

## Now Be Thankful

Fairport Convention

When the stone is grown too cold to kneel  
In crystal waters I'll be bound  
Cold as stone, weary to the sounds upon the wheel

Now be thankful for good things below  
Now be thankful to your maker  
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to know

When the fire is grown too fierce to breathe  
In burning irons I'll be bound  
Fierce as fire, weary to the sounds upon the wheel

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Now be thankful to your maker  
For the rose, the red rose blooms for all to know

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