

Ritchie Blackmore

"Sixteenth Century Greensleeves"

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It's only been an hour
Since he locked her in the tower
The time has come
He must be undone
By the morning

Many times before
The tyrant's opened up the door
Then someone cries
Still we close our eyes
Not again

Meet me when the sun is in the Western skies
The fighting must begin before another someone dies
Crossbows in the fire light
Green sleeves waving
Madmen raving
Through the shattered night

Flames are getting higher
Make it leap unto the spire
Draw bridge down
Cut it to the ground
We shall dance around the fire

No more night
We have seen the light
Let it shine on bright
Hang him higher

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