

Sean O'Se, An Mairin Rua

An Mairin Rua

The little red fox is a raider sly in the misty moonlight creeping
With the mussel to his taste, he hurries off in haste
While the farmyard sound lays sleeping
A dog says he has a chance for me like 'why's the young cock crowing'
But a fine fat goose is most of use to a family young and growing

An mairin rua, rua, rua, rua rua
An mairin rua ta granna
An mairin rua ina lui sa luachair
Agus barra a dha chluais in airde

The little red fox is a family man by the old fireside reposing
Till the cry of the hound shows his lair is foud
And there's no time left for dozing
I'm off says he don't wait for me there's a long long road before me
But home I'll be in time for tea when I put this trial o'er me

The little red fox is a hero bold and he rakes his foes but meanly
With the tongue-twisting whine, they're left far behind
And he rests on the hill serenely
I like says he the breeze from the sea and the view up here is glorious
And sweet from below comes the merry tally-ho
And the hounds' melodious chorus

The little red fox is a gallant knight when the hour of stress has found him
He crouches at the feet of the beauty of the meet
While yelping foes surround him
Fair maid says he were it not for thee
Some sword I'd show them balely
But my brush I yield to the fairest of the field and I die at your feet quite gaily