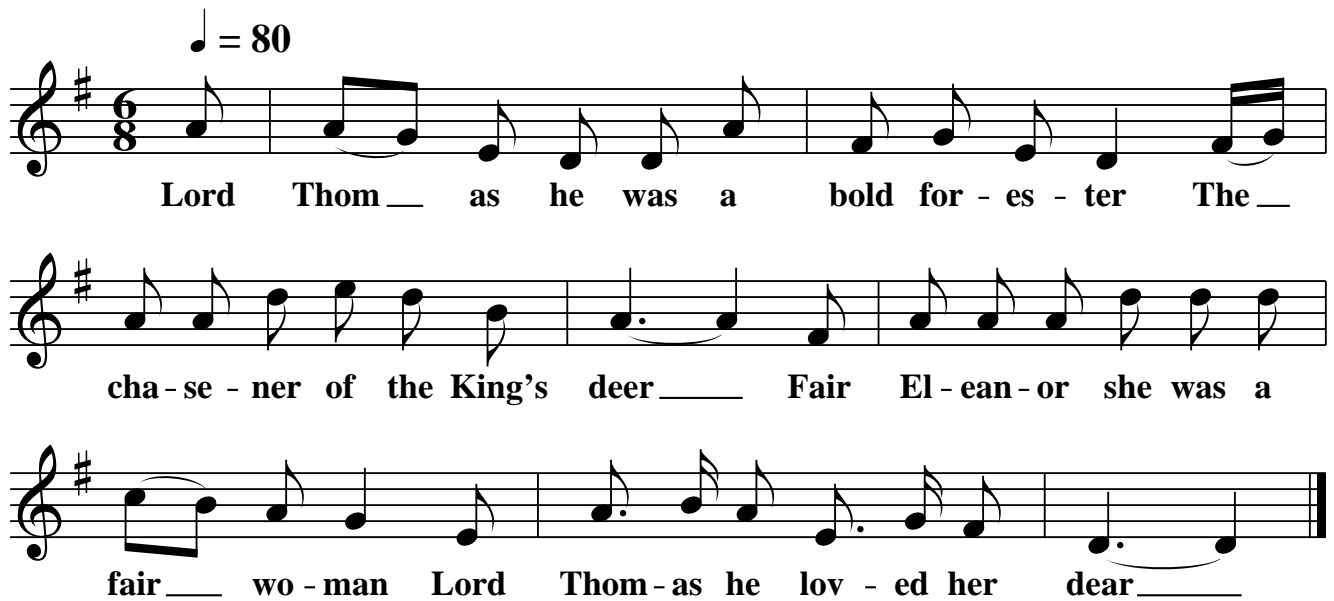


# Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor

$\text{♩} = 80$



Lord Thom\_\_ as he was a bold for - es - ter The\_\_  
cha - se - ner of the King's deer\_\_\_\_ Fair El - ean - or she was a  
fair\_\_ wo - man Lord Thom - as he lov - ed her dear\_\_\_\_\_

Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,  
The chasener of the King's deer.  
Fair Eleanor she was a fair woman;  
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

'Oh riddle, Oh riddle, dear mother,' he said,  
'Oh riddle it both as one,  
Whether I shall marry fair Ellen or not,  
And leave the brown girl alone?'

'The brown girl she've a-got houses and land,  
Fair Ellen she've a-got none,  
Therefore I charge thee to my blessing  
To bring the brown girl home.'

Lord Thomas he went to fair Eleanor's tower.  
He knocked so loud on the ring.  
There was none so ready as fair Eleanor's self  
To let Lord Thomas in.

'What news, what news, Lord Thomas?' she said,  
'What news have you brought to me?'  
'I've come to invite thee to my wedding  
Beneath the sycamore tree.'

'O God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'That any such thing should be done.  
I thought to have been the bride myself,  
And you to have been the groom.'

'Oh riddle, Oh riddle, dear mother,' she said,  
'Oh riddle it both as one,  
Whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,  
Or better I stay at home?'

'There's a hundred of thy friends, dear child,  
A hundred of thy foes,  
Therefore I beg thee with all my blessing  
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.'

But she dressed herself in her best attire,  
Her merry men all in green,  
And every town that she went through,  
They thought she was some queen.

Lord Thomas he took her by the hand,  
He led her through the hall,  
And he sat her down in the noblest chair  
Among the ladies all.

'Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?' she says.  
'I'm sure she looks wonderful brown,  
When you used to have the fairest young lady  
That ever the sun shone on.'

'Despise her not,' Lord Thomas he said,  
'Despise her not unto me.  
For more do I love your little finger  
Than all her whole body.'

This brown girl she had a little pen-knife  
Which was both long and sharp.  
And betwixt the long ribs and the short  
She pricked fair Eleanor's heart.

'Oh, what is the matter?' Lord Thomas he said.  
'Oh, can you not very well see?  
Can you not see my own heart's blood  
Come trickling down my knee?'

Lord Thomas's sword is hung by his side,  
As he walked up and down the hall,  
And he took off the brown girl's head from her shoulders,  
And he flung it against the wall.

He put the handle to the ground,  
The sword into his heart.  
No sooner did three lovers meet,  
No sooner did they part.

Lord Thomas was buried in the church,  
Fair Eleanor in the choir,  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of Lord Thomas a briar.

And it grew till it reached the church steeple top.  
Where it could grow no higher,  
And there it entwined like a true lover's knot  
For all true loves to admire.