

·PRICE·ONE·SHILLING·

MARCUS WARD'S ROYAL ILLUMINATED LEGENDS

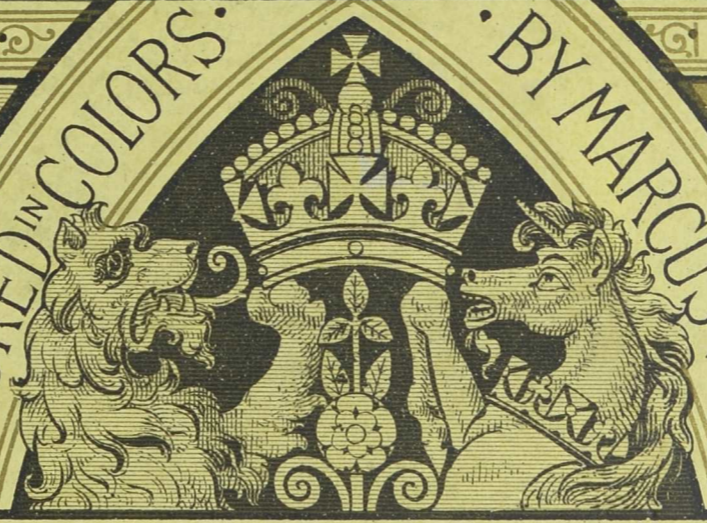
FOR GREAT FOLKE

FOR LYTTLE FOLKE



CINDERELLA

FIGURED IN COLORS.



BY MARCUS WARD



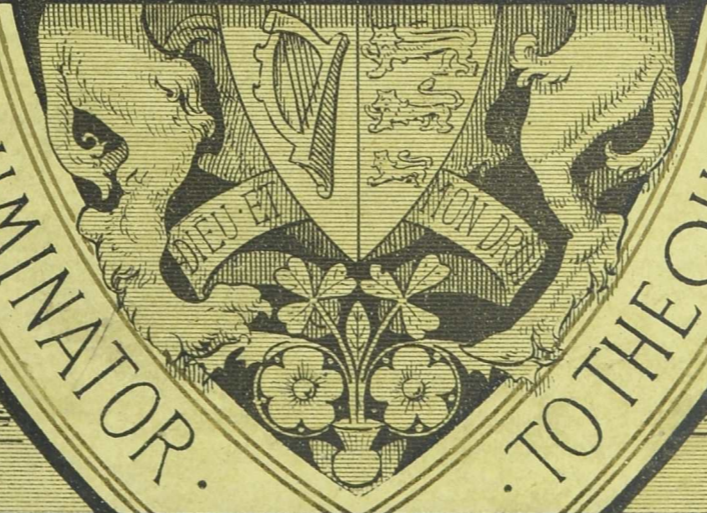
YE FAYRE ONE WYTH YE GOLDEN LOCKS

Ye Pathetic Ballad of
LADYE OUNCEBELLE
AND **LORD LOVELLE.**

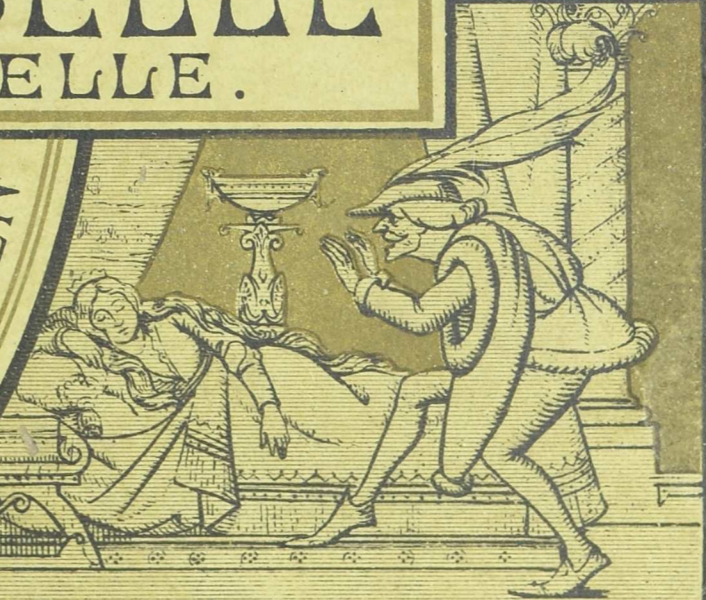


LADYE OUNCEBELLE

ILLUMINATOR.



