

The Falcon

Falcon, falcon, flying light,
o'er the sunny field so bright.
What immortal hand or mind,
Could shape the sky so gracefully?

What distant, endless skies of blue,
have yet been graced by flight so true?
What the wings that could aspire,
to challenge you, oh fearsome flier?

And what bullet, and what dart,
could graze thy flesh or pierce thy heart?
And when thy wings begin to beat,
the hunter's heart falls to his feet.

What the halberd? What the spear?
What the weapon do you fear?
What the talons? What deadly grasp,
did you assert over the prey you clasp?

When the mountains crumbled down,
and all the land around made brown,
do you think he smiled his work to see?
Did he who made the wren make thee?

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