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The Lost Lady Found

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Thorney Moor WOOD.

—: O :—

IN Thorney Moor Wood in Nottinghamshire,
Three keeper's houses stood three square,
And about a mile from each other were,
Their orders were to look after the deer.
I went out with my dog one night,
The moon shone clear and the stars gave light,
Over hedges, and ditches, and rails,
With my two dogs close at my heels,
To catch a fine buck in Thorney Moor field.

The very first night we had bad luck,
One of our best dogs got stuck ;
He came to me both bloody and lame,
And sorry I was to see the same.
I searched his wound and found it light,
Some keeper has done this out of spite,
But I take this pike staff in my hand,
I will range the wood to find that man,
I will tan his hide right well if I can.

I ranged the woods and groves all night,
I ranged the woods till it proved daylight ;
The very first thing that there I found,
Was a good fat buck lying dead on the ground.
I knew my dog gave him his death wound,
My dogs they know me by my call ;
I out with my knife, I cut the buck's throat,
And you would have laughed to see limping Jack
To see how he strutted with the buck on his back,
He carried it just like a Yorkshireman's pack.

I hired a butcher to skin the game,
Likewise another to sell the same ;
The very first buck he offered for sale,
Was to a woman that sold bad ale,
And she sent us three poor lads to gaol,
But the quarter sessions were drawing nigh,
At which we were all to be tried ;
The gentlemen laughed them all to scorn,
That such an old woman should be forsworn,
She all to pieces ought to be torn.

The sessions are over and we are all clear,
The sessions are over and we all sit here ;
The very best game I ever did see,
Was a buck or deer, but a deer for me,
And Thorney Moor Wood this night I'll see.

No. 22.



THE

LOST LADY FOUND.

London :—H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer &
Publisher, 177, Union-st., Boro'

IT was down in a valley a young farmer did dwell,
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well ;
'Twas down in the vallies where violets was gay,
Three gipsies betrayed her and stole her away.

Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,
Her uncle he searched the country around,
Till he came to her Trustee between hope and fear,
The Trustee made answer, she has not been here.

The Trustee spoke up with courage so bold,
I fear she has been lost for the sake of her gold,
So we'll have life for life, sir, the Trustee did say,
We shall send you to prison, and there you shall stay.

There was a young squire that loved her so,
Ofttimes to the school-house together they did go ;
I'm afraid she is murdered, so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear.

He travell'd thro' England, thro' France, and thro' Spain,
Till he ventured his life on the watery main,
And he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

When she saw him she knew him and flew to his arms,
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms ;
How came you to Dublin, my dearest ? said he,
Three gipsies betrayed me and stole me away.

Your uncle's in England, in prison does lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die ;
Carry me to old England, my dearest, she cried,
One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride.

When she came to old England her uncle to see,
The cart it was under the high gallows tree ;
Oh, pardon ! oh, pardon ! oh, pardon ! I crave,
Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life to save ?

Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The bells they did ring and the music did play,
Every house in the valley with mirth did resound,
As soon as they heard the ' Lost Lady ' was found.