TO THE QUEEN.



YE SLEEPYNGE BEAVTIE

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM P. NIMMO. EDINBURGH.

LADYE OUNCEBELLE
AND YE LORD LOVELLE

The Original Music arranged by B. Hobson Carroll.
Told anew by Francis Davis.

Andantino

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature, featuring a melodic line of eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with a 3/8 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

LORD LOVEL, a gay and come.....ly knight, Of Rox.....burg.....shire was

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 3/8 time. The lyrics are: "LORD LOVEL, a gay and come.....ly knight, Of Rox.....burg.....shire was".

he; Oh, the feet were light of his steed so white, As singing he crossed the lea :

The second system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 3/8 time. The lyrics are: "he; Oh, the feet were light of his steed so white, As singing he crossed the lea :".

LADY OUNCÈBELLE AND LORD LOVEL.

TOLD ANEW IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

*Rear cover
toward*

I.

LORD LOVEL, a gay and comely knight,
Of Roxburgshire was he ;
Oh, the feet were light of his steed so white,
As, singing, he crossed the lea :

II.

“ Fair, fair are the dames of London town,
Full many a knight doth tell ;
But a fairer, far, is my own true love—
She’s the Ladye Ouncèbelle !”

III.

Then out bespoke his little black dwarf,
Who followed through thick and thin,
“ If none be so fair in London town,
They’d, maybe, be worse to win !”

IV.

“ Now, hold thy tongue, thou little black
dwarf,
For when I have crossed the lea,
And bidden farewell to my Ouncèbelle,
These London dames we’ll see.”

V.

So he rode, and rode, and ever he rode,
Till the Pentland hills, so high,
Then the castle of Ladye Ouncèbelle
He clearly did espy.

VI.

The Ladye Ouncèbelle looked forth,
From her gay, green bower looked she ;
“ Oh, yonder’s my own true love,” she said,
“ And he’s coming to marry me !”

VII.

Lord Lovel said unto his little black dwarf,
“ Comb thou my white steed’s mane,
And give him breath, with a loosened graith,
Until I come back again.”

VIII.

Lord Lovel has kissed his own true love,
Till the tear stood in her eye ;
For, with every kiss, he lightly said,
“ Ladye Ouncèbelle, good-bye !”

IX.

“ Oh, where art thou going ”—she sighed
and said—
“ My dearest one, tell to me ?”
“ Oh, a far, far journey I must go,
Some countries strange to see !”

X.

“ So fare-thee-well, Ladye Ouncèbelle,
For I must needs be gone ;
This time two years, we’ll meet again,
When our partings shall be done.

XI.

“ Oh, that’s a long time, Lord Lovel,” she said,
“ To leave a poor Ladye alone !”
“ So it is—so it is—Ladye Ouncèbelle ;
But, then, I must needs be gone !”

XII.

Then, a jewel she loosed from her snow-
white neck,
’Twas of gold and diamond shine—
“ Take this little heart, Lord Lovel,” she said,
“ And, seeing it, think on mine !”

XIII.

Then called he unto his little black dwarf,
To saddle his milk-white steed—
Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down—
I wish my Lord Lovel good speed !

XIV.

So he rode, and rode, and ever he rode,
The Fells o’ Westmoreland through ;
Nor ever he staid till in London town
His white steed’s rein he drew.

XV.

Oh, he had not been in fair London town
For more than half a year,
Till his cards and wine and the London
dames
Were his only pleasant cheer.

XVI.

And his cheek grew thin, and his gold took
wings,
And his midnight mates the gain,
Till the ace of hearts, like an hundred darts,
One night went through his brain.

XVII.

