

## The Fox Hunt



You gen - tle - men of high \_\_\_ ren-own come lis - ten un \_\_\_ to me



That take de - light in fox \_\_\_ hunt-ing, by ev - er - y \_\_\_ deg - ree



A sto - ry now \_\_\_ I'll tell to you con - cern-ing of \_\_\_ a fox



O'er Roy-ston Hills and moun \_\_\_ tains high, and o - ver sto \_\_\_ ny rocks

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.