

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Proud Lady Margaret

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'What is your will with me, young man,
What is your will with me?'
'My will with you, fair maid, he said,
'Is your lover till I dee.

'Your lover till ye dee,' she said,
'Your lover till ye dee!
I've slighted mony a better man,
That in their grave lies green.

My father was laird o seven castles,
My mither was lady o three,
An' a' their gowd an' a' their gear,
There's nane to heir't but me.'

Gin your father was laird o seven castles,
An' your mither was lady o three,
I am William thy brother
That died beyond the sea,
An' I canna get rest into my grave
For the daily pride o thee.'

...

'Is there nae room at your heid, brotber?
Is there nae room at your feet?
Is there nae room at your side, brother,
For a lady like me to sleep?'

'There's nae room at my heid, sister,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's nae room ai my side, sister,
For a lady like you to sleep;
For when I lie down into my grave,
The worms around me creep.

Child #47

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