

43 Lord Lovel - Mr Whitby

Lord Lo - vel he stood at the cas - tle gate, a - comb - ing his milk - white

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steed, when up - came La - dy Nan - cy Bell to wish her lo - ver good speed - .

1
Lord Lovel he stood at the castle gate,
a-combing his milk-white steed,
when up came Lady Nancy Bell
to wish her lover good speed.

2
'Oh where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'Oh where are you going?' cried she.
'I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
strange countries for to see.'

3
'When will you be back, Lord Lovel?' she said,
'When will you be back?' cried she.
'In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy.'

4
He had not been gone but a year and a day,
strange countries for to see,
when languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.

5
He rode and he rode on his milk-white horse,
till he came to London Town,
and there he heard St Pancras' bells,
and the people all mourning around.

6
'Oh what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said,
'Oh what is the matter?' said he.
'A Lord's Lady's is dead', the woman replied
'and some call her Lady Nancy.'

7
So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
and the shroud to be turned down,
and there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
till the tears came trickling down.

8
Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

9
Lady Nancy was buried in St Pancras church;
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir.,
and out of her bossom there grew a red rose,
and out of her lover's a briar.

10
They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
and then they could grow no higher,
so there they entwined in a true lovers' knot
for all lovers true to admire.

* RVW did not include a chorus, but as all the broadsides in the Bodleian Library have them, the following would fit.
The repeat 'speed' can be the last word or the last two, as best fits.

to wish her lo - ver good speed, speed, speed; to wish her lo - ver good speed - .