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## Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight

Charlotte Krausz

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# Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight

A poem by Charlotte Krausz

Hear me mortal maidens wise  
    For many are found of thee.  
Even if love you despise,  
    you shall see.

You may desire, dames fair,  
    The love of a faery knight,  
And if you're wooed, do not dare  
    Ignore your insight.

Long ago in green Scotland  
    Where the faery folk doth dwell,  
In the great loch-filled highlands,  
    Lived young Isabel.

The gay gowans were blowing  
    On the first morning in May,  
As Lady Isabel was sewing  
    On the sunny day.

A horn trilled across the plains,  
A marvelous faery tune.  
It blowed like a graceful crane  
And the prim did swoon.

“O, if I had yon horn blowing  
And yon elfin knight to rest  
As I did my poor sewing,  
On my lonely breast.”

As soon as she said her thought,  
To her windowsill he leapt.  
For young Isabel he sought—  
on her floor, he stepped.

“Lady fair, I counsel thee.  
Let’s go to the Seelie Court.  
Come to the Greenwood with me.  
You need some comfort.”

She and the elf-knight went forth  
    Upon two horses snow-white.  
On the road to the high north,  
    Swiftly out of sight.

Beneath the lush Greenwood's leaves,  
    They hopped onto the ground.  
Then she saw up in the trees  
    Bodies hanging 'round.

Lady fair, here, thou shall die.  
    Seven mortal dames, I've slain.  
Here forever, thou shall lie.  
    You shall pass in pain.

"Have mercy!" Isabel cried,  
    "Let us take a moment's rest.  
Relax after the long ride,  
    Rest here on my breast."

He lay his head in her lap  
    As Isabel lulled a song.  
The elf-knight began to nap  
    Soundly before long.

She unclasped his leather belt  
    And tied him to their rest-tree.  
He woke to a hard pain felt.  
    In bondage, was he.

She drew his long thrusting dirk  
    And stabbed him with all her might.  
She stabbed again with a smirk  
    And laughed with eyes bright,

“If seven mortal lasses  
    Thou hast courted, and slain here,  
*Comfort* them in the grasses.  
    Be their husband dear.”