Reynard The Fox





Most gentlemen take great delight In hunting bold Reynard the Fox Twas by Gaffer Ghylls I did lie Where I lived upon fat geese and ducks Twas by Gaffer Ghylls I did lie Not thinking how soon I should die I was chased by a pack of fresh hounds That caused me from my country to fly

Twas by Gaffer Ghylls I did lie And I lived at a plentiful rate Young lambs I plucked on their bones And the farmers 'gan for me to hate Lord Jones for the king's hounds did send Tommy Bosun he swore I should die And I left three brothers behind me That loves young lambs far better than I

It's forty long miles I rambled And I done it in three hours space It made my old coat stand on end As the hounds followed on me apace For it's oftentimes I've been pursued By hounds that would run like a cow But in the whole course of my lifetime Never had such a breathing till now

By Simon Sturt's I did ramble Where the gamekeeper shot through my thigh Oh pardon dear huntsmen and hounds But from this fatal wound I must die My old coat it lay close to my back To hear how the hounds they did hollo My sweat dropped like dew in the morning For to hear how the huntsmen did follow It was in Stony Fields where they killed me Oh the blood-thirsty hounds how they follow They tore my old jacket to pieces Good Lord how the huntsmen did hollo! And now that bold Reynard is ended To the tavern they'll go down to dine They'll dip my fore-paw in a bumper And they'll drink their lord's health in good wine