

# The Dancing Of The Lord Of Weir

Robin Williamson

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.