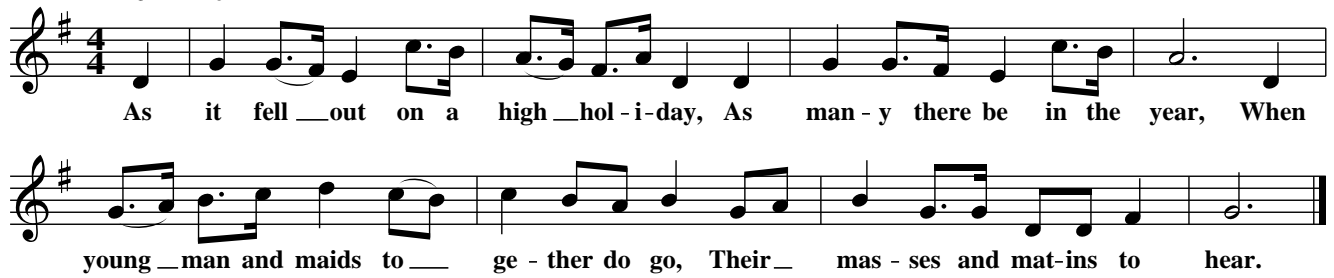


## Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard

♩ = 120



As it fell out on a high-hol-i-day, As man-y there be in the year, When  
young man and maids to ge-ther do go, Their mas-ses and mat-ins to hear.

As it fell one holy-day,  
Hay downe  
As many be in the yeare,  
When young men and maids together did goe,  
Their mattins and masse to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church-dore;  
The preist was at private masse;  
But he had more minde of the faire women  
Than he had of Our Lady's grace.

Then one of them was clad in green,  
Another was clad in pall,  
And then came in my lord Bernard's wife,  
The fairest amongst them all.

She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,  
As bright as the summer sun;  
And then bethought this Little Musgrave,  
This lady's heart have I woonn.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,  
Full long and many a day;  
So have I loved you, fair lady,  
Yet never word durst I say.

I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,  
Full daintyly it is delight:  
If though wilt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,  
Thou's lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,  
This kindnes thou showest to me;  
But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
This night I will lig with thee.

With that he heard, a little tyne page,  
By his ladye's coach as he ran:  
All though I am my ladye's foot-page,  
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
Whether I sink or swim;  
And ever where the bridges were broake  
He laid him down to swimme.

A sleep or wake, thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life,  
For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,  
A bed with thy own wedded wife.

If this be true, thou little tinny page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery  
I freely will give to thee.

But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
On the hiest tree in Bucklesfordbery,  
Then hanged shalt though be.

He called up his merry men all:  
Come saddle me my steed;  
This night must I go to Buckellsfordbery,  
For I never had greater need.

And some of them whistld, and some of them sung,  
And some these words did say,  
And ever when my lord Barnard's horn blew,  
Away, Musgrave, away!

Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,  
Methinks I hear the jaye;  
Methinks I hear my lord Barnard,  
And I would I were away.

Lye still, lye still, thou Little Musgrave,  
And huggell me from the cold;  
'Tis nothing but a shephard's boy,  
A driving his sheep to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon a perch?  
Thy steed eats oats and hay;  
And thou a fair lady in thine armes,  
And wouldst thou be away?

With that my lord Barnard came to the dore,  
And lit a stone upon;  
He plucked out three silver keys,  
And he opend the dores each one.

He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the sheet:  
How now, thou Littell Musgrave,  
Doest thou find my lady sweet?

I find her sweet, quoth Little Musgrave,  
The more 'tis to my paine;  
I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,  
And put thy clothes on;  
I shall nere be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man.

I have two swords in one scabberd,  
Full deere they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse.

The first stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,  
Little Musgrave nere struck more.

With that bespake the faire lady,  
In bed whereas she lay:  
Although thou'rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,  
Yet I for thee will pray.

And wish well to thy soule will I;  
So long as I have life;  
So will I not for thee, Barnard,  
Although I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her paps from off her brest;  
Great pittie it was to see  
That some drops of this ladie's heart's blood  
Ran trickling downe her knee.

Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all,  
You were nere borne for my good;  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,  
When you see me wax so wood?

For I have slaine the bravest sir knight  
That ever rode on steed;  
So have I done the fairest lady  
That ever did woman's deed.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cryd,  
To put these lovers in'  
Bly lay my lady on the upper hand,  
For she came of the better kin.