

# The Lost Lady found.

[DORIAN.]

[LINCOLNSHIRE.]

*Allegro. ben marcato e con ballare.*

1. 'Twas down in a val-ley a fair maid did... dwell, She lived with her  
 2. The trus-tee spake up, with a cour-age... so.... bold, "I fear she's been

*ritmo*

 The first two lines of the song are set to music. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The tempo marking 'ritmo' is placed below the piano part.

un-cle, as all knew... full... well. 'Twas down in the val-ley, where  
 lost for the sake of..... her... gold; So we'll have life for life, sir," the

 The third line of the song continues the musical setting. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown with the corresponding lyrics.

vi-o-lets were gay, Three gyp-sies be-trayed her, and stole her a-way!  
 trus-tee did say, "We shall send you to pris-on, and there you shall stay."

 The fourth line of the song concludes the musical setting. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown with the corresponding lyrics.

2. Long time she'd been miss - ing, and could not... be... found; Her  
 4. There was a young squi - re that lov - ed... her... so, Off

*p leggiero*

un - cle he search - ed the coun - try... a - round, Till he came to her  
 times to the schoolhouse to - geth - er... they did go; "I'm a - fraid she is

*cresc.*

trus - tee be - tween hope and fear, The trus - tee made an - swer "She  
 murdered; so great is my fear, If I'd wings like a

Verse 2.

has not... been here!" dove, I would fly to... my... dear!"

Verse 4.

A Omit from A to B if desired.

5. He trav - elled through  
7. Your un - cle's in

B

Eng - land, through France and through Spain, Till he ven - tured his life on the  
Eng - land, in pris - on... doth lie; And for your sweet sake is con -

*simile*

wa - ter - y... main; And he came to a house where he lodged for a  
demned for... to... die." "Car - ry me to old Eng - land, my dear - est," she

night, And in that same house was his own heart's de - light.  
cried; "One thou - sand I'll give you and will be... your bride."

6. When she saw him, she knew him, and flew to... his... arms, She  
 8. When she came to old Eng - land, her un - cle... to... see, The

*p leggiero*

told him her grief while he gazed on... her... charms. "How  
 cart it was un - der the high gal - lows - tree. "Oh,

*cresc.*

came you to Dub - lin, my dear - est, I pray?" "Three  
 par - don! oh, par - don! oh, par - don! I crave! Don't you

gyp - sies be - trayed me, and stole me... a - - way."  
 see I'm a - live, your dear life for... to... save?"

Omit from A to B if desired. 9. Then straight from the

A B

gal - lows they led him a - way, The bells they did ring, and the

*simile*

mu - sic.... did... play; Ev-'ry house in the val - ley with mirth did re -

- sound, As soon as they heard the lost la - dy.... was... found.

1

'Twas down in a valley a fair maid did dwell,  
 She lived with her uncle, as all knew full well;  
 'Twas down in the valley, where violets were gay,  
 Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

2

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

3

The trustee spake up with a courage so bold,  
 "I fear she's 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."

4

There was a young squire that lovèd her so,  
 Oft times to the schoolhouse 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!"

5

He travelled through England, through France and through 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.

6

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, I pray?"  
 "Three gypsies betrayed me, and stole me away."

7

"Your uncle's in England; in prison doth 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."

8

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?"

9

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.

[Sung by Mrs Hill, 1893]