

- 2. I know the place a soldier fell
  A man of honor, mark it well
  And no one knows that he lies there,
  But his hawk, his hound and his lady fair, oh
  His hawk, his hound and his lady fair
- 3. His hound has gone to hunt alone,
  His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl home,
  His lady's found another mate,
  So we may have our dinner date, oh
  So we may have our dinner date
- 4. You'll dine upon his meaty thighs, And I'll peck out his hazel eyes; With one lock of his golden hair We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare, oh Thatch our nest when it grows bare
- 5. Many a one for him will cry,
  But no one knows where he does lie;
  O'er his bones, once they're picked clean
  The lonesome wind shall wail and kean, oh
  The lonesome wind shall wail and kean.