

# Reynardine

Anne Briggs

One evening as I rambled amongst the springing thyme,  
I overheard a young woman conversing with Reynardine.

And her hair was black and her eyes were blue, her mouth as red  
as wine,  
And he smiled as he looked upon her, did this sly bold Reynardi  
ne.

And she says, "Young man, be civil, my company forsake,  
For to my good opinion I fear you are a rake."

And he said, "My dear, well I am no rake brought up in Venus' t  
rain.  
But I'm searching for concealment all from the judge's men."

And her cherry cheeks and her ruby lips they lost their former  
dye,  
And she's fell into his arms there all on the mountain high.

And they hadn't kissed but once or twice till she came to again  
,  
And it's modestly she asked him, "Pray tell to me your name."

"Well, if by chance you ask for me, perhaps you'll not me find,  
I'll be in my green castle, enquire for Reynardine."

And it's day and night she followed him his, teeth so bright di  
d shine.  
And he led her over the mountain, did the sly bold Reynardine.