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A Tragic Ballad of the Unfortunate Loves of Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor

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A Tragical Ballad of the unfortunate Loves of

Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor,

TOGETHER WITH

The downfall of the Brown Girl.



LORD Thomas he was a bold forester,
And a chacer of the king's deer,
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman,
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother he
said,
And riddle us both in one,
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor,
And let the Brown Girl alone.

The Brown Girl has got houses and lands,
Fair Eleanor has got none,
Therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
Bring me the Brown Girl home.

And as it befel on a high holiday,
As many more do beside,
Lord Thomas went to Fair Eleanor,
That should have been his bride.

He knocked at the ring,
Then who so ready as fair Eleanor
To let Lord Thomas in.

What news, what news, Lord Thomas, she
said,
What news hast thou brought up me?
I am come to bid thee to my weddg,
And that is bad news for thee.

O no, forbid, Lord Thomas, she sa,
That such a thing should be done
I thought to have been thy bride myself,
And thou to have been the brideoom.

Come riddle my riddle, dear moth, she
said,
And riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wed-
ding,
Or whether I shall let it alone.

There's many that are our friends, daughter,
And many that are our foes,
Therefore I charge you, on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

There's many that are our friends, mother,
And many that are our foes,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

She clothed herself in gallant attire,
And her merry-men all in green,
And as she rode thro' every place,
They took her to be some queen.

When she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
She knocked at the ring,
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas
To let fair Eleanor in?

Is this your bride? fair Eleanor said,
Methinks she looks wonderous brown,
Thou might'st have had as fair a woman,
As ever trod upon the ground.

Despise her not, Lord Thomas he said,
Despise her not unto me,
For better I love thy little finger
Than all her whole body.

This Brown Girl had a little penknife,
Which was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd fair Eleanor to the heart.

O save me, save me, Lord Thomas, he
said,

Methinks thou look'st wonderous wan,
Thou us'd to look as good a color,
As ever the sun shin'd on.

O art thou blind, Lord Thomas, she said,
Or can'st thou not very well see?
O do'st thou not see my own heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas had a sword by his side,
As he walk'd about the hall,
He cut his bride's head off from her shoul-
ders,

And he flung it against the wall,
He set his sword upon the ground,
And the point against his heart,
There never were two lovers sure
That sooner did depart.