

The mistletoe bough

From "Old Songs for Young Voices" collected by Agnes L. Money, 1898

The mis - tle - toe hung in the cas - tle hall, The hol - ly branch shone on the
"I'm weary of danc - ing now," she cried, "Here tar - ry a mo - ment, I'll hide, I'll

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "The mis - tle - toe hung in the cas - tle hall, The hol - ly branch shone on the 'I'm weary of danc - ing now,' she cried, 'Here tar - ry a mo - ment, I'll hide, I'll

old oak wall, And the Ba - ron's re - tain - ers were blithe and gay, And keep - ing their Christ - mas
hide, And, Lo - vel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace The clue to my se - cret hid - ding place."

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "old oak wall, And the Ba - ron's re - tain - ers were blithe and gay, And keep - ing their Christ - mas hide, And, Lo - vel, be sure thou'rt the first to trace The clue to my se - cret hid - ding place." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

hol - i - day; The Ba - ron be - held, with a fa - ther's pride, His beau - ti - ful child, young
A - way she ran, and her friends be - gan Each tow - er to search and eack nook to scan;

The third and final system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "hol - i - day; The Ba - ron be - held, with a fa - ther's pride, His beau - ti - ful child, young A - way she ran, and her friends be - gan Each tow - er to search and eack nook to scan;" The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Lo - vel's bride; While she with her bright eyes seemed to be The star of the good - ly
And young Lo - vel cried, "Oh where dost thou hide? I'm lone-some with-out thee, my own

com - pa - ny. Oh! the mis-tle - toe bough! Oh! the mis-tle - toe bough!
dear bride." Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough! Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!

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

At length an oak-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 the 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!