

## Fair Margaret and Sweet William (Child 74B)

- 1 Sweet William would a wooing ride,  
His steed was lovely brown;  
A fairer creature than Lady Margaret  
Sweet William could find none.
- 2 Sweet William came to Lady Margaret's bower,  
And knocked at the ring,  
And who so ready as Lady Margaret  
To rise and let him in.
- 3 Down then came her father dear,  
Clothed all in blue:  
'I pray, Sweet William, tell to me  
What love's between my daughter and you?'
- 4 'I know none by her,' he said,  
'And she knows none by me;  
Before tomorrow at this time  
Another bride you shall see.'
- 5 Lady Margaret at her bower-window,  
Combing of her hair,  
She saw Sweet William and his brown bride  
Unto the church repair.
- 6 Down she cast her iv'ry comb,  
And up she tossed her hair,  
She went out from her bowr alive,  
But never so more came there.
- 7 When day was gone, and night was come,  
All people were asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.
- 8 'How d' ye like your bed, Sweet William?  
How d' ye like your sheet?  
And how d' ye like that brown lady,

That lies in your arms asleep?’

- 9 ‘Well I like my bed, Lady Margaret,  
And well I like my sheet;  
But better I like that fair lady  
That stands at my bed’s feet.’
- 10 When night was gone, and day was come,  
All people were awake,  
The lady waked out of her sleep,  
And thus to her lord she spake.
- 11 ‘I dreamd a dream, my wedded lord,  
That seldom comes to good;  
I dreamd that our bowr was lin’d with white swine,  
And our brid-chamber full of blood.’
- 12 He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three,  
‘We will go to Lady Margaret’s bower,  
With the leave of my wedded lady.’
- 13 When he came to Lady Margaret’s bower,  
He knocked at the ring,  
And who were so ready as her brethren  
To rise and let him in.
- 14 ‘Oh is she in the parlor,’ he said,  
‘Or is she in the hall?  
Or is she in the long chamber,  
Amongst her merry maids all?’
- 15 ‘She ’s not in the parlor,’ they said,  
‘Nor is she in the hall;  
But she is in the long chamber,  
Laid out against the wall.’
- 16 ‘Open the winding sheet,’ he cry’d,  
‘That I may kiss the dead;  
That I may kiss her pale and wan  
Whose lips used to look so red.’

- 17 Lady Margaret [died] on the over night,  
Sweet William died on the morrow;  
Lady Margaret died for pure, pure love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.
- 18 On Margaret's grave there grew a rose,  
On Sweet William's grew a briar;  
They grew till they joind in a true lover's knot,  
And then they died both together.