

Cecile Corbel

"The King Of The Fairies"

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Down in the village of Earlston
Lully lullay
True Thomas plays upon his harp
He turns his face to the sky
Lully lullay
With a story, sad story to tell

Oh, oh, one more song
Oh, oh, for two years I've been riding
Three hundred miles from my home
My love is calling me
My son is calling me
I can hear them calling me home

Seven years have passed and gone
Lully lullay
True Thomas cries above his harp
The gates of faerie are closed
Lully lullay
Forever True Thomas will say

Oh, oh, one more song
Oh, oh, for two years I've been riding
Three hundred miles from my home
My love is calling me
My son is calling me
I can hear them calling me home

I left my family and friends
Since centuries
Became the king of the fairies
I slept on silver and gold
Roses opened for you
I was the king of the fairies

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Under Eildon oak tree
Dragons have golden wings
Rivers are made of milk
Honey and wine are flowing

You shall hold your tongue
You shall keep it to yourself
You shall hold your tongue
You shall keep it to yourself

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