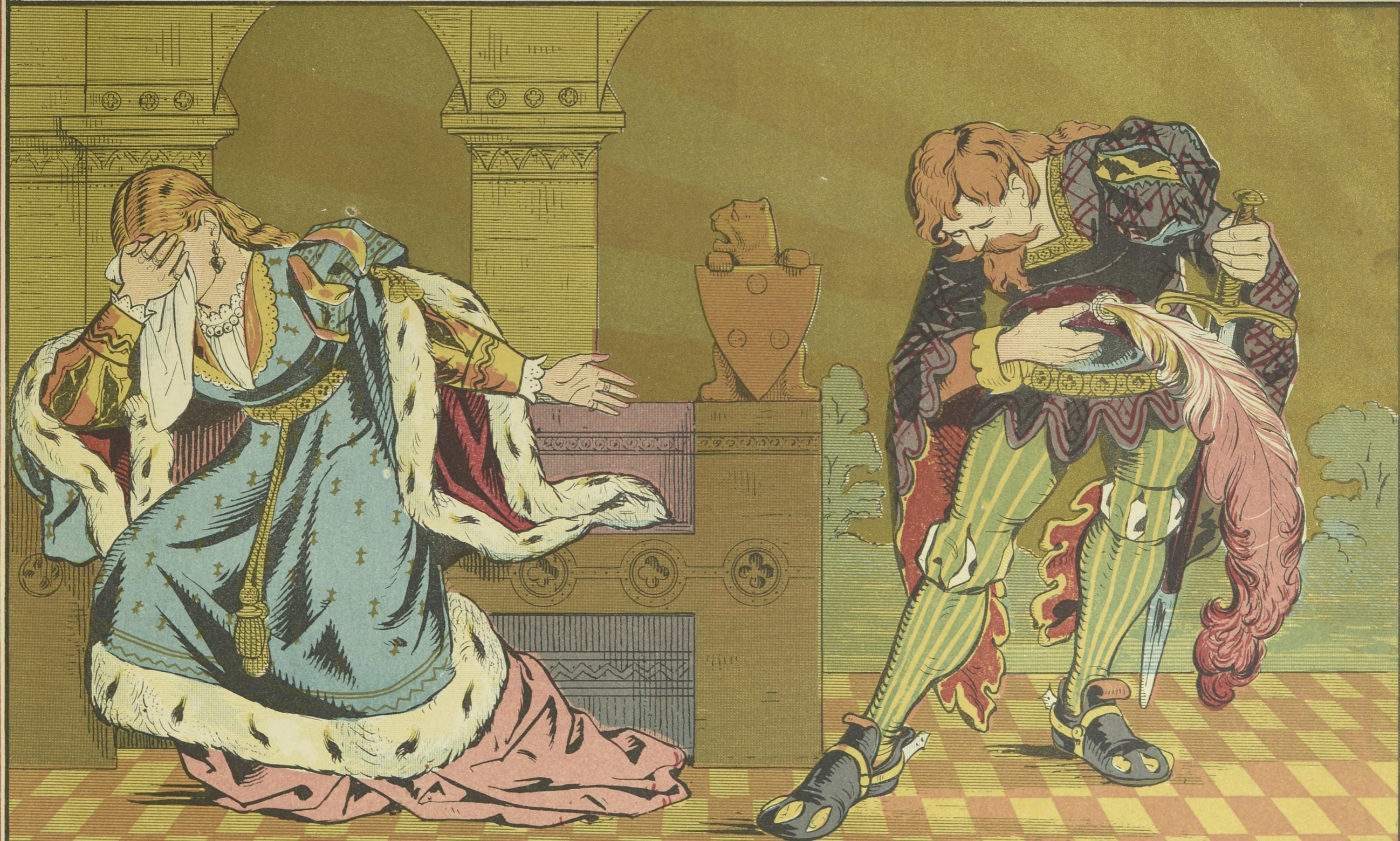
For he thought of the diamond heart she
gave
To keep her own in his mind—
“ Oh, that diamond heart I have lost,” he
sighed,
“ But a better hath she behind !”

XVIII.

And the little black dwarf began to muse
On his master’s altered air ;
And the queerest thoughts came into his
A-back o’ Lord Lovel’s chair. [mind,

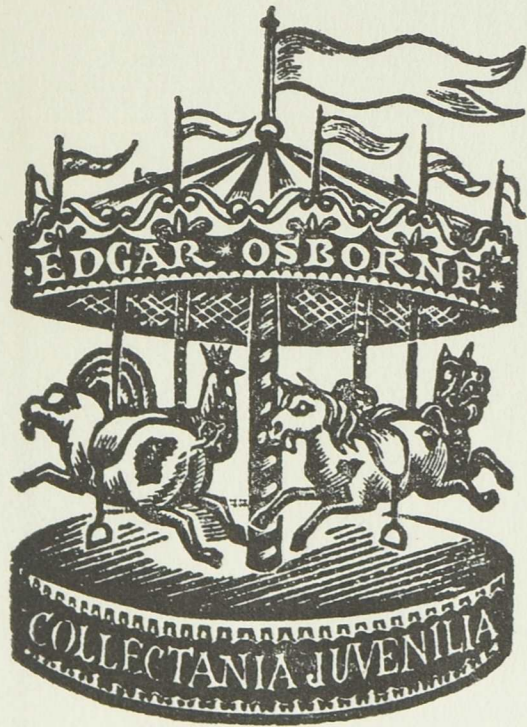
XIX.

