

Robin Williamson, The Dancing Of The Lord Of W

By Robin Williamson

Robin Williamson: Chanter, bironne, chinese flute, jew's harp, bazooki, gong and vocal.

In the third part of the year
when men begin to gather fuel against the
coming cold
hear hoover ring hard on frosty ground
begins our song

for centuries we lived alone high on the moors
herding the deer for milk and cheese for leather
and horn
humans came seldom nigh
for we with our spells held them at bay
and they with gifts of wine and grain did
honour us

returning at evening from the great mountains
out red hoods ring with bells lightly we run
until before our own green hill
there we did stand

she is stolen
she is snatched away
through watery meads straying our lovely
daughter
she of the wild eyes
she of the wild hair
snatched up to the saddle of the lord of Weir
who has his castle high upon a crag
a league away

upon the horse of air at once we rode
to where Weir's castle lifts like a crippled claw
into the moon
and taking form of minstrels brightly clad
we paced upon white ponies to the gate
and rang thereon
"we come to sing unto my lord of Weir
a merry song."

into his sorry hall we stepped
where was our daughter bound near his chair
"come play a measure!"
"sir at once we will!"
and we began to sing and play
to lightly dance in rings and faster turn
no man within that hall could keep his seat
but needs must dance and leap
against his will

this was the way we danced them to the door
and sent them on their way into the world
where they will leap amain
till they think one kind thought
for all I know they may be dancing still

while we returned with our own
into our hall
and entering in
made fast
the grassy door.