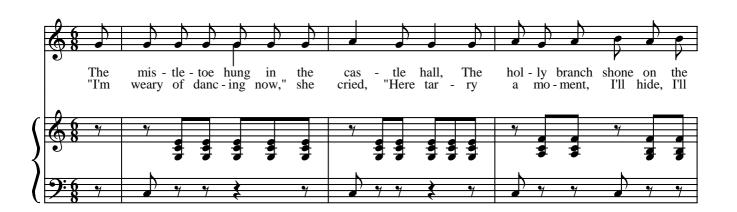
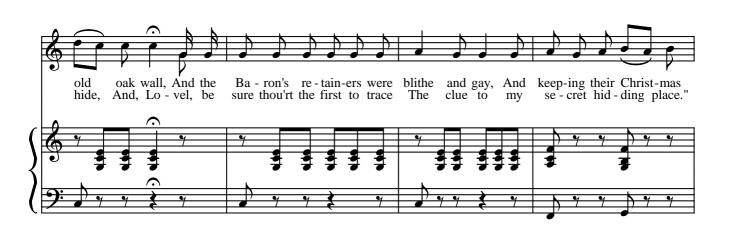
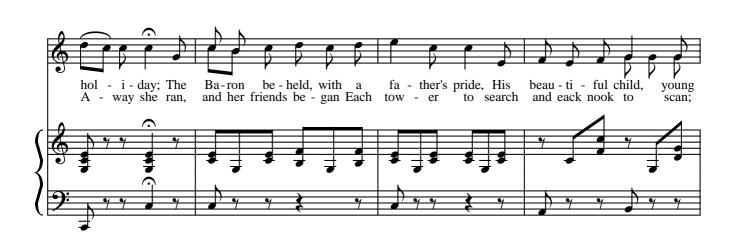
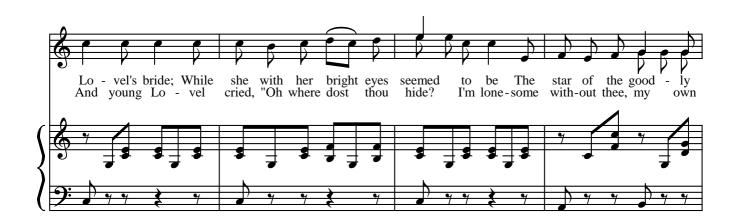
The mistletoe bough

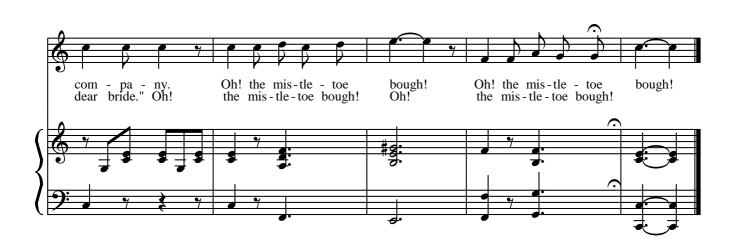
From "Old Songs for Young Voices" collected by Agnes L. Money, 1898











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!