

Alasdair Roberts, Join Our Lusty Chorus

Sportsmen, arouse! The morning is clear.
The larks are singing all in the air.

Thy soaring and sweet refrain
Rings out to fill the air before us.
Bring me the fine ale, and the cider and the wine.
Link arms and join our lusty chorus.

Oh Gamekeeper Roberts, please spare me my life,
Though I bagged a brace of fine hair in your forest.
For I'm pledged to a girl who will soon be my wife.
Link arms and join our lusty chorus.

And I knew when I first saw her
I would marry her, oh.
For I sowed the seeds of love
Upon a May morning.

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I would marry her, oh.
For I sowed the seeds of love
Upon a May morning.

Go tell your sweet lover,
The hounds are out.

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The hounds are out.

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The hounds are out.

Go tell your sweet lover,
The hounds are out.

Oh Thomas and Bartleby, Gareth and John,
Ryan and Warren, and Hector and Horace,
Come follow, come follow, the musical horns.
Link arms and join our lusty chorus.