

Black Fox

Heather Dale

As we were out a-hunting, one morning in the spring.
Both hounds and horses, running well, made the hills
and the valleys ring.
But to our great misfortune, no fox there could be
found.
Our huntsmen cursed and swore but still no fox moved
over the ground.

And up spoke our master huntsman, the master of the
chase,
"If only the Devil himself come by, we'd run him such a
race!"
And up there sprung like lightning a fox from out of
his hole.
His fur was the colour of a starless night, and his
eyes like burning coals.

And they chased him over the valley, and they chased
him over the fields;
They chased him down to the river bank, but never would
he yield.
And he's jumped into the water, and he's swum to the
other side
And he's laughed so loud that the green woods shook,
then he's turned to the huntsmen and he's cried:

"Ride on, my gallant huntsmen! When must I come again?
For you should never want for a fox to chase all over
the glen.
And when your need is greatest, just call upon my name,
And I will come, and you shall have the best of sport
and game!"

And the men looked up in wonder and the hounds run back
to hide,
For the fox, it changed to the Devil himself where he
stood on the other side.
And the men, the hounds, the horses went flying back to
town,
And hard on their heels come a little black fox,
laughing as he ran.

"Ride on, my gallant huntsmen! When must I come again?
For you should never want for a fox to chase all over
the glen.
And when your need is greatest, just call upon my name,
And I will come, and you shall have the best of sport
and game!
Ride on, my gallant huntsmen! When must I come again?
For you should never want for a fox to chase all over
the glen."