


## Bold Reynard

♩ = 100



A good ma-ny gen-tle-men take great de-light In hunt-ing bold Rey-nard, the fox \_\_\_\_  
For the ve-ry best food he does eat in the night And lives up-on fat geese and ducks \_\_\_\_  
In ash-pit or copse I did lie \_\_\_\_ And I lived an ex-traord<sup>2</sup>-na-ry rate \_\_\_\_  
In pick-ing the bones of young lambs \_\_\_\_ Till the farm-ers they all me did hate \_\_\_\_

A good many gentlemen take great delight  
In hunting bold Reynard, the fox  
For the very best food he does eat in the night  
And lives upon fat geese and ducks.  
In ash-pit or copse I did lie  
And I lived an extraord' nary rate  
In picking the bones of young lambs  
Till the farmers they all me did hate.

All for my lord's horses and hounds they did send  
And the huntsman he swore I must die,  
They made all the hair on my coat stand on end  
And caused me from my young ones to fly.  
All down Stony Lane they did run me  
And I gave them a very good race,  
When I entered the wood I did rest  
Then the dogs they got forward a pace.

All through the wild woods they gave chase, and did gain  
And the gamekeeper saw me go by,  
They chased me out into the wild open plain  
'Twas then that he fired at my thigh.  
'Twas in Stony fields they did kill me  
Those bloodthirsty dogs did me follow,  
They tore my old coat all in pieces,  
And it caused the glad huntsmen to holler.

O, pardon, dear huntsman, for I've spoiled your game  
And the keeper has caused me to die  
But I've left little brothers of mine to remain  
That love little lambs better than I.  
O now that bold Reynard is dead  
We'll go to The Dolphin and dine  
And we'll dip his fore-foot in a bumper  
And drink our lord's health in good wine.