

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Tamlyn

Tamlyn

I forbid you maidens all
And a warning take by me
Don't go down to the Chasers Wood
If a maid you want to return, return
If a maid you want to return

Lady Margaret, Lady Margaret she's sitting in her bower
She's as red as any rose
And she's longed to go to the Chasers Wood
To pull them flowers that grow, that grow
To pull them flowers that grow

Now she's taken out her silver comb
Made haste to comb her hair
And she's gone down to the Chasers Wood
As fast as she could tear, could tear
As fast as she could tear

But she hadn't pulled the one red rose
The rose that grows there in the green
When a voice said "Lady, how you dare touch a rose
Without no leave of me, of me
Without no leave of me"

"This rose it is my very own
My father he gave it to me
And I'll bend and I'll pull and I'll break the branch
And I won't ask leave of thee, of thee
No, I won't ask leave of thee"

He's taken her by the middle so small
Down to where the grass it grows so green
And what he done, well I just couldn't say
But he never once asked her leave, her leave
He never once asked her leave

Four and twenty maidens all sitting in the hall
All playing at the chess
All except for young Margaret
She's as green as any grass, any grass
She's as green as any grass

Yes, there's four and twenty maidens all sitting in the hall
All as red as the rose
All except for young Margaret
Pale and wan she goes, she goes
Pale and wan she goes

Well, up then spoke one of them girls
And on her face was a smile
"I think my lady's loved a little long
And now she goes with child, with child
Yes now she goes with child"

Up then spoke another of them girls
And a pretty little girl was she
"I know a herb growing in the Chasers Wood
That will twine the babe from thee, from thee
That will twine the babe from thee"

Lady Margaret, she's taken out her silver comb
Made haste to comb her hair
And she's gone down to the Chasers Wood
As fast as she could tear, could tear
As fast as she could tear

But she hadn't pulled the one bitter herb
The herb that grows there in the long
When up then spoke young Tamlyn,
Saying "Margret leave it alone, oh sweetheart
Margret leave it alone"

"Why do you want that bitter, bitter herb
That herb that grows there in the grey
Except for to twine away the pretty little babe
That we got in our play, our play
That we got in our play"

"Well, tell me this, Tamlyn," she says
"If a mortal man you be"
"Well, I'll tell the truth without a word of a lie
I got Christened as good as thee, as thee
I got Christened as good as thee"

"But as I rode out on a bitter, bitter day
'Twas from the horse I fell
And the Queen of the Elvens did take me
In yonder green wood to dwell, to dwell
In yonder green wood to dwell"

"And it's every seventh seventh year

We pay our toll to Hell
And the last one here is the first to go
And I fear the toll it's meself, its meself
Yes, I fear the toll it's meself"

"For tonight it is the Hallowe'en
When the Elven coach shall ride
And if you would your true lover save
By the old mill bridge you must hide, you must hide
By the old mill bridge you must hide"

"First there'll come the black horse and then there'll come the brown
They'll both race by the white
You must throw your arms up about my neck
I must not hear a fright, a fright
I must not hear a fright"

"And they'll change me then and its all in your arms
To many's the beast wild
You must hold me tight, you must fear me not
I'm the father of your child, you know that
I'm the father of your child"

Well, the woods grew dark and the woods grew dim
Tamlyn, he was gone
And she's picked up her little white feet
And to the old mill bridge she has run, she has run
To the old mill bridge she has run

But she looked high and she looked low
She compassed all around
But she nothing saw, and she nothing heard
She heard no mortal sound, no sound
She heard no mortal sound

Until the darkest hour of that night
She heard the bridles ring
It chilled her heart, gave her a start
More than any mortal thing, any thing
More than any mortal thing

First there came the black horse and then there came the brown
They both raced by the white
She threw her arms up around his neck
And he did not hear a fright, a fright
He did not hear a fright

Then thunder roared across the sky
And the stars burnt as bright as day

And the Queen of the Elvens gave a thrilling cry
"Tamlyn he's away! He's away!
Tamlyn he's away!"

Well, they changed him then, it was all in her arms
To a lion roaring wild
But she held him tight, she feared him not
He was the father of her child, she knew that
He was the father of her child

Then they changed him again, it was all in her arms
To a big black dog to bite
But she held him tight, she feared him not
He did not hear a fright, a fright
He did not hear a fright

Then they changed him again, it was all in her arms
To a big black hissing snake
But she held him tight, she feared him not
He was one of God's own make, she knew that
He was one of God's own make

Then they changed him again, it was all in her arms
To a white-hot bar of iron
But she held him tight, she feared him not
He'd done to her no harm, no harm
He had done to her no harm

Then they changed him again, it was all in her arms
To a mother naked man
She threw a cloak around his shoulders
Saying Tamlyn, we've won, love, we've won
Saying Tamlyn, we've won

Now the Queen of the Elvens, how she cursed young Tamlyn
Oh how she cursed him good
"I should have tore out your eyes, Tamlyn," she said
"I should have put in two eyes of wood, of wood
I should have put in two eyes of wood"

"Yes, curses on you Tamlyn," she says
"You once was my very own
And when you were mine I should have tore out your heart
And put in a heart of stone, cold stone
Yes, put in a heart of stone"

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