



- 8 'O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,  
A wat the wilde foule boded day; 30  
The salms of Heaven will be sung,  
And ere now I 'le be misst away.'
- 9 Up she has tain a bright long wand,  
And she has straked her trouth thereon;  
She has given [it] him out at the shot-window, 35  
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.
- 10 'I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,  
And I thank you hartilie;  
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Margret, I 'll come again for thee.' 40
- 11 It 's hose an shoon an gound alane  
She clame the wall and followed him,  
Untill she came to a green forest,  
On this she lost the sight of him.
- 12 'Is their any room at your head, Sanders? 45  
Is their any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your twa sides?  
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'
- 13 'Their is na room at my head, Margret,  
Their is na room at my feet; 50  
There is room at my twa sides,  
For ladys for to sleep.
- 14 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
My bed it is full low, I say, 55  
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.
- 15 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
The dew it falls na sooner down  
Then ay it is full weet.' 60