

You Gentlemen of High Reknown

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You gentlemen of high reknown, come listen unto me
That take delight in foxhunting iun every 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,
But before they catch me by my brush I'll climb those mighty hills."

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

We drove bold Reynard five hours or more without a check of speed,
We drove bold Reynard five hours or more 'til we came to Oxford Green.
There we caught bold Reynard by his brush, never to let him go
He has had so many of our feathered fowls down in the valley below.

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

From Harmonious Companions, Myers
Transcribed from singing of Bob and Ron Copper
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