

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 ha
le and soond"
So turn, turn your stallion's head 'til his red mane flies in t
he wind
And the rider of the moon goes by and the bright star falls beh
ind
And clear was the paley moon when his shadow passed him by
below the hills were the brightest stars when he heard the owle
t 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 throught the cleft in the Kirkstane Pass the winding water
lay
He said "Lie down, by brindled hound and rest ye, my good grey
hawk
And thee, my steed may graze thy fill for I must dismount and w
alk,
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 bes
t 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 yie
ld
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 bl
ack mare
Stoop and strike, my good grey hawk, and bring me the maiden fa
ir"
She said "Pray, sheathe thy silvery sword. Lay down thy roun
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 withh a
silver chain
And she's kissed his pale lips once and twice and three times r
ound 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
the Westmorland."