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The Grey Hawk

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Once I had a hawk, and a pretty grey hawk
She came and she went at request;
I loved her so well and so very very well
In my bosom she builded her nest, my brave boys
In my bosom she builded her nest.

Then I got a bell and tied to her foot
Thinking that she was my own
But she's taken a flight and gone away quite
And there's nobody knows where she's gone, my brave boys
And there's nobody knows where she's gone.

Then it's up streets I walk and down streets I run
Like one that is troubled in mind
I whooped and I hoed and I shouted aloud
But my little bird I could not find, my brave boys
But my little bird I could not find.
It's up the green meadows I walk
And down the green meadows I run
And there I did spy my pretty grey hawk
She was close by the side of a man, my brave boys
She was close by the side of a man.

He that hath got her, so e'en let him keep her
And make the best of her he can
For whether I have her or whether I do not
I will hawk with her still now and then, my brave boys
I will hawk with her still now and then.

Happy is he that hath got a good wife
And blessed is he that's got none
Cursed is he that courteth another's
And hath a good wife of his own, my brave boys
And hath a good wife of his own.

From Seeds of Love, Sedley