



And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.

9 'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret,' he said,  
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'  
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said, 35  
'For ye have left me no other guide.'

10 He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away. 40

11 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted down.

12 They lighted down to tak a drink 45  
Of the spring that ran sae clear,  
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
And sair she gan to fear.

13 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
'For I fear that you are slain;' 50  
'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
That shines in the water sae plain.'

14 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam to his mother's ha door, 55  
And there they lighted down.

15 'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'Get up, and let me in!  
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'For this night my fair lady I 've win. 60

16 'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
'O mak it braid and deep,  
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,

And the sounder I will sleep.'

- 17 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight, 65  
Lady Margret lang ere day,  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they have mair luck than they!
- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk, 70  
Lady Margret in Mary's quire;  
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
And out o the knight's a briar.
- 19 And they twa met, and they twa plat, 75  
And fain they wad be near;  
And a' the warld might ken right weel  
They were twa lovers dear.
- 20 But bye and rade the Black Douglas, 80  
And wow but he was rough!  
For he pulld up the bonny brier,  
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.