

## Hills of Greenmor

Anne Briggs

One fine winter's morning me horn I did blow  
To the green hills of Kielder for hours did go  
We gathered our dogs and we circled around  
For who loves the sport more than the boys of the town.

And when we arrived they were all standing there  
We set off for the fields in search of a hare  
We didn't get far till someone gave a 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 yeller, there was dogs black and white  
She took the black bank to try them once more  
Oh it was her last lank for the hills of Greenmore.

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

"Oh, no more o'er the green hills of Kielder I'll roam  
No skip through the fields in sport and in fun  
Nor hear the loud horn your toner does play  
I'll go back to me den by the clear light of day."

You may blame MacMahon for killing the hare  
He's been at his ol' capers this many's a year  
Well, Saturdays and Sundays he'll never give o'er  
With a pack of strange dogs round the hills of Greenmore.