

Pentangle

"Hunting Song"

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As I did travel all on a journey Over the wayside and
under a dark moon Hanging above a mountain I spied
a young man riding a fine horse Chasing a white hart
and all through the woodland There go the hunting and
cries And there followed after ten kings and queens
Laughing and joking, the white hart they'd seen
Bloodied running into the bushes I plume to his helmet,
a quiver and a bow There's nowhere to run now, there's
no place to go The hunter is fast and ready Still farther
I journeyed through the hills and the valleys Until upon
the verge of despair I sat and rested And there did
pass a princely knight poursuite by a lady And this she
did say: "Oh may I ask you kind sir where you are
going? And pray tell unto me sir why you do hurry
Strange that I should meet you here, come sit by me. "I
have here a magic horn to deliver And one drop from
this silver and gold horn I hold, sir Shall prove all to be
false, lovers beware!" "The gift that you bear for your
brother the king I gladly would carry to the banquet this
even' What fair sport this would be for the maidens at
court." Wearily I crossed the stream to the castle
Where I found shelter from the cold wintry wind And
food did I have and plenty But the Lord and Lady
seemed so sad For these words they did say unto each
other: "My good lord, all off to war in thy armor Leaving
me here alone to weep and to worry Take care lest
misadventure Shall overcome thy kindly heart My good
lord, all off to war in thy armor." "My lady, you have no
need for to worry I'll return victorious and true unto
thee Take care, lest misadventure Shall stain your
heart and lead to woe My fair

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