And “ I wonder,” he said, as he hugged his
“ If this jolliment every night, [head,
With the cards and wine, since it pales him so,
Wouldn’t turn a poor darkie white ?”

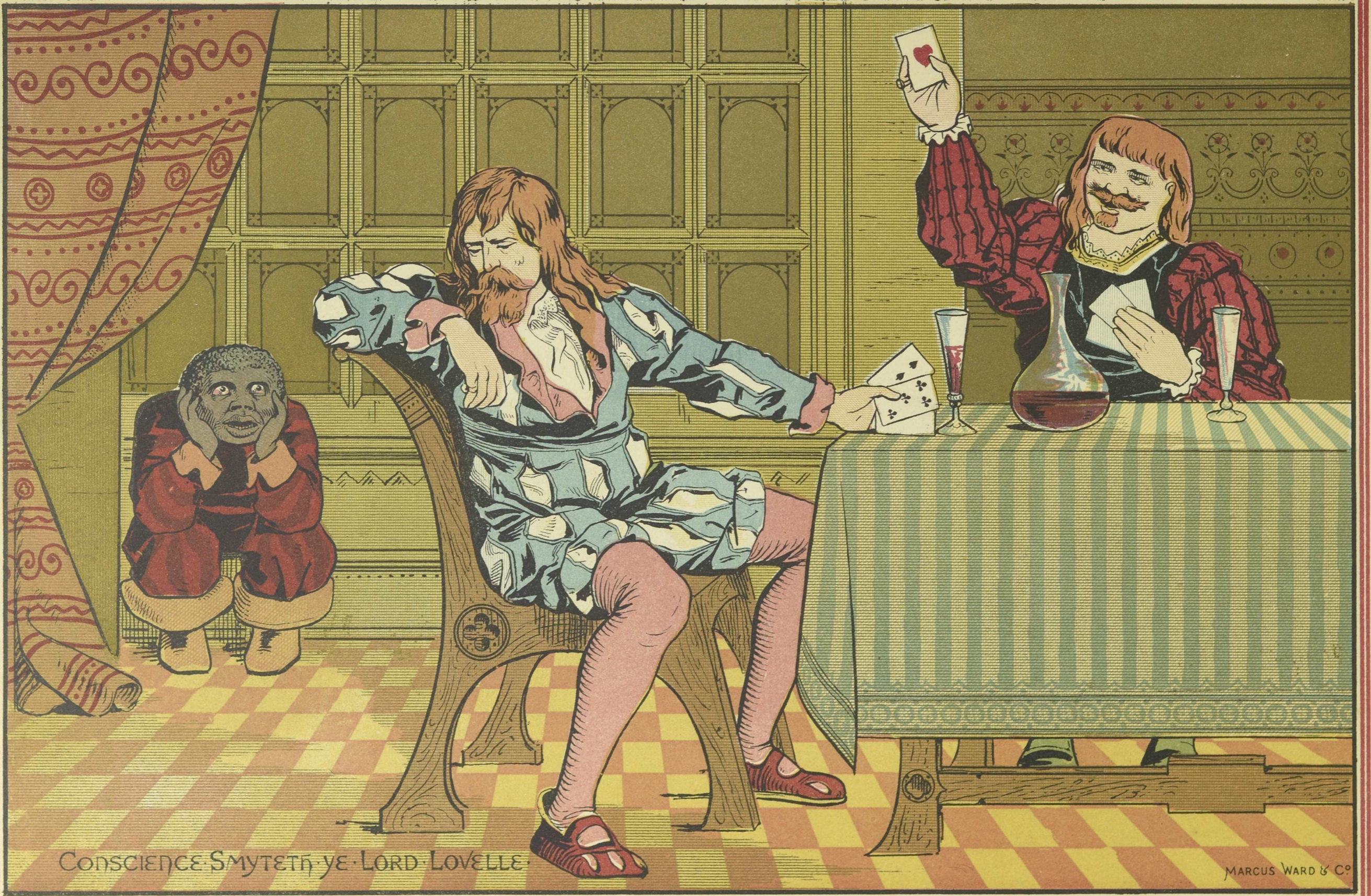


LORD · LOVELLE · TAKETH · LEAVE · OF · YE · LADYE · OVN · CÉBELLE ·

