

The Wolfhound

The Wolfhound
(Alan Foster)

Lord Redmond's to the hunting gone
He's ta'en his hawk and his hounds
And his finest wolfhound he's left at home
To guard his house and his lands.

And he has hunted many an hour
He's hunted the whole day long
With his wolfhound at home beside the door
Guarding his infant son.

And when the lord's returned home
To his son's room he strode
Found hound and baby lying there
Both covered o'er with blood.

Oh bloody hound, oh bloody hound
You have my young son slain
And he has drawn his long broadsword
And his wolfhound's life he's ta'en.

As he has shed a bitter tear
He heard the baby wail
He's lifted up his bonny wee son
And found him live and hail.

How came the blood upon your clothes
And the blood upon your sheet
And then he spied a wolf's body
Lying dead at his feet.

Oh faithful hound, oh trusty hound
I've done to you great wrong
For you have slain that cruel wolf
That would have slain my son.

Oh rue the day, oh rue the day
That e'er I did such wrong
For I have slain the best wolfhound
That e'er did guard my son.

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