Galahad

Levellers

Galahad fell in love
Seven days before the hunt
She was not of his class
So the love was never to last
They went down to look for the scraps
Wherever they could
She told him not to run with the pack but he knew that he should.
Or there'd be no bonesThe weak sun of the Autumn days
Carried them through a lovers haze
Then came the bugle call
For Galahad his brothers and all
And the fileds ran with the blood
But he stayed away
Though they called and he knew that he shouldn't
But he stayed another day
And there'd be no bonesHigh they searched, low they looked
Under hedge, over field
Lying there for all to see
With a bitch not of his breed
There was Galahad the hunting hound
Well now you've been found
You're weak and your brothers must eat
(So to cruelty you're bound?)
Now they're chewing on his bones

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