

## **Cold Mountain "Lady Margret"**

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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

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

She said, "And how do you like your own bed?  
And how do you like your sheet?  
And how do you like your fair, young bride  
That's lying in your arms asleep?"

He said, "And very well do I like my own 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, then night passed away, 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 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 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  
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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