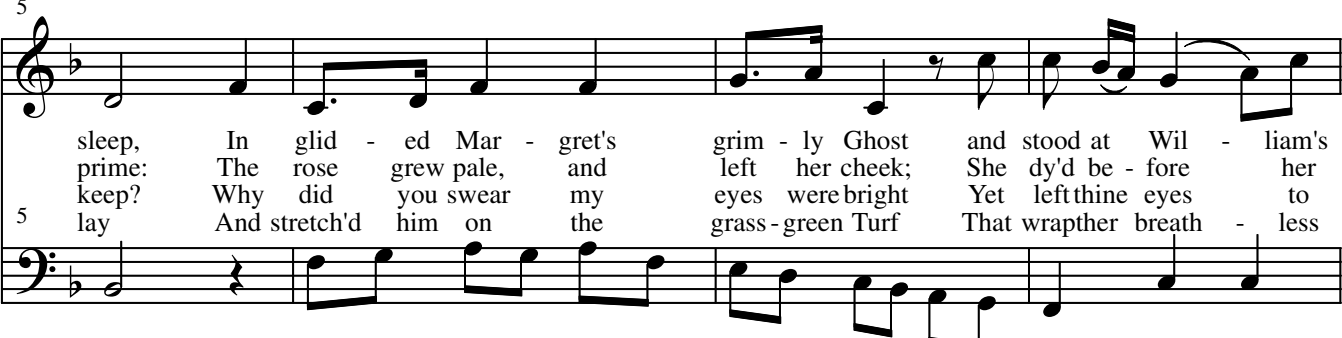
Voice



'Twas at the si - lent Mid - night Hour when all were fast a -
 But love had, like the can - ker - worm, Con - sum'd her ear - ly
 Why did you pro - mise love to me, And not that pro - mise
 He hied him to the fa - tal place Where Margaret's bo - dy

Cello


5



sleep, In glid - ed Mar - gret's grim - ly Ghost and stood at Wil - liam's
 prime: The rose grew pale, and left her cheek; She dy'd be - fore her
 keep? Why did you swear my eyes were bright Yet left thine eyes to
 lay And stretch'd him on the grass - green Turf That wrapther breath - less

Vc.

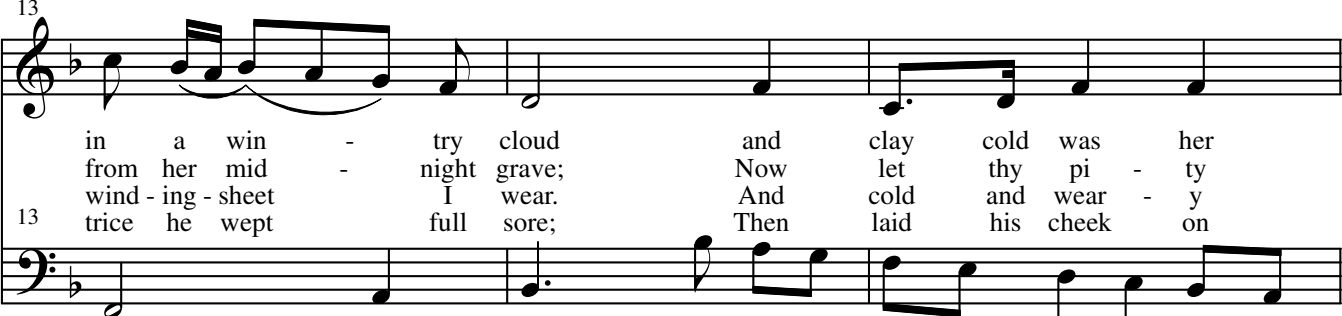
9



feet. Her face was like an Ap - ril Morn clad
 time. A - wake! She cry'd, thy true love calls, Come
 weep? The hun - gry worm my sis - ter is; This
 clay And thrice he call'd on Mar - garet's name, And

Vc.


