

# Lady Margaret

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Sweet William rose one morning bright  
And dressed himself in blue  
"Come tell to me the long lost love  
Between Lady Margaret and you"

"I know no harm of Lady Margaret," said he  
"And I hope she knows none of me  
But tomorrow morning before eight o'clock  
Lady Margaret my bride shall be"

As Lady Margaret was in her chamber high  
A-combing up her hair  
She spied sweet William and his bride  
As they to the church drew near

She threw down her ivory comb  
And tossed back her hair  
And from the room a fair lady came  
That was seen in there no more

The day being gone and the night being come  
When most men were asleep  
Sweet William spied Lady Margaret's ghost  
A-standing at his bed feet

"How do you like your bed?" she said  
"And how do you like your sheet?  
And how do you like the fair lady  
That lies in your arms asleep?"

"Very well do I like my bed," said he  
"Very well do I like my sheet  
But better do I like the fair lady  
That is standing at my bed feet"

The night being gone and the day being come  
When most men were awake  
Sweet William said he was troubled in his head  
From a dream he had last night

He called his weary waiting maids  
By one, by two, by three  
And last of all, with his bride's consent  
Lady Margaret he went to see

He went unto the parlor door  
He knocked until he made things ring  
But none was so ready as her own dear brother  
To arise and let him in

"Is Lady Margaret in the parlor?" said he  
"Or is she in the hall  
Or is she in her chamber high  
Among the gay ladies all?"

"Lady Margaret is not in the parlor," said he  
"She is neither in the hall

She is in her coffin  
And a-lying by the wall"

"Tear down, tear down, those milk white sheets  
They are made of silk so fine  
That I may kiss Lady Margaret's cheek  
For oftentimes she has kissed mine"

The first that he kissed was her rosy cheek  
The next was her dimpled chin  
The last of all was her clay-cold lips  
That pierced his heart within

"Tear down, tear down those milk white sheets  
They are made of silk so fine  
Today they hang around Lady Margaret's corpse  
And tomorrow they will hang around mine"

Lady Margaret died of pure, pure love  
Sweet William died of sorrow  
They are buried in one burying ground  
Both side and side together

Out of her grave grew a red rose  
And out of his a briar  
They grew in a twining true lover's knot  
The rose and the green briar