

# Stan Rogers, The Witch Of The Westmoreland

Pale was the wounded knight  
That bore the rowan shield  
Loud and cruel were the raven's cries  
As he 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 sound

So turn, turn your stallion's head  
Till 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 pale moon  
When shadow passed him by  
Below the hill 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 Westmoreland  
Who dwells by the winding mere

And it's weary by the Ullswater  
And the misty brakefern way  
Till through the cleft of the Kirkstane pass  
The winding water lay

He said Lie down my brindled hound  
And rest ye my good gray 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 borne the rowan shield  
And the goldenrod he has cast in  
To see what the lake might yield

And wet rose she 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  
Till his steed was by his side  
High overhead the gray hawk flew  
And swiftly he did ride

Saying Course well me brindled hound  
And fetch me the jet-black mare  
Stoop and strike me good gray hawk  
And bring me the maiden fair

She said Pray sheath thy silvery sword  
Lay down thy rowan shield  
For I see by the briny blood that flows  
You've been wounded in the field

And she stood in a gown of a 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 gray hawk in hand  
There's none can harm the knight who's lain  
With the Witch of the Westmoreland