

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Eskdale Hare

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Now the farmers cried alas and alack,  
the Hares are running in one big pack.  
the damage they cause was exceeding rare,  
for they're all led by a big white Hare.

cho: Beware beware beware the Eskdale Hare.

Now they got their guns and they went on a hunt.  
But they never got a shot at the one in front.  
They tried every trick but they haddn't a prayer,  
Bewitched was the Eskdale Hare.

They tried every trick with gun and snare,  
but they never caught that wily Hare.  
Twas then the men were filled with fear  
for they knew witchcraft was lurking near.

Now the wise old sage knew what must be done,  
with a silver bullet you must load your gun.  
Level it when the moon is clear,  
Its the only way to slay that Hare.

Now the gun was primed and levelled that night,  
And the bullet crashed out in the pale moonlight,  
Then the sight they saw filled the men with Dread,  
for where the Hare fell, a witch lay Dead.

GGu  
apr00