

Kate Rusby **"Sweet William's Ghost"**

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There came a ghost to Margaret's door
With many a greivous groan
And aye he's tirdled 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

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