

Fairport Convention, Now Be Thankful

When the stone is grown too cold to kneel
In crystal waters I'll be bound
Cold as stone, weary to the sounds upon the wheel

Now be thankful for good things below
Now be thankful to your maker
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to know

When the fire is grown too fierce to breathe
In burning irons I'll be bound
Fierce as fire weary to the sounds upon the wheel

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Now be thankful to your maker
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to know

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