

## Lady Margaret

### Child Ballad 14

Em

Lady Margaret sittin' in her high hall door,

D

Combing her long yellow hair.

G

D

She saw sweet William and his new made bride,

Bm

Em

Ridin' from the Church so near.

Well she throwed down her ivory comb,  
Throwed back her long yellow hair,  
Said, I'll go down to bid him farewell,  
And never more go there.

It was all lately in the night  
When they were fast asleep,  
Little Margaret appeared all dressed in white,  
Standin' at their bed feet.

How do you like your pillow, says she,  
How do you like your sheet ?  
And how do you like that gay young bride,  
Lyn' in your arms asleep ?

Very well do I like my pillow, says he,  
Very well do I like my sheet.  
Better do I like that fair young lady  
Standin' at my bed feet.

Well once he kissed her lily white hand;  
Twice he kissed her cheek,  
Three times he kissed her cold corpsey lips,  
And fell in her arms asleep.

Is little Margaret in her room,  
Or is she in the hall ?  
No, Little Margaret's in her cold black coffin  
With her pale face to the wall.