Hobs an' Feathers

Elvenking

The hobs are climbing on the hill
To seek the gold of fairy light
Into the holts they run and waitThey dress in green, they love their gold
They talk to hornbeams in the cold
The old forest is their shelter[Bridge:]
Now I see them all
Into the light they're ready to go
Strength in hand they walk
Into the barrows, they sing that old song[Chorus:]
Hobs - Hobs an' feathers
Hobs - Hobs an' feathersThe infiltrate through barrow lands
With pegs and pickets they go on
To thieve the treasures of the ghosts:into the room there is a chest
Only dust where it rests
Inside no gold: a bunch of feathers[Bridge2:]
I have seen them go
Into the light, they've already gone
Feathers in hand they hold
Sad in the barrows, they cry that old song[Chorus:]
Hobs - Hobs an' feathers
Hobs - Hobs an' feathersThey dress in green, they love their gold
They talk to hornbeams in the cold
The old forest is their shelter[Bridge2:][Chorus (x2)]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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