

Christy Moore, Little Musgrave

It fell upon a holy day as many in the year
Musgrave to the church did go to see fine ladies there
Some were dressed in velvet red and some in velvet grey
Then in came Lord Barnard's wife the fairest among them all
She cast an eye on Little Musgrave as bright as the summer's sun
Said Musgrave unto himself this Lady's heart I've won
I have loved you Little Musgrave full long and many's the day
And I have loved you Fair Lady and never a word did say
I have a bower in Bucklesfordberry its my heart's delight
I'll take you back there with me and lie in your arms all night
But standing by was a little foot page from the Lady's coach he ran
Although I am a lady's page I am Lord Barnard's man
My Lord Barnard shall hear of this whether I sink or swim
And every where the bridge was broken he'd enter the water and swim
My Lord Barnard my Lord Barnard you are a man of life
But Musgrave is at Bucklesfordberry asleep with your wedded wife
If this be true my little foot page, this thing that you tell me
All the gold in Bucklesfordberry I gladly will give to thee
But if this be a lie my little foot page this thing that you tell me
From the highest tree in Bucklesfordberry hanged you will be
Go saddle me the black he said go saddle me the grey
Sound you not your horns he said lest our coming you'd betray
But there was a man in Lord Barnard's train who loved the Little Musgrave
He blew his horn both loud and shrill. Away Musgrave Away!
I think I hear the morning cock I think I hear the jay
I think I hear Lord Barnard's men I wish I was away
Lie still lie still my Little Musgrave and hug me from the cold
'Tis nothing but a shepherd lad a bringing his flock to fold
Is not your hawk upon his perch your steed eats oats and hay
You a lady in your arms why would you go away
So he turned her round and kissed her twice and then they fell
When they awoke Lord Barnard's men were standing at their feet
How do you like my bed he said and how do you like my sheets
How do you like my fair Lady that lies in your arms asleep?
'Tis well I like your bed he said and full great it gives me pain
I'd gladly give a hundred pounds to be on yonder Plain
Rise up rise up Little Musgrave rise up and then put on
It'll not be said in this country I slayed a naked man
Slowly, slowly he got up and slowly he put on
Slowly down the stairs thinking he'd be slain
There are 2 swords down by my side full dear they cost my purse
You can have the best of them and I will have the worst
And the first stroke Little Musgrave struck it hurt Lord Barnard sore
But the next stroke Lord Barnard struck Little Musgrave ne'er struck more
Then up spoke the lady fair from the bed whereon she lay
Although you're dead my Little Musgrave still for you I'll pray
How do you like his cheeks he said and how do you like his chin
How do you like his fair lady now there's no life within
'Tis more I like his cheeks she cried and more I love his chin
Its more I want his dead body then all your kith and kin
He's taken out his long, long sword to strike the mortal blow
Through and through the Lady's heart the cold steel it did go
A grave a grave Lord Barnard cried to put these lovers in
With my Lady on the upper hand for she came from better kin
For I've just killed the finest man that ever rode a steed
And I've just killed the finest lady that ever did a woman's deed
It fell upon a holy day as many's in the year
Little Musgrave to the church did go to see fine Ladies there