

## Angelo Branduardi "The Lady And The Falconer"

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In the highlands' bloody history  
there was once a mighty laird  
a braw and fearsome man was he  
with a daughter most passing fair.  
Four sons his lady had borne him long  
four sons that had ne'er drew breath  
and as his daughter gave her first cry  
his beloved wife lay dead.  
He hunted o'er the moors by day  
with the falcon that was his pride  
entrusted to an orphan boy  
that e'er was by his side.  
And when his daughter came of age  
there were suitors by the score  
but one by one she bade them begone  
'till at last they came no more.  
But one young man she had loved so long  
and her love he did return  
and on that day they lay down beside  
the banks of the shady burn.  
The weeks went by and to everyone  
how happy she had become  
till one fine morn they woke up to find  
both her and the falconer gone.  
They had not ridden a dozen leagues  
then were caught so easily  
and black with rage the laird cried out  
he will hang from the gallows tree.  
As they placed the noose around his neck  
she cried out so piteously  
dear father father spare this man  
for his child is growing in me.  
Her lover looked upon his laird  
and he spoke with head held high  
I have loved you like your own true son  
that you have e'er been denied.  
Then from the eyes of that mighty laird  
the tears sprang down his cheeks  
he cried I have been grieving too long  
make ready a great wedding feast.  
In the highlands' bloody history  
there was once a mighty laird

a braw and handsome man was he  
with grandsons and 'daughters most fair

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