

# 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 bones  
The 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 fields 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 bones  
High 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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