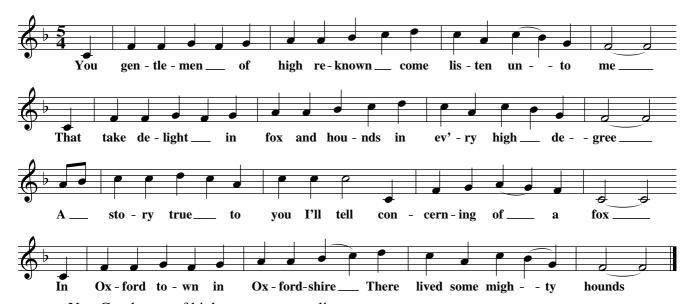
## Gentlemen of High Renown



You Gentlemen of high renown, come listen unto me That take delight in fox and hounds in ev'ry high degree. A story true to you I'll tell concerning of a fox, In Oxford Town in Oxfordshire there lived some mighty hounds.

Bold Reynard being all in his den and standing on the ground, Bold Reynard being all in his den and hearing of those hounds. I think I hear some joyful hounds thinking for me to kill, Before they catch me by my brush I'll climb those mighty hills.

Bold Reymard cock-ed up his head and up the hill he went, Bold Reynard cock-ed out his brush and he left a gallant scent. Your hounds are staunch I know them well, they drive me like the wind, I will step so lightly on the ground I'll leave no scent behind.

We drove Bold Raynard five hours or more without a check of speed, We drove Bold Reynard five hours or more till we came to Oxford Green. There we caught Bold Reynard all by his brush never to let him go, He has had so many of our feather-ed fowls down in the valley below.

Our Huntsman blows his joyful sound, Relope, my boys, fulfil He will have no more of our feather-ed fowls nor lambs on yonder hill. Oh pardon, Huntsman, then he cried. No pardon you shall have. Take off his head likewise his brush and give him three Hurrays.