

16th Century Greensleeves

Blackmore's Night

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
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
Cross bows in the fire light
Green sleeves waving
Madmen raving
Through the shattered night
Yeah yeah yeah

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

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

Draw bridge down
Cut it to the ground
We shall dance all around the fire, around the fire

No more night
we've seen the light
let it shine on bright

Hang him higher, higher
Put the man on the fire

Draw bridge down
Cut it to the ground
We gotta dance around the fire, the fire, the fire