

Of Two Unicorns

Words and music by Rhonwen y Llysieuyddes
m.k.a. Julia Howarth (West)

On a clear, warm day in spring,
All in the month of May,
I wandered out into the woods
And far from home I did stray.
I saw two beasts, two lovely beasts,
Frolicking in the grass--
One black, one white, each horned gold,
With eyes like amber glass.

I stood behind a tree
And watched them as they danced.
Two unicorns--so fair, so free--
They held me quite entranced.
And when at length a maid appeared
Clad in a gown of white
She seemed a part of that same spell,
With hair so golden bright.

She sat among the flowers
And sang a haunting strain,
The big white male did cease his play
And shook his silvery mane.
He knelt before the maiden fair
And closed his amber eyes,
His head was laid upon her lap,
But she showed no surprise.

His mate stood still as stone--
The music was spell indeed:
A troop of mounted men came nigh
But still they gave no heed.
The men did circle in around
The unicorn and the maid,
And that was when I understood
That 'twas a trap they laid.

The maid then ceased her song
And leapt on the unicorn's back.
They galloped off amidst the men
And left the little black.
She shook her horn and screamed with grief
But, dazed, knew not what to do.
I ran to her to urge her on--
She must her mate pursue.

So I sprang on her back,
Then after the hunters she sped.
But though she galloped long and hard
Her quarry swifter fled.
With weariness I almost fell
But never her pace did slack--
She ran throughout the day and night
With me upon her back.

I woke on meadow grass--
The sun showed the morning was late.
There was no sign to let me know
The unicorn had found her mate.
I cherished long the memory
Of that magic day and night
But years did pass, and other things
Did put those thoughts to flight.

'Til one warm day in spring
My little girl went out to play--
A laughing child with long dark hair,
Clad in a gown of grey.
The hours did pass, she came not home,
I searched as the day drew on.
But dark came on, I found her not--
I feared my child was gone.

Through moonlight's silver gleam
I wended my sad, weary way,
Then heard the laughter through the trees--
A sound so carefree and gay.
'Twas there I found my little girl
With unicorns black and white
A-frolicking together there
As flowers scented the night.

Words and music copyright (c) 1979 by Julia Howarth (West)
On *Rhonwen Sings Ballads and SCA Songs* CD, copyright (c) 2003 by
by Smiling Viking