Wild Boar

Wild Boar

Abram Bailey he'd three sons
    Blow your horn center
And he is through the wildwood gone
    Just like a jovial hunter.

As he marched down the Greenwood side
    Blow your horn center
A pretty girl O there he spied
    As he was a jovial hunter.

There is a wild boar in this wood
He slew the lord and his forty men
    As he was...

How can I this wild boar see?
Wind up your horn and he'll come to you
    As you are...

He wound his horn unto his mouth
He blew East North, West and South
    As he was...

The wild boar heard him unto his den
He made the oak and ash for to bend
    As he was...

They fit three hours by the day
And at length he this wild boar slay
    As he was...

As he marched by the mouth of the wild boar's den
He saw the bones of five hundred men
    As he was...

He meets the old witch wife on the bridge
Begone you rogue, you've killed my pig
    As you are...

There are three things I crave of thee
Your hawk, your hound your gay lady
    As you are...

These three thinks you'll not have of me
Neither hawk nor hound nor gay lady
    As I am a...

He split the old witch wife to the chin
And on his way he went ag'in
    Just like a...

Child #18
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