



*Red Hawk in the Sky*



TWO PLAINS FABLES

for the holiday season

2 0 1 1



*Fe'lark in the Grass*



ANTIPHONAL.

♩ = 100

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HAWK AND LARK 7.7.7.7.



## *Red Hawk in the Sky*

RED HAWK, RED HAWK, IN THE SKY,  
Tell what wonders signify,

*On a deep December night,  
On the ground a bed of white.*

White wolf stranded in the cold,  
Gray wolf standing, brave and bold,

*With their cub, conceived too soon,  
born beneath a winter's moon.*

Barred owl, barred owl, on the limb,  
What will now become of them,

*Shivering in drifts of snow,  
As the freezing north winds blow?*

Far away the eagle's call  
Echoes from the canyon wall:

*Bison, bison, bring your herds,  
Come all beasts, and come all birds;*

Come all sheep and come all deer,  
Buck and doe are needed here;

*Come all cattle, in the storm,  
Gather round to keep them warm.*

Flocks of southbound cranes take flight,  
Winging through the winter night:

*From quicksilver lakes they rise;  
Soon their glory fills the skies.*

Red hawk, red hawk, in the tree,  
Tell of this great sight you see,

*On a deep December night,  
On the ground a bed of white.*

Tell them that young Lobo lives;  
Light and life to all he gives.

*Spread the news across the plain:  
This will be his vast domain;  
In his kingdom HE WILL REIGN.*





## *Fe'lark in the Grass*

FE'LARK, FE'LARK, IN THE GRASS,  
Sing of what has come to pass:

*Tell how Lobo came to be  
Nailed upon the bodark tree;*

Coyote hanged on either side,  
On that afternoon they died.

*Where will Lobo's body go?  
Ask the gray dove, she will know.*

Gray dove, gray dove, on the wing,  
What is this sad tune you sing?

*Coyotes stole the rancher's sheep;  
Now the birds and beasts do weep.*

Lobo by his tribe disowned  
Knelt upon the plains alone,

*On the trail by drovers found,  
Bit by serpent on the ground.*

Scissortail upon the limb,  
What will now become of them,

*As the noonday turns to night,  
As the blackbirds take to flight?*

Red fox, red fox, were you there?  
On that morn did you forswear?

*Pronghorn, pronghorn, on the run,  
Spread the news to everyone.*

Fe'lark, fe'lark, in the grass,  
Sing of what has come to pass:

*Tell how Lobo came to be  
Nailed upon the bodark tree;*

In a cave his carcass lies;  
Worry not for his demise:

*From green pastures he will rise;  
He will fly to paradise—  
We will fly TO PARADISE.*





THROUGHOUT NORTH AMERICA you will encounter the red-tailed hawk, one of the messengers in this pair of songs. In Loula Grace Erdman's *The Wind Blows Free* (1952), as well as in the grasslands of the Plains, you'll find the fe'lark—field lark, or meadowlark—that is the other. A pelt on a fencepost inspired the character of the theiving coyote. Ernest Seton-Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* (1898) suggested the rest.

Whether nature compels you to believe in God or simply to acknowledge your own humility and responsibility to your planet and its people, take a walk out under the stars this winter season and offer up thanks and praise.

May you come back changed,  
with a sense of peace, wonder, and love.

And if you ever get around to Lubbock (as they said in that final episode of TV's "Route 66"),  
look us up, will ya?



BLESSINGS OF THE SEASON TO YOU AND YOURS

BARBARA BRANNON

This chapbook was composed in Adobe Caslon Pro in InDesign CS4 for the Macintosh computer. Music was scored in Finale PrintMusic.

"Red Hawk in the Sky" and "Fe'lark in the Grass"

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