

## Hunt the Wren

*[Sung version as performed by the Mollag Band, 2017]*

We'll away to the woods, says Robin the Bobbin,  
We'll away to the woods, says Richard the Robbin,  
We'll away to the woods, says Jack of the Land,  
We'll away to the woods, says everyone.

Where, oh, where? says Robin the Bobbin,  
Where, oh, where? says Richard the Robbin,  
Where, oh, where? says Jack of the Land,  
Where, oh, where? says everyone.

What shall we do there?  
We will hunt the wren.  
Where, oh, where?  
Is see him, I see him,  
In yonder green bush.  
Where, oh, where?  
How'll we get him down?  
With sticks and stones.  
Where, oh, where?  
How'll we get him home?  
In the brewer's big cart.  
Where, oh, where?  
Who'll stand driver?  
Filly the Tweet.  
Where, oh, where?  
How'll we get him cooked?  
In the brewer's big pan.  
Where, oh, where?  
How'll we get him eat?  
With knives and forks.  
Where, oh, where?  
Who'll dine at dinner?  
The king and the queen.  
Where, oh, where?  
The eyes for the blind.  
The legs for the lame.  
Where, oh, where?  
The pluck for the poor,  
The bones for the dogs.  
Where, oh, where?

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
Was have caught, Stephen's Feast-day, in the furze;  
Although he is little, his family is great,  
I pray you, good dame, do give us a treat.