

Lady Margret

Cassie Franklin

Lady Margret was standing in her own room door
A comb in her long yellow hair
When who did she spy but sweet William and his bride
As to the churchyard they drew near
The day passed away and the night coming on
Most of the men were asleep
Lady Margret appeared all dressed in white
Standing at his bed feet
She said "How do you like your bed? And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like your fair, young bride that's laying in your arms asleep?"
He said "Very well do I like my bed. Much better do I like my sheet.
But most of all that fair, young girl standing at my bed feet."
Then once he kissed her lily white hand
And twice he kissed her cheek
Three times he kissed her cold corpsy lips then he fell into her arms asleep.
The night passed away and the day came on
Into the morning light
Sweet William said "I'm troubled in my head by the dreams that I dreamed last night.
Such dreams, such dreams as these I know they mean no good.
For I dreamed that my bower was full of red swine and my bride's bed full of blood."
He asked "Is Lady Margret in her room? Or is she out in the hall?"
But Lady Margret lay in a cold, black coffin with her face turned to the wall.
Throw back, throw back those snow white robe
Be they ever so fine.
And let me kiss those cold corpsy lips for I know they'll never kiss mine.
Then once he kissed her lily white hand
And twice he kissed her cheek
Three times he kissed her cold corpsy lips then he fell into her arms asleep.

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