

King Henry

Steeleye Span

Let never a man a wooing wend
That lacketh things three
A store of gold, an open heart
and full of charity;
And this was seen of King Henry
Though he lay quite alone,
For he's taken him to a haunted hall
Seven miles from the town.

He's chased the deer now him before
And the doe down by the den
Till the fattest buck in all the flock
King Henry he has slain.
His huntsman followed him to the hall
To make them burly cheer,
When loud the wind was heard to sound
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness covered all the hall
Where they sat at their meat.
The grey dogs, yowling, left their food
And crept to Henry's feet.
And louder howled the rising wind
And burst the fastened door,
And in there came a grisly ghost
Stamping on the floor.

Her head hit the roof-tree of the house,
Her middle you could not span,
Each frightened huntsman fled the hall
And left the king alone,
Her teeth were like the tether stakes,
Her nose like club or mell,
And nothing less she seemed to be
Than a fiend that comes from hell.

Some meat, some meet you King Henry,
Some meat you give to me,
Go kill your horse you King Henry
And bring him here to me;
He's gone and slain his berry brown steed
Though it made his heart full sore,
for she's eaten up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but hide and hair.

More meat, more meet you King Henry,
More meat you give to me,
Go kill your grey-hounds King Henry
And bring them here to me;
He's gone and slain his good grey-hounds,
It made his heart full sore,
She's eaten up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but hide and hair.

More meat, more meet you King Henry,
More meat you give to me,
Go fell your goss-hawks King Henry

And bring them here to me;
And when he's slain his gay goss-hawks,
It made his heart full sore,
She's eaten them up both skin and bone,
Left nothing but feathers bare.

Some drink, some drink you King Henry,
Some drink you give to me,
Oh you sew up your horse's hide,
And bring in a drink to me;
And he's sewn up the bloody hide,
And a pipe of wine put in,
And she's drank it up all in one draught,
Left never a drop therein.

A bed, a bed now King Henry,
A bed you'll make for me,
Oh you must pull the heather green
And make it soft for me;
And pulled has he the heather green
And made for her a bed,
and taken has he his gay mantle
And o'er it has spread.

Take off your clothes now King Henry
And lie down by my side,
Now swear, now swear you King Henry,
To take me for your bride.
Oh God forbid, says King Henry,
That ever the like betide,
That ever a fiend that comes from hell
Should stretch down by my side.

When the night was gone and the day was come
And the sun shone through the hall,
The fairest lady that ever was seen
Lay between him and the wall.
I've met with many a gentle knight
That gave me such a fill,
But never before with a courteous knight
That gave me all my will.