

The Elf Knight

Steeleye Span

The elf-knight sits on yonder hill
Fine flowers in the valley
He blows his horn both loud and shrill
As the rose is blown
He blows it East, he blows it West
Fine flowers in the valley
He blows it where he liketh best
As the rose is blown
Lady Isabel sits a-sewing
Fine flowers in the valley
When she heard the elf-knight's horn a-blowing
As the rose is blown
'Would I had that horn a-blowing'
Fine flowers in the valley
'And yon elf-knight for to sleep in my bosom'
As the rose is blown
Scarcely had she these words spoken
Fine flowers in the valley
When in at the window the elf-knight's broken
As the rose is blown
'It's a very strange matter, fair maid' said he
Fine flowers in the valley
'I cannot blow my horn, but you call on me'
As the rose is blown
'But will you go to the greenwood side?'"
Fine flowers in the valley
'If you will not go, I'll cause you to ride'
As the rose is blown
He leapt on his horse and she on another
Fine flowers in the valley
And they rode on to the greenwood together
As the rose is blown
'Light down, light down, Isabel' said he
Fine flowers in the valley
'For we're come to the place where you are to die'
As the rose is blown
'It's seven kings daughters, here have I slain'
Fine flowers in the valley
'And you shall be the eighth of them'
As the rose is blown
'Sit down a-while, lay your head on my knee'
Fine flowers in the valley
'That we may rest before I die'
As the rose is blown
She stroked him so fast the nearer he did creep
Fine flowers in the valley
And with a small charm, she's lulled him to sleep
As the rose is blown
With his own sword-belt, so fast she's bound him
Fine flowers in the valley
With his own dagger so sore she's stabbed him
As the rose is blown
'If seven kings daughters here have you slain'
Fine flowers in the valley
'Then lie you here, a husband to them all'
As the rose is blown
Tisťeno z pisnický-akordý.cz