

Said the Dane to the Dove

Said the Dane to the Dove
Will you be my love?
Said the Dove to the Dane
Let me make it plan,
Though I'm sure you are honest
In what you have said,
Though it's rocky and hard,
I prefer my own bed.
I've plenty to lose,
And little to gain.
We never can fuse
Said the Dove to the Dane.

Your mouth is more open
Your ripples more bright,
Your current's as strong
As a heron in flight,
Your water is wetter
I'm not good enough
You do deserve better
Said the Dane to the Dove.

Well, meander beside me
And speak once again,
The things that you're saying
My spirits sustain.
And love unrequited

Can cause so much pain
And your voice is quite pleasant
Said the Dove to the Dane.

By the bedrock that's under
The blue sky above
By stars, and the thunder
That round the hills roves,
You fill me with wonder
Said the Dane to the Dove.

Let's put on our walking boots
Laced up to the knee,
Get stout sticks to lean on
And you come with me
To the hills and the moors
And the Morridge to see
If the Dove and Dane joined in matrimony

Mary King.