

Hare's Lament

On the first of December one fine winters day
To the hills of Dromena I chanced for to stray
I was feeding on the green grass that grows on yound ground
When my heart was set a beating by the cry of the hounds

*With me right tally ho Hark ye over High ho
Hark ye over cried the huntsman Hark ye over High ho*

They hunted me up, and they hunted me down
The bold huntsmen all scattered on my trail set the hounds
Over highlands and lowlands and morelands also
Over hedges and ditches like the wind I did go

There was rignwood and rouser they gave me a close brush
But they'll soon find me hiding t'was in a rush bush
For better or worse now I know I must die
But I'll do my endeavour, those hounds to deny

Then up stepped the huntsman to end all my strife
Saying let the hare down give her favour for life
Would it not be far better to kil Reynard the fox,
For he stole all your chickens fat hens and game cocks

For now I must die and I know not my crime
For the value of sixpence I near harmed mankind
No I never was brought up to rob or to steal
unless of the robbin of some top of green kale