

Lord Lovel - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LORD LOVEL.

Lord Lovel he stood at his garden gate,
Combing his milk-white steed.
When up came Lady Nancy Bell,
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed-
Wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed.

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" she said;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
Foreign countries for to see-e-e-
Foreign countries for to see-e-e."

"When will you come back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you come back?" said she;
"In a year or two, or three, or four,
I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e-
I'll come back to my Lady Nancee-e-e."

He had only been gone twelve months and a day,
Foreign countries for to see;
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e-
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see-e-e.

So he rode, and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to Loudon town-
And there he heard Saint Pancridge's bells,
And the people a-mourning around-
And the people a-mourning around.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel, he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," the people all said,
"And some call her Lady Nancee-e-e "-
"And some call her Lady Nancee-c-e."

Then he order'd the grave to be open'd wide.
And the shroud to be turned down-
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips,
While the tears came trickling down-
While the tears, came trickling down.

Then he flung hisself by the side of the corpse,
With a shivering gulp and a gaggle;
Gave two hops, three kicks, heav'd a sigh, blew his nose,
Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!
Sung a song, and then died in the struggle!

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day-
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow-
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow-
And Lord Lovel, he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in Saint Pancridge's church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

And out of her buttzum there grew a red rose,
And out of her loviars a brier-ier-ier-
And out of her loviars a brier-ier-ier.

So they grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And they couldn't grow up no higher;
So they tw"ined themselves in a true lovier's knot,
For "all lovier's true to admire ire-ire-
For all lovier's true to admire-ire-ire.