

# Bold Reynard the Fox. [Hunting Song.]

No. 20.

Boldly. (Capo 1.)

Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)



1. Most gen- tle- men take great de- light. .... .  
 2. 'Twas by Gaf- fer Gill's I did lie, .....

3. For for- ty long miles I did run, .....

4. 'Twas by Si- mon Sturt's where I wan- dered, .....

Eb(D) Fm(Em) B(C) Fm(Em)



In. .... hunt- ing bold Rey- nard the fox, .....

And I lived at a plen- ti- ful rate; .....

I. .... ran them in three hours. ... space; .....

Where a game- keep- er shot through my thigh, .....

Eb(D) Fm(Em)



'Twas by Gaf- fer Gills that I lay, .....

Young lambs there I pick- ed their bones, .....

It made my old coat stand on end, .....

Oh par- don! dear hunts- man and hounds, .....

Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)



Where I fed up- on fat geese and ducks; .....

And the farm- ers 'gan me for to hate, .....

As the hounds fol- lowed on me a- pace, .....

For from this fa- tal wound I must die, .....

Eb(D) Fm(Em) Bbm(Am) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)



'Twas by Gaf- fer Gill's I did lie, .....

Lord Jones for the King's hounds did send, .....

Full man- y times I've been pur- sued, .....

My old coat it lay close to my back, .....

Bbm(Am) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B)



Not think- ing how soon I should die; .....

Tom- my Bow- son he said I should die; .....

By dogs that could run like a cow, .....

For to hear the brave hunts- man hol- lo; .....

Fm(Em) Eb(D) Fm(Em)

I was chas'd by a fresh pack of hounds, .....  
 I left two lit-tle bro-thers be-hind me.....  
 But in all the whole course of my life.....  
 My sweat dropped like the dew in the morn-ing,.....

Eb(D) Fm(Em) C(B) Fm(Em)

Which caus'd me from my coun-try to fly.....  
 That love young... .. lambs bet-ter than I.....  
 I ne'er had such a breath-ing as now.....  
 To hear how the hounds they did fol-low.....

5. 'Twas in Stoney Fields that they kill'd me  
 Where the blood thirsty hounds they did follow;  
 They tore my old jacket to pieces,-  
 Good Lord how the huntsman did hollo.  
 And now that poor Reynard is ended,  
 We'll down to the Dragon and dine;  
 We'll dip his fore-pad in a bumper,  
 And we'll drink my Lord's health in good wine.

