

Fairport Convention, Reynardine

Reynardine
(trad. arr Fairport Convention)

One evening as I rambled
among the leaves so green,
I overheard a young woman
converse with Reynardine.

Her hair was black, her eyes
were blue, her lips as red as wine,
And he smiled to gaze upon her,
did that sly, bold Reynardine.

She said, Kind sir, be civil,
my company forsake,
For in my own opinion
I fear you are some rake.

Oh no, he said, no rake am I,
brought up in Venus' train,
But I'm seeking for concealment
all along the lonesome plain.

Your beauty so enticed me,
I could not pass it by
So it's with my gun I'll guard you
all on the mountain side.

And if by chance you should look
for me, perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll be in my castle,
inquire for Reynardine.

Sun and dark she followed him,
his teeth did brightly shine,
And he led her up a-the mountains,
did that sly, bold Reynardine.