

## The Hills of Greenmore

Steeleye Span

One fine winter's morn my horn I did blow  
To the green fields of Keady for hours we did go  
We gathered our dogs and we circled around  
For none loves the sport better than the boys in the dell.

And when we arrived they were all standing there  
We set off for the fields, boys, in search of a hare  
We didn't get far till someone gave the cheer  
Over high hills and valleys the sweet puss did steer

As we flew o'er the hills, 'twas a beautiful sight  
There was dogs black and yellow, there was dogs black  
and white  
As she took the black bank for to try them once more  
Oh it was her last look o'er the hills of Greenmore.

In a field of wheat stubble this pussy did lie  
And Rory and Charmer they did pass her by  
And there where we stood at the top of the brae  
We heard the last words that this sweet puss did say:

"No more o'er the green fields of Keady I'll roam  
Nor trip through the fields, boys, in sport and in fun  
Or hear the long horn that your toner does play  
I'll go home to my den by the clear light of day."

You may blame ol' MacMahon for killing the hare  
For he's at his ol' capers this many's a year  
On Saturday and Sunday he never gives o'er  
With a pack of strange dogs round the hills of  
Greenmore.