

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Anna Thea

Anna Thea

a Am

Lazma Thea stole a stallion

Dm Am

Stole him from the misty mountains

Dm Am

And they chased him and they found him

G Bm Dm

And in iron chains they bound him

Word was sent to Anna Thea

That her brother was in prison

Bring me gold and six fine horses

I will buy my brother's freedom Judge,

o judge, please spare my brother

Do not hang him from the gallows

I don't want your gold and silver

All I want are your sweet favors

Anna Thea, o my sister,

are you mad with grief and sorrow

He will rob you of your flower

And he'll hang me on the gallows

Anna Thea did not heed him

Straightway to the judge went running

In his golden bed at midnight

There she heard the gallows groaning

Cursed be the judge so cruel

Thirteen years may he lie bleeding

Thirteen doctors cannot cure him

Thirteen shelves of drugs not heal him

Anna Thea, Anna Thea

Do not go into the forest

There beneath the green trees standing
You will find your brother hanging

recorded on Judy Collins/3
SOF