

## Sweet William's Ghost

Kate Rusby

There came a ghost to Margaret's door  
With many a greivous groan  
And aye he's tirlled long at the pin  
But answer she gave none  
Is it my father phillip?  
Or yet my brother John?  
Or yet my own dear william  
From Scotland now come home?

Thy faith, I troth, you'll never get  
And me you'll never win  
Til you take me to yon churchyard  
And wed me with the ring.  
Oh I do dwell in a churchyard  
But far beyond the sea  
And it is but my Ghost, Margaret  
That speaks now unto thee

So she's put on her robes of green  
With a piece below the knee  
And o'er the live-lang winter's night  
The sweet ghost followed she  
Is there room at your head, willie  
Or room here at your feet?  
Or room here at your side, willie,  
wherein that I may sleep?

There's no room at my head, Margaret  
There's no room at my feet  
There's no room at my side Margaret  
My coffin is so neat.  
Then up and spoke the red robin  
And up spoke the grey  
'tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margaret  
That I was gone away

No more the ghost to Margaret came  
With many a greivous groan  
He's vanished out into the mist  
And left her there alone  
Oh stay, my only true love, stay  
My heart you do divide  
Pale grew her cheeks, she closed her eyes  
Stretched out her limbs and cried