

Anathea

traditional Hungarian (Judy Collins lyrics by Neil Roth and music by Lydia Wood)

Bm^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4)
G6 G6 F# F# *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*

Bm *Esus*^{4(1/2)} *Bm*^(1/4) *A6*^(1/4)

Lazlo Feher stole a stal lion

G *Bm* *B7*

Stole him from the misty mountains

Em *Bm*^(1/2) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(1/4) *Bm*

And they chased him and they caught him

Bm^(1/4) *A*^(1/4) *G*^(1/4) *F#m*^(1/4) *E* *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4) *Bm*^(3/4) *A6*^(1/4)

And in iron chains they bound him

Word was brought to Anathea
That her brother was in prison
"Bring me gold and six fine horses
I will buy my brothers freedom"

"Judge, oh, judge, please spare my brother
I will give you gold and silver"
"I don't want your gold and silver
All I want are your sweet favors"

"Anathea, oh, my sister
Are you mad with grief and sorrow?
He will rob you of your flower
And he'll hang me from the gallows"

Anathea did not heed him
Straight away to the judge went running
In his golden bed at midnight
There she heard the gallows groaning

"Cursed be that judge, so cruel
Thirteen years may he lie bleeding
Thirteen doctors cannot cure him
Thirteen shelves of drugs can't heal him"

"Anathea, Anathea
Don't go out into the forest
There among the green pines standing
You will find your brother hanging"