

The Bold Knight

Seth Lakeman

Down on the moor in a green old field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield,
His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well they can their master keep.
The bold knight above,
If he see that angel with her love
The bold knight above,
If he could see that angel with her love.
Down on the moor a fallow girl
as great with young for all the world.
She lifted up his bloody head,
and kissed his wounds that were so red.
Chr.
She picked him up upon her back,
and carried him no hands attached.
She buried him before their prime,
Then she was dead herself at even time,
Chr.