## Lady Margaret and King William

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Prince William he courted Lady Margaret falr,
Determined to make her his wife;
They differed about a small trifle,
Which caused them both their life.

Prince William he a-hunting went-
A-hunting for a deer-
But who should he meet but Margaret sweet,
A-walkin' to take the air.

He said that "I'm no man for you
And you're no girl for me-
Before three merry merry-more days
My wedding you shall see."

She said: "If I'm no girl for you
And you're no man for me.
Before three merry merry-more days
My funeral you shall see."

Lady Margaret she sat at her bow'ry window,
A-combing out her hair.
She saw Prince William and his bride pass by
To a church they did repair.

Lady Margaret she threw down her ivory comb
And toss-ed back her hair.
She threw herself out of her bow'ry window,
And was seen alive no more.

Prince William he dream-ed a troublesome dream,
His dream it was not good;
He dreamed that his bowery was on fire,
And Margaret lay covered with blood.

Prince William arose and away he went-
And knock-ed at the ring;
There was none so ready as Margaret's brother
To arise and let him in.

It was-"How do you do"-and "how do you do,"

And "how does fair Margaret do?"
"Fair Margaret is dead, lying on her cold bed
And she died for the love of you."

"Go roll away the winding sheet-
That I may view the dead;
Tbat I may kiss those cold pale lips
That once were cherry red.

"I'll kiss those cold pale lips again-
So they never will smile on me ;
I made a vow by the powers above-
I'd marry none but she."

Lady Margaret she died on that same day-
Prince William he died on the morrow;
Lady Margaret she died of pure love alone
Prince William he died of sorrow.

Lady Margaret was buried by the salt sea side;
Prince William he was buried by her;
And out of Lady Margaret's grave sprung a red rose
And out of Prince William's a brier.

They grew so high, they grew so tall,
They reached the mountain top;
They grew so high and they grew so tall-
They tied in a true-lover's knot.

Now all young people as you pass by,
And see where these two lovers do sleep.
Remember that pure love is better than gold
Though many many die for its sake.

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