

## 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 . . .