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Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight

Charlotte Krausz

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Lady Isobel and the Elf-Knight

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.”