The Furze Field

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Oh I have a furze field my own dearest jewel
Where all my fine pheasants do fly,
And if you'll come a-shooting when shooting's in season
Then I will show you love how to proceed:
You bring your dog with you, your gun in your hand,
All loaded and primed, all at your command.
When the pheasants take flight, you must take sight,
You shoot the next moment, you're sure to be right.

Oh I have a fishpond my own dearest jewel,
Where all my fine fishes do play,
And if you'll come a-fishing when fishing's in season
Then I will show you love how to proceed:
You bring your nets with you, your rod in your hand,
Your hooks and your angles, all at your command.
When you throw in, all the fishes will play,
It's down to the bottom love, that's the right way.

Oh I have a warren my own dearest jewel,
Where all my fine rabbits do play,
And if you'll come a-ferreting when ferreting's in season
Then I will show you love how to proceed:
You bring your dog with you, your ferret in your hand,
Your spade and your nets, all at your command.
And the ferret will bolt, and the rabbits will play,
For it's down to the bottom love, that's the right way.

Oh I have a deer park my own dearest jewel,
Where all my fine deer do roam,
And if you'll come a-hunting when hunting's in season
Then I will show you love how to proceed:
You bring your dogs with you, your nag in your hand,
All saddled and bridled, all at your command.
When the deer they will prowl, and the dogs they will brawl,
It's "Gee up then Dobbin" and back they will fall.

note: a rarity--a bawdy song from a woman's standpoint. RG
PM
APR99