

## Frank Fairfield

### "Fair Margaret And Sweet William"

Visit "[Fair Margaret And Sweet William](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Sweet William rose one winter's morn  
Pray Lord to me speak truth  
And tell me of that long lost love  
Between Lady Margaret and you

Of Lady Margaret I know not  
And she knows not of me  
For I upon the midday sun  
Some other's groom shall be

Lady Margaret sitting in her high window  
Combing her long yellow hair  
Spied sweet William and his new made bride  
Riding up the road so fair

Down she threw her ivory comb  
And down she threw her hair  
And down she came from that high window  
And was never seen no more

The sun sank low on William's home  
His mind consumed with fear  
He dreamt his home was full of white shroud  
And the bed was flowing with tears

It was the time that night set in  
And all were fast asleep  
He spied Lady Margaret all cloaked in white  
She was standing at the bed feet

How do you like you bed said she  
How do you like your sheets  
How do you like your new made bride  
That's lying in your arms asleep

Very well do I like my bed said he  
Still better I like my sheets  
But best of all that fair young maid  
That stands at my bed feet

He called on his milk-white steed

As fast as the horse could ride  
He rode 'til he came to fair Margaret's home  
So loud he called and cried

Is Lady Margaret in the house  
Or is she in the hall  
Or is she in her parlor room  
Among the maiden's all

She's neither in the house said she  
Nor is she in the hall  
There Margaret's in the cold black coffin  
With her face turned to the wall

Tear it down, tear it down her ivory sheets  
Oh tear them ever so fine  
And let me kiss her cold corpse lips  
For I know they'll never kiss mine

Once he kissed her pale white hand  
And twice he kissed her cheek  
Three times he kissed her cold corpse lips  
And he fell in her arms asleep

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