

THA WOOLD GROVELY VOX

Ther's a crafty woold vox, up in Grovely hood,
An as gray, as a vox well can be,
An he's roamin about, vrim marnen till night,
An I'm dang if nooan o'm can ketch he.

CHORUS

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

He knaas every thicket, he knaas every nook
He da knaa every hole in tha ground;
The cunnen woold baiger, knaas jist wur to hide
When the huntsmin his harn da jist zound.

CHORUS

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Hache varmstead he da knaa, bouth zides a tha hood
An nightly down ther he da prowl,
An many a varmer, vust thing in tha marn,
Da miss a vat duck or a vowl.

CHORUS

An away wie his booty, right merry he bounds
An keers not var varmers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

Two vine lots a hounds, var ten years an mwore
Av bin on tha woold baigers track,

To a nice leetle dance he've a led em oftimes,
An defied tha whole vield, an ther pack.

CHORUS

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Bwold Vreemin, an Stovin, oft puzzled ther brains,
Var ta bring thease geam rascal ta bay,
An tho' many times thay av press'd un zore,
A did manidge, ta bid em good-day.

CHORUS

Var lightly a trips it, and merrily bounds
An keers not var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.

Ther's blunt keeper Hine, an his butty Bill Noyce,
An droo hood every day thay da jog
Da oft com across'n, bit tha woold baiger knaas
Thay wunt touch un wie gun nar wie dog.

CHORUS

An vrom em he trips it, and merry he bounds
An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

An tho he da rob em of many a bird,
Vat phesant is a nice dainty snack,
He da knaa be tha laa, he's zaced ta ael,
Zeave tha measter, tha huntsman, an's pack.

CHORUS

An vrom em he trips it, and merry he bounds

An dwoant keer var keepers, nar huntsmin, nar hounds.

Lard Radner, declares, he'll av un zom day,

We a vair, an a square, spourtsmin's kill,

An tho he'ev kotch one, heet thease crafty woold vox,

Up in Grovely's a wanderin still.

CHORUS

Then hurrah var thease vox, who merrily bounds,

An dwoant keer var huntsmin, neet narn a ther hounds.