13



in a win - try cloud and clay cold was her
 from her mid - night grave; Now let thy pi - ty
 wind - ing - sheet I wear. And cold and wear - y
 trice he wept full sore; Then laid his cheek on

Vc.

16



Li - ly hand that held her Sab - le shroud.
 hear the maid, Thy love re - fus'd to save.spoken, 'This is the dumb...'
 lasts our night, Till that last morn ap - pear.spoken, 'But hark...'
 her cold grave, And word spoke nev - er more.

Vc.

after verse 2, spoken:

This is the dumb and dreary hour;
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning grave give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth. (*Then go to verse 3*)

after verse 3, spoken:

But hark!-the cock has warn'd me hence-
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man! How low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you!

(One instrumental verse, below, then Verse 4 sung)

The image shows four staves of musical notation for a violin (Vc.) in bass clef. The first staff is numbered 19 and contains five measures of music. The second staff is numbered 24 and contains five measures. The third staff is numbered 29 and contains five measures, with a fermata over the final note. The fourth staff is numbered 34 and contains two measures, ending with a double bar line.

77A: Sweet William's Ghost (this version matches Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany)

At <http://www.sacred-texts.com/neu/eng/child/ch077.htm>

- 1 THERE came a ghost to Margret's door,
 With many a grievous groan,
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
 But answer made she none.
- 2 'Is that my father Philip,
 Or is't my brother John?
 Or is't my true-love, Willy,
 From Scotland new come home?'
- 3 'Tis not thy father Philip,
 Nor yet thy brother John;
 But 'tis thy true-love, Willy,
 From Scotland new come home.
- 4 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
 I pray thee speak to me;
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
 As I gave it to thee.'
- 5 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kiss my cheek and chin.'
- 6 'If I shoud come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man;
 And shoud I kiss thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.
- 7 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
 I pray thee speak to me;
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
 As I gave it to thee.'
- 8 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till you take me to yon kirk,
 And wed me with a ring.'
- 9 'My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
 Afar beyond the sea,
 And it is but my spirit, Margret,
 That's now speaking to thee.'
- 10 She stretchd out her lilly-white hand,
 And, for to do her best,
 'Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy,
 God send your soul good rest.'
- 11 Now she has kilted her robes of green
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night

The dead corp followed she.

12 'Is there any room at your head, Willy?
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?'

13 'There's no room at my head, Margret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin's made so meet.'

14 Then up and crew the red, red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That you were going away.'

15 No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanishd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

16 'O stay, my only true-love, stay,'
The constant Margret cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, she closd her een,
Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

William's Ghost

tune from Vocal Mag II-17

words from Herd, Ancient and Modern
Scottish songs, 1776, p. 76-8

Voice
 There came a ghost to Mar - gret's door, With
'Tis not thy fa = ther Phil = = = ip. Nor
 'Thy faith and troth thou's nev - er get, Nor
My bones are bu - ried in yon kirk = yard, A =
 She stretch'd out her lil - ly - white hand, And,
Now she has kilt = ed her robes of green A
 Then up and crew the red, red cock, And
 'O stay, my on - ly true - love, stay,' The

Violoncello

6
 ma - ny a grie - vous groan And ay he tir - led
yet thy bro = ther John; But 'tis thy true = love.
 yet will I thee lend, Till you take me to
far be = yond the sea, And it is but my
 for to do her best, 'Have, there's your faith and
piece be = low her knee. And all the live = long
 up then crew the gray: 'Tis time, tis time, my
 6 con - stant Mar - gret cry'd; Wan grew her cheeks, she

Vc.

12
 at the pin, But an - swer made she none.
Wil = = = ly, From Scot = land new come home. spoken 'o sweet margaret'
 yon kirk, And wed me with a ring.
spir = it. Mar = gret. That's now speak = ing to thee.'
 troth, Wil - ly, God send your soul good rest.
win = ter night The dead corpse fol = lowed she.
 dear Mar - gret, That you were going a - way.
 12 clos'd her eyes, Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Vc.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to me;
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.' (to verse 3)