

Where Two Hawks Fly

The Corries

I walk alone where two hawks fly
Where once was heard the bairnie's cry
Where water runs in the rankle burn
On the broken bridge grows green among the fern

The lonely heron stands gray and still
The silent guardian o'er the hill
His watch is shared by the tombstone tall
Ancient music echoes in the crumblin' wall

The harp, the flute, the pipe and drum
Are signal for them all to come
To lay aside the spear and bow
On? the feasting board where wine and laughter flow

What castle then, what castle now?
The farmer stands, commands the view
The crescent moon hangs above the door
And the spirits softly tread the kitchen floor . . .