

# Richard Thompson, Reynardine

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 old 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 mountains high"

"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 old Reynardine