

## The Hawk and the Dove

Young Edward did a-hawking go, beneath the linden tree  
And his heart it was sae full of woe, for the love of a fair lady, for the love of a fair lady.

He tied his ring in a silken thread, and cast his hawk to flight  
"O give my love this pledge of troth, before the day grows bright, before the day grows bright."

Fair Elinor in her chamber wept, within her canopied bed  
For on the morrow another lord, her father would have her wed, her father would have her wed.

Then into the room with a rush of wings, and a cry both piercing and keen  
Came a goshawk bearing a golden ring, bound up in silk of green, bound up in silk of green.

"I give thee thanks, gentle hawk, to know, that my love is pledged to me  
O would that I could a bird become, and fly away with thee, and fly away with thee."

A glimm'ring light from the ring did shine, and the tapestries gleamed above  
And there where a maiden once had stood, 'twas now a morning dove, 'twas now a morning dove.

Young Edward did a-hunting go, and he let his arrow soar  
He shot a dove, but at his feet, there lay the Fair Elinor, there lay the Fair Elinor.

On her head a circlet of woven gems, and a veil of silvery sheen  
On her hand there was a golden ring, bound up in silk of green, bound up in silk of green.

"O what ill chance hath befallen here, with the rising of the sun?  
For I have slain what I most have loved, by mine own hand it was done, by mine own hand it was done."

Young Edward's heart it broke in twa, he-e died upon that eve.  
They buried were in a single grave, and many did come to grieve, and many did come to grieve.

Yet since that day, every early morn, a hawk in flight doth soar  
And by its side is a morning dove – 'tis Edward and his Elinor, 'tis Edward and Fair Elinor.

*Notes: this was inspired both by Barbara Allen and Ladyhawke. I modeled the tune and structure after the ballads I have heard*