

Tim O'Brien

"Fair Margaret And Sweet William"

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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

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