

## Wintersmith

Steeleye Span

Far along the back road, winding through the forest  
At the end of faith and hope and the dark black trees  
An icy wind is rising, just as sharp as any knives  
Cutting through the lives of those who toil  
Against the Freeze  
Where Death stands by the cradle  
Where blood runs through the moors  
Fire Burn! Fire blaze so bright!  
Keep us warm through the long Winter night!  
Flames keep away the fearsome sight  
Of the WinterSmith!!  
The WinterSmith!!  
Among the chilling screams and the heavy drum of hooves  
Her centre never moves as the Sheep-girl waits to fight  
She's fair as stars in Heaven and the flowers of the land  
Lighting in her left hand and Thunder in her right  
Where Death stands by the cradle  
Where blood runs through the moors  
Fire Burn! Fire blaze so bright!

Keep us warm through the long Winter night!  
Flames keep away the fearsome sight!  
Of the WinterSmith!!  
The WinterSmith!!  
Where the Tangled bones of shipwreck lie upon a distant shore  
(There is the WinterSmith!)  
Where a thousand drowning voices rise from the ocean floor  
(There is the WinterSmith!)  
Where, the Silver Moon cast shapes upon the frozen floor  
(There is the WinterSmith!)  
There is the WinterSmith!  
Fire Burn! Fire blaze so bright!  
Keep us warm through, the long Winter night!  
Flames keep away the fearsome sight!  
Of the WinterSmith!!  
Fire, Burn! Fire blaze so bright!  
Keep us warm through the long Winter night!  
Flames keep away the fearsome sight!  
Of the WinterSmith!!  
WinterSmith!!