

Lady Maisry

♩ = 120

2. 'O send for my sis - ter's lit - tle boy, my sis - ter's el - dest
son, that he might go and tell un - to my lord, 'I'll be dead be - fore - he do
come - - - , that he might go and tell
un - - to my lord. I'll be dead be - fore - he do come.'

1. Oh mother, mother, make my bed
Make it soft and white
That I may lay down on a soft bed of down
To see whether I can sleep.
2. Oh fetch unto me my sister's little boy
Likewise her eldest son
That they may go and tell unto my lord
I shall be dead before he do come.
3. The first two miles this little boy walked,
The next two miles he ran.
He ran till he come to the broad water side,
When he fell on his breast and he swam.
4. As soon as he got to my lord's house,
[Or "he swam till he came the high lord's gate"]
My lord was just at meat
'If thou didst but know what I'm come to tell,
Not a mouthful more would you eat'.
5. Your lady she lies very ill in her bed
An she cannot stay here long
So if you wish to see her before she is dead,
You must go with all speed to her home.
6. Go fetch unto me my milk-white steed
That I may ride away
I will go and I'll kiss of her cherry, cherry cheeks
An before they are turned into clay.

7. The lady she died on a Saturday night
An before her lord had come
The lord he died on the Sunday following
An before evening prayers had begun.

8. The lady was buried by the high chancel gates
And the lord he was buried close by.
And out of the lady there sprang a damask rose
And out of the lord a sweet briar.

9. The rose it grew up to the high chancel gate
Until it couldn't grow any higher.
It twisted and it twined in a true lover's knot
And the roses grew down the sweet briar.

Source: Sung by Arthur Nightingale, Didbrook. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.

Notes: Carpenter noted a different tune for the same song from Mrs Nightingale.

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