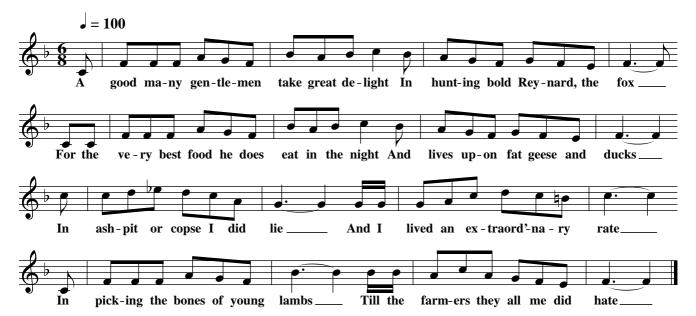
## **Bold Reynard**



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.