

# Fair Margaret And Sweet William

Tim O'Brien

Lady Margaret 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 church yard they drew near

The day passed away and night coming on  
Most of the men were asleep  
Lady Margaret appeared all dressed in white  
Standing at his bed feet

She said how do you like your bed  
How do you like your sheet  
How do you like your fair young bride  
That's lying 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  
That's standing at my bed feet

Then once he kissed her lily white hand  
Twice he kissed her cheek  
Three times he kissed her cold corpsy lips  
Then he fell into her arms asleep

Well the night passed away and the day came on  
And 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 Margaret in her room  
Or is she out in the hall  
But Lady Margaret lay in a cold black coffin  
With her face turned to the wall

Throw back, throw back those snow white robes  
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  
Twice he kissed her cheek  
Three times he kissed her cold corpsy lips  
Then he fell into her arms asleep