THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

Sung by

Mrs WAYLETT, Mr GOULD,

Mr Wood & Mr Sinclair.

The Poetry by

Thomas H. Bayly, Esqr.

THE

Symphonies & Accompaniments,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

By

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Price 2/6

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SYDNEY.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

Sung by Mr. Sinclair.

In moderate time, alternately with playfulness and romantic expression

dolce semplice.

The

f *p*

missletoe hung in the cas_tle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the

Baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas ho_ly_day The

mf

Baron beheld with a fa_ _ther's pride, His beautiful child, young Lo_ vel's bride; While

ad lib:

she with her bright eyes, seem'd to be The star of the good ly com pany. Oh! the missletoe

fp

colla voce.

a tempo.

bough! Oh! the missletoe bough!

a tempo.

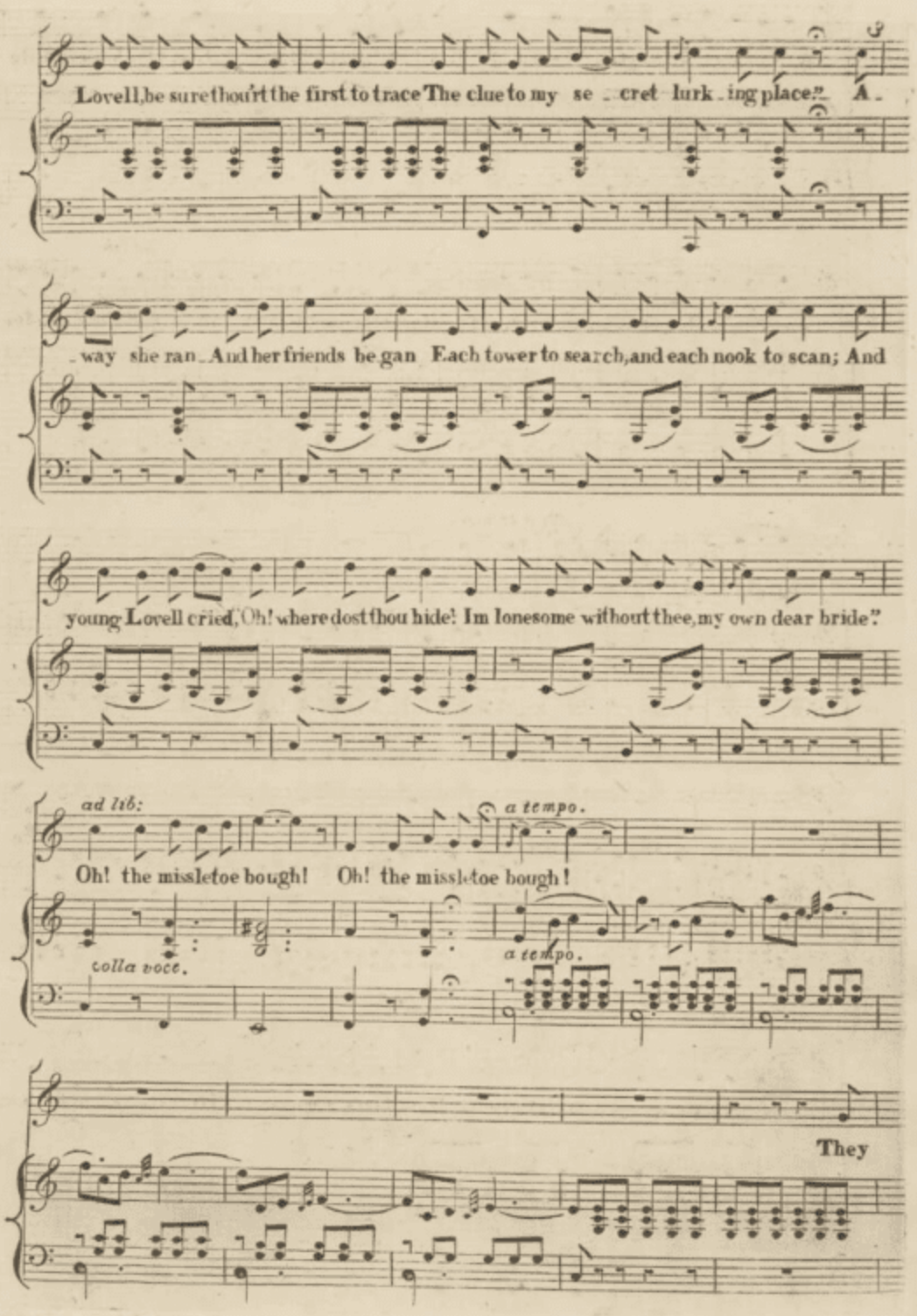
I'm

cres.

f

p

weary of dan_ cing 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 se - cret lurk - ing place." A -
- way she ran - And her friends be gan Each tower to search, and each nook to scan; And
young Lovell cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide! Im lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
ad lib:
a tempo.
Oh! the missletoe bough! Oh! the missletoe bough!
colla voce.
a tempo.
They

sought her that night! And they sought her next day! And they sought her in vain, when a

espress

week pass'd away! In the highest _ the lowest _ the lonliest spot, young Lovell sought wildly _ but

rather slower.

