

Lord Lovel

C G7 C
Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,

A-combing his milk white steed,

F C
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,

G7 C
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,

G7 C
A-wishing her lover good speed.

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going my dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries to see, see, see,
Strange countries to see."

"Oh, when will you be back?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three, three, three,
Then I'll come back to thee, thee, thee,
Then I'll come back to thee."

He had not been gone but a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When ravishing thoughts came into his head.
His lady he wanted to see, see, see,
His lady he wanted to see.

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And then he heard Saint Varnie's bell,
And the people all mourning around, round, round, round,
And the people all mourning around.

"Is somebody dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Is somebody dead?" said he.
"A lady is dead," the people all said,
"They call her the lady Nancy, cy, cy,
They call her the lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,
And the shroud to be folded down;
And then he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died on the morrow;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar-riar-riar,
And out of Lord Lovel's a briar.

They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,
And they could not grow any higher.
And there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
Which true lovers always admire-mire-mire,
Which true lovers always admire.