

# The Pentangle, Hunting Song

Pentangle  
&quot;Hunting Song&quot;

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: &quot;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.  
&quot;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!&quot;  
&quot;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.&quot;

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:  
&quot;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.&quot;  
&quot;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 lady you have no need for to worry.&quot;

While underneath the spreading oak a knight with white device  
Upon a shield of black, and deep in grief and sorrow sings  
His unrequited love &quot;Young noblewoman riding by, pray tell me have you seen  
Queen Azelda the fairest maid, in company she rides For I swear to have revenge.&quot;

A thousand days have come and passed, the Lord returns this night  
The victor from the bloody wars proven his fearsome might  
As ever he would claim  
But fate has played its wanton game, the circle come full turn  
The magic horn has done its work, cried &quot;Falseness is found out!&quot;  
The sorrowed quest is over.