

# Steeleye Span, King Henry

Let never a man a wooing wend  
That lacketh thinges three  
A store of gold, an oaken heart,  
And full of charity

And this was seen of King Henry  
And he likewise 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 the all the flock  
King Henry he has slain

His huntsmen 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 grisley 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 meat  
Yo 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 flesh and bone  
Left nothing but hide and hair

More meat, more meat  
Yo King Henry more meat you give to me  
Go kill your greyhounds King Henry,  
And bring them here to me

And when he's slain his good greyhound  
It made his heart full sore  
For she's eaten up, both flesh and bone  
Left nothing but hide and hair

More meat, more meat  
Yo King Henry more meat you give to me  
Go fell your gosshawks King Henry,  
And bring them here to me

And when he's slain his gay gosshawks  
It made his heart full sore  
For she's eaten them up, both skin and bone  
Left nothing but feathers there

Some drink, some drink  
Now 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 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 over it he 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 said Kind Henry  
That ever the like betide  
That ever a fiend that comes from Hell  
Would stretch down by my side

BREAK

When the night was gone and the day was come  
And the sun shone through the hall  
The fairest lady that e'er was seen  
Lay between him and the wall

I've met with many a gentle knight  
That gave gave me such a fill  
But never before with a courtious knight  
That gave me all my will

Child #32 known prior to 1790