

The Ballad of the Fox Hunter

Loreena Mckennitt

"Lay me in a cushioned chair
Carry me, ye four
With cushions here and there
To see the world once more

To stable and to kennel go
Bring what there is to bring
Lead my Lollard to and fro
Or gently in a ring

Put the chair upon the grass
Bring Rody and his hounds
That I may contented pass
From these earthly bounds."

His eyelids drop, his head falls low
His old eyes cloud with dreams
The sun falls on all things that grow
Falls in sleepy streams

Brown Lollard treads upon the lawn
And to the armchair goes
There the old man's dreams are gone
He smooths the long, brown nose

And now moves many a pleasant tongue
Upon his wasted hands
Leading aged hounds and young
The huntsman near him stands

The servants round his cushioned place
Are with new sorrow wrung
The hounds are gazing on his face
The aged hounds and young

The fire is in the old man's eyes
His fingers move and sway
When the wandering music dies
They hear him feebly say:

"Oh huntsman Rody, blow the horn
Make the hills reply
I cannot blow upon my horn
I can but weep and sigh."

One blind hound lies apart
On the sun-smitten grass
He holds commune with his heart
The moments pass and pass

The blind hound with a mournful wail
He lifts his wintry head
The servants bear the body in
The hounds wail for the dead

Huntsman Rody, blow the horn
Make the hills reply

Huntsman Rody, blow the horn
Make the hills reply
The huntsman loosens on the morn
A gay and mournful cry