

The Mistletoe Bough.

The mist - le - toe hung in the ca - - stle hall, The
hol - ly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the
ba - ron's re - - tai - ners were blithe and gay, And
keep - ing their Christ - mas ho - li - - day. The
bar - on be - - held with a fa - - ther's pride His
beau - ti - ful child, young Lo - - vell's bride, While
she with her bri - ght eyes seemed to be The
star of the goo - - dly com - - pa - - ny.
Oh, the mist - le - - toe bough,

The musical score is written on ten staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The melody is simple and characteristic of a folk song. The final note of the last staff is a quarter rest.



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

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

They sought her that night and they sought her next day,
They sought her in vain till a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly but found her not.
Then years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale of the past;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried:
'See the old man weeps for his fairy bride.'
Oh, the mistletoe bough,
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

At length an old chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle; they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that 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.