

# Knight's Leap

Words: Charles Kingsley Music: Leslie Fish



Now, the foemen are burn-ing the gate, men of mine, And the wa-ter is spent and gone?



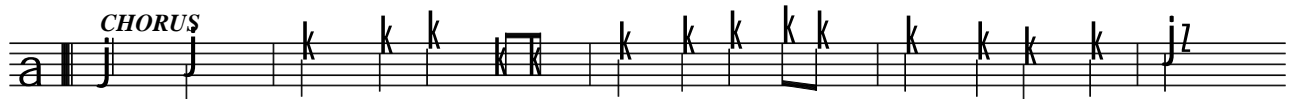
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine, I'll ne-ver drink but the one.



And bring my harn-ess, and sad-dle my horse, And lead him 'round by the door;



He must take such a leap to - night, per - force, As a horse ne-ver took be - fore.



I have fought my fight, I have lived my life, I have drunk my share of wine;



From Tri - este to Co-logne there was ne-ver a knight Led a mer-ri-er life than mine!

Well, I've lived in the saddle for twoscore years,  
And if I must die on a tree  
This old saddle-bow that bore me of yore  
Is the only timber for me.

So he harnessed himself in the pale moonlight  
And he mounted his horse at the door  
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine  
As a man never drank before.

Now, to show to Bishop, to Burgher, to Priest  
How the Altenahr hawk can die.  
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest  
He will take to his wings and fly!

Then he spurred his old war-horse, held him tight  
And leaped him over the wall  
Out over the cliff, out into the night  
Three hundred feet to fall!

*CHORUS*

*CHORUS*

He was found next morning in the glen below  
With not one bone left whole:  
Say a mass or a prayer, good travelers all  
For such a bold rider's soul!

*CHORUS*