

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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True Thomas (2)

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True Thomas lay on Huntley bank on the first morning of May.
A lady that was brisk and bold came riding over the brae.
Her skirt of the grass green silk, hung round with jewels so rare.
Her mantle of the velvet green, she had red gold in her hair

True Thomas he drew off his hat and bowed down to his knee.
All hail thou mighty Queen of Heaven, your like I never did see.
No, no True Thomas, she cried, that name does not belong to me.
I'm but the Queen of fair Elfland, come here to visit with thee

Harp and sing True Thomas she said, come harp and sing so fine.
But if you dare to kiss my lips your body will be mine.
Betide me well or betide me woe, that weird will not daunt me.
And he has kissed her rosy lips beneath the elder tree

Since you have kissed my two lips, it's with me you must ride.
And you must serve me seven years though well or woe betide.
She's reined in her dapple grey and she's taken him up behind.
And each part of this horse's mane hung fifty bells and nine

With silver he was shod before and with burning gold behind.
The horse that these two rode upon was swifter than the wind.
For forty days and forty nights they rode in red blood to the knee.
And they saw neither sun nor moon but heard the roaring sea

Then they came to a garden green where wondrous fruits did grow.
True Thomas pulled a green apple among the branches low.
Oh, no True Thomas, she cried, I dare not give you leave.
For that is the fruit that caused the fall of Adam and of Eve

But pluck the fruit that grows so red upon the branches high.
And you shall have a goodly gift the tongue that never can lie.
When you have had your fill lay your head upon my knee.
Before we climb yon high, high hill, I will show you ferlies three

Oh, don't you see yon narrow road beset with thorns and briars.
That is the road of righteousness though after it you'll inquire.
Don't you see yon broad, broad road across the lonely leven.
That is the read to hell, she said, beside it the road to heaven

And don't you see yon bonny road across the ferny brae.
That is the road to fair Elfland where you and I must go.

Harp now and sing True Thomas, come harp now and sing for me.

Child #37

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