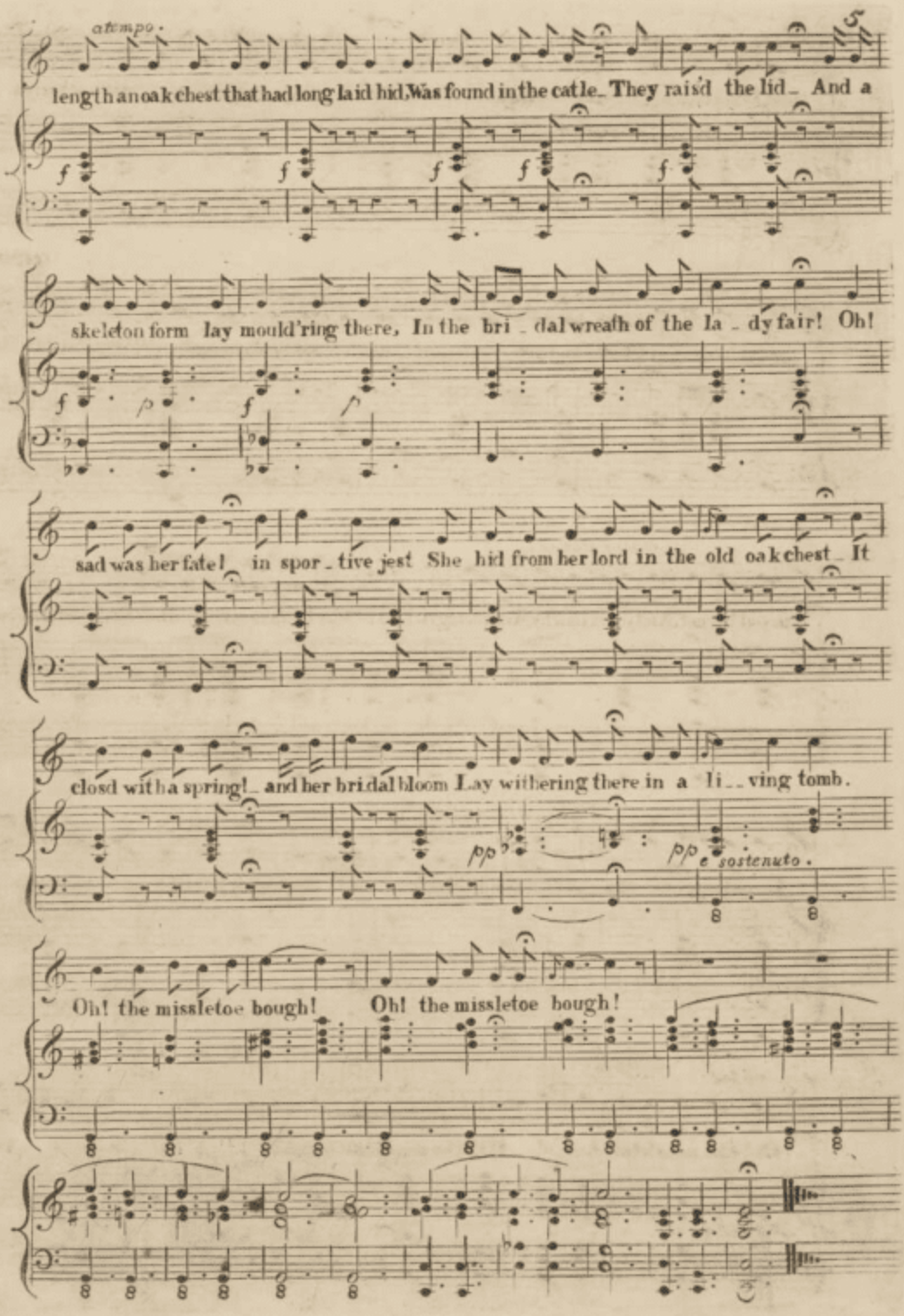
found her not. And years flew by, And their grief at last Was told as a sorrowful tale long past; And when

Lovell appeard the children cried, "See! the old man weeps for his fai _ ry bride.

ad lid:

Oh! the missletoe bough! Oh! the missletoe bough! At

pp colla voce.


a tempo.
length an oak chest that had long laid hid, Was found in the cat le_ They rais'd the lid_ And a
f
skeleton form lay mould'ring there, In the bri_ dal wreath of the la_ dy fair! Oh!
f p f
sad was her fate! in spor_ tive jest She hid from her lord in the old oak chest_ It
closd with a spring!_ and her bridal bloom Lay withering there in a li_ ving tomb.
pp pp e sostenuto.
Oh! the missletoe bough! Oh! the missletoe bough!