

Foxsport

Voodoo Monkey Child

"Their hearty hearts were filled with joy,
When they came a-riding up that day.
The thirst of sport was in the air,
The little fox was unaware.

The hooves resounding over the land,
Knowledge and terror was now at hand,
Crashing through the hues of green,
Breathing heavily, senses keen.

Bounding, lunging dogs approach,
Blurring colors, now engrossed,
The hunters now are closing in,
Will he lose or will he win?

Now the men go home quite merry,
The little fox has time to tarry.
They'll be back another day,
Then with another fox they'll play!!!"

Lyrics submitted by Scott.

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