

Heather Dale, Black Fox

As we were out a-hunting, one morning in the spring.
Both hounds and horses, running well, made the hills and the valleys ring.
But to our great misfortune, no fox there could be found.
Our huntsmen cursed and swore but still no fox moved over the ground.

And up spoke our master huntsman, the master of the chase,
"If only the Devil himself come by, we'd run him such a race!"
And up there sprung like lightning a fox from out of his hole.
His fur was the colour of a starless night, and his eyes like burning coals.

And they chased him over the valley, and they chased him over the fields;
They chased him down to the river bank, but never would he yield.
And he's jumped into the water, and he's swum to the other side
And he's laughed so loud that the green woods shook, then he's turned to the huntsmen and he's c

"Ride on, my gallant huntsmen! When must I come again?
For you should never want for a fox to chase all over the glen.
And when your need is greatest, just call upon my name,
And I will come, and you shall have the best of sport and game!"

And the men looked up in wonder and the hounds run back to hide,
For the fox, it changed to the Devil himself where he stood on the other side.
And the men, the hounds, the horses went flying back to town,
And hard on their heels come a little black fox, laughing as he ran.

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For you should never want for a fox to chase all over the glen.
And when your need is greatest, just call upon my name,
And I will come, and you shall have the best of sport and game!
Ride on, my gallant huntsmen! When must I come again?
For you should never want for a fox to chase all over the glen."