

Isobel Campbell **"Reynardine"**

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One evenin' as I rambled
Among the spring in time
I overheard a young woman
Converse with Reynardine

Her hair was black and her eyes were blue
Her lips as red as wine
And he smiled to gaze upon her
Did that sly, bold Reynardine

He said, "If by chance you should look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find
For I'll be in my castle
Inquire for Reynardine"

Sun and dark, she followed him
His eyes did brightly shine
And he led her over the mountain
Did that sly, bold Reynardine

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