

Steelheart, All Your Love

True Thomas sat on Huntley bank,
And he beheld a lady gay;
A lady that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the ferny brae.
Her skirt was of the grass green silk,
Her mantle of the velvet fine;
At every lock of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.
True Thomas, he pulled off his cap,
And bowed him low down to his knee'
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven
Your like on earth I ne'er did see."
"No, no Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me,
I am the queen of fair Elfland,
And I have come to visit thee."
"You must go with me Thomas," she said,
True Thomas you must go with me;
And must serve me seven years,
Through well or woe, as chance may be."

Chorus:

Hark and come, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer;
Hark and come, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer;
Hark and come, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer;
Hark and come, come along with me,
Thomas the Rhymer.

She turned about her milk white steed,
And took Thomas up behind;
And aye whenever her bridle rang,
Her steed flew swifter than the wind.
For forty days and forty nights,
They rode through red blood to the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But heard the roaring of the sea.
And they rode on and further on,
Further and swifter than the wind;
Until they came to a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.
"Don't you see yon narrow, narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the road to righteousness,
Though after it but few enquire."
"Don't you see yon broad, broad road,
Lying lies across the lily leaven?
That is the road to wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven."
"Don't you see yon bonnie, bonnie road,
Lying across the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night must go."
Chorus: