

# Tunng, Sweet William

I saw you kiss sweet William  
In a forest of red leaves  
The rain ran cold against my neck  
The wind lay down to sleep

I walked all night in stillness  
And I walked all day as well  
I walked across the desert plains  
And through the jagged hills

I slept inside the north wind  
In a coracle at sea  
And in the deepest darkest woods  
My dreams sang songs to me

I dreamed I killed sweet William  
And I kissed his cold white brow  
I washed his body in the lake  
And I sewed his eyelids down

Sing a song of sixpence  
Battles in the past tense  
Picked out by the snow

If I should find sweet William  
Lying pale beneath the snow  
I'll row out to the deepest depths  
And let sweet William go

I'll watch him sink beneath the flood  
And back to where he came  
And pray to God and death and blood  
I might forget his name