

The Witch of the Westmorland

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Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the Roman shield
And loud and cruel were the ravens cries as he feasted on the field
Green moss and heather bland, will never staunch the flood
There's none but the Witch of the Westmorland can save thy dear life's blood

Turn, turn your stallions head, till his red mane flies in the wind
And the rising of the moon goes by, and the bright star falls behind
And clear was the pale moon, when shadow past him by
And below the hill were the brightest stars when he heard the ellard cry

Saying, why do you ride this way and where fore-came you here?
I seek the Witch of the Westmorland, who dwells by the winding mere
And its weary by the Ullswater, and misty the Brakefen way
Till through the cleft of the Kirkstall pass, the winding water lay

And he said Lie down you brindled hound and rest ye my old grey hawk
And thee my steed may graze thy fell, for I must this mountain walk
But come when you hear my horn, and answer swift the call
For I fear when the sun will rise this morn, you'll serve me best of all

And its down to the waters brim, he's born the roman shield
And the golden rod he has cast in, to see what the lake my yielded
And wet rose she from the lake, and fast and flee went she
And half the form of a maiden fair, with a jet black mares body

Oh, loud, long and shrill he blew, till his steed was by his side
High overhead the grey hawk flew, and swiftly he did ride
Saying, course well me brindled hound, and fetch me the jet black mare
And stoop and strike with good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden fair

And she said prey sheath thy silvery sword, lie down thy roman shield
For I see by the briny blood that flows, you wounded in the field

She stood in a gown of velvet blue, bound round with a silver chain

And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice, and three times round again

And she's bound his wounds with a golden rod, for fast in her arms he lay

And he has risen whole in sorrow, with the sun high in the day

And she said ride with your brindled hound, and your good grey hawk in hand

For there's none can harm the knights whose lay, with the Witch of the Westmorland

No there's none can harm the knights whose lay, with the Witch of the Westmorland