

The Mistletoe Bough

The mis-le-toe hung in the cas-tle hall. The ho-lly bush hung on the old oak wall. And the
bar-on's re-tain-ers were bright and gay, keep-ing their Christ-mas hol-i-day. The
ba-ron be-held with a fath-er's pride his beau-ti-ful daugh-ter, young Lov-ell's bride, and
she with her bright eyes seemed to be the star of good-ly com-pan-y.
Slower
Oh, the mis-le-toe bough, Oh, the mis-le-toe bough.

- "I'm weary of dancing now". she cried. "Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide".
"And Lovell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace the clue to my secret hiding place".
Away she ran, and the search began, each tower to search and each nook to scan.
Young Lovell cried wildly "where dost thou hide? I'm lonesome without thee my own dear bride."
Oh, the mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe bough.
- They sought her that night and they sought her next day, and they sought her in vain as a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the lowliest spot, young Lovell sought wildly but found her not.
And as years flew by, then their grief at last was told in a sorrowful tale, long past.
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried "See the old man weeps for his fairy bride".
Oh, that mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe bough
- At last an oak chest, that had long lain hid, was found in the castle; they raised the lid.
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there, in the bridal wreath of that maiden fair.
Oh, how sad was her end in a sportive jest: she'd hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It had closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh, that mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe bough

Source: Sung by Archer Goode, Cheltenham. Collected by Gwilym Davies 4 January 1975.