

# 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