

The Lost Lady Found

Down in a valley a young damsel did dwell.
She lived with her uncle who all knew full well.
Down in a valley where violets are gay
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

Long she'd been missing and could not be found.
The uncle he searched the country around
Till he came to the trustee 'twixt hope and fear.
The trustee made answer "She have not been seen here."

The trustee speaks up, his courage so bold
"I'm afraid she've been murdered for the sake of her gold.
We'll have life for life", the trustee did say.
"We'll send you to prison and there you shall stay."

There was a young squire who that loved her so.
Oft times together to school they would go.
"I'm afraid she's been murdered, so great is my fear
If I'd wings like a dove, I'd fly to my dear."

He travelled through England, through France and through Spain.
He ventured his life on the watery main.
He came to a house where he lodged for a night.
In this same house was his own heart's delight.

As soon as she saw him she flew to his arms
She told him her grief as she gazed on his charms
"How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he.
"The gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

"Your uncle in England in prison doth lie
And for your sweet sake he's condemned for to die."
"Carry me back to old England" said she
"One thousand I'll give you thee and thy bride I will be."

Then they came to old England, her uncle to see
The carriage was under the high gallows tree.
"Oh, pardon, oh pardon, oh pardon" cried she.
"Don't you see I'm alive his dear life to save."

Straightway from the gallows they led him away
The bells they did ring and the music did play
The house in the valley with mirth did abound
As soon as they heard the lost lady was found.

Source: Sung by William Martin (64), Winchcombe Workhouse. Collected by Eliza Wedgwood (words only).
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