Thomas The Rhymer

Steeleye Span

True Thomas sat on Huntley bank
And he beheld a lady gay
A lady that was brisk and bold
Come riding o'er the ferny braeHer skirt was of the grass green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine
At every lock of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nineTrue Thomas, he pulled off his cap
And bowed him low down to his knee
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven
Your like on earth I ne'er did see."No, no Thomas she said
That name does not belong to me
I am the queen of fair Elfland
And I have come to visit thee."You must go with me Thomas she said,
True Thomas you must go with me
And must serve me seven years
Through well or woe, as chance may be.'[Chorus]
Hark and carp, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer
Hark and carp, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer
Hark and carp, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer
Hark and carp, come along with me,
Thomas the RhymerShe turned about her milk white steed
And took Thomas up behind
And aye whenever her bridle rang
Her steed flew swifter than the windFor forty days and forty nights
They rode through red blood to the knee
And they saw neither sun nor moon
But heard the roaring of the seaAnd they rode on and further on
Further and swifter than the wind
Until they came to a desert wide
And living land was left behind'Don't you see yon narrow, narrow road
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the road to righteousness
Though after it but few enquire."Don't you see yon broad, broad road
That lies across the lily leaven?
That is the road to wickedness
Though some call it the road to heaven."Don't you see yon bonnie, bonnie road

That lies across the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland
Where you and I this night must go.'[Chorus]

Songwriters
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