

Witch of the Westmorland

Words by Archie Fisher; Arrangement by Andrew Heinrich

Pale was the wounded knight,
Who 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 wounds
There's none but the Witch of the Westmorland
Can make thee hale and soond"

So turn, turn your stallion's head
Til his red mane flies in the wind
And the riders of the moon goes by
And the bright star falls behind
And clear was the paling moon
When his shadow passed him by
Below the hills were the brightest stars
When he heard the owlet cry

Saying "Why do you ride this way,
And wherefore came you here?"
"I seek the Witch of the Westmorland
Who dwells by the winding mere"
And it's weary by the Ullswater
And the misty brake fern way
Til throught the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass
The winding water lay

He said "Lie down, me 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
As sure as the sun will rise this morn
You'll serve me best of all"

And it's down to the water's brim
He's bourn the rowan shield
And the golden rod he has cast in
To see what the lake might yield.
And wet rose she 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
Overhead the grey hawk flew
And swiftly did he ride
Saying "Course well, me brindled hound,
And fetch me the jet black mare
Stoop and strike, me good grey hawk,
And bring me the maiden fair"

She said "Pray, sheath thy silvery sword.
Lay down thy rowan shield
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 golden rod,
Full fast in her arms he lay
And he has risen hale and sound
With the sun bright 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 the Westmorland'

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