

# Hobs An' Feathers

## Elvenking

The hobs are climbing on the hill  
To seek the gold of fairy light  
Into the holts they run and wait They 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' feathers The 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' feathers They dress in green, they love their gold  
They talk to hornbeams in the cold  
The old forest is their shelter[Bridge2:][Chorus (x2)]

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