

The Mistletoe Bough

As sung by
Winifred Bundy
08-22-1941 Madison, WI

The Mistletoe Bough

The mis-tle-toe hung in the cas-tle hall, the hol-ly bunch shone on the
old oak wall. The bar-on's re-tain-ers were blithe and gay, keep-ing their Christ-mas
hol - i - day. The bar-on be-held with a fath-er's pride, his beau-ti-ful daugh-ter, young
Lo-vell's bride, And she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be the star of that good-ly
com-pan-y. O, the mis-tle-toe bough! O, the mis-tle-toe bough!

Verse 1.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
Keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful daughter, young Lovell's bride.
And she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe
bough.

Verse 2.

"I'm tired of dancing now," she cried,
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,
And Lovell, be sure thou art first to trace
The clue to my secret hiding place.
Away she ran and her friends began
Each to search, each nook to scan,
And Lovell cried, "Where dost thou hide?
I'm lonely without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh, the mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe
bough.

Verse 3.

They sought her that night, they sought her next
 day,
 They sought her in vain as the years passed
 away,
 In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
 Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
 And the years passed away and his grief at last
 Was told as a sorrowful tale, long past.
 And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
 "See the old man weep for his fairy bride."
 Oh, the mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe
 bough.

Verse 4.

At length, an old chest that had long lain hid
 Was found in the castle, they raised the lid,
 A skeleton form lay mouldering there
 With the bridal wreath of the lady fair,
 Oh sad was her fate, in sportive jest
 She hid from her Lord in the old oak chest.
 It closed with a spring and her bridal bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb.
 Oh, the mistletoe bough, Oh, the mistletoe
 bough.

Transcription and lyrics from the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection.

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by Peters, p. 223, and HST

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

Sung by Winifred Bundy, age 57, Madison, 1941 for H St-Th

Another familiar old English ballad which may or may not have some relation to "Lord Lovell."

Editor's notes:

According to Bacon, the words of this song are by Haynes Bayly, and the music by H. R. Bishop. Randolph adds that a similar text was published in *The National Temperance Songster*, 1855 (ed. Rev. James Young, Cincinnati, OH) (Bacon 323).

Sources:

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K.G.