du fol



37131 053 582 847



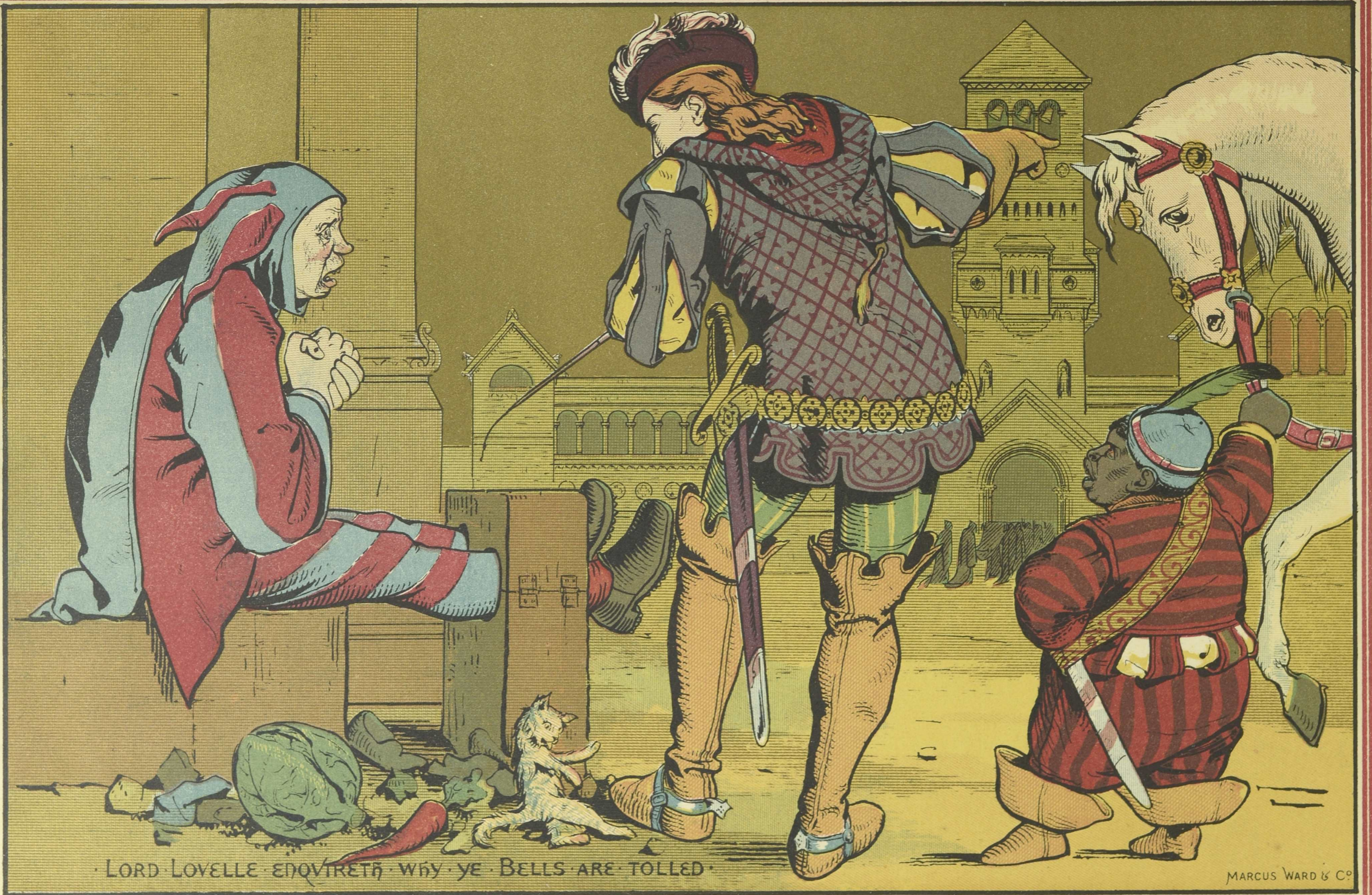
CONSCIENCE SMYTETH YE LORD LOVELLE

MARCUS WARD & CO

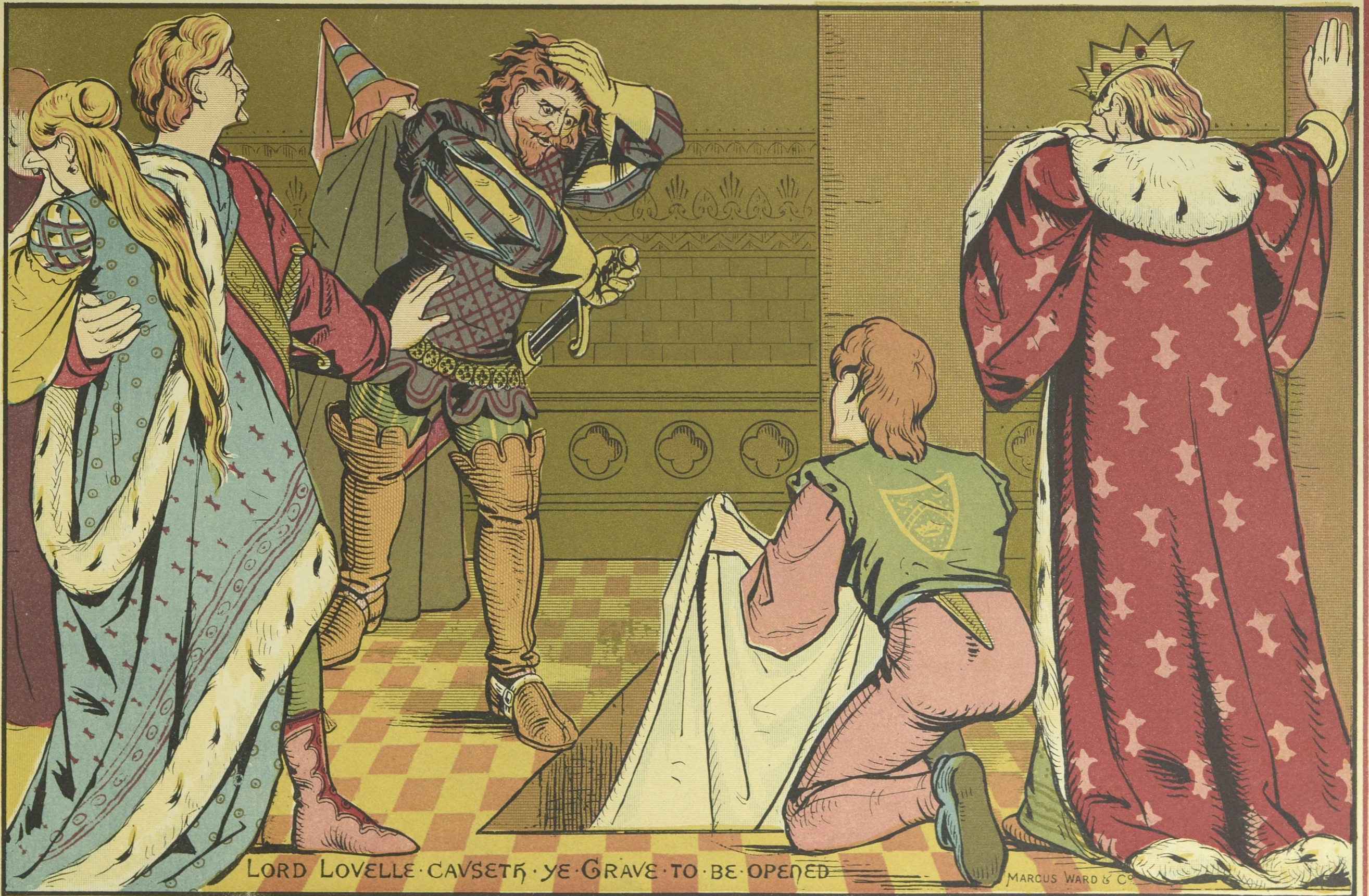


LORD LOVELLE ORDERETH YE LYTTLE BLACK DWARF
TO SADDLE HYS MYLK-WHYTE STEED

MARCUS WARD
& CO



LORD LOVELLE ENOVRETĤ WHY YE BELLS ARE TOLLED



LORD LOVELLE · CAVSETH · YE · GRAVE · TO · BE · OPENED

MARCUS WARD & CO



YE MOVRNERS AT YE TRVE LOYERS' TOMBS.

LADY OUNCÈBELLE AND LORD LOVEL.—*Continued.*

TOLD ANEW IN VERSE BY FRANCIS DAVIS.

XX.

