

## 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