

Seven Hundred Elves

Steeleye Span

Seven hundred elves from out the wood
Foul and grim they were
Down to the farmer's house they went
His meat and drink to share

There was a farmer in the west and there he chose his ground
He thought to spend the winter there and brought his hawk and hound

He brought with him both hound and cock alone he begged to stay
And all the dear that roamed the wood had cause to rue the day

He felled the oak, he felled the birch, the beech nor poplar spared

And much was grieved the sullen elves at what the stranger dared

He hewed him baulks and he hewed him beams with eager toil and haste

Then up and spake the woodland elves: "Who's come our wood to waste?"

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Up and spake the biggest elf and grimly rolled his eyes:

"We'll march upon the farmer's house and hold on him assize

He's knocking down both wood and bower, he shows us great disdain

We'll make him rue the day he was born and taste of shame and pain."

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All the elves from out the wood began to dance and spring
And marched towards the farmer's house their lengthy tails to swing

The farmer from his window looked and quickly crossed his breast

"Oh woe is me," the farmer cried, "The elves will be my guests."
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In every nook he made a cross and all about the room
And off flew many a frightened elf back to his forest gloom
Some flew to the east, some flew to the west, some flew to the

north away

And some flew down the deep ravine and there forever stay

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