

The English Collection



Reynardine (traditional)

song air

Reynardine

One evening as I rambled among the leaves so green,
I overheard a young woman converse with Reynardine.
Her hair was black, her eyes were blue, her lips as red as wine,
And he smiled to gaze upon her, did that sly, bold Reynardine.
She said, "Kind sir, be civil, my company forsake,
For in my own opinion I fear you are some rake."

"Oh no," he said, "no rake am I, brought up in Venus' train,
But I'm seeking for concealment all along the lonesome plain."
"Your beauty so enticed me, I could not pass it by
So it's with my gun I'll guard you all on the mountain side."
"And if by chance you should look for me, perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll be in my castle, inquire for Reynardine."

Sun and dark she followed him, his teeth did brightly shine,
And he led her up a-the mountains, did that sly, bold Reynardine

Reynardine