

The Fox and the Hare
(They've all got a mate but me)

Kind Christians all on you I call if to pi-ty you feel in - clined. Your care to be-stow on a
fell-ow full of woe for he's al - most out of his mind. For wives I've wed who are
all gone dead, my love it was la-bour in vain. I have ma-rried and I've bur-ied 'till I'm
al - - most worr - - ied and sick with wives on the
Chorus:
brain. It's the fox and the hare, the bad - ger and the bear and the
birds in the green - wood tree, and the pre - tty li - ttle ra - bbits all en -
gaging in their ha - bits, they've all got a mate but me.

Kind Christians all on you I call if to pity you feel inclined.
Your care to bestow on a fellow full of woe for he's almost out of his mind.
For wives I've wed who are all gone dead,
My love it was labour in vain.
I have married and I've buried 'till I'm almost worried
And sick with wives on the brain.

Chorus:
It's the fox and the hare, the badger and the bear
And the birds in the greenwood tree,
And the pretty little rabbits all engaging in their habits,
They've all got a mate but me.

The first on the stage was little Sally Sage,
She once was a lady's maid
But she ran away on a very dark day,
With a fellow in the fried fish trade
The next was a cook, for a beauty she was took
And I'll tell you the reason why
For a leg it was a stump, on her back she had a hump
And she'd got an awful squint in her eye.

Another one to charm was a girl from a farm,
Well versed in harrows and ploughs
She guarded the rigs of a lot of little pigs
And squeezed fresh milk from the cows
She was sixteen stone, all muscle and bone
And she looked with an awful leer
And she would have been mine but fell in a decline
Through swallowing a mouse in her beer.

It was much the same when another one came,
With a purse was as long as your arm
All full of yellow gold, such a sight to behold
With the heart of a miser warm
Her only sin was a love for gin
And it brought all our hopes to a wreck.
For she slipped with her heel on a little orange peel
And tumbled down and broke her blessed neck.

I could add to the score fully half a dozen more
For the list goes a long way round
One went o'er the sea for a better chap than me
And others were hanged or drowned.
But the last I had through drink went mad
In vain I tried to stop her
And sad was my dismay I discovered that one day
She was slowly boiled to death in the copper.

Source: Communicated by Fred Archer of Ashton-under-Hill to Gwilym Davies via Elvyn Blomfield in 1978.