

Fair Margaret and Sweet William

Frank Fairfield

Sweet William rose one winter's morn
Pray Lord to me speak truth
And tell me of that long lost love
Between Lady Margaret and you
Of Lady Margaret I know not
And she knows not of me
For I upon the midday sun
Some other's groom shall be
Lady Margaret sitting in her high window
Combing her long yellow hair
Spied sweet William and his new made bride
Riding up the road so fair
Down she threw her ivory comb
And down she threw her hair
And down she came from that high window
And was never seen no more
The sun sank low on William's home
His mind consumed with fear
He dreamt his home was full of white shroud
And the bed was flowing with tears
It was the time that night set in
And all were fast asleep
He spied Lady Margaret all cloaked in white
She was standing at the bed feet
How do you like you bed said she
How do you like your sheets
How do you like your new made bride
That's lying in your arms asleep
Very well do I like my bed said he
Still better I like my sheets
But best of all that fair young maid
That stands at my bed feet
He called on his milk-white steed
As fast as the horse could ride
He rode 'til he came to fair Margaret's home
So load he called and cried
Is Lady Margaret in the house
Or is she in the hall
Or is she in her parlor room
Among the maiden's all
She's neither in the house said she
Nor is she in the hall
There Margaret's in the cold black coffin
With her face turned to the wall
Tear it down, tear it down her ivory sheets
Oh tear them ever so fine
And let me kiss her cold corpse lips
For I know they'll never kiss mine
Once he kissed her pale white hand
And twice he kissed her cheek
Three times he kissed her cold corpse lips

And he fell in her arms asleep

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