The Horn of the Hunter

1. For forty long years have we known him,  
   Cumberland yeoman of old,  
   And twice forty years shall have perished,  
   Ere the fame of his deeds shall grow cold.  
   No broadcloth of scarlet adorned him  
   No buckskin as white as the snow.  
   Of plain Skiddaw gray was his garment,  
   And he wore it for work, not for show.

Chorus:
   Now the horn of the hunter is silent,  
   On the banks of the Ellen no more,  
   No more will we hear its wild echo,  
   Clear sound o'er the dark Caldews roar.

2. When dark draws her mantle around us,  
   And cold by the fire bids us steal,  
   Our children will say, "Father tell us  
   Some tales of the famous John Peel."  
   And we'll tell them of Ranter and Royal,  
   Of Britain and Melody too,  
   how they rattled a fox round the Carrock  
   And drove him from scent into view.

3. How often from Brathwait to Skiddaw,  
   Through Isel, Bewaldeth, Whitefield,  
   We galloped like madmen together,  
   To follow the hounds of John Peel.  
   And though we may hunt with another,  
   Til the hand of old age bids us yeild,  
   We will think on that sportsman and brother,  
   And remember the hounds of John Peel.

   from the singing of Bok, Trickett and Muir. 1984.

SOF