

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Reynardine 2

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One evening as I rambled, two miles below Permoy,  
I spied a pretty fair maiden, all on the mountain high.  
I said, "My pretty fair maiden, your beauty shines most clear,  
And on this lonesome mountain, I'm glad to meet you here."

She said, "Young man, be civil; my company forsake,  
For to my good opinion, I fear you are a rake,  
And if my parents came to know, my life they would destroy,  
For keeping of your company, all on the mountain high."

Oh no, my dear, I am no rake, brought up in Venus' train,  
But I'm searching for concealment, all in the judge's men.  
Your beauty has ensnared me, I can not pass you by.  
And with my gun I'll guard you, all on the mountain high.

Her cherry cheeks and ruby lips, they lost their former dye  
And she fell into his arms then all on the mountains high  
They hadn't kissed but once or twice till she came to again  
And modestly she asked him "Oh, sir, what is your name?"

Well if by chance you look for me, by chance you'll not me find  
'Tis writ in ancient history, my name is Reynardine."  
Sun and dark she followed him, his teeth so bright did shine  
And he led her over the mountains, that sly bold Reynardine

So come all you pretty fair maidens, this warning take by me.  
Never go a roving, and shun bad company,  
For if you do, you'll surely rue until the day you die.  
And beware of meeting Reynardine, all on the mountain high.

This version by John Roberts and Tony Barrand is recorded on  
Dark Ships In the Forest, FSI-65.

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