

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Hunting the Wren

Hunting the Wren

We'll hunt the wren, says Robin to Bobin
We'll hunt the wren, says Richie the Robin
We'll hunt the wren, says Jack of the land
We'll hunt the wren says everyone

The wren, the wren is king of the birds
St. Stephen's Day he's caught in the furze
Although he is little, his family is great
We pray you, good people to give us a trate

Where, oh where?

In yonder green bush

How get him down?

With sticks and stones
How get him home?

The brewer's big cart

How'll we ate him?

With knives and forks

Who'll come to the dinner?

The king and the queen

Eyes to the blind, says Robin to Bobbin
Legs to the lame, says Richie the robin
(Pluck) to the poor, says Jack of the land
Bones to the dogs, says everyone

From Folksongs of Britain, Songs of Ceremony