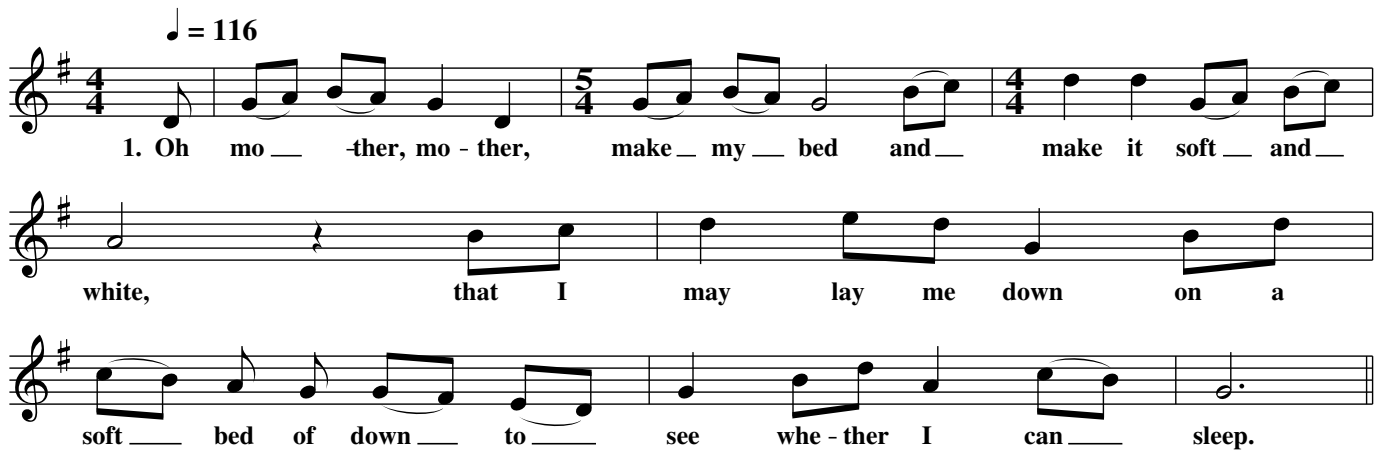


Lady Maisry

♩ = 116



1. Oh mo - ther, mo - ther, make my bed and make it soft and
white, that I may lay me down on a
soft bed of down to see whe - ther I can sleep.

1. 'O Mother, O mother, make up my bed
And lay my milk-white sheet
That I might lay down on the flowers of gold
For to see whether I can sleep.'
2. 'O send for my sister's little boy,
My sister's eldest son,
That he might go and tell unto my lord,
I'll 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. 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 to thee,
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 Mrs Nightingale, Didbrook. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.

Notes: Carpenter noted a different tune for the same song from Mrs Nightingale's husband, Arthur.

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