

Hunting Song

The Pentangle

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: "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.
"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!"
"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."

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:
"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."
"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."

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 "Young noblewoman riding by, pray tell me have you seen
Queen Azelda the fairest maid, in company she rides For I swear to have reve
nge."

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 "Falseness is found out!"
The sorrowed quest is over.