

Cherish, The Ballad Of The Foxhunter

'Lay me in a cushioned chair;
Carry me, ye four,
With cushions here and there,
To see the world once more.

'To stable and to kennel go;
Bring what there is to bring;
Lead my Lollard to and fro,
Or gently in a ring.

'Put the chain upon the grass:
Bring Rody and his hounds,
That I may contented pass
From these earthly bounds.'

His eyelids droop, his head falls low,
His old eyes cloud with dreams;
The sun upon all things that grow
Falls in sleepy streams.

Chorus:

'Huntsman, blow the horn,
Come make the hills reply.

Loosen on the morn

A gay wandering cry.

Rody, blow your horn.

Come make the hills reply'

'I cannot blow my horn,
But only weep and sigh.'

Lollard treads upon the lawn,

And to the armchair goes,

The old man's dreams are gone

He soothes the long brown nose.

Moves many a pleasant tongue

Upon his wasted hands,

Aged hounds and young

The huntsman near him stands

Chorus

Round his cushioned place

With new sorrow wrung:

Hounds gazing on his face,

Aged hounds and young

Fire in the old man's eyes,

His fingers move and sway,

The wandering music dies,

They hear him feebly say,

Chorus

The blind hound with a mournful cry

Slowly lifts his head;

They bear the body in;

The hounds wail for the dead.

The hounds wail for the dead;

Wail for the dead.