

# The Witch of the Westmorland

Stan Rogers

Pale was the wounded knight, that bore the rowan shield  
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries that feasted on the field  
Saying "Beck water cold and clear will never clean your wound  
There's none but the witch of the Westmoreland can make thee hale and sound"  
So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in the wind  
And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls behind  
And clear was the pale moon when his shadow passed him by  
Below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owl cry  
Saying "Why do you ride this way, and wherefore came you here?"  
"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland that dwells by the winding mere"  
And it's weary by the Ullswater and the misty brake fern way  
Til through the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water lay  
He said "Lie down, my brindled hound and rest ye, my good grey hawk  
And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and walk,  
But come when you hear my horn and answer swift the call  
For I fear ere the sun will rise this morn ye will serve me best of all"  
And it's down to the water's brim he's born the rowan shield  
And the goldenrod he has cast in to see what the lake might yield  
And wet she rose from the lake, and fast and fleet went she  
One half the form of a maiden fair with a jet black mare's body  
And loud, long and shrill he blew til his steed was by his side  
High overhead the grey hawk flew and swiftly did he ride  
Saying "Course well, my brindled hound, and fetch me the jet black mare  
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden fair"  
She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy rowan shield  
For I see by the briny blood that flows you've been wounded in the field"  
And she stood in a gown of the 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 the goldenrod, full fast in her arms he lay  
And he has risen hale and sound with the sun high in the day  
She said "Ride with your brindled hound at heel, and your good

grey hawk in hand

There's none can harm the knight who's lain with the Witch of t  
he Westmorland."