

Lord Lovele / Jones Hospital

Lord Lovele

AFS 1007 A1

Lord Lovele he stood at his castle gate, A combing his milk white steed. When up came Lady Nancy Bell, To wish her lover good speed. To wish her lover good speed.

“Where are you going Lord Lovele?” she said, “Oh, where are you going?” said she. “I’m going my Lady Nancy Bell, Strange countries for to see. Strange countries for to see.”

“When will you be back Lord Lovele?” she said, “Oh when will you be back?” said she. “In a year or two, or three at most, I’ll return to my fair Nancy. I’ll return to my fair Nancy.”

But he had not been gone for years or a day, Strange countries for to see. When languishing thoughts came to his mind, Lady Nancy Bell he would see. Lady Nancy Bell he would see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk white horse, Till he came to London Town. And there he heard the church bells ring, And the people all mourning around. And the people all mourning around.

“Oh what is the matter?” Lord Lovele said, “Oh what is the matter?” said he. “Oh Lady Nancy’s dead.” was the reply, “And some call her Lady Nancy. Some call her Lady Nancy.”

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide, And the shroud he...

Lady Nancy she died as a ??? today, Lord Lovele he died tomorrow. Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief, Lord Lovele he died for sorrow. Lord Lovele he died of sorrow.

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Lady Nancy was laid, laid in the church, Lord Lovele was laid by her side. And out of her bosom there grew a rose, And of her lover's

It grew and it grew to the church steeple top, And when it could grow no higher, So there entwined a true lovers' knot. For all the lovers to admire. For all true lovers to admire.

Jones Hospital

AFS 1007 A2

At Jones Hospital I saw my own daughter, Wrapped up in white flannel as cold as the clay. It was first to the opera, then to the ale house, Then to the dance hall, church, next was the grave.

Oh, parents and children, yes, friends and my neighbors, My heart is breaking, my grief it is so sore. She was fair and so handsome, a type of real beauty, So lovely that most anyone would admire.

Her lover beguiled her, they fled from my presence, The end you now see is here in death so cold. I plead that they tarry and that they should marry, She is here now, forsaken as you now behold.

Oh girls, here take warning, behold my poor daughter, Who met, loved a stranger so cunning and wise. He betrayed and soon left her, as he did some others, Then in her anguish she weakened and died.