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The Royal Blackbird

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Upon a fine mornmg for soft recreation,
I heard a fair damsel making much moan,
Sighing and sobbing with sad lamentation
And saying : " My blackbird most royal has flown;
My thoughts they deceive me,
Reflection it grieves me,
And I'm overburdened with sad misery,
But if death should bind me,
As true love inclines me,
I'll seek out my blackbird wherever he be."

"The birds of the forest they all flock together
The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved in fair or foul weather
Once more in the springtime to seek out my love;
He is all my heart's treasure,
My joy without measure,
Oh, love me, my love, for my heart is with thee,
He is constant and kind
And courageous of mind,
And I'll seek out my blackbird wherever he be."

"But if by the fowler my blackbird is taken
Then weeping and wailing will be all my tune,
But if he's alive, and I'm not mistaken,
I surely will see him in May or in June;
For him through hell-fire,
Though the journey be dire,
I'll go, for I love him to such a degree,
Who is faithful and kind
And so noble of mind
That he carries a blessing wherever he be."

"And not the wide ocean can fright me with danger,
For though like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
I may meet with some friends from one that's a stranger
Before anyone that in England was born;
Oh, Heaven, so spacious
To England be gracious,
Though some there be odious to both him and me,
For bay of renown,

And laurel, shall crown,
My blackbird with honour wherever he be.