But that little black dwarf grew blacker, I
ween,
And with more of a wondering air,
When Lord Lovel arose, at that long night's
And whispered a drunken pray'r; [close,

XXI.

For he saw, in his mind, old Roxburghshire,
With each beautiful dale and dell;
And his thoughts flew over the Selkirk braes
To the Ladye Ouncèbelle!

XXII.

So he had not been in London town
Much more than half a year,
When a longing wish he felt to see
The Ladye without a peer.

XXIII.

Then he called unto his little black dwarf,
To saddle his milk-white steed—
Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down—
I wish my Lord Lovel good speed!

XXIV.

So he rode, and rode, and ever he rode,
Till Carlisle he was fairly through;
Nor ever he staid till among the hills
Where the heather of Scotland grew.

XXV.

Oh, in Scotland fair he had not been
For more than half a day, [ring,
Till he heard the bells of the High Church
And they rung with a great affray.

XXVI.

Then he turned to a grave, old gentleman
Who sat there all alone— [man,
“Why sittest thou there, thou grave old
When the bells have such a tone?”

XXVII.

“Why, marrie,” quoth he, “I sit because
I'm *attached* to my 'Easy Chair,'
Where cattle and cabbage I've ever at hand
That there's many a knight should share!”

XXVIII.

“Now, woe be to thee, thou vile old man,
For this thy reckless tone;
But why do the High Church bells ring so,
And the ladies make such a moan?”

XXIX.

“The King's fayre daughter is dead,” said
he—
“Her name, Ladye Ouncèbelle:
She died for love of a false, false Knight,
His name it was Lord Lovelle.”

XXX.

Lord Lovel he groaned, and he smote his
brow,
And with death-pale cheek sped he,
Till he knelt by the Ladye's bier, 'mong all
That sorrowful companie!

XXXI.

The lid of the coffin he opened up,
And the linens that wrapt her roun';
And ever he kissed her pale, pale lips,
While the tears came tumbling down.

XXXII.

“Oh, well may I kiss those pale, pale lips,
For they'll never kiss mine, or me;
But I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I'll never kiss one but thee!”

XXXIII.

“We've met—we've met, Ladye Ouncèbelle,
And our parting *shall* be done!”
Lord Lovel then drew his rapier bright,
And his true heart through did run!

XXXIV.

Ladye Ouncèbelle died on the yesterday,
Lord Lovel died on the morrow;
Ladye Ouncèbelle died of pure, true love,
Lord Lovel of true heart-sorrow.

XXXV.

Ladye Ouncèbelle she in the High Church
Lord Lovel he lies in the choir; [lies,
Ladye Ouncèbelle's tomb, from it sprang a
white rose,
From Lord Lovel's a branch of sweet-
brier.

XXXVI.

They grew, they grew to the top of the
church,
And when they no higher could grow,
There twined they into a true lover's knot,
And, joined together, grew so!

XXXVII.

And when long, long years were past and
gone,
And the little black dwarf was grey,
There ever a weeping waif he sat
When the old King came that way.

XXXVIII.

And ever he hummed in a rueful tone,
With his knee drawn near his chin—
“Woe, woe to the day when of London
dames
I said they'd be hard to win!”

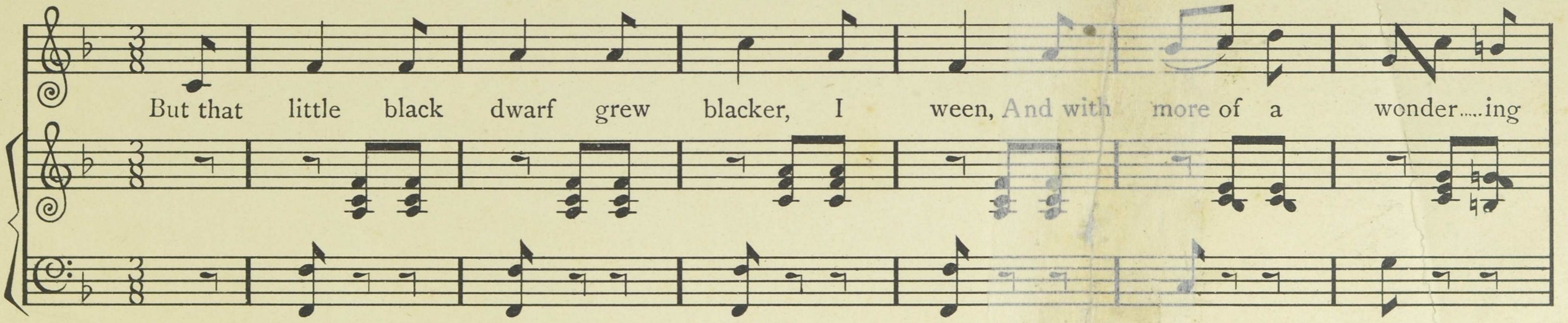
The Original Music arranged by B. Hobson Carroll.
Told anew by Francis Davis.

