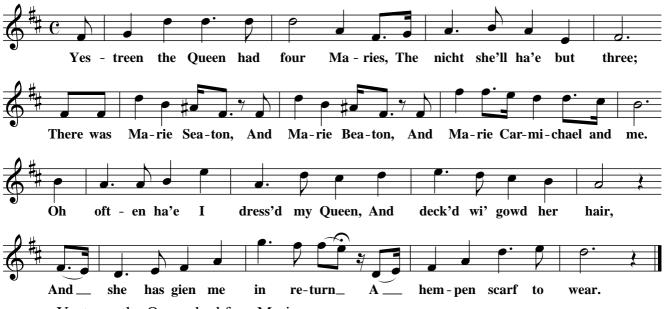
The Four Maries



Yestreen the Queen had four Maries, The nicht she'll ha'e but three; was Marie Seaton, And Marie Beaton, And Marie Carmichael and me.

Oh often ha'e I dress'd my Queen, And deck'd wi' gowd her hair, And she has gien me in return A hempen scarf to wear.

I ha'e but just begun to live, And yet this day I dee; Oh, tie a napkin ower my face, That the gallows I mayna see.

My father kissed me and little thought, When last he looked on me, That I his last and lo'eliest wean Should hang on a gallows tree.

Oh little died my mother ken, The day she gi'ed me breath, That I should come sae far frae hame And die a shameful death.

For if my father and mother got wit, And my bold brethren three, Oh, mickle wad be the guid red blood That day would die for me.