

# Isobel Campbell, Reynardine

One evening as I rambled  
Among the springtime  
I overheard a young woman  
Converse with Reynardine

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

He said, &quot;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 eyes did brightly shine  
And he led her over the mountain  
Did that sly, bold Reynardine