LADYE OUNCEBELLE AND YE LORD LOVELLE

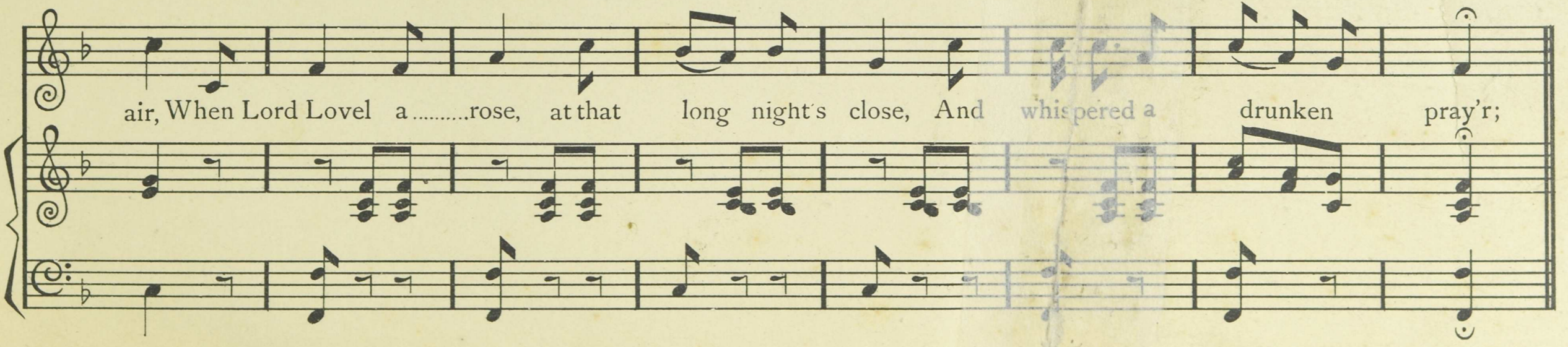
Andantino



But that little black dwarf grew blacker, I ween, And with more of a wonder....ing



air, When Lord Lovel a.....rose, at that long night's close, And whispered a drunken pray'r;



The Royal Illuminated Legends—One Shilling each.

Gorgeously Illuminated, after the Mediæval manner, in Colors and Gold, by MARCUS WARD, Illuminator to the Queen.

Each Story, or Legend, is Illustrated with a set of brilliant Pictures, designed in the quaint spirit of Mediæval times, and printed in Colors and Gold, by MARCUS WARD, Illuminator to the Queen.

The charm of novelty is still further heightened by the Stories being related in Antient Ballad form, with appropriate Music, arranged in an easy style, for Voice and Pianoforte, suited to little folks or great folks, and minstrels of all degrees.

*Ye Interestynge Storie of
Cinderella and ye Lyttel Glasse
Slyppere.*

Told anew, in verse, by FRANCIS DAVIS; with the antient Music, arranged by B. H. CARROLL.

*The Fayre One with the
Golden Locks.*

Told anew, in verse, by FRANCIS DAVIS; with the antient Music, arranged by B. H. CARROLL.

*Ye Pathetic Ballad of
Ladye Ouncebelle and Lord
Lovelle.*

Told anew, in verse, by FRANCIS DAVIS; with the antient Music, arranged by B. H. CARROLL.

*The Sleeping Beauty;
Or, the Enchanted Palace.*

Told, in verse, by ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate (Published by permission of Messrs. Strahan & Co.); Music composed by B. H. CARROLL.

[Others in preparation.]

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED BOOK OF LEGENDS.

1. Ye Interestynge Story of Cinderella and ye Lyttel Glasse Slypper.
2. The Fair One with the Golden Locks.

3. The Sleeping Beauty.—Words by the Poet Laureate, Alfred Tennyson (by permission of Messrs. Strahan & Co.)

Handsomely bound in One Volume, Illuminated Cover, Price 5/-

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM P. NIMMO.