

Lady Margaret

Stan Rogers

Sweet William rose one morning bright
And dressed himself in blue
"Come tell to me the long lost love
Between Lady Margaret and you"
"I know no harm of Lady Margaret," said he
"And I hope she knows none of me
But tomorrow morning before eight o'clock
Lady Margaret my bride shall be"
As Lady Margaret was in her chamber high
A-combing up her hair
She spied sweet William and his bride
As they to the church drew near
She threw down her ivory comb
And tossed back her hair
And from the room a fair lady came
That was seen in there no more
The day being gone and the night being come
When most men were asleep
Sweet William spied Lady Margaret's ghost
A-standing at his bed feet
"How do you like your bed?" she said
"And how do you like your sheet?
And how do you like the fair lady
That lies in your arms asleep?"
"Very well do I like my bed," said he
"Very well do I like my sheet
But better do I like the fair lady
That is standing at my bed feet"
The night being gone and the day being come
When most men were awake
Sweet William said he was troubled in his head
From a dream he had last night
He called his weary waiting maids
By one, by two, by three
And last of all, with his bride's consent
Lady Margaret he went to see
He went unto the parlor door
He knocked until he made things ring
But none was so ready as her own dear brother
To arise and let him in
"Is Lady Margaret in the parlor?" said he
"Or is she in the hall
Or is she in her chamber high
Among the gay ladies all?"
"Lady Margaret is not in the parlor," said he
"She is neither in the hall
She is in her coffin
And a-lying by the wall"
"Tear down, tear down, those milk white sheets
They are made of silk so fine
That I may kiss Lady Margaret's cheek
For oftentimes she has kissed mine"
The first that he kissed was her rosy cheek
The next was her dimpled chin
The last of all was her clay-cold lips
That pierced his heart within
"Tear down, tear down those milk white sheets

They are made of silk so fine
Today they hang around Lady Margaret's corpse
And tomorrow they will hang around mine"
Lady Margaret died of pure, pure love
Sweet William died of sorrow
They are buried in one burying ground
Both side and side together
Out of her grave grew a red rose
And out of his a briar
They grew in a twining true lover's knot
The rose and the green briar