## Lord Lovell

William Crampton

Collected by Francis Collinson, Smarden, 22<sup>nd</sup> December 1943

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## Roud 48



Lord Lovell he stood at his own castle gate,
 Stroking his milk-white steed,
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell
 Wishing her lover good speed, good speed,
 Wishing her lover good speed.

O where are you going, Lord Lovell? she said,
 O where are you going? said she.
 I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,
 Strange countries for to see, to see,
 Strange countries for to see.

3. When will you be back, Lord Lovell? she said When will you be back? said she. In a year or two, or three at the most, I'll return to my Lady Nancy, Nancy, I'll return to my Lady Nancy.

4. But he had not been gone but a year and a day

Strange countries for to see.

When strange thoughts came into his mind,
Lady Nancy he would see, would see,
Lady Nancy he would see.

- 5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed Till he came to LondonTown, And there he heard a church-bell ring And the people all mourning around, around, And the people all mourning around.
- 6. O what is the matter? Lord Lovell he said.
  O what is the matter? said he,
  A lady is dead, an old woman said
  And they called her the Lady Nancy, Nancy,
  And they called her the Lady Nancy.
- 7. He ordered a grave to be open wide
  The shroud to be turned down,
  And there he kissed the clay-cold lips
  Till the tears they came trickling down, a-down.
  Till the tears they came trickling down.
- Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
   Lord Lovell he died as tomorrow.
   Lady Nancy she died of pure pure grief,
   Lord Lovell he died of sorrow, sorrow,
   Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.
- Lady Nancy was laid in St Banks [?] churchyard, Lord Lovell was laid in the Prior
   And out of her bosom there grew a red rose
   And out of Lord Lovell's a briar, a briar

And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

10. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,

They grew till they grew no higher,

And thre they entwined in a true lover's knot

For all the true lovers to admire, admire

For all the true lovers to admire.