

Childe the Hunter

Seth Lakeman

Come and listen, brave and tall,
The greatest tale I have to tell you,
It was a bleak and barren moor.
In ancient days he fell.
There rode a man of high renown
His name it came as hunter Childe.
Every day he chased heath and waste
On a moor so black and wild.

The wind blew in and that hunter
Fell upon a bed of snow.
The night drew in and that thunder
Stuck him in a steady hole.
He looked up high and he begged her
"Let me see my lover home".,
The moon called out to the hunter
"Come into the shadows".

He drew a knife from off his back,
Upon the ground his horse was lying.
He cut a measure, just full size
To rest there for the night.
With his finger dipped in blood
He scrabbled words along the stones,
"Upon my will, God fulfill,
Rest these heavy bones".

The wind blew in and that hunter
Fell upon a bed of snow.
The night drew in and that thunder
Stuck him in a steady hole.
He looked up high and he begged her
"Let me see my lover home".,
The moon called out to the hunter
"Come into the shadows".

Take a warning when you're in the wild,
Against the skyline, off the high road.
For the memory of hunter Childe
Should rest you on your way.
He was a man of high renown,
His name it came, then blew away.
Upon his will the moon to steal,
In the shadows he will lay.

The wind blew in and that hunter
Fell upon a bed of snow.
The night drew in and that thunder
Stuck him in a steady hole.
He looked up high and he begged her
"Let me see my lover home".,
The moon called out to the hunter
"Come into the shadows"