

White Owl

Words and Tune: Maria Cunningham

His silent flight on wings of white
His screech the only sound
His haunting cry on the wind's soft sigh
Echoes round and round

*Night owl, white owl, he goes a hunting
Black night, in flight, to seek his prey
Night owl, white owl, he goes a hunting
Black night, in flight, never in the day*

In timbered barn to keep from harm
His hungry children wait
While through the dark the foxes bark
And the white owl's hunting late

Through rustling leaves the brown mouse creeps
The life that's soon to end
With piercing cries the victim dies
As the reaching claws descend

Bird of death, the omen's breath
The old wives' tale is told
His ghostly sight did men a-fright
On many nights of old

That changing times would change the rights
His death will be for sure
A ghost indeed, the price of speed
The owl will be no more