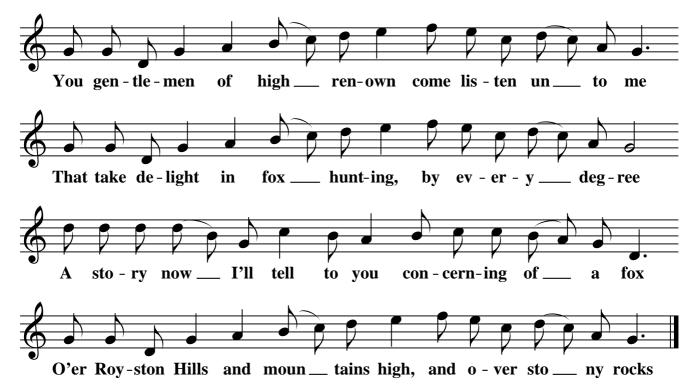
## The Fox Hunt



You gentlemen of high renown
Come listen unto me
That take delight in foxhunting
By every degree
A story now I'll tell to you
Concerning of a fox
O'er Royston Hills and mountains high
And over stony rocks.

Old Reynold being in his den
And hearing of these hounds
Which made him for to prick his ears
And tread upon the ground
"Methink me hear some jubal hounds
Pressing upon my life
Before that they to me shall come
I'll tread upon the ground."

We hunted full four hours or more
By parishes sixteen
We hunted full four hours or more
And come by Barkworth Green
"Oh if you'll only spare my life
I promise and fulfill
I'll touch no more your feathered fowl
Nor lambs in yonder fold."

Old Reynold beat and out of breath
And dreading of these hounds
Thinking that he might lose his life
Before these jubal hounds
"Oh here's adieu to duck and geese
Likewise young lamb also"
They've got old Reynold by the brush
And will not let him go.