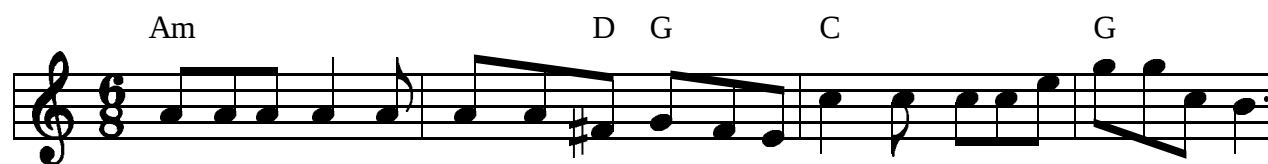
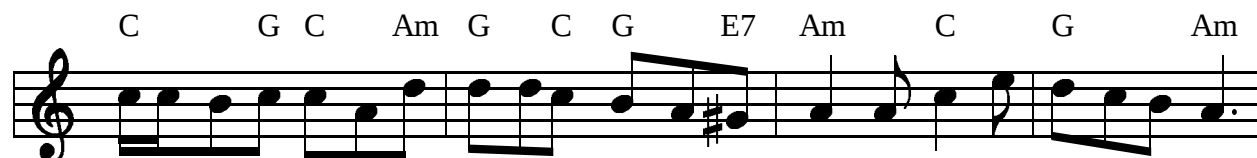


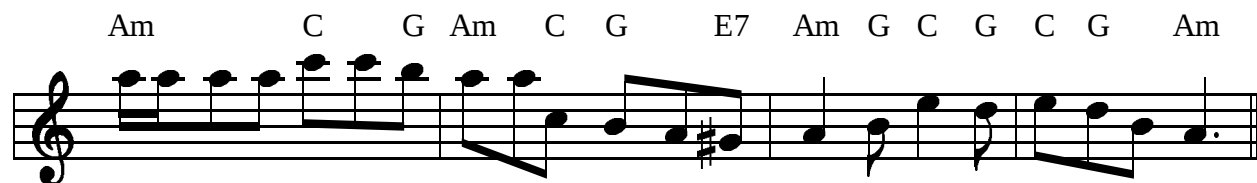
Willie's Lyke-Wake



1. "Will-ie my son, what makes you so sad?" As the sun shines ov-er the vall-ey so fair.



"I lie sore-ly sick for the love of a maid." A-mong flow'rs of blue and yell-ow so rare.



"I lie sore-ly sick for the love of a maid." A-mong flow'rs of blue and yell-ow so rare.

2 "Oh, Willie, my son, I'll show you a wile,
How this fair maid you may beguile.

7 She entered the hall and stood by his bed
And lifted his shroud to look at the dead.

3 You'll give the principal bellman a groat,
And you'll get him to cry your dead lyke-wake."

8 He took her by the waist, so neat and so small
And threw her between himself and the wall.

4 So he gave the principal bellman a groat
And bade him cry out his dead lyke-wake.

9 "O spare me until our wedding night,
And let me go home a maiden so bright."

5 This maiden she stood till she heard it all,
And down from her cheeks the tears did fall.

10 "Though all your kin were within this bower
You should not be a maiden a single hour.

6 She went home to her father's bower:
"I'll go to his lyke-wake a single hour."

11 You came to me a maiden so mild
You shall go home a wedded wife with child."