

Big Country, The Red Fox

Coming out into the day and all that I can see
Is the red and white of the King's army
I'll meet with them among the pine
I'll meet with them by noon
The dirge will sound on the morrow's noon

I was not born into this time
To cleave the soil or work the mine
I came to claim my enemy
And be the fox's destiny

I follow on in silence with a quiet heart in fear
I will be done before the dawn if I'm found here
I stand up as he passes and the time has come at last
The prey goes down at the metals crash

I was not born into this time
To cleave the soil or work the mine
I came to claim my enemy
And be the fox's destiny

Kidnapped in the dead of night
I did no wrong, I will not fight
It was not me, I will not run
But I believe in what was done

John, John, there's something wrong
The guns are found and the fox is gone
John, John, before too long
It will be me they hang it on

So send me off to the colony shore
Or send me where I'll laugh no more
I will tell none of what I know
Let the hunter walk where need must go

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The guns are found and the fox is gone
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I will tell none of what I know
Let the hunter walk where need must go
John, John, before too long
It will be me they hang this on