

# 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.