Sir Isobel

Sir Isobel was a valiant knight She was fair as a lily She took up her sword and she went to fight Fair and pale as a lily When she came to Applefell All armoured in her coat of mail She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as a lily a lily

Out came the ripper from its den She was fair as a lily It'd killed a dozen village men Fair and pale as a lily When it saw the knight so brave It bared its teeth in spite and rage She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as a lily

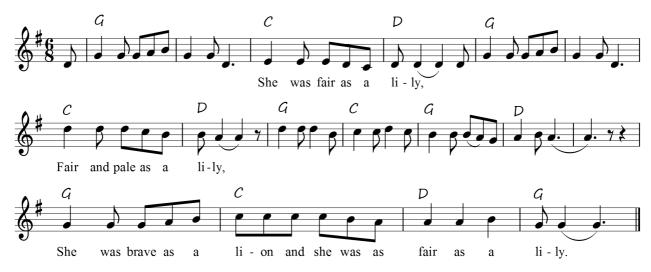
The ripper had a fearsome hide She was fair as a lily It could the sharpest steel abide Fair and pale as a lily Her blade rebounded from its skin It seemed a battle none could win She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as She was brave as a lion and she was as fair as a lily

They fought until the day was done She was fair as a lily Blood spilled red as the setting sun Fair and pale as a lily The ripper gaped its jaws and roared And down its throat she thrust her sword

The ripper fell to rise no more She was fair as a lily But Isobel's wounds were deep and sore Fair and pale as a lily We bore her to a shady dell And bade her there a sad farewell a lily

Though to the labyrinth she's gone She was fair as a lily Her name and glory shall live on Fair and pale as a lily Across the land I'll spread her fame That all shall know our hero's name





Trad, adapted by Jude Reid