

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Lost Lady Found

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It's of a rich lady in England did dwell.
She lived with her uncle, I know it right well.
It's down in the valley by lowlands so sweet
The gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

She had been missing and could not be found.
Her uncle had searched the country all round,
Till he met with a trustee, a trustee of old.
The trustee replied him that she had not been there.

Then up speaks the trustee with courage so bold,
"I'm afraid she's been murdered for the sake of her gold,
So we'll have life for life," the trustee did say,
"We'll send you to prison and there you may stay."

But she had a rich squire who loved her right well.

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Saying, "mind is tormented, and great is my fear.
If I had the wings of a dove I would fly to my dear."

I traveled through England, through France, and through Spain,
I ventured my life o'er the deep raging main,
Brought up, came on shore, came took lodgings one night,
And in that same room felt my own heart's delight.

I gazed on her features, she flew in my arms,
I gazed on her features, I told her the charm,
Saying, "What brought you to Dubiin, my dear?" he did say.
"The gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

"Your uncle in England in prison do lie,
And for your sweet sake he's condemned for to die."
O carry me to England, my dear," she did say,
"Ten thousands I'll give you, and I'll be your bride."

The cars being running, as it happened to be,
The cars being under the high gallows tree,
"O pardon, O pardon, O pardon," cried she,
Don't you see I'm alive your sweet life for to save!"

It's then from the gallows he quickly was led.
The drums they did beat and sweet music did play.

Every house in the valley did murmur with sound
As soon as they heard the lost lady was found.

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
Collected from Alexander Sutherland

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