

Stan Rogers

"Witch Of The Westmoreland"

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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 soond"

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 paley 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 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 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
rown 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 the Westmorland."

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