

Margret's Ghost.

Violin

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'Twas at the fearfull midnight hour, When all were fast were fast a - -

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- - fleep, In glided Margret's grimly Ghoft And stood at Williams Williams feet.

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Her face was pale, like April morn, Cled in a wintry wintry cloud; And

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clay cold was her li - - ly hand, That held her fable fable throud.

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MARGARET'S GHOST.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her fable 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 flow'r,
That tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But love had, like a 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,
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 cou'd you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How cou'd 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 cou'd you swear my lips were sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair.
These lips no 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 last morn appear.

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

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

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full fore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.