The Jolly Goss-Hawk



I sat on a bank in trifle and play, With my jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey; She flew to my breast, And there built her nest, I am sure pretty bird you with me will stay.

She builded within, and she builded without, My jolly goss -hawk and her wings were grey: She fluttered her wings, And she jingled her rings, So merry was she, and so fond of play.

I got me a bell, to tie to her foot, My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey; She mounted in flight, And she flew out of sight, My bell and my rings she carried away.

I ran up the street, with nimblest feet, My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey; I whooped and hallo'd, But never she shewed, And I lost my pretty goss-hawk that day.

In a meadow so green, the hedges between, My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey; Upon a man's hand, She perch'd did stand, In sport, and trifle, and full array. Who's got her may keep her as best he can, My jolly goss-hawk, and her wings were grey; To every man she is frolic and free, I'll cast her off if she come my way.