

Cold Mountain "Lady Margret"

Visit "[Lady Margret](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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

Visit [Cold Mountain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.