

Such Hawks Such Hounds

Dead Meadow

As Dawn's first rays cross the green field
they shine in open eyes lying still
From the boughs of the oak tree
three ravens wait
over his cold bones lying as they are
The wind will moan forevermore
They'll perch on his backbone
beneath the morning sun
peck out his eyes one by one

His hounds they lie at his feet
so well they will their master keep
His hawks they circle the air
all through the day
No raven would dare come near
all through the day
She sits quiet and still by his side
Gently closes her lover's eyes
She buried him before his prime
was dead herself before even song time
God grant each man his rightful share
such hawks, such hounds, such ladies fair.