

Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender

Mo-ther oh mo-ther come rid-dle it down, come rid-dle two hearts as one. Say must I mar-ry fair
7
El-len-der, or bring the brown girl home? Oh the brown girl she has hous-es and lands; fair
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El-len-der she has none. So the best ad-vice I can give you my son, is to bring me the brown girl home.

Mother, oh mother come riddle it down, come riddle two hearts as one
Say, must I marry fair Ellender, or bring the brown girl home.
The brown girl she has houses and lands, fair Ellender she has none
Oh the best advice I can give you my son, is go bring me the brown girl home.

He rode till he come to fair Ellender's gate, he tingled the bell with his cane
No one so ready as fair Ellender herself, to arise and bid him come in.
Oh what's the news, Lord Thomas, she cried, what's the news you brung to me
I've come to ask you to my wedding, now what do you think of me?

Oh mother, oh mother, come riddle it down, come riddle two hearts as one
Oh must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding, or stay at home and mourn.
Oh the brown girl she's got business there, you know you have got none;
Oh the best advice I can give you my daughter, is to stay at home and mourn.

She dressed herself in a snow-white dress, her maids they dressed in green
And every town that they rode through, they took her to be some queen.
She rode till she come to Lord Thomas's gate, she pulled all in her rein;
No one so ready as Lord Thomas himself, to arise and bid her come in.

He took her by the lily-white hand, he led her through the hall
He seated her down in a rockin' chair, amongst those ladies all.
Is this your bride, Lord Thomas, she cried, she looks so wonderful brown
You once could-a married a maiden as fair as ever the sun shone on.

Dispraise her not, fair Ellender, he cried, dispraise her not to me
For I think more of your little finger, than of her whole body.
The brown girl had a little pen knife, it being both keen and sharp
Betwixt the long ribs and the short, pierced fair Ellender to the heart.

Oh what's the matter, Lord Thomas he cried, you look so pale and wan
You used to have as rosy a color as ever the sun shone on.
Oh are you blind, Lord Thomas, she cried, or is it you cannot see?
And can't you see my own heart's blood, come a trickling down to my knee.

Lord Thomas he drew his sword from his side, as he run through the hall
He cut off the head of his bonny brown bride, and kicked it against the wall.
Then placin' the handle against the wall, and the blade a-towards his heart
Said, did you ever see three true-lovers meet, that had so soon to part.