

The Hare's Lament

Melody Jonny Dyer

Lyrics Traditional

On the first of Dec - em - ber one fine win - ter's day, to the hill's of Dro - min, I
 chanced for to stray, I was feeding on the green grass that grows on the
 ground, when my heart was set a - beating by the cry of the hounds, with me
 right, tal - ly ho, hark - ee ov - er hi ho, hark - ee o - ver cried the
 hunts - man hark - ee o - ver hi ho, with me ho

They hunted me up, and they hunted me down
 The bold sportsmen all scattered, on the trails said the hound
 Over highlands and lowlands and moorlands also,
 Over hedges and ditches, like the wind they did go.

There was ringwood, there was rowser, they gave me a close brush
 But they soon found me hiding, t'was in a rush bush
 Now for better or worse, I know I must die,
 But I do my endeavor, these hounds to deny

Then up steps the huntsman, to end all my strife
 Saying, "let the hare go, give her favour for life"
 Be it far better, to kill Reynard the Fox
 For he stole all your chickens, fat hens and game cocks

Now I must die, and I know not the crime
 For the value of sixpence, I ne'er harmed mankind
 I ne'er was brought up for to rob or to steal
 Except for the robbing